









New York.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1839.

Embellishments:

HARKAWAY, ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER TURNER.
TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND, ON STEEL BY HINSHILWOOD, AFTER JACKSON.
ENGLISH ECLIPSE, ON COPPER BY O. P. Q., AFTER STUBBS.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our grateful acknowledgements are due to "A." and "B. O. T." for the proffer of their valuable assistance in furnishing original contributions. Also to "Middleton," whom we hope to number among our regular correspondents as well as "Godolphin" and the "Silk Society's Man."

The "Memoir of Belshazzar"—"A Novel Race," and T's article on "Time," are accepted with pleasure and will appear in the next Number.

"Craven" is informed that "the paper" has been regularly forwarded to him by the London packets since the middle of Dec. His advertisement was inserted several weeks. By the by, we have not received a number of "The Sporting Review"—from him, though we have sent "a raft" of subscribers to Willmer and the agent here.

W. T. G. of Alexandria, is informed that the \$10 said to have been inclosed in his letter dated Jan. 27th never reached us. We have not published the certificates sent, for the reason that it is impossible to decipher many of the proper names.

The drawing of *Birmingham*, sent to be engraved, is so feeble a likeness of that fine horse that we have not placed it in the artist's hands. It would be doing him a positive injustice to publish it, and we advise his owners to have a new drawing made.

"Wildrake" will please accept our cordial thanks for his courtesy. His wishes shall be attended to and his kindness reciprocated, whenever an opportunity offers.

We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to "The Sporting Review" for the very spirited and beautiful design of the vignette on our Cover. It was engraved by FORBES, a young artist of great promise, who also made the drawing. We are indebted to the same artist for the Race Cup on the opposite page of the Cover and hardly know whether most to admire his taste in drawing, or his skill as an engraver; in either department he has no superior of his years.

We were compelled, for the sake of uniformity, in compiling our *Alphabetical List of Winning Horses* in 1838, to date their ages from the 1st of January, as they ran both before and after the 1st of May, from which date Southern horses take their age.

The Races which came off last year at the following places have not been reported in any publication within our knowledge. Will the Secretaries, or gentlemen owning the winners, furnish a report for the Racing Calendar?

Barnwell, S. C.	commenced March 13	Mount Sterling, Ky.	May 3
Buffalo, N. Y.	May 30	Memphis, Tenn.	Nov. 5
Benton, Arks.	Nov. 21	Monticello, Mo.	Sept. 13
Canton, Miss.	April 10	Mount Sterling, Ky.	Sept. 13
Columbus, Ga.	May 8	Nottoway, Va.	May 16
Culpeper, C. H., Va.	Sept. 17 or 25	New Iberia, La., Match.	Oct. 13
Canton, Miss.	Dec. 25	Newport, Ky.	Sept. 19
Claiborne, Ala.	Dec. 26	Newfoundland, N. J.	Nov. 14
Dover, Ky.	Oct. 17	Nottoway, Va.	Sept. 18
Dresden, Tenn.	Sept. 11 and Oct. 2	Palmyra, Mo.	Sept. 25
Fayetteville, Ark.	Oct. 4 or 16	Petersburgh, Tenn.	Sept. 13
Flemingburgh, Ky.	Oct. 2	Post of Arkansas.	Oct. 25
Independence, Mo.	Oct. 11	Peoria, Ill.	May or June
Irwinton, Ala.	Oct. 23	Ridgeville, Md.	Aug. 21
Jefferson City, Mo.	Sept. 26	Ripley, Miss.	Nov. 5
Jefferson County, Miss.	Nov. 21	Sandwich, U. C.	Oct. 16
Jackson, Tenn.	May 8	Saline Course, Mo.	Nov. 1
Kingston, Ala.	Oct. 17	St. Francisville, La., Match.	Oct. 1
Knoxville, Ga.	Dec. 11	Terre Haute, Ind.	May 2
Lafayette, Ill.	Oct. 16	Tuscaloosa, Ala.	Dec. 3
Lancaster, Pa.	Sept. 11	Velasco, Texas.	May 1
Leonardtown, Md.	Oct. 30	Vicksburg, Miss.	Dec. 5
Lagrange, Tenn.	Nov. 24	Washington, Arks.	Dec. 12
Lewisville, Ohio.	April 25		

NOTICE.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE "TURF REGISTER" who are in arrears for subscriptions, will please make payment of the same to WM. T. PORTER, Esq., Editor of the "*Spirit of the Times*," or to his agents, who are fully authorised to collect and receipt for all dues to the establishment that shall have accrued previously to the present year.

BALTIMORE, March 27, 1839.

GIDEON B. SMITH,

Late Editor and Publisher of the "Turf Register and Sporting Magazine."

The Subscribers are respectfully requested, in compliance with the above notice, to remit the amount of their several subscriptions (including we hope the price of the present volume), to the Editor of the "Turf Register," in New York. And they will further please to designate expressly in their letters, the volume to which the amount remitted is to be applied.

☞ No local Agents being employed by the Proprietors of this Magazine, gentlemen wishing to subscribe will please send their orders through the mail.

INTRODUCTION.

TO WM. T. PORTER, ESQ.

BALTIMORE POST OFFICE, 1st March, 1839.

My Dear Sir :—Right glad am I to have my favorite hobby—the old “TURF REGISTER”—fall under your care. It was the first of its race ever bred in the United States. Its natural history is remarkable, as it had but one sire and no dam; when it was foaled it was not certain where or whether it would find food or pasture. It was thrown upon the wide world, without any guarantee of corn or long fodder—but being watched with care, and sent out once a month on short excursions, for air, exercise, and exhibition, the friends of its founder, far and near, who had been previously taught by him to make good crops, most kindly and generously petted and pampered the young hobby,—sending it an ample supply of provisions, until it grew, in four or five years, to be a nag of good size and full of spirit. But, like all things excellent, in this enterprising Yankee nation, in the progress and “*spirit of the times*,” it met its rival! Passing from one hand to another, it has happily ceased to run the race “antagonistical” by being led, where old “Napoleon,” sends all that he can’t beat, into the same stable with its competitor; here I sincerely hope, both will long live in the best condition. The “SPIRIT OF THE TIMES” may do the light skirmishing to amuse the crowd, while the more ponderous “REGISTER” is reserved for more serious work; as *Monarch* is held back, for the four mile day, by a nobler man than any *Monarch* that lives.

As I have some right to know what will suit the old horse’s constitution and temper, should he ever show signs of getting amiss, and you may imagine that his old groom can suggest any thing to bring him right, you must not fail to call on his and your friend and humble servant,
J. S. SKINNER.

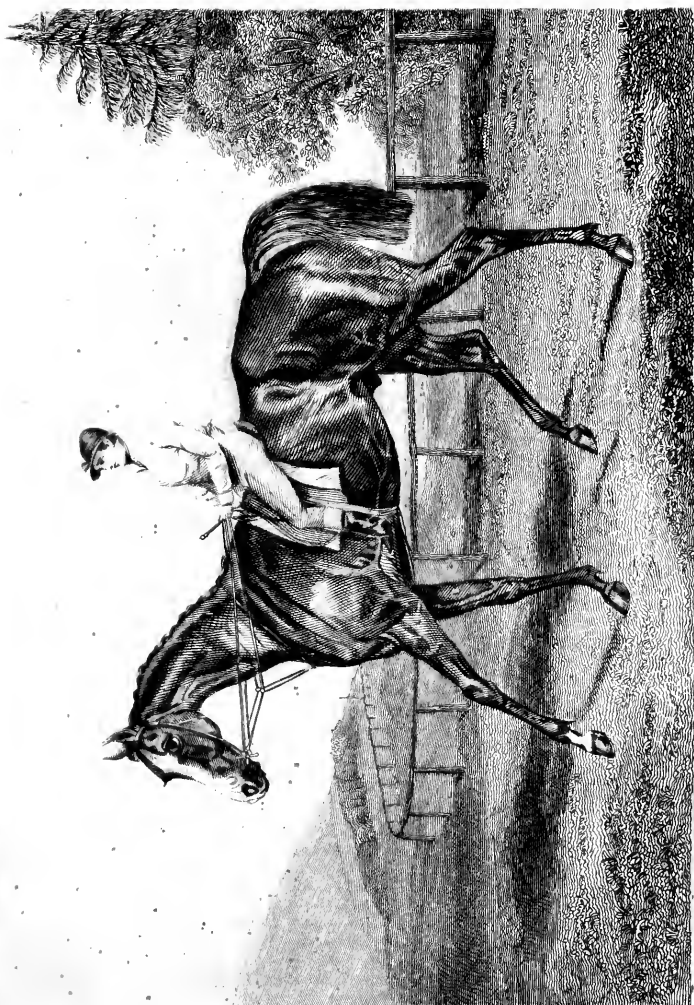
P. S. Perhaps you are not aware that the harness editorial has been buckled on me once more. In the field of *our* labors, you know, there are many divisions, and it has pleased my Masters of the “*American Silk Society*” to put your humble servant to *tend* mulberries and to feed *cocoons* in place of horses, at such odd times as he can catch, without neglecting the service of another “*Master General*,” (and a pretty sharp one, too, I tell you), for whose satisfaction and success he has always anxiously and honestly toiled. The new duties are found to be peculiarly agreeable. The harness, being made of *silk*, does not chafe, and then it’s so delightful to exchange hearty benedictions with all your fellow-laborers in the vineyard, without stooping or stopping to inquire whether they belong to the faction of *tweedle-dum* or *tweedle-dee*! In good earnest, I must believe, and so make it appear in the journal of the American Silk Society, that, as the Tanner in Shakspeare swears, there is nothing like leather for a fortification, so, for many other things, there is nothing like *silk*. For instance, what with it will compare for your bridle reins—your jockey dresses and dress-clothes for winning horses? And as for silk shirts, any M. D. will tell you, they’ll glance a bullet, and stave off lightning in a thunder-storm.

J. S. S., E. J. A. S. S.

The present Editor of the *Turf Register* wishes no worthier, nor more cordial introduction to his readers, than the letter he has now presented. He anticipates their inquiries after the health and happiness of Mr. SKINNER, and assures them that a short month since all was well with him, as he extended his hand to give a parting grasp in his hospitable home. But that “other Master General” has frowned upon the old servant of the public, and Mr. Skinner will not much longer date from the “Baltimore Post Office.” The regret which we, as parties nearly interested, must entertain, upon the removal of a faithful public officer from an important Post Office, is mingled with feelings of a different nature growing out of regard for him as a gentleman, a scholar, and a sportsman. All our readers must partake of this regret, and they are advised to signify it to the old Editor of the “Farmer” and the “Turf Register,” by ordering forthwith the new Journal which he at present conducts.

It is with much diffidence that the first number of a new volume of this Magazine is now submitted to its old readers. It has been prepared for the press when an unusual weight of other cares was resting upon the Editor, and with little time to communicate with its old correspondents. The details of business attendant upon the transfer of the establishment to New York, have likewise been burdensome. These things are named as entitling the Editor to the indulgence of his readers, should the present number appear deficient in any respect. A few words may be excused, in detailing the future plan and prospects of the publication.

The interests of the Turf demand, imperatively, a monthly journal, of convenient size and form, conducted in a manner to insure a full and perfect Record of Turf Events,—that shall furnish an accurate Racing Calendar, an open and secure medium for the Registry of Stock, and an arena for the discussion of the grave interests of Breeding, and Training, and Racing. To furnish such a Magazine was the original design of Mr. Skinner in establishing the "Turf Register." In its new hands, there will be no departure from this intent, but every exertion made to carry it out fully and comprehensively. There were details in the original design that need not to be here enumerated,—they will not escape the attention of the Editor, who prefers that the reader should judge from the composition of this, and the following numbers, how faithfully he will adhere to the proper standard. If, with the leading features named above,—a Racing Calendar, a Registry of Stock, and the discussion of subjects of moment to Breeders and Turfmen,—if with these can be united, articles of value or of interest, upon any of the sports of our country or of England, that should be cherished for their elegance or their manliness, the Editor will have achieved his purpose. To aid him in his task, the difficulties of which he feelingly appreciates, he relies confidently upon the support of the old readers of the Register. It is not their subscriptions only for which he hopes, but their active and efficient help as contributors. The experience of no one of them is so meagre that it cannot furnish materials for valuable articles. The old Sportsman, who, for many years, has carried off the prizes and honors of the Turf, should assist the efforts of him just entering upon a career, sometimes fraught with hazard, often with perplexities, but always crowned with honor when honorably pursued. In no way can this assistance be rendered so general and so useful, as by the publication of their experience upon the Turf. Nothing is too trivial to be regarded in this view of the subject. And again, the young and sanguine turfmen should call for information with freedom, and impart it with freedom,—state the difficulties which perplex them, those which they have overcome, and the means by which they overcame them. Every experiment is valuable, from the boldest innovation upon the whole system of Training, to the minutest detail upon the fashion of a bridle or a bit. Turfmen, therefore, and indeed all Sportsmen, from the amateur in horse flesh, to the lover of the Chase or the Angle, are called upon to contribute each in his own fashion, unconstrained and free, from the store of his recollection and his practice. The Editor will meet their efforts in a corresponding spirit; and all that can be done by diligent compilation and preparation of articles, and by cautious



New York Illustrated, 1874, October 10, p. 10, and Boston.

selections from kindred publications, he here promises shall be done. Every expense that the receipts of the Magazine will warrant, shall be lavished upon it, to make it, if possible, eminently what its name imports, the "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE."

It may be proper to state, that the present Number is a double one, or contains twice the number of pages which the Magazine will usually contain. The purpose is to make up fully for the Numbers thus far omitted since December last;—a second double Number will be issued on the first of May, and a third in the course of the year, which will supply, the late interruption occasioned by the change of ownership; and care will be taken that henceforth the work be issued regularly on the first of each month. One fine steel Engraving will illustrate each Number; and if the patronage be at all commensurate, a still larger number than twelve will be published in the course of the year. In addition to subjects of purely American interest, now on hand, portraits of the Winners of the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, of the current year, shall appear at the earliest possible day after those great events come off, in a style entirely equal to the illustrations of the English Magazines.

Such other improvements in the Magazine, as a little more experience may suggest, will be carried into early effect; and the subscribers need not fear, from the connection of the Editor with the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," that, in any contingency, will they be doomed to read a mere re-publication of the contents of that journal.

The Editor has now said enough of his purposes, and trusts the present Number gives sufficient token of his readiness to incur expense freely to beautify and improve the Magazine. He indulges the confident hope, that his readers will manifest their satisfaction with his efforts by a ready compliance with the terms of subscription;—that the work will not be allowed to languish for want of that countenance and support, without which, no enterprise or exertion, on his part, can sustain it.

HARKAWAY;

HIS PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES, ACCOMPANIED WITH A PORTRAIT.

Perhaps no horse of modern times has excited a more extraordinary sensation in the Sporting World, than the one whose portrait we have selected as an illustration of this Number. Not only his brilliant racing career, but a variety of circumstances have transpired to render him an object of the liveliest interest; and none more so, possibly, than the disgraceful transactions attributed to his owner. In our intercourse with breeders and turfmen, no matter of what section of the country they are residents, HARKAWAY is always an animating theme of discourse, and among the dozens of portraits hanging on the walls of our *sanctum*, none excites more curiosity, nor is there one which is examined more attentively, than his. The portrait which

accompanies this memoir is from the burin of Mr. DICK, one of the most eminent of our artists, and is closely copied, on steel, from one given in October last, in the London (Old) Sporting Magazine, from a picture by TURNER, the celebrated Animal Painter. We have not less than three engravings of "the Wonder of all Britain," but have selected that which, by those who have seen him, is esteemed the best likeness. It was painted in August last, and represents him with Calloway on his back, "in prime fit" to start for the Goodwood Gold Cup, which he won. It is unnecessary to say much about his shape and appearance. They certainly are very little accordant with our ideas of a perfect racer; and, without offence, we may be permitted to observe, that he is no beauty; he is, however, beyond doubt, a very superior animal; indeed no four year old on the Turf, in this country or Europe, can produce the same certificate of *good conduct*.

His estimation in England is pretty well shown by the fact, that a sporting Baronet lately bid 4000*l.* for him, the answer being, "All Ireland could not buy him." Notwithstanding this "bounce" of Mr. Ferguson, we entertain confident expectations of seeing him on this side of the Atlantic before the close of the year. Under this impression we have been induced to compile the following review of his racing career, which entitles him, in our opinion, to the highest consideration.*

Pedigree.—Harkaway, a chesnut colt, was bred by Mr. Ferguson, and foaled in 1834; he was got by Economist; his dam, (bred in 1823 by Lord Cremorne,) by Nabocklish out of Miss Tooley, (bred in 1808 by Mr. Boulthbee,) by Teddy-the-Grinder, out of Miss Jane, sister to Hermione, by Sir Peter, out of Paulina, by Florizel.

Economist, an English bred horse, was got by Whisker, (own brother to Whalebone, Web, Woful, Wire, etc.,) out of Floranthe by Octavian (who won the St. Leger and Gascoigne Stakes in 1810,) g. dam Caprice, by Anvil, (son of King Herod, his dam by Feather, a son of the Godolphin Arabian—Feather's dam by Childers)—Madcap by Eclipse; Blank,—(another son of the Godolphin Arabian)—Blaze, etc. It will be seen by Economist's pedigree, that he is connected, both by sire and dam, with the purest strain of running blood in England, combining five direct crosses of Eclipse; he also possesses five points of King Herod, five of Blank, two of Highflyer, and upwards of nine of the Godolphin Arabian, to whom he is closely allied.

The name of *Nabocklish*, the sire of Harkaway's dam, is not given in the English Stud Book, being an Irish bred horse; there is no question, however, of the purity of his blood. Indeed, in the advertisement of Economist, it is stated that, "in his first season, he got but four thorough bred mares owing to his location; of these, one produced *Normanby*, a distinguished winner of King's Plates—another, *Harkaway*, and from one other of the four mares, a filly who ran a capital third for the Anglesey's in September."

Harkaway made his debut on the Irish Turf as a two year old, on Saturday, October 22, 1836, for the Paget Stakes,* at the Curragh

* For the materials employed in this compilation we are indebted to the courtesy of DUDLEY PERSE, Esq., of this city, and to our monthly contemporaries of London. A brother of Mr. Perse is the owner of *Economist*, Harkaway's sire, who stands for mares the present season at Brownstown, Curragh Kildare, at six guineas. We understand he is for sale.

Meeting, on which occasion he ran second to Mr. Kelly's Talleyrand, carrying 2 lbs. more than his successful competitor.

At the Curragh Mulgrave Meeting, the following month, (Friday, Nov. 11,) Harkaway came out for, and won the Constantine Stakes, beating three opponents. The following day, he appeared at the starting post for a sweepstakes, and did not get placed; he carried 7st. 6lb.—exactly 14lb. more than Mr. Disney's Vigo, (both two-year-olds) who proved the winner. On these two occasions, Harkaway appeared in the name of Lord Milltown, and from the weight he carried in the latter race, it is evident he was regarded at this early period of his career as a horse of a very superior description. Fourteen pounds extra on the back of a two-year-old seems enormous!

In the early part of the following year Harkaway continued to run as a two-year-old; for in Ireland, it seems, the late regulation of calculating a horse's age from Jan. 1, instead of May 1, was not adopted; and therefore at the Curragh April Meeting (Tuesday, April 25) he thus came out for the Madrid Stakes, and ran second to Mr. Osborne's Mercury; here, also, weight told against him, as he carried 7lb. more than the winner, both being two-year-olds. In this race he appeared in the name of Lord Milltown.

On the following Saturday he came out for "the second class of the Madrid Stakes," as "Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Harkaway, by Economist, 8st." which he won cleverly, beating four others.

On Monday, June 12, at the Curragh June Meeting of the same year (1837) he came out as a three-year-old, and in Mr. Ferguson's name, for the Kirwan Stakes, and defeated a numerous field, though carrying his full share of weight.

On the following Thursday he appeared again at the starting post for and won, the "Northumberland Handicap," carrying one stone more than Cruiskeen, also a three-year-old. The next day he proved successful for the King's Plate of 100 guineas.

At the Curragh September Meeting (Wednesday, Sept. 6, 1837) he came to the starting post for the Wellington Stakes and proved successful, beating seven competitors. The next day but one, Harkaway paid forfeit for the "Challenge of the Wellington Stakes."

On the 16th of the following month (Curragh October Meeting) he won the Kirwan Stakes, in the name of Lord Milltown. And the next day but one (Wednesday, Oct. 18) won the "Challenge of the Kirwan Stakes," in his Lordship's nomination. Harkaway was opposed by Mr. Stanley's Blackfoot, who came in first; but as the jockey was accused of foul riding, and proved guilty, the stewards awarded the race to Harkaway: Blackfoot, a year older than his competitor, carried one pound less.

The same day, Harkaway won his Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas.

The next day but one (in the name of Lord Milltown) he won the Royal Whip, presented by William IV. to the Turf Club, with 100 guineas added to it.

Hence it will be perceived that up to the close of the season of 1837, the racing career of Harkaway had been extremely brilliant.

* A writer in the London (New) Sporting Magazine, states that he made his debut in Sept. 1836, and was beaten in a race for the Anglesey Stakes for 2 year olds, carrying 8st. 4lbs. (115 lbs.)

In the early part of last year symptoms of discord became manifest between the Turf Club of Ireland and Mr. Ferguson, the latter directly accusing Lord Milltown as the *primum mobile* of certain yet unexplained deviations on the part of the Club from long existing regulations. In a letter which found its way into sporting papers "all the world over," Mr. Ferguson observed, "It is a matter of public notoriety that I am the owner of a race-horse, called Harkaway, now the best horse in Ireland. The superiority of this horse has not only excited the jealousy of a number of the members of the Turf Club, but has been the cause of the most unbecoming conduct towards me."

Respecting the Queen's Plates, Mr. Ferguson thus expressed himself: "It was with much surprise I saw, by the Racing Calendar Sheet just published, that two of the Queen's Plates, advertised to be run for at the next Curragh June Meeting, have been put off to the Mulgrave Meeting, which has been appointed to take place in the same week with the Down Corporation Meeting, at which two of her Majesty's Plates also are to be run for, a circumstance most unjust to me, as these four plates have always heretofore been run for at the June Meeting; I have no hesitation in stating that this arrangement has been made to prevent my horse Harkaway from winning some of her Majesty's Plates, being the only race which I could run him for, as Lord Milltown, one of the stewards of the Turf Club, publicly declared at the late April Meeting, that he would not weight any horse of mine for the future."

Lord Milltown briefly replied to these and other accusations, and in conclusion remarked:—"As to the charges against the members of the Club in general, and Mr. Ferguson's demand for an investigation, I have only to observe, a general meeting of the Club will be called for the Monday of the next September Meeting to give him an opportunity of proving these charges, or, in default thereof, to adopt such steps as his conduct may seem to demand."

A meeting was accordingly convened, and a committee appointed to investigate the charges made by Mr. F., to which that individual objected, on the ground that the persons whom he accused of unfairness were to be his judges, and gave notice that he should not attend personally or by deputy. The result of the meeting was, that Mr. F.'s name was ordered to be struck off the list of the members of the Coffee-Room—in other words, he was "ruled off the turf" at the Curragh. Previous to his expulsion, Mr. Ferguson, in a letter to the editor of "Bell's Life in London," states, having "been informed that a report was circulated that my horse Harkaway, who was the favorite for the Kirwans (to be run for on the following Monday, June 11) was amiss, I lost no time in inquiring into the matter, and having ascertained that the report was without foundation, I contradicted it at once, and posted a statement to that effect in Dycer's Repository. What motives may have induced the circulation of this report I call on the public to judge from the following fact:—My horse Harkaway being the favorite at 2 to 1 against the field, was beaten for the Kirwans by every horse in the race; in fact, he could not keep pace with them; nevertheless he won the two Queen's Plates, on Tuesday and Friday in the same meeting, in a common canter. I am induced, from the circumstances of a bet of 2 to 1 being offered on the

day previous to the race being run, 'that Harkaway would not be first or second for said race,' by an individual, that my horse was prevented from winning by being doctored and made safe."

Harkaway came out at the Curragh April Meeting of 1838, (Monday, April 23) for the Rossmore Free Handicap, and vanquished a numerous field—with 10st. on his back! while several of the same age appeared in the race with 7st. 7lb., *only* 2st. 7lb. (35lbs.) difference!

The next day but one Harkaway appeared at the starting post for the Wellington Stakes, which he won cleverly.

The following day (Thursday, April 26) Harkaway started for her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, and ran second to Bonti Bok; but in consequence of a mistake in the start, Colonel Westenra resigned the plate to Mr. Ferguson.

Harkaway won the Challenge of the Wellington Stakes the next day (Friday); and on Saturday her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas.

It rarely happens that a racer, and a young racer in particular, can go through half the work which has been accomplished by Harkaway. Elis, one of the best nags that ever appeared on the English turf, both as to power and speed, came out in his third year oftener than usual, repeatedly under great disadvantage in weight; but, during that period, he did not start half as often as Harkaway, nor did he race so successfully, though the extra weights he carried were not nearly so heavy as those allotted to the Irish nag. Elis "flew to pieces" after his exertions as a three-year-old; he came out only once afterwards, for a match with Slane, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting (1837) which he contrived to win, though he carried 7lb. more than his competitor, and was tottering in the knees at the time of starting: this was the last effort of Elis on the course.

"Harkaway's legs" remarks the editor of *The Sportsman*, "must be of the very best quality, or he could neither have carried the extra weights allotted him, which are double, at least, the ordinary average, nor yet have come out so often. His sire, *Economist*, has good firm legs, or at least such was the case when he ran at Liverpool, a few years since; we never recollect handling better legs. *Economist* was, when we saw him, a fine large horse, with a good constitution, and evidently a good feeder; his appearance, however, impressed upon the mind of the beholder, the idea rather of a hunter than a racer, nor were his performances on the turf eminently successful."

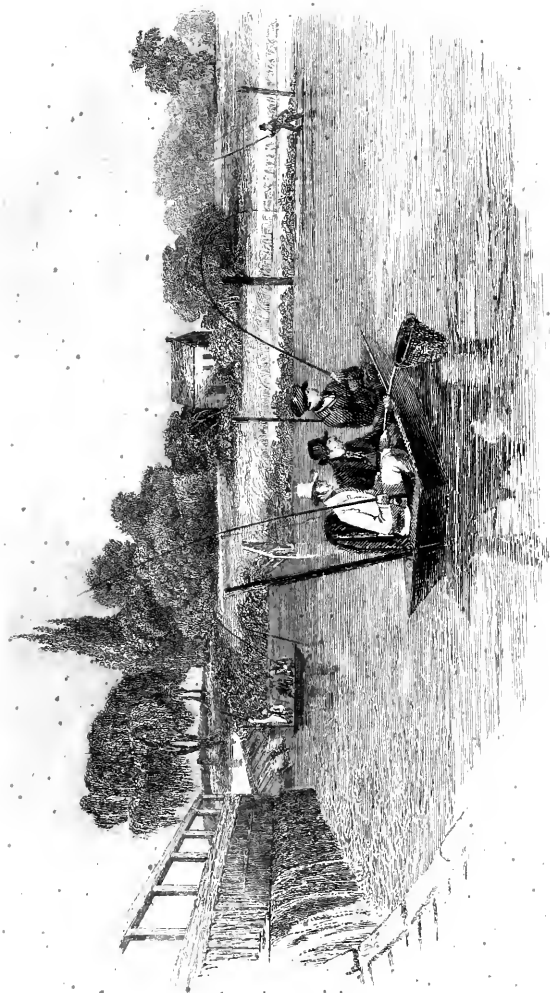
In England the Irish phenomenon made "his first appearance" at the Liverpool July meeting for the Tradesmen's Cup, a few days after landing. He, carrying 8st. 5lbs. was beaten by St. Bennett, same age (4 yrs.) carrying but 7st. 4lbs. (Harkaway giving him 15lbs.) by half a neck only, beating Melbourne, Prizeflower, Cardinal Puff, Cruiskeen, Rachel, Caravan, Modesty, Cushneiche, Vesper, and the Brutnadorf colt out of Melody.

On the following day, Harkaway started for the Queen's Plate, carrying 9st. 1lb. and won the first heat in a trot, without his "pumps" on—*videlicet* his "plates." St. Martin, however, won the plate, Harkaway running 2nd, beating Brown Duchess and St. Leonard. St. Martin, a 3 yr. old, carried but 7st. 5lbs. or 103lbs. while Harkaway, 4 yrs., carried 127 lbs.! Betting 10 to 1 on Harkaway!

The next engagement of the Irish Leviathan was for the Goodwood Stakes; immense amounts were laid out on this race, and up to near the moment of starting it was uncertain whether he would be brought to the post! Just before the race it was announced that Harkaway would not start! He came out the next day, however, for The Cup, which he won almost in a canter, beating Adrian, giving him seven pounds, and six others, including Dornouse, D'Egville and Mus.

The Cleveland Cup at Wolverhampton, induced Harkaway's next appearance while *en route* for Doncaster. He won it "all to peices," giving 3lbs. to Epirus "a crack" of the previous year. And here, Rumour, with her thousand tongues, asserts, that the *unholy alliance* was formed to incite a misplaced confidence on the Irish nag for the Doncaster Stewards Prize (called the Cup), while the sharks were, contrary to usual habits, *to give the bait*. In fact, those who know, or pretend to know, the merits of the proceeding, did not hesitate at Doncaster to declare that either the owner or confederates lacked not emissaries to lay it on without restriction against the invincible Harkaway, while they would take especial care he should not win, for no Jockey should be suffered to ride him; and that the frame-work was so admirably planned that he must be backed by numbers, for they would run and win the Queen's gracious gift to promote additional confidence in the powers of this excellent though abused animal.

On the first day of the Doncaster meeting (Sept. 17,) he came out for Her Majesty's Plate of 100 Guineas, which he won "without even being extended, winning in a canter by three or four lengths," beating Cardinal Puff, the Velocipede gelding, and Smollett. For the Cup, three days afterwards, Harkaway was in great force—immense sums at an average of 3 to 1 had been laid out on him against the field, play or pay, all over the kingdom; and it is confidently asserted that a large portion of the money laid against him was for those who knew whether he would run or not. The Editor of "Bell's Life in London" in his report of the meeting, remarks to the following effect;—"He won the plate on Monday in a canter, was quite "fit" to start, and, it was naturally expected, would have given his backers a race for their money—no such thing; he was suffered to remain quietly in the stable. The excuse that he was entered without the knowledge of his owner is contemptible, and only makes the thing more palpable. If Harkaway has acquired a high character by the superiority of his performances, his friends have, for some time been taking remarkable pains to obtain a celebrity, equally lasting perhaps, but not quite so desirable. We heard it whispered on Monday night that there was to be "*a do*" respecting this horse, and that, in fact, there was so much money "got on" against him for "the Cup," that there was no chance of his starting. We mentioned these rumors to several Irish gentlemen, who professed themselves to be friends of Mr. Ferguson, and who treated the rumors with indignation. Indeed we were told by one of the gentlemen, that he had actually heard Mr. Ferguson declare on Monday evening that "his horse would certainly start, and what was more, that he was confident of winning." This informatiod we have no doubt induced many persons to back the horse at 3 to 1; but it now turns out that they were to be "put in the hole." * * * The Doncaster Gazette states that "Harkaway left Doncaster between six and



seven o'clock in the morning by caravan. Calloway, his rider, at the sacrifice of much personal endurance in preparation for the contest, knew not of his departure. There may be much virtue in necessity; there is more in the coolness of the horse-pond and in the smart of a horse-whip."

The race in question was won by *Don John*, the best three yr. old of last year, who with 98 lbs. on his back, ran the distance (two miles and five furlongs) in 4:44, which is equal to 1:48 per mile! That Harkaway could have won, had he started, is not at all clear, and it is a very politic portion of racing economy for every man to avoid getting his horse beaten if he can. But where an owner of a race-horse suffers hundreds of the public to place confidence in his integrity by backing his horse *play or pay*, and he calmly and quietly stands a spectator of the scene, refusing (what all honorable men would do) to declare whether he will run or not, but still holding out the inducement, and then at the eleventh hour his horse is not to be found at the post—why he can only expect to raise a hornet's nest about him, and however much he may be stung, no one can pity him. In Ferguson's case, however, it is currently believed in England that it was sheer "robbery," and for some time the excitement that it produced was so great that he was avoided by all parties as if in the last stages of hydrophobia! "It is all very well, Mr. Ferguson, but you cannot dine *here*!"

[Although we have the remainder of this article in type, we are obliged to defer the publication of it until the next Number, having already devoted to it all the space at our command.]

TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL, BY HINSHILWOOD.

"Of all the Sports ever sported, commend me to Angling. It is the wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best; the safest, cheapest, and in all likelihood, the oldest of pastimes. It is a one-handed game that would have suited Adam himself; it was the only one in which Noah could have amused himself in the Ark. Hunting and Shooting came in second and third. The common phrase 'fish, flesh and fowl,' hints clearly at this order of precedence." * * * "To refer to my own experience, I certainly became acquainted with the angling-rod next after the birchen one, and long before I had any practical knowledge of 'Nimrod' or 'Ramrod.'" * * * "The truth is, Angling comes by nature. It is *in the system* as the doctors say. Plenty of children are born with water in the head; but who ever heard of a boy coming into the world with gun-powder on the brain, or tops and leathers on his legs?"

Thus discourses, in praise of Angling, that "Klevver dogge and phunne poette," Tom Hood. And who shall gainsay him? Does not every ardent disciple of honest old Izaak Walton feel its truth tingling even to the tips of his fingers' ends? Let him who doubts "fish in troubled waters," say we.

Fly-fishing has been designated the royal and aristocratic branch of the angler's craft, and unquestionably it is the most difficult, the most elegant, and to men of taste, by myriads of degrees the most exciting and pleasant mode of angling. To land a trout of three, four, or five pounds weight, and sometimes heavier, with a hook almost invisible, with a gut line as delicate and beautiful as a single hair from the raven tresses of a mountain sylph, and with a rod not heavier than a tandem whip, is an achievement requiring no little presence of mind, united to consummate skill. If it be not so, and if it do not give you some very pretty palpitations of the heart, in the performance, may we never wet line in Lake George or raise a trout in the Susquehanna. Fly fishing requires many natural attributes, among which must be chiefly enumerated, a light and flexible hand and arm, a quick eye and one that can "squint straight," caution, coolness, and an extreme delicacy of touch.

But of this delightful branch of the craft, it is not our purpose to treat, at present. The season for Fly-fishing, at the North, at least, is not yet, though Johnny Trout occasionally of a sunny day "breaks" boldly about you as if anxious to make out under what special pretence his quiet solitude is disturbed with a splashing of floats, and sinkers, and mummies. Fly-fishing commences earlier on Long Island than in any other of "the frozen regions of the North," but we have rarely known trout to rise freely to a fly before May-day; and it is acknowledged on all hands, that there are very few sections of the country where this most delightful recreation may be enjoyed in greater perfection; gentlemen afflicted with piscatory propensities may here indulge in almost every variety of this fascinating sport.

It is not until about the latter part of February that we begin to hear of Trout fishing on the Island; and then the intelligence is conveyed in a whisper that "the Stage-driver says Stump Pond is clear of ice!" or Harry 'Cott bought a sogdollager yesterday that was taken in the Creek down at Lirr's!" or "Maj. M——s caught a rasper the other day in Spring Creek!" In three day's time it is known to all the "old hands" in town that there's sport to be had; and start yourself as soon as you please, you cannot get your hook into "a good hole" on the Island without encountering some sly old fox who has slipped quietly out of town "saying nothing to nobody," with a determination of bringing back a monster trout that shall astonish the weak nerves of his piscatorial acquaintances.

The first trout taken on the Island—that is, the first "old settler"—was caught by a friend of ours in Spring Creek, a tide stream that takes its rise not half a mile from the Union Race Course. He weighed about two pounds and a half. A fine warm day early in February, tempted our friend to go down from Jamaica and make a cast into a well known deep hole there, with a ground bait; he had scarcely thrown in before he imagined his hook was fast; drawing on it smartly to ascertain the fact, imagine his surprise at seeing a trout jump its length out of water with the hook in its mouth! Both made play at the same time, but the old gentleman at one end of the rod was no match for the young gentleman at the other, and the epicure in angle-worms soon made his first appearance on terra firma. The victor, notwithstanding he threw his float (never say "dauber," it's horrid vulgar!)—

we repeat, notwithstanding his success put him up to all he knew, he caught nothing else---but a cold.

We ought to have stated before that the earliest fishing for trout is in the tide streams, where they may be caught sometimes for weeks before the ponds are free from ice. The streams, or creeks, as they are generally called, take their rise at the foot of the Ridge which divides the Island from end to end. They are rarely above three miles long, but, while you can step across them a quarter of a mile from their sources, in a majority of cases, they are deep and wide enough for sloop navigation a mile above their mouths. It is a little surprising that while there is capital fishing on the south side of the Island nearly all the year round, there is no such thing as raising a fin on the north side. Pretty good Black fishing for a week or two in the season, may be had at Glen Cove, and the neighborhood boasts a trout stream; but beyond this deponent saith not, save that these two sources of enjoyment are most likely special dispensations of Providence in favor of "The Fine old Gentleman of the Olden Time" whose seat at Dosoris* was, until destroyed by fire, the scene of the most elegant and refined hospitality. Our facetious friend LOCKE, of the New Orleans "Pica-yune," once remarked to us, that there were two tunes which *he* pretended to know something about: one *was* "Yankee Doodle" and the other *wasn't*!" So we, having advised our readers where fishing was *not* to be had, now proceed to relate from our own experience where they may find sport.

In February and early in March there are but two "*sure cards*" on the Island; the nearest is Liff Snedeker's creek at Islip, and the second place is Sam. Carman's, some fourteen miles further on, at Fire Place. Either may be reached from town in a day, by stage; a preferable way, however, is to take the R. R. cars at Brooklyn; take the 10 o'clock train, and in an hour and a half the cars will set you down at Hicksville, twenty-seven miles on your way; here Jackson will give you a capital team and start you off in five minutes, and behind a pair of his "fast crabs" you may reach the comfortable hotel of our friend Liff in season for a late but "awful good" dinner; if his house is full, as it generally is, and always would be, if many people knew him and his as we do, why then, after giving his apple-toddy a strong turn, cut away down to Sammy's. As lightning don't often strike the same tree twice, so you are not likely to be crowded out of bed and board twice the same day. Still, get in at Liff's if possible; the way you will live there is "none of your common doings," but if you cannot, why go to Sam's, and *that*, let us tell you, is a huckleberry above "your corn bread and chicken fixins."

The largest trout taken with a hook this season on the south side, was killed in Liff's Creek very early in February, by S. W. Esq., of this city, which weighed three pounds six ounces. A Georgia gentleman fishing near him lost one at the same moment, supposed to be quite as large, in endeavoring to assist his friend to a landing net. The number taken by Mr. W. and his friend during three or four successive warm days was immense; the run was very large, averaging about a pound

*Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' fine horse *Dosoris* was bred on this estate, from which he derives his name. We need hardly add that his breeder and the gentleman referred to are one, and
—MR. WALTER LIVINGSTON.

and a half each. At Carman's, the trout are generally much larger, though not so numerous. It is recorded in this Magazine that in 1831 a trout was taken in the mill tail of Carman's Pond which weighed fourteen pounds and a half! We saw one last spring in Fulton market which was said to have been taken at the same place, which weighed five pounds after it was drawn. It is not an extraordinary piece of good luck here to take ten or fifteen in a fine day, weighing from a pound and a half to nearly three pounds.

There are a dozen creeks nearer the terminus of the Rail Road, in which, three days out of five, you may have good sport. The two best are at Smithtown, a distance of but twenty miles; one of them is the outlet of Stump Pond, and the other the outlet of the Lower Pond—the latter being a tide stream. That veteran disciple of old Izaak, the worthy host of the Clinton Hotel, caught last week, in the mill tail at the head of the upper creek, the largest trout that has gladdened our eyes this season. He weighed *four pounds four ounces*, though any thing but fat; may we never catch the mate to him if he was not as long as the short and blood-thirsty Corporal that annually "warns" us to appear "armed and equipped as the law directs" for parade with the ferocious and sanguinary Militia of the State of New York! This venerable "Continental" was an old acquaintance of ours; many a time and oft have we extended the compliments of the season to him; we have offered him killies and mummies, worms and grass-hoppers, delicate frogs and flies of "assorted colors and sizes," but notwithstanding every exertion on our part to become on more intimate terms with him, he always seemed inclined to waive that honor or give us the cut direct. Could we have made prize of a mouse or a meadow-mole we should have won him over to us "certain sure;" such a *bonne bouche* neither him nor any of his race could ever resist. When, two months since, we hit upon a picture to illustrate an article upon Trouting,—singularly enough, a picture of the precise spot which has been so long the residence of *the old settler*—we had made up our mind to pay him an early visit in the earnest and confident hope of inducing him to return to town with us; at that time little did we think of his anticipating our call and giving us the pleasure of his company at dinner!

By the first of April, Trouting may be said to have commenced in right earnest, and on the South side one can hardly go amiss. There are three or four ponds and creeks about Jamaica, which frequently afford excellent sport early in the month; as they can be reached, however, in little more than an hour's ride from town, they are literally "fished to death" in a few weeks. At Hungry Harbour, about six miles from Jamaica, or fifteen from town, there is a first rate tide stream—none better, if as good. At Jim Smith's too, twelve miles below Jamaica, you may readily fill your basket from his creek or pond, and what is more, the shooting there is bang up.

But to enjoy a few day's trouting that would seduce old Kit North from his "Noctes Ambrosianæ"—that would have made Sir Humphrey Davy leap like one of the Ettrick Shepherd's "tickled Salmon," or "The Wizard of the North" add another "lay" to that of "The Last Minstrel," you must accompany "THE CORINTHIAN" on a flying visit to "the soft places" on the Island. And to the true, devoted lovers

of Angling, for its own dear sake, we would say with Fitz-James, "Come one, come all"—and whether "with sandal shoon and scallop shell," or "arrayed in sumptuous and fine linen," each shall be alike welcome——

[“ Well, young devil-skin, what do *you* want, pray ?” Why sir, Mr. Garvin says, you’ll have to cut down your fishing article, cos there ain’t no more room ; its made e’enamost four pages already, and Mr. Garvin says not no more of it can go in, Sir. Please sir, what shall I tell him ?” “ Tell him ! why tell him he will have to cut-and-slash it and *make* it fit, I cannot. If he had any taste, or knew as much about trout-fishing as a small yellow dog, he would cut down the Harkaway article and let this go in as it stands. Tell him to fix it just as he likes. There, put out—clear yourself !”]

Well, here we are, up a stump and *no* mistake, “as Lord Chesterfield says !” What shall we do ? We have it——“ it takes us !” We will make a trip to the Island, make new discoveries, and see if all the sly trout pools we wot of are just where we left them last year, and in the next number of *Maga*, introduce the whole to the reader’s acquaintance. But before we take our leave, let us commend those of them between Portland and Washington who have been pent up in cities all winter, to hie away down to Long Island and get a mouthful of fresh air. Take the Rail Road to Hicksville, as we said before ; from thence to Conklin’s Hotel at Babylon is but 12 miles ; in addition to his own, which is incomparably the best, and within a stone’s throw, there are three ponds in excellent repute, and two fine streams. Conklin will keep you like “fighting cocks,” and you may be sure of sport. Three miles further on will take you to Charles Snedeker’s, who, (*entre nous*) has a brook close by his house that is pronounced a nonpareil. After spending a day with him, jump into your “spider” and if you should chance to be pulling a rein over an “artful dodger” that is up to three minutes, or may be, goes it in a *leetle* over 2:50, you may pull him up before the door of the Islip Hotel in fifteen minutes, or as much less as you can get out of him. Here Jackson will try to drown you as like as not, by sending you out into his pond in a leaky boat. Don’t take it, but borrow a couple of new ones of Bunce, the miller, or if you do venture out in Jackson’s, just hint that if you are drowned we will murder him first and duck him afterwards ! There’s no better brook on the Island than Jackson’s ; we know every foot of it “from a b ab, to crucifix,” and the way we have filled our basket, sometimes, in wading it down, has not only astonished the natives but frightened “the schoolmarm.” Five miles below Jackson’s you arrive at Liff Snedeker’s hotel, the name of which is so difficult to spell that people at length have stopt trying, the only man that ever accomplished it having dislocated both jaws in the pronunciation. It is known now as Liff Snedeker’s and pretty well known too. Liff’s pond is as good as his creek, and the two are only second to his mint juleps, and champagne punch ; whoever gainsays either fact deserves hanging without benefit of clergy. After spending a few days with Liff, strike across to Stump Pond ; it is but about six miles distance and a capital road—what there is of it—only it happens to be so narrow that if you meet a carriage half way, one of you will be obliged to back water about three miles, that’s all. Once over to Stump Pond, however, Maj. Blydenburgh will show you such a brook and such trouting as a man don’t

see often in this life, or the next, we take it. We had the honor of wetting the first line in Stump Pond this season---about the 1st of March, and notwithstanding the day was as cold as Greenland, we had good sport, the first trout taken weighing a pound and three quarters. About the same time the previous year, in company with a young South Carolinian, as famous for his proficiency in all manly sports and exercises as is his father for his public spirit and prodigal hospitality, we took seventeen one morning in about two hours, that weighed twenty-eight pounds---and that too, during a violent snow storm. If we were quite sure Maj. Blydenburgh would not see this paragraph, we would "flare up" with the name of a gentleman who took sixty in one day there with a fly:---but the disclosure would "bar him" from whipping a fly there again, so mum's the word; lest he should be "pretty almighty considerably struck up" however, and "imagine vain things," we will simply state for his personal edification that another gentleman beat him by thirty odd, three days after his exploit! Let him put that in his pipe and smoke it!

It will scarcely be necessary to inform those acquainted with the localities of Stump Pond, that the beautiful illustration of this article is a sort of crayon sketch of the mill tail basin at its outlet. We found the original picture (by Jackson, not Johnson,) in an old number of the London "New Sporter," and being greatly struck with the *vraisemblance* between a scene at Teddington-lock and the one in question, handed it over to our friend Hinshilwood, an angler himself and a good one, to have it engraved for our first number. With what fidelity he has executed his task will be best appreciated by those most intimate with the spot. The figures in the nearest punt are portraits; the gentleman wearing the travelling cap, who has a *bite*, is a young Carolinian, who writes that in return for the sport we had the pleasure of showing him here last season, he has shipped us half a dozen reed rods, cut on the banks of the Congaree, that are "perfect loves." There's no mistaking the old fisherman who wields the landing net, while he watches in an agony of excitement the struggles of the hooked trout; he is not only "a very nice man for a small *angling* party," but he is a capital bait fisher, and can use a fly rod to as much purpose even as THE CORINTHIAN, who may be seen below Black Harry's house plying his "silent trade." The tall gentleman in the light-colored fishing jacket, always makes one of every numerous party; that is *Mr. Green*, (called Jemmy Green for shortness;) he has his Mackintosh prudently hung over the back of his chair, for fear of rain, and the clever creature has pulled up his line lest it should become entangled with his friend's; he is now sitting in a state of alarming nervous apprehension of Maj. Blydenburgh's bringing the net up with a sweep and depositing the trout in his lap, and thus unpleasantly moistening his white "drills." Mr. Green is one of those unfortunate wretches addicted to sending up baskets of fish to his "friends" in town, who never fail to thank him openly for his dish of "delightful trout," and to rate him soundly behind his back for putting them to the expense of carriage for "a parcel of good-for-nothing fish, that are not even fit to give to the cats!"

But we must reel up. *Adio*, dear reader, for a month. Good bye, Green---"go it while you're young!"

THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. IX.

[When Mr. Jorrocks backed from the balcony into the "Moon," after delivering the luminous address reported in the last chapter, Capt. Doleful looked at his watch and found it wanted but ten minutes to the time he was to appear at the board of her imperial majesty, Mrs. Barnaby. So quitting the room, he ran through the town like a lamplighter to re-arrange his toilet at his lodgings. What occurred then and there (at Mrs. Barnaby's dinner) we leave, as the penny-a-liners say, "to the imagination of the reader:" the sayings and doings thereat suffice to make a whole chapter, but Jorrocks is "the man for our money" and we accordingly "cut" Doleful and the Barnabys to hurry on to the report of Mr. Jorrocks's *First Bye Day*.]

"Send my Sec. here," said Mr. Jorrocks, with great dignity, to the landlord of the Dragon; who, in compliance with Doleful's directions, was waiting to receive his orders. "Send my Sec. here," he repeated, seeing the man did not catch what he said.

"Your Sec., sir," repeated the landlord, "it'll be your boy, I presume?" turning to the waiter, and desiring him to send the ostler to stand by the horses' heads while Mr. Jorrocks's boy came up stairs.

"No, not my *buoy*," replied Mr. Jorrocks with a frown, "so you *presumes* wrong."

"Your maid, then?" inquired the sharp waiter, thinking to hit what his master had missed.

"No, nor my maid either," was the worthy grocer's answer,—“what I want is *my* Sec., the Secretary to *my* 'unt in fact.”

"Oh! the Secretary to the hunt, that will be Mr. Fleeceall," rejoined the landlord with a grin of satisfaction.—“Run up to Speldhurst-street, and tell Mr. Fleeceall that Mr. Jorrocks has arrived, and wishes to see him.”

"Tell him to come *directly*," said Mr. Jorrocks, adding in a mutter, "I don't understand why he's not here to receive me. Fetch me up a glass of cold sherry negus *with*.—Public speaking makes one werry dry."

Before the *with* was well dissolved, so as to enable our hero to quench his thirst at a draught, our friend one-eyed Walter entered the room, hat in hand, and presented himself to Mr. Jorrocks.

"Now I wants to see you about my 'ounds," said Mr. Jorrocks, with an air of authority.—“Where are they?”

"Some, I believe are in the kennel, others are in the Vale with the various farmers," replied Mr. Fleeceall.

"Some in the Vale!" repeated Mr. Jorrocks with surprise, "vy arn't they all in the kennel? You surely knew I was a coming, and ought not to have had things in this hugger mugger state.—Whose fault is it? Where is the kennel-book?"

"The kennel-book?" repeated Mr. Fleeceall with surprise.

"Yes, the kennel-book, you know what that is surely—the list of the hounds in fact."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—I don't think there is any regular kennel-book—at least I never had one—all that *I* do, is to receive the subscriptions,—write to gentlemen that are in arrear, or are likely to subscribe,—tax poultry bills,—and prevent extortion in general."

"Well, all werry useful in its way," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "but a secretary to an 'unt is expected to know all about the 'ounds too, and

every thing else besides—at least, he's no sec. for *me* if he don't," added he, his eyes sparkling with animation as he spoke.

"Oh, I do," replied Mr. Fleeceall with trepidation, "only Captain Doleful has had all our people so busy, preparing for your reception, that we really have not been able at so short a notice to make our arrangements so perfect as we could wish. I know all the hounds *well*."

"Then put on your 'at and come with me to the kennel. It's full moon to-night, so we needn't mind about time."

Fleeceall hesitated, but seeing Mr. Jorrocks was resolute, he put a good face on the matter, and boldly led the way. As he piloted Mr. Jorrocks through sundry short cuts, he contrived to insinuate, in a casual sort of way, that things would not be in such apple-pie order as he might expect, but that a day or two would put every thing right. Calling at Mat Maltby's for the key of the kennel, he enlisted young Mat into the service, desiring him to stand by and prompt him what to say, he very soon had the new master before the rails of the kennel. The hounds raised a melodious cry as they jumped against the paling, or placed themselves before the door, and anger flew from Mr. Jorrocks's mind at the cheerful sound. "Get *back*, hounds! get *back*! *Bonney-bell*, have a care!" cried Mat, as they pushed against the door, and prevented its opening. "Perhaps you'll take a switch, sir," said he, turning to Mr. Jorrocks, and handing a hazel-rod from a line hanging on the rails beside the door. "Get *back*, hounds!" again he cried, and inserting his right hand with a heavy double-thonged whip through an aperture, between the door and the post, he loosened the thong, and sweeping it round among their legs, very soon got a space cleared so as to enable the master to enter. Mr. Jorrocks then strutted in.

The kennel, which had formerly been a cow-house, was quite of the primitive order, and such as the Melton men of the present day would disdain to keep terriers in. It consisted of two rooms, and the feeding troughs in the half-flagged yard, showed that the hounds dined out of doors. A temporary boiling-house was placed behind, and the whole of the back part adjoined close upon the New Ebenezer Chapel.

There were thirteen couple and a half of hounds in kennel, besides the celebrated white terrier, with the black eye, who, on sight of Mr. Fleeceall, with the patch over his, immediately commenced a sulky sort of half savage growl, showing his teeth, and shaking his sides and tail as though he were meditating where he would inflict a bite. A crack over the nose from Mat's switch sent him yelping among the pack. Mr. Jorrocks stuck out his legs, and standing in a ring formed by the hounds, proceeded to scrutinize their shape, make, and condition. "Humph," said he, "two, four, five, eight, ten, twelve, thirteen, thirteen couple and a half. See if there are not some on the benches in the kennel." The lad went to look, and Mr. Jorrocks turning to Fleeceall, observed, in an authoritative sort of way, "Now, you see, you should have had them *all* in kennel. It's no use having a sec. if I've to do the work myself. No use keeping a dog and barking oneself in fact. Vot 'ound is that?" inquired he, pointing at a stately black-and-white one, with very bright tan eye-brows. "That?" replied Mr. Fleeceall, "*that*?" pointing to another. "No, this von," replied Mr. Jorrocks, advancing and rubbing his switch up and down its back. "Oh, that one," replied Mr. Fleeceall. "Mat!" cried he, "there are no hounds in kennel—come back

here." "Vot do they call him? I say," interposed Mr. Jorrocks hastily. "Oh, they call him—let me see—yes—Coroner."* "*Coroner!*" repeated Mr. Jorrocks cheeringly to the hound, "Yoicks, Coroner, my man! yoicks, Coroner, old boy!" but Coroner took no notice of him whatever. "That be Dexterous," interposed Mat, who had now rejoined the party. "Oh! so it is," replied Mr. Fleeceall, "I always mistake the two—" "Dexterous, good dog!" "Then vich be Coroner?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks. "Coroner! *Coroner! Coroner!*" Mat cried, and a milk-white hound advanced from the circle.

"Draw them out singly," said Mr. Jorrocks, "that I may learn their names."

"Oh, sir, they've never been used to nothing of the sort."

"Then you can't begin too soon. Try what you can do."

Mr. Jorrocks remained in the kennel until flying clouds obscured the mild lustre of the moon, and he could no longer distinguish the color of the hounds, but during that time, he managed to master the names of most of them. At parting, he ordered Mat to be there by day-break to clean the yard, and have the hounds ready for him to take out to exercise, when, putting his arm through Fleeceall's, he desired him to lead him back to the Dragon. As they went, he lectured him well on the duties of his office. "Now, you see, sir," said he, "I don't want one of your fine auditing sort of secs., who will merely run his eye over the bills, and write his initials on the back, but I want a real out-and-out working chap, that will go into them hitem by hitem, and look sharp arter the pence, without leaving the pounds to take care of themselves. A good sec. is a werry useful sort of h'animal, but a bad un's only worth 'anging. In the first place, you must be werry particklar about getting in the subscriptions. That is always uppermost in a good sec's. mind, and he should never stir out of doors without a list in his pocket, and should appear at the cover-side with a handful of receipts, by way of a hint to those what hav'nt paid. Now you must get an account book with every member of the 'unt. 'No tick' must be the order of the day, and every Saturday night you must come to me with your book, and I shall allow you two glasses of spirit and water whilst we overhaul the accounts. You must be all alive in fact. Not an 'oss must die in the district without your knowing of it—you must have a nose like a vulture for finding them out, combined with the knowledge of a Smithfield or Vitechapel knacker for buying them. Should you make an 'appy 'it (hit) and get one with some *go* in him, I'll let you ride him yourself until we want him for the boiler. In the field, a good sec. ought always to be ready to leap first over any awkward place, or catch the M. F. H.'s 'oss, if he 'appens to lead over. In all things he must consider the M. F. H. first, and never let self stand in the way. Then you'll be a good sec., and when I don't want a sec. any longer, why you'll always be able to get a good sec.'s place from the character I shall give you. Now here we are at the Dragon again. Come up stairs and I'll make you acquainted with your missis," saying which, Mr. Jorrocks led the way, and was met on the landing by the knock-knee'd greasy-collared waiter, who ushered them into the room, where Mrs. Jorrocks

* Beckford says, there never was a pack without a Coroner, but probably Fleeceall hit upon the name from having recently been defeated in an attempt to obtain the coronership of the district in addition to his other miscellaneous offices.

and Belinda, fatigued with the doings of the day, had laid themselves down on a couple of sofas, waiting for the return of Mr. Jorrocks to have their tea.

"This be my sec.," said Mr. Jorrocks to his spouse, with that indifferent sort of manner which characterises the introduction of a man for whom there is no occasion to put yourself out of the way. Mrs. Jorrocks, who had bolted up at the opening of the door, gave a sort of half bow, and rubbing her eyes and yawning, very quietly settled herself again on the sofa. Tea passed away, when the ladies having retired, Mr. Jorrocks and Fleeceall very soon found out that they had a taste in common, viz.—a love of brandy and water, wherewith they sat diluting themselves until the little hours of the morning, in the course of which carouse, Fleeceall dexterously managed to possess himself of every particle of his worthy patron's history and affairs.

A page or two from Mr. Jorrocks's Journal, which he has kindly placed at our disposal, will perhaps best elucidate the doings of the early days of his reign over the Handley-cross fox-hounds.

"*Saturday*.—Awoke with desperation 'ead ache—Dragon brandy car'n't be good—Dreamed the Lily-wite-sand train had run off with me, and chucked me into the channel—Nimrod, who was standing on Calais Pier, laughed at me—Called to Binjimin—the boy snoring sound asleep! only think, snoring *sound asleep*, the werry morning after coming down to wip into a pack of fox 'ounds—fear he has no turn for the chase. Pulled his ears, and axed him what he was snoring for. Swore he wasn't snoring!—Never heard a boy of his size tell such a lie in my life. Dressed, and on 'orse-back by day-light—Xerxes full of fun—Arterxerxes dullish—Bin rode the latter in his new tops and spurs—Now, said I to Bin, as we rode to the kennel, 'you are h'entering upon a most momentous crisis—If you apply yourself diligently and assiduously to your calling, and learn to be useful in kennel, and to cheer the 'ounds with a full melodius voice—such a voice, in fact, as the tall lobster-merchant with the green plush breeches and big calves, that comes along our street of a still evening, with the basket on his 'ead, crying, *Lobsters fine Lobsters!* has, there is no saying but in course of time you may arrive at the distinguished honor of reading an account of your doings in Bell's Life in London; but if you still persist in playing at marbles, chuck farthing, and flying kites, instead of attending in the stable, I'll send you back to the charity school from whence you came, where you'll be rubbed down twice a-day with an oak towel, and kept on chick-weed and grunsell like a canary bird,—mark my words if I von't.'

"Found Mat Maltby at the kennel washing the flags with a new broom, and 'issing for 'ard life—werry curious it is, wet or dry, soft or 'ard, these chaps a'ways 'iss. 'Ounds all delighted to see me—Stood up in my stirrups looking over the rails, 'olloaing, cheering, and talking to them. Yoicks Dexterous! Yoicks Lucky-lass! Yoicks Rally-wood! Good dog. Threw bits of biscuit as near each of them as I could pitch them, calling the 'ounds by name, to let them see that I knew them—Some caught it in their mouths like H'Indian Jugglers—'Let 'em out Mat,' at last cried I, when back went the bolt, open went the door, and out they rushed, full cry, like a pent up hurricane, tearing down Hexworthy-street, into Jireth-place, through Mornington-crescent, by

the Bramber-promenade, into High-street, and down it with a crash and melody of sweet music that roused all the old water-drinking maids from their pillows, galvanized the watchmen, astonished the gas-light man, who was making way for day-light, and reglerly rousing the whole inhabitants of the place. Clapt spurs to Xerxes and arter them, holloaing and cracking my whip, but deuce a bit did they heed me—On they went! sterns up and 'eads too, towling, and howling, and chirping, as though they had a fox before them. Butchers' dogs, curs, setters, mastiffs, and mongrels of all sorts and sizes, flew out as they went, some joining cry, others worrying and fighting their way, but still the body of the pack kept moving onward at a splitting pace, down the London-road, as wild as hawks, without turning to the right or the left, until they all flew, like a flock of pigeons, clean out of sight. 'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' cried I, pulling up, fairly exhausted, at the fifth mile stone, by the cross-roads to Gabriel's house and Knowlton, 'I've lost my 'ounds, and I'm ruined for ever and ever.' 'Blow your 'orn!' cried a countryman who was sitting on the stone, they are not far afore you, and the dogs not far afore them;' but blow me tight, I was so blown myself, that I couldn't raise a puff—easier to blow one's 'orse than one's 'orn. To add to my grief and infinite mortification, Binjamin came pounding and clattering along the hard road, holloaing out as he went, 'Buy LOBSTERS! fine LOBSTERS!' An uncompromising roag; The pack had turned down Greenford-lane, and I jogged after them, sorely puzzled and desperate perplexed. On I went for two miles or more, when the easterly breeze bore the 'ounds' cry on its wings, and pushing forward, I came to a corner of the road where the beauties had thrown up short before an Italian plaster of Paris poll-parrot merchant, who, tray on head, had the whole pack at bay around him, bellowing and howling as though they would eat him; time up to this, twenty-three minutes, without a check. 'Get round them, Binjamin,' cried I, 'and flog them away to me,' and taking out my 'orn I blew for 'ard life, and what with view holloas, and cheering and coaxing, with Bin at their sterns, succeeded in getting most of them back to their kennel. Plaster of Paris poll-parrot merchant, followed all the way, indulging in frightful faces and an unknown tongue."

The Journal then branches off into a mem. of what he did at breakfast in the eating line, how he paid his bill at the Dragon, after disputing the brandy item, and how he afterwards removed with Mrs. Jor-rocks and Belinda to Diana cottage, which he did not find quite so commodious as he could wish. The day's entry closes with a mem. that he had stewed beef-steaks for dinner.

"*Sunday.* Up by cock-crow, and into the kennel. Dexterous and Mercury been fighting about a bone, and Mercury got a bloody ear. Lector'd Bin and Mat upon the unpropriety of leaving bones about. Made Ben call over the 'ounds by name, double-thonging him well when he made a mistake. Jolly-boy, Habelard, and Laura, jumped upon me as I entered; and Dexterous, Affable, Coroner, and Cruiser, acknowledged their names by wagging of their sterns, and looking me strong in the face. Set Ben to feel them over for ticks. Mem. nothing gains the esteem of 'ounds so soon as destroying the ticks upon them. It baint the mere giving of dogs their wittles, that secures their friendship, but noticing of them, taking them out to 'unt, and talking to

them, goes quite as far as feeding of them. Mrs. Jorrocks's in a desperation fidget to get to church. Never know'd her so keen afore. Secret out, got a new gown, and a bonnet like a market gardener's flower-basket. With all her keenness, contrived to start just as the bells gave over ringing—Beadle in blue and gold, with a cocked 'at on his head, and a white wand in his hand, received at the door, and handed us over to the sexton, in deep blue, bound with black welwet, who paraded us up the 'isle, and placed us with much clattering in the seat of honor, just afore the pulpit. Church desperate full, and every eye turned on the great M. F. H.—Mrs. J. thought they were looking at her! poor deluded body. Belinda, dressed in lavender, and looking very wholesome. Lessons long—Sermon excellent—all about 'oner-ing one's superiors, meaning the M. F. H. doubtless.

After church, friend Miserrimus came and shook 'ands with us all round. Gave him, 'unbounded pleasure' to see us all so blooming and well. Mrs. J. delighted, and axed him to dine. Five, and no waiting. Walked down High-street. Mrs. Jorrocks on one arm, Belinda on t'other. Doleful in the gutter. Fine thing to be a great man. Every body stared—many took off their 'ats.—Country people got off the flags. "That's Mr. Jorrocks," said one. "Which?" cried another. "Do show him to me," begged a third. "Jorrocks for ever!" cried the children. Nothing like being a great man. Kennel at two—feeding time—plaster of Paris poll-parrot merchant outside, still in a great rage, but didn't catch what he said. Many people came and wondered how I knew the names of the 'ounds—all so much alike, they said. Take them a life-time to know them. Miserable hignoramusses.

"*Monday.* At the kennel by daylight. Binjimin, as usual, to be kicked awake. The buoy seems to take no interest in the thing. Fear all the licking in the world von't drive a passion for the chase into him. Threatened to cut his coat into ribbons on his back, if he didn't look lively. Mat Maltby recommended the 'ounds to be coupled this time—condescended to take his advice. Told Bin. not to cry 'boil'd Lobsters' as he did on Saturday, but to sing out in a cheerful voice, rich and melodious, *like* the boiled lobster-merchant. Axed what to sing out? Why, 'get on 'ounds,' ven 'ounds 'ang (hang) back, and 'gently there!' when they gets too far forward, said I. Put Xerxes's head towards kennel door, this time, instead of from it. Worth a golden sovereign of any man's money, to see 'ounds turn out of kennel. Such a cry! such music! old Dexterous jumped up at Xerxes, and the h'animal all but flung me. Pack gathered round me, some jumping up against the 'oss's side, others standing baying, and some looking anxiously in my face, as much as to say, which way, Mr. Jorrocks? Took them a good long strong trot to the pike, near Smarden, and round by Billingside, letting them see the deer in Chidfold-park. Quite steady—make no doubt they will be a werry superior pack in less than no time—make them as handy as ladies' maids,—do every thing but pay their own pikes in fact. Wonder Doleful don't ride out. Keen sportsman like him, one would think, would like to see the 'ounds."

The Journal proceeds in this strain for two or three days more, Mr. Jorrocks becoming better satisfied with his pack each time he had them out. On the Friday, he determined on having a bye day on the fol-

flowing one, for which purpose he ordered his secretary to be in attendance to show him a likely find in a country where he would not disturb many covers. Of course the meet was to be kept strictly private, and of course, like all "strict secrets," Fleeceall took care to tell it to half the place. Still as it was a "peep of day affair," that did not make much matter, inasmuch as few of the Handley-cross gentry loved hunting better than their beds. Fleeceall's situation was rather one of difficulty, for he had never been out hunting but once, and that once was in a gig, as related in a preceding chapter; but knowing, as Dr. Johnson said, that there are "two sorts of information, one that a man carries in his head, and the other that he knows where to get;" nothing daunted by the mandate, he repaired to Mat. Maltby, the elder, a cunning old poacher, who knew every cover in the country, upon whose recommendation, it was arranged that a bag fox, then in the possession of a neighbor, should be shook in the Hagg-wood, a long slip of old oak, with an excellent bottom for holding a fox. All things being thus arranged, as Mr. Jorrocks conceived, with the greatest secrecy, he went to bed early, and long before it was light, he lay tumbling and tossing about, listening to the ticking of the clock below, and the snoring of Benjamin above. At last day began to break, and having soused the boy with a pitcher of cold water, Mr. Jorrocks proceeded to jump into his clothes, consisting of the Surrey hunt scarlet coat, with green collar, buff waistcoat, drab kerseymeres, and mahogany colored top boots. Arrived at the kennel, he found Fleeceall there, on his old gig mare, with his hands stuck in the pockets of a great dirty white Witney coat, with large mother-of-pearl buttons, which completely enveloped his person. "Is Miserrimus here?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, on discovering the person of his secretary. "Well, can't wait—sorry for it—know better another time;" and thereupon the hounds were unkennelled, and desiring Fleeceall to lead the way, Mr. Jorrocks got the pack about it, and away they went for Hagg-wood. The morning dawned auspiciously, and there was a balmy freshness in the air that promised well for scent. Added to this, Mr. Jorrocks had cut the left side of his chin in shaving, which he always considered ominous of sport.—Bump, bump, jolt, jolt, he went on his lumbering hunter, now craning over its neck to try if he could see its knees, now cheering and throwing bits of biscuit to the hounds, then looking back to see if Benjamin was in his right place, and again holloaing out some witticism to Fleeceall in advance. Thus they reached the unenclosed common, partially studded with patches of straggling gorse, which bounds the east side of the Hagg-wood, and our sporting master having wet his fore-finger in his mouth, and held it up to ascertain precisely which quarter the little air then stirring came from, so as to give the pack the benefit of the wind, prepared for throwing off without delay. "Pull out this stake, Binjimin," said he to the boy, as he brought his horse up before a very frail gap into the wood—"Jump on the top," added he, "so as to level the hedge with the ground," which feat being accomplished, Benjamin climbed on to Arterxerxes, and Jorrocks desiring him to keep on the right of the cover, parallel with him, and not to be sparing of his voice, rode into the wood after his hounds, who had broken away with a whimper, ripening into a challenge, the moment that Binjimin was off the gap. What a cry there was! The boy with

the fox in a bag had crossed the main ride about a minute before the hounds entered, and they took up the scent in an instant.—Mr. Jorrocks thought it was the morning drag and screamed and holloed most cheerily—"Talliho!" was heard almost instantaneously at the far end of the wood, and taking out his horn, Mr. Jorrocks scrambled through the underwood, breaking the briars and snapping the hazels, to the spot. Sure enough the fox had gone that way, but the hounds were running flash in a contrary direction. "Talliho! talliho! hoop! hoop! hoop! away! away! away!" holloed Mat Maltby, who, after shaking the fox most scientifically, had pocketed the sack.

Twang, twang, twang, went Mr. Jorrocks's horn, sometimes in full, sometimes in divided notes and half screeches. The hounds turn and make for the point. Governor, Adamant, Dexterous, and Judgment, came first, then the body of the pack, followed by Benjamin at full gallop on Arterxerxes, with his face and hands all scratched and bleeding from the briars and brushwood, that Arterxerxes, bit in teeth, had borne him triumphantly through. *Bang* the horse shot past Mr. Jorrocks, Benjamin screaming, yelling, and holding on by the mane, Arterxerxes doing with him just what he liked, and the hounds getting together and settling on the scent. "My vig, wot a splitter!" cried Mr. Jorrocks in astonishment, as Arterxerxes took a high stone wall out of the cover in the stride, without disturbing even the coping. To the left was a gate, which having got through, Mr. Jorrocks chose a furrow in the ploughed field that ran up the hill, and just as he got half way up, he viewed the hind-quarters of some half-dozen horses, the riders of whom, having been in the secret, had waited in the wood, disappearing through the high quick fence at the top. "Dash my vig, here's an unavoidable leap, I do believe," said he to himself, as he neared the headland, and saw no way out of the field but over the fence; "and a werry awkward place it is too," added he, "a yawning blind ditch, a hugely quick fence on the top, and may be, a plough or harrow, turned teeth uppermost, on the far side. Oh, John Jorrocks, my good friend, I wishes you were well over with all my 'eart—terrible place, indeed! Give a guinea 'at to be on the far side," saying which, he dismounted, and pulling the snaffle-rein over his horse's head, he knotted the lash of his ponderous whip to it, and very quietly slid down the ditch and climbed up the fence, "*whoaing*" and crying to his horse to "stand still," expecting every minute to have him on his back. The taking-on place was wide, and two horses having gone over before, had done a little towards clearing the awy, so having gained his equilibrium on the top, Mr. Jorrocks began jerking and coaxing Xerxes to induce him to follow his example, pulling at him much in the manner of a school-boy, who catches a log of wood in fishing. "Come hup! my man," cried Mr. Jorrocks coaxingly, jerking the rein; but Xerxes only stuck his great fore legs in advance, and pulled the other way. "*Gently*, old fellow!" cried he, "gently, Xerxes, my buoy!" dropping his hand, so as to give him a little more line, and then trying what effect a jerk would have, in inducing him to do what he wanted. Still the horse stood resolute. He appeared to have no notion of leaping. Jorrocks began to wax angry. "Dash my vig, you hugely brute!" he exclaimed, grinning with rage at the thoughts of the run he was losing. "If you don't mind wot you're about, I'll go on your back, and cram the spurs into

your sides. COME HUP! I say," roared he, giving a tremendous jerk of the rein, upon which the horse flew back, and pulled Jorrocks off head foremost into the ditch. Xerxes then threw up his heels and ran away, whip and all.

Meanwhile, our bagman had played his part gallantly, and run three quarters of a ring, of three quarters of a mile, chiefly in view, when, feeling exhausted, he threw himself into a furze-patch, near a farm-yard, where Dauntless very soon had him by the back, but the smell of the aniseed, with which he had been plentifully rubbed, disgusting the hound, he chucked him in the air and let him fall back in the bush. Arterxerxes, who had carried Benjamin before the body of the pack, came tearing along, like a poodle with a monkey on his back, when, losing the cry of the hounds, the horse suddenly stopped short, and off flew Benjamin beside the fox, who, all wild with fear and rage, seized Ben by the nose, who ran about with the fox hanging to him, yelling, "Murder! murder! murder!" for hard life.

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

Monsieur EUGENE SUE, one of the literati of Paris, has recently published a highly interesting "*History of the Godolphin Arabian*," in which he has proved him to be a *Barb*, and a present from the Bey of Tunis to Louis the Fifteenth. M. Sue's history runs through twelve numbers of *La Presse*, (a popular Paris Journal,) the substance of which, however, may be summed up in a much smaller compass; for M. Sue has indulged his fancy in extending the "Life, character and behavior" of this celebrated Father of the English Turf into a romantic legend, founded, as he says, "on the English and French Racing Calendars, the London (Old) Sporting Magazine, and the portrait of the animal in the library of Gogmagog, (Lord Godolphin's seat;) including the extraordinary attachment between the horse and his Moorish groom, ACBA, a mute, who follows him through all his vicissitudes, resolved on seeing the accomplishment of his destiny, inasmuch as, according with the practice of the Moors and Arabs, "the nativity" of the animal had been cast, and his horoscope presented one portion of his life to be the most miserable, and another the most glorious. A *cat* is also introduced, for which the horse had formed a most ardent affection; and in Stubb's portrait of the Godolphin Arabian at Gogmagog Hall, (a copy of which was the first engraving published in the "Register") a cat is introduced, the ground-work, no doubt, on which M. Sue has sketched his imaginative biography. The February number of the London (Old) Sporting Magazine gives the annexed synopsis of the "History" of M. Sue, which will be read with great interest:—

The story opens with an English philanthropic Quaker, on a professional visit to Paris in 1732, receiving letters from home announcing that his only daughter had gratified his fondest hopes in making him a grandfather, and, according with the custom of his sect, he resolved on evincing his gratitude to the Giver of all good for the fortuitous event by performing some charitable action. In his progress on this work of mercy—it was a dreadful cold night in the latter part of January—he saw a great crowd at the foot of the Pont Neuf, and a horse, in a heavy cart loaded with wood, attempting in vain to draw his burden up the ascent, whilst the carter was urging him on with brutal severity. All the efforts of the animal to move forward were ineffectual, and, driven to desperation by the lashings of his hard taskmaster, he plunged with so much violence, the ground being extremely slippery, that he fell on his knees, and was unable to rise. The carter renewed his blows, and with horrid imprecations seized the bit of

his bridle, attempting to force him up, but with such violence that the mouth of the poor animal was filled with blood. With violent efforts he at length got on his legs, but only to fall again, when, turning on his side, he lay trembling, covered with sweat, and his eye reproachfully fixed on his inhuman tyrant, who, unmoved by his piteous groans, kicked him repeatedly on his streaming nostrils, till every one cried "shame!" but all were too much afraid of his known brutality further to interfere. Their horror was increased when the fellow, going to the tail of his cart, took out a handful of straw, and, twisting it into the form of a torch, and lighting it, was in the act of applying the brand to the poor animal's foot, when the compassionate Friend interfered, arrested his arm, and exhibited fifteen Louis-d'or spread on the palm of his hand, offering the whole as the price of his purchase. Although he had treated the execrations of the multitude with contempt, the "timber-merchant" was not proof against the glittering coin, and crushed the torch under his foot. The purchase was agreed upon, the horse disengaged, and the parties proceeded to the driver's stable to complete the contract.

The carter, mollified by receiving the money, so far beyond his estimation of the value of the animal, said, he ought in justice to tell the purchaser, that the horse was the most malignant and ungovernable brute he had ever met with, and so dangerous to approach, that he was obliged to put his corn into the manger before he entered his stable; that, from his vicious habits, he had bought him for a mere trifle, having given only twenty crowns for him; that "the beggar," when in the humor, would draw well, but whenever he had a heavier load than usual, he would play him the same trick he had done that day, and nothing but extreme severity would induce him to do his work. He was also so cunning as to utter groans on the slightest punishment, and then he would put on the appearance of submission till he released him from the vehicle, when he would kick and run at him with open mouth in the most savage manner. The only way he could subdue him was to keep him constantly in the shafts, so that he could not lie down either by night or by day, and he placed both horse and cart under a shed for protection from the weather, the only sleep he got being as he stood. Once a week (on Sunday) he permitted the Moor to release him, and then the three—Agba, Scham (for such was his Moorish appellation,) and the cat—seemed in a state of ecstasy.

The carter goes on to state, that an uncommon attachment subsisted between the three; that the Moor doated on the horse, having accompanied him to Paris from Barbary, and that the cat would jump on his back purring continually, the horse winnying in evident gratification at his presence. He then proceeds to say, that he had purchased the animal from one of the Royal cooks; and on the Quaker expressing his astonishment that an animal so meagre should ever have belonged to the King, the woodman proceeded to state how he came into his possession.

Scham was employed in the most menial capacity, drawing a covered wagon from the Paris *cuisine* to that of Versailles, but he was so vicious, and so savage with other horses, especially if any mares were in sight, that they could do nothing with him, and the

Comptroller ordered him to be sold. No one, however, would purchase him, not only from his known character, but that he consumed more food than he was worth, and he was at length given to one of the cooks, to get rid of him, on condition that he would find him sustenance. It appeared, however, that his new master kept him on short commons, for he actually attempted to make a meal of the cook, having seized him with his teeth, and bitten a large piece of flesh through his clothes. This was enough for the *cuisinier*, who determined to get rid of the vicious brute. He accordingly sent for the wood-merchant, and offered to sell him for thirty crowns, but eventually parted with him for twenty.

M. Sue then proceeds. The driver spoke truly: the horse so lately put to the drudgery of the wood-merchant's heavy cart, was one of eight Barbary steeds which the Bey of Tunis had sent as a present to Louis the Fifteenth in 1731, in consequence of having concluded a treaty of commerce, which was effected in His Majesty's name by M. the Viscount de Manly, a Commander in the King's Navy. On the arrival of these animals in Paris, they for a short time attracted the attention, or rather the curiosity, of the King and his Court; but from their wild appearance, their restless and haughty deportment, their lean and angular forms, rendered more so by the fatigue of the voyage, they were received in the Royal stables with perfect indifference, and subsequently with contempt. M. Sue accounts for this from the prevailing fancy of His Majesty to the great Norman horses, both for war and the chase, and more especially for those bred in Suffolk—short in the loins, well knit together, going close to the ground, and termed *thick-set*. As the King's name is a tower of strength in war, so in fashion his taste is paramount, and these Barbary horses excited the greatest raillery and scorn—their deep chests, their small mouths, their beautiful, nervous, and bony forms, so typical of the character of this precious race, and so religiously preserved pure in the East, were all lost on King, courtiers, equerries, and grooms.

Of the eight Tunisian slaves sent from Africa by the Bey, Agba alone remained, the other seven having returned to their native country. The poor mute was so attached to Scham, that even the natural affection for home was disregarded, and, though excluded from the Royal stables, he hovered about their precincts for the purpose of seeing his favorite whenever he was suffered to pass the door, living on the charity of those who pitied his unhappy condition. Since he had become the property of the wood-carrier, the Moor had taken up his quarters in the shed for the sole purpose of enjoying the society of the Barb, and obtained his food by begging, for he (the carter) refused to encourage him, believing that his witchcraft rendered the horse so vicious. He suffered him to remain in the shed, as he was much amused to see the evident affection subsisting between the mute, the horse, and the cat. On his return home, Agba and Grimalkin were always in waiting, the former squatting down disconsolately, with the cat curled up by his side. On permitting him to give the horse his food, the Moor would rise up in ecstasy, embrace the animal, take his head between his hands, jump on his back, then dismount, and creep under him; to all of which endearments the horse seemed as gratified as himself: he would winny, and appear to talk to him, as if rejoiced

to see him. On the other hand, if the Moor was not in the shed, he became furious, stamped with his feet, laid back his ears, and attempted to attack the carter. On one occasion, the Moor was not in the shed, but returned when he was chastising the horse, and was so exasperated that he seemed inclined to attack him, but he shewed him his shoulder-of-mutton fist, and the demonstration was sufficient.

When the Quaker, who had been struck with their mutual attachment, told the Moor that he had purchased the horse, and that both should accompany him to England, the poor fellow shewed the most extravagant joy, threw himself on his knees at the feet of the Englishman, and placed his foot on his head in token of submission, and shewing that he would be his slave for life. He removed the cumbrous harness with which he was caparisoned in a sort of frenzy, believing that the malign influence had departed from his companion. The hard-stuffed collar covered with blue sheepskin, the rusty hames, the ponderous wooden saddle, and the thick bridle, were all dashed to the ground in the greatest indignation: then, drawing from one of the pockets of his cloak a horse-hair glove, he began to rub down Scham after the manner of the Moors of Tunis (who never use a currycomb,) the friction of which soon renders glossy the handsome and fine skin of the horses of the pure race. Scham, thus unharnessed, could be better examined by the Quaker. He was a brown bay, about fifteen hands high, with a white spot on the off-hind leg. He was terribly thin: his sharp bones seemed to pierce through his skin, naturally so fine and delicate, and he was covered with wounds by the friction of the heavy collar and the shafts of the cart. The dust and dirt which covered the poor animal rendered his coat quite dull and rough, formerly so bright and smooth, and his mane was matted with filth. Notwithstanding his distressing and miserable appearance, a judge of horseflesh would still have admired his bony form; and on seeing his deep chest—sure indication of capacious lungs and strength of wind—it was evident that Scham could perform without the slightest difficulty a lengthened course. Judging also from the construction and strength of his well-proportioned limbs, his speed must be prodigious; and his large hams, flat and so singularly tapering off, seemed steel springs to his iron frame—these, added to his uncommon beauty, and his graceful tail, flowing like a plume of silk, proved him to be an illustrious descendant from the purest *caste*.

The Quaker shortly after returned home, accompanied by his purchase, his mute attendant, and the faithful cat.

Arrived in England, Scham is located at Bury Hall, the residence of the Quaker, situate about fifteen miles from London on the bank of the Thames; and in a short time, through the care of Agba and plenty of nutritious food, he recovered his pristine form, so that no one could have believed him to have been the miserable object so cruelly treated at the foot of the Pont Neuf. Agba was feared and despised by the other domestics, for they had not the Quaker's tolerance, but they respected him for his attachment to the horse and devotion to his master.

A cloud, however, soon lowered on the destiny of Scham: his vicious disposition began to shew itself, and he would suffer no one to ride him but Agba. He had defeated all the attempts of one Tom

Stag, a rough rider, to reduce him to obedience, and had put him on one occasion in peril of his life by almost crushing his leg against a wall: he had also thrown his master's son-in-law, Dr. Harrison, and this was deemed the climax of ingratitude by the benevolent Quaker, who in consequence determined to part with him. Scham was then sold to one Rogers, landlord of the Royal Lion, a large inn near Charing Cross, to whose stables he was forthwith transferred, the Quaker making Agba the offer of remaining in his service or giving him a sum of money. The mute, determined not to lose sight of his companions, accepted the latter, and, accompanied by the cat, followed Scham to London, and took an obscure lodging as near the inn as possible; for Rogers, having the same impression as the Paris carter, that the devilries of the horse were owing to the malignant influence of the Moor, had rejected all further intercourse. Every attempt to enter the stable was indignantly resented, not only by Rogers, but by all the subordinates in his employ; and Agba had the satisfaction of seeing two of them brought out on shutters, and carried to the Hospital, from the wounds received from the "born-devil," the appellation Scham had obtained from his new masters. Agba, refused all admission to the stables, was almost in despair from being unable to obtain a sight of his favorite; and, determining at all hazards to accomplish his purpose, he scaled the walls which environed the stables, and, being caught by Rogers, was committed to Newgate on a charge of attempted burglary. Here, unable to express his innocence, he sank into despair, although his mild demeanor had excited the pity of his gaolers. The Quaker's housekeeper being called to the prison by a relative, who had come under the ban of the law, and learning the cause of the poor Moor's incarceration, proclaimed her conviction of his innocence, and gave so much of the history of Scham, and Agba, and his cat, as to produce the greatest commiseration for the unfortunate mute. His case coming to the ears of the young Lord Godolphin, who was struck with the attachment of "the horse and rider," he interested himself in his behalf, had an interview with the Quaker, learnt his history, purchased the horse from Rogers, who withdrew his prosecution, and poor Agba and Scham were sent off to Gogmagog Hall, there to be treated with the same indifference and contempt as Scham had experienced in the Royal Stables of Louis XV.

Hobgoblin was then the Lord of the Ascendant in the seraglio of Gogmagog, and so cruelly, in Agba's opinion, was Scham neglected, that he often wished the Barb again enclosed within the den of Rogers, where death might have relieved him from his misery. The progeny of Hobgoblin had been hitherto successful above all their competitors, and Lord Godolphin having purchased Roxana, by Flying Childers out of Monica, for 600 guineas—a great price at that period—he resolved to found a new dynasty in the future generation of Roxana and Hobgoblin.

M. Sue then gives the *liaisons* of Roxana and Scham—how that Roxana refused the caresses of Hobgoblin, and when she neighed indignantly at the approach of the Lord of the Harem, she was answered by one so loud and shrill that the hills re-echoed the sound—that Roxana recognising the impassioned cry, expressed the most vivid astonishment and delight, and at the moment Hobgoblin was

brought into the paddock, Agba opened the door of the stable, and Scham rushed in frantic energy on his rival. A tremendous battle ensued, Hobgoblin being eventually driven from the field, and Scham triumphed both in love and victory. Lord Godolphin, exasperated at the defeat of his project, immediately ordered the culprit off to a stud-farm at a distance of sixty miles, where he was turned out to seek his food on an almost barren common.

Two years had elapsed, when Agba was roused from the most painful reflections by approaching sounds, and was no less surprised than gratified by a courier announcing his Lord's commands to return to Gogmagog; and in less than an hour, Agba, Scham, and the cat were on their way to the Hall.

The cause of this recal is explained in few words. Lath, the produce of Scham and Roxana, shewing some fine racing points, the prejudices of Lord Godolphin and his stud-groom began to subside: with a force and vigor beyond his years, he excelled all his rivals in their exercises; and the progeny of the Darley Arabian, brought from Aleppo in 1717, having proved successful in all their contests with the indigenous breed, people began to wonder that they had so long neglected the source of so much beauty and purity of blood. In addition, Lath had beaten all the descendants from the hitherto-renowned Hobgoblin.

The author then jumps over four years, and in 1738, three sons of Scham, who had beaten everything opposed to them, were engaged in influential Stakes at Newmarket—Lath, in one for five, Cade in one for four, and Regulus in one for three-year-olds. Lord Godolphin, partaking of the now generally-prevailing opinion in favor of the Arabian blood, which in every instance had defeated all competitors, felt so confident that the three descendants of Scham would carry off the respective Stakes, that he resolved that the sire should partake of the triumph of his sons, and the formerly-despised Barb was led on the Heath, arrayed in purple, and mounted by Agba in magnificent Oriental costume, two grooms on each side (for safety) holding him by silken cords attached to his golden bridle. On his appearance the air resounded with acclamations. The predictions of Lord Godolphin were realized, and each of his horses having won the prizes for which they contended, the spectators appeared in a state of ecstasy, and cheered with renewed applauses, which Scham appeared to receive with dignified composure, as if conscious of his claims to distinction. As to Agba he was in a state of absolute hallucination—the malign star had disappeared, and the glory of his horse was established. They returned to Gogmagog in triumph; and to prove his admiration of the wondrous powers of the Barb, Hobgoblin's splendid stable was appropriated to Scham, and the words GODOLPHIN ARABIAN, which the noble Lord had given to Scham, engraved in letters of gold on its marble pediment.

This celebrated horse died at Gogmagog, in 1753, aged 29. Grimalkin had preceded him to the tomb, and Agba did not long survive him. And thus ends M. Eugene Sue's biography.

“BLOOD WILL COME OUT.”

“Queen Mab’s son was there, and likewise Sir Paul,
With bonny brave Staveley, supposed best of all;
To start they all venture, and away soon they run,
An excellent race, but brave Marcia she won.

Five times last year did this noble mare run,
And ’tis known very well that five prizes she won;
Now she’s beat all the best, for the rest she don’t care,
This first and first Marcia, the bonny grey mare.”—OLD SONG, 1808.

The stud of the late Mr. Garforth, of Wigginthorpe in Yorkshire, was one of long standing, and in its earlier existence must have been of some magnitude, if it were only from the number of horses which the celebrated Peregrine Wentworth was in the habit of drawing from it, when his establishment resembled more that of a Foreign Prince, in regard to numbers, than the generally less ostentatious and concentrated stable of an English master of race-horses. It would be inconsistent with the present purpose to make any further allusion to these remoter periods: better to come at once to the epochas, when, particularly as to numbers in training, it was comparatively of less pretension. Those times, however, when in some of the palmiest years of the Northern Turf its minutely concentrated galaxy displayed such constellations as “Camillus,” “Marcia,” “Vesta,” and “Oiseau”—the first and last of which, at three years old, stood unrivalled, and the second, “the bonny grey mare,” obtained and held during a long career the well-merited appellation of the Queen of the North—were it not for the conviction and experience that “blood will come out,” it would be impossible for some of our most spirited supporters of the Turf to carry on as they do under years of comparative disappointment and defeat. The tribulations of Job, though more varied, can form their only parallel. The heart’s-ease, the “*silent something*” which enables them to “bide their time,” is the hope, sustained by precedent, that some day or other “it will come out,” and the clouds of ill fortune and disaster be scattered before the smoking nostrils of some son or daughter of a long-cherished ancestry. As partly illustrative of this *great truth*, and appended to which there are likewise some minor considerations, the subject of this paper will refer more particularly to the pedigree of the winner of the last St. Leger, whose performances as a three-year-old almost cast a dimness on the shades of Camillus and Oiseau, and which I shall take the liberty of treating in a very desultory manner, for the best of all possible reasons, that I do not know how to compass it otherwise.

Looking at the way in which this Don by nature as well as name is bred—on the sire’s side, by Tramp or Waverley—I think it not only a tenable, but easily defined position, that in this descent from the stud at Wigginthorpe the secret of his supremacy is mainly to be traced. And here I must be guilty of a little skirting, with a view, however, of ultimately condensing the matter in hand. Were it not for the paramount consideration, that, in all Turf matters, nominations in regard to pedigree, identity, &c. must be copious, conclusive, and void of flaw or loop-hole, there could be no real necessity for a colt or filly, whose dam had been covered by two horses in one and the same season, being denominated, as in the present instance, “*by Tramp or Waverley*,”

for this all-sufficient reason, that by a rule of Nature, which has yet at least no recorded exception, when a mare is in foal *actually*, or what is termed *stinted*, she *will not* take the horse. In all such cases, therefore, when she *breaks* to the first horse, comes again in season, is put and holds to another, the produce is *de facto* the get of the last horse, and, but for the above-mentioned paramount cause, *ought not* to be *otherwise* designated. This air-castle enigma can only be kept up to favor a particular stallion; and as it is eminently calculated to mislead the inexperienced breeder, or those (and many there are) who glory in a *mare's nest*, 'twere better reform it altogether.

Of this proneness to mystery and falsification we have had numerous instances concerning some of our crack winners. Despite the *oath* of the stud-groom's son (the man whose father had Spiletta in charge at the time,) even the great cannon Eclipse was not exempted: the object at the *time* must have been to serve Shakspeare. But what tempted subsequent writers, except the mere love of argument, and upholding something out of the way—a line of conduct totally inadmissible, and to the last degree reprehensible in treating such matters—to continue and bandy it about, it is not so easy to reconcile: that it met in its *own* day with the *contempt* it *deserved*, is evident from the increasing and enormous price Marske covered at. Among other matters brought forward in the controversy which arose about this supposed case of what, from want of better definition, may be called *double paternity*, the great likeness of one of Eclipse's get to his full brother Garrick was strongly urged, as well as that his dam foaled nearest to the time (in fact she was only covered by him) she was *booked* to Marske. But granting both had covered her, the one reason is just as inconclusive and unworthy as the other. Book or no book, if Marske covered Spiletta *last*, the produce *must* have been his. As to likeness, it is rare to find a horse you could not match, though in racing stock it might often so happen: but is it not only just yesterday, as one may say, that the matter at issue concerning Vernon, by Laurel (bought out of Mr. Theobald's* stud,) on a point of paternal identity which was mainly disputed in consequence of Vernon's extraordinary similitude to a son of Camel, was set at rest?—So much for likeness. This is a strong instance in point, or I would not have alluded to it. Whatever the case, whatever the horses or mare, the last horse covering her is the sire of the foal, and no possibility of mistake. In almost all such cases, where those who, from interested or malicious motives, uphold the possibility of implied doubt, it is of small relative consequence in these present times, as, from the original scantiness and remoteness of the main sources, our pure blood is in reality and essence all but in and in. But even the begetting one star, however brilliant, can give a horse no actual claim to reputation as a stallion; nor should it induce breeders to resort to him in hopes of attaining the same result, unless indeed he had been previously doomed by caprice or

* It would almost appear invidious to make any allusions to this gentleman's matters; of course they are all made clear and right as the sun at noon-day; but where in so respectable an establishment some little confusion in the system led to so much unpleasantness, surely there can be no harm in impressing the necessity of the minutest exactness in such matters. To say nothing of the vexation it occasions to all parties—the scope it gives to hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—the pegs it affords to hang fresh and groundless suspicions on—it is slovenly and unsportsmanlike; and as it can be avoided to the full as easily as it can be incurred, it can neither expect to claim apology nor escape censure.

accident to unmerited neglect, and had only been tried in half-bred stock or with full blood mares, whose inherent properties and shapes might, when fairly and justly balanced and considered, be judged as not calculated to afford a right precedent.* Serpent never got another Ashton, nor Ardrossan a second Jack Spigot.† Endless instances might be adduced; let it suffice to notice the one more immediately in point. Although Waverley was a *very* good like horse, a true and fairly successful runner, *peculiarly* bred, and the sire of one or two good runners, yet I do not think any one could be found who would class him in any way as equal to old Tramp. The Sadler *was* a first-class horse; but he was barely *that*, with a hard fight all through. Volage was a very good mare, and Wincliffe a horse of more than common pretensions: but in a long career as a sire in the North, this is all we can find of Waverley to speak about.

A brief glance at the Wigginthorpe escutcheons will serve, I think, to prove that the position assumed is by no means an over-rated one—that “blood will out;” and that the blood which stamped old Marcia, “the bonny grey mare,” as decidedly the best of her days in England, North or South, has descended not only untainted, but in a manner renovated to this splendid three-year-old—who, in a Cup race, could play with such a mare as Bee’s-wing—her great grandson, the winner of the last St. Leger. However interesting to the Turfman or Amateur it might be, the present matter leads us no farther back than Atalanta by Match’em, a mare of extraordinary powers, but of so violent a temper, and such a terrible puller, that her abilities, acknowledged as they were, could scarcely ever be successfully controlled. Independent of her being the direct progenitress of the small lot of trumps, which in its later years so signally upheld the glory of Wigginthorpe, she stands high as a progenitress on other lines of blood, more especially one of no common notoriety or pretension, being through her daughter Rosalind, by Phenomenon, the great grandam of Blacklock. Young Pacolet and Faith were the two first of her produce; they were both remarkable for *stoutness*, a quality which has continued throughout the whole family even up to the present day. Young Pacolet ran a tremendous race second to Phenomenon for the Leger of 1783, being defeated only by a head; and in the same week Faith won the Gold Cup. Of the former, as a stallion, nothing can be said worthy of note. As a brood mare Faith was in no ways inferior to her dam; her color grey; and the peculiar neatness which distinguished the get of old Pacolet, a son of Blank and Whiteneck by Crab, from

* There was a pregnant instance of this in that noble horse Schedoni, one of the handsomest sons of Pot8os in his day. He had no rival “across the Flat.” He was a great favorite of his owner, the Mr. Heathcote of those days, and consequently was in his lifetime almost a private stallion. He got one very speedy nag—Shuttlecock out of Cat by Trumpator. At Mr. Heathcote’s death, from want of luck, he was sold to Ireland, and there remained, in the county of Longford, for years, literally covering nothing but half-bred mares. At last, it appears to have occurred to old Curragh Edwards—a chip of that still true block—and Mr. Watts, that such blood was worthy a trial. When near twenty, he was brought to the Curragh: every thing he got could run more or less, and he was sire of Wellington and one or two others, to use the old phrase, *in a very high farm*.

† The late Duke of Hamilton used to say Ashton was the best horse by a stone he ever trained. I will not take on myself to say whether his paternity was doubtful or not: I have *heard* it stiffly argued. One thing, the Calendars will *show*—that he was first entered “by Walnut or Serpent.” Walnut was a great favorite of the Duke, and deservedly. The “or Serpent” was dropped when Ashton so early distinguished himself; but if Serpent covered his dam *last*, it is not “*in posse or esse*” that he (Ashton) *could* be the get of *any* other horse.

whom it originated, she transmitted to nearly all her produce. Some of your older readers may recollect a son of his who afterwards went to America, when an old horse, but who was very celebrated for the excellence and beauty of his stock, *Citizen*. I mention this as there was, to my eye at least, something very *distingué* about this particular family. I recollect seeing *Citizen* when a boy in company with some thorough Judges, who thought him as nearly perfect as a horse could be. I have yet a lively recollection of him: he much resembled the get in after-times of his descendant relative *Camillus*, whose peculiar neatness, with great power for their size, must be fresh in the memory of many readers.

From Faith sprung *Marcia*, *Vesta*, and *Camillus*, by *Coriander*, *Delipini*, and *Hambletonian*. It is with the former, however, that the present hinges. In all respects she had few equals, and no superior. Her two races over *Knavesmire* and *Pontefract* with *Haphazard* in his best day, were events of exciting interest in those times. We are gotten so refined now, especially as to music matters, that to quote an old ballad is enough to send one to *Coventry*. But sufficient unto the era be the evil thereof! I shall, therefore, again refer to the old dog-grel, part of which stands at the head of this paper.

“Brave *Marcia* has won, a great many did cry,
But others asserted, No; that’s all my eye.
Again it was shouted, *Haphazard* did win,
So the race to *Haphazard* was then given in.

Now brave Mr. *Garforth* he did not much care,
To *Pomfret* she went and met *Haphazard* there:
Great sums they were betted before they did run,
And soon ’twas determined brave *Marcia* had won.”

In her own immediate produce as runners *Marcia* was barely successful. *Otho* by her old antagonist *Sir Paul*, was a racer all over and in reality, which he proved when he was *able* to do so. He had nearly the worst fore-legs I ever saw; but though the son of “the bonny grey,” he took altogether after the father’s strain. Her produce by *Stamford*, “*Marciana*,” more resembled her, and this cross was by no means likely to deteriorate the family stoutness. However there did not appear to be sufficient speed to put that fairly to the proof, for, although a winner now and then, *Marciana* could not be ranked beyond the best of the every-day ones. Out of a mare so bred and constituted, a likelier result could not well have been speculated on than a *Comus* cross, forasmuch as he was not only decidedly speedy himself, but mainly so in his stock: and I think, as *Paddy* says, that we may safely attribute “the biggest half” of that superiority which has so prominently been displayed by the winner of the last *St. Leger* to his dam and her ancestry.—“Blood will come out.”

I cannot help, before lighting the taper, alluding once more to the supposition of a doubt in any case of double sirehood. I cannot conceive a more silly chimera, perfectly inconsistent with the meanest sense and every-day experience. Verily “it is a wise child who knows its own father;” but, as *Burns* says, “men ay’nt mice;” neither are they horses: nor are there any precedent or data to lead to the conclusion, that where a mare, as in the subject instance, has been successful with a particular horse, the same fortune is reasonably to be expected in

putting her to him again. This also might be elucidated by example; but here it would prove tedious. As far as my observation serves me, the instances would go to the contrary. Wherever there is reason good to suppose that any mare contains the germ of more than ordinary excellence, she will as likely prove it with one good stallion as another, allowing them to stand as much on a par as may be.

It would be hardly possible to close any notice of the Wigginthorpe Stud without saying a few words of the old Ruler Mare. She too, though wholly unconnected with the above, was of a strain not over current, and her issue left, as often happens, a point of reët and inquiry why Ruler, so extraordinary and prolific in his half-bred, had been so much neglected as a sire for higher purposes. She was best known as "Swift's dam," but she was also the dam of Oiseau, Traveller, and Flora by Camillus, Orator by Prime Minister, Auburn by Blacklock. She had a sister, who, from what reasons never was ascertained, found her way over to Ireland in the hands of an Officer of a heavy Dragoon Regiment, who sold her to Mr. Fortescue, near Dundalk, a relative of the late Sir H. Goodricke. She was a compact, quick, short-striding mare, and was not tried in Ireland until accident developed her powers when seven years old, at the old game of heats and long distances: to use the words of a very old Irish Turfite, she "nearly tired out all Ireland," under the name of Rosa, and afterwards was dam of Mount Eagle, by Irish Escape, a splendid fine horse and a superior three-year-old. Death prevented her probably from proving herself as good a brood mare as her sister.

It is to be hoped that any one, whose perusal these stray lines may come under, will be good enough to bear in mind that all they pretend to is a sort of essayship *en amateur*—correct in essentials, open to animadversion, and, as such, not fearing the censure of the experienced, or liable to the imputation of misleading those whom it will naturally more interest, if any such merit it possesses, namely, those who are newly-smitten with the delightful Anglo-mania of horse pedigree.

[London (Old) Sport. Mag. for Dec. 1838.]

STUD.

PHŒNIX ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF.

"Know'st with an equal hand to hold the scale;
See'st where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions on the general rule prevail?"

That there is no rule without an exception is an old adage which in no case applies more correctly than in the uncertain occupation of breeding horses. In consequence of some remarks made by STUD in your December number relative to the paternity of foals when mares have been put to more than one stallion, I have given the matter much consideration; and, without wishing in the slightest degree to offend him by offering a different opinion, I am induced to make these observations, being well aware that his theory is incorrect, as it is occasionally subject to those caprices which Nature is at all times so fond of displaying amongst her creatures. In his concluding paragraph, he observes that he is "open to animad-

version :” he cannot therefore feel annoyed that the subject which he has broached should be commented upon.

The immense value of many Produce and other Stakes for which young horses are engaged, renders it highly important that the greatest accuracy should be observed in all nominations, and nothing is more essential than a description of what horses the dam may have been with in those cases where it has been found necessary to offer more than one to her notice. In the first place, it frequently happens that the conditions of Stakes impose a higher weight upon foals whose sires or dams have produced runners ; and in some, the stock of a particular horse, from the known superiority of his offspring, is especially subjected to an extra weight. If the rule were to be abandoned, or neglected, of mentioning each horse in those cases where the mare has been with more than one, it would open the door to fraud to a grievous extent. It would only be necessary to put a mare to a horse of very superior character, and also to an inferior one, describe the produce as by the inferior one, and evade the penalty of additional weight, whilst by a little management it might be reduced to a great probability that the foal was the offspring of the best.

An event very much in point came before the Racing World last Autumn. A filly belonging to His Grace the Duke of Rutland won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom in 1837, described as a chesnut filly by Hawker, dam by Pan out of Vale Royal ; but it has subsequently transpired that the dam of this filly was covered by Sir Gilbert in the same season that she was with Hawker. The seventeenth Rule of the Jockey Club requires that each horse shall be named when mares have been put to more than one: it consequently must have been fatal, and justly so, had it been known before the Stakes were paid : not, let me add, that the slightest blame is attributable to the Duke of Rutland on that point, as there is no reason to suppose that at the time of the race, His Grace had any knowledge of the circumstance. The fact also the owner of the filly that ran second did not ascertain till upwards of twelve months had elapsed ; and, when prepared to prove the case, requested to refer it to the Stewards of the Jockey Club. This request, it is to be observed, was not successful, because the Duke of Rutland, referring to the sixth Rule, which requires “ that each party shall assent to a statement in writing,” and availing himself of what may be termed a nice point in law, declined (having received the Stake) to assent to any statement, and the case was consequently not taken before the Club.

STUD advances an assertion, that when a mare is positively in foal she will not again receive the horse during that season—a theory by no means to be relied on. A particular instance occurred some years back which is worthy of notice, and may serve not only as a proof that mares will take the horse when in foal, but also as a caution to breeders not to be premature in their conclusion whether mares are in foal or not. Mr. Wood, a gentleman residing in Worcestershire, a breeder of several thorough-bred ones, had a mare by Jack-a-Lantern, who from her appearance was supposed not to be in foal, though it was of course known that she had been put to the horse the year before ; but as she had gone beyond the usual period of gestation, and

the season was far advanced, she was taken to the horse; she received him, and in less than twelve hours produced a dead foal.—The gentleman who bred Metal (a chesnut colt by Winton, dam by Humphrey Clinker, and subsequently the property of Captain Lamb,) had a half-bred mare at the same time, which was frequently in season during the summer, although stunted early, and the stud-groom assured me she would have taken the horse nine days before she foaled.—Leila, by Waterloo, once the property of the late Sir Mark Wood, and subsequently of Mr. Stovin of Birmingham—than whom no one makes more accurate observations or takes greater pains with his stud—is another instance. This mare, although in foal, was constantly showing amorous symptoms throughout the summer. These instances are surely sufficient to substantiate my argument that mares will, and often do, receive the horse after they are actually in foal. However, I will offer one more proof, and that is the authority of one whose rank as a naturalist stands pre-eminent. The Count de Buffon observes, “Mares, though impregnated, can suffer to be covered, and yet there are no instances of superfœtation.”

It is too much the practice in some of the establishments where a number of stallions are kept not to adhere to those strict forms of integrity which on all occasions beget confidence between man and man, and form those links by which all honorable transactions subsist. What I allude to is, mares being sent to one particular horse, in the absence of a confidential person to superintend, being put to another. Such conduct is highly disgraceful, and deserves to be visited by exposure, as the owner of the mare may be a sufferer in more ways than one. In the first place, the blood may not suit—a very important consideration, independent of the horse not being of such high repute: and should the event be discovered after the produce has been named for any Stakes, as a matter of course he would not be entitled to receive those which he might be fortunate enough to win. Whether a Court of Law would award damages in such a case, I am not prepared to assert, but should certainly imagine it would.

I quite agree with Stud that good blood will show itself—we have proof of that fact established by every day's experience. It may lie dormant for a generation or two; that is to say, there may be many foals bred from excellent mares who do not evince any superiority, indeed may be said to be almost worthless, as far as their racing powers are concerned; yet we have many instances of mares that have shewn little or no running that have been valuable brood mares. The speculation of breeding for the Turf never can be reduced to a certainty. Dame Nature is so fanciful in her operations that it is impossible to determine what kind of a foal will be the offspring of any horse and mare; and when the foal is brought forth, it has so many accidental circumstances to contend with, that it is not to be wondered at that so few attain superiority. Indeed, were it otherwise, there would be no difference between the powers of one horse and another—they would all be upon an equality.

It is generally supposed by those who have had the best opportunity of judging, that Waverley is the sire of Don John: if so, he is bred *in-and-in* in a most extraordinary manner. On reference to the Stud Book, it will be found that Sir Peter is his great grandsire on

Waverley's side, and his great great grandsire on the side of the dam. Again, 'Trumpator is a great great grandsire on both sides of the escutcheon. However he may be bred, it must be acknowledged most decidedly that he is a very superior horse ; and much as I am disposed to condemn the system of incestuous breeding, it is essential in all things to avoid prejudice, and invariably bear in mind that "there is no rule without an exception." [1b. for Feb. 1839.] PHŒNIX.

GUARDSMAN'S GRAVE.

BY F. P. DELME RADCLIFFE, ESQ.

SEEST thou yon mound where the violets bloom,
 And the golden laburnums wave,
 'Tis a fitting spot for a courser's tomb,
 'Tis gallant Guardsman's grave.
 He was noble in figure,—his colour grey
 As the mountain mist at the dawn of day,
 And fleet as the wind that sweeps it away.
 His arched crest and his eye of fire
 Bespoke the blood of a northern sire ;
 But none might doubt his pedigree
 Who marked him bounding fair and free,
 Whether in venturous steeple-chase,
 Or on the turf, where beaming eyes
 Of beauty assembled to see the race,
 Made triumph itself alone a prize
 Well worth the winning beyond the rest,
 When, patting his neck, I've been proud to tell
 That Guardsman was foremost among the best,
 And again had born me well.
 But 'twas not yet for deeds he had done
 For feats in the field, and for wagers won—
 'Twas not alone for his usefulness
 That I prized him living, and grieve him gone,
 I knew his worth, but it moved me less
 Than thoughts that to my memory thronged,
 Of those who in days of deep distress
 For untimely loss of a darling son,
 Well knowing with me he would ne'er be wronged,
 And that I for a much-loved friend could share
 Their grief, consigned him to my care.
 That gift I trust was well bestowed ;—
 None but myself that horse bestrode ;
 And I tended him as a man should tend
 A steed once cherished by his friend !
 He bore me ten seasons, and well to the last ;
 And when sixteen summers had o'er him past,
 When his days were ended, I laid him low
 Under the mound where the violets blow,
 And the golden laburnum and lilac wave,
 Their odour around poor Guardsman's grave !

[London Sporting Review for Jan. 1839.]

ON THE INFLAMMATORY COMPLAINTS OF HORSES.

A PRIZE ESSAY, BY M. M. MILBURN.

Causes.—In order to clear our investigation of some difficulties, it will be necessary to show that there is not any peculiar predisposition to disease in the breeds of horses usually employed in heavy draught, nor to any particular and characteristic conformation of the animals, which, I think, can easily be done. The coach-horse, and draught-horse are now very frequently bred from the same mare, and the breeds are so completely crossed and intermixed, that further than form and capability, with a sufficient degree of blood in the case of the coach-horse, they have lost their distinctive breeds. The horses employed in the cultivation of light soils, which the introduction of turnip-culture has so much extended, has caused the coach-horse and draught-horse to assimilate very closely. The peculiar characteristics of the old Suffolk breed, are lost in the continual crosses which have taken place to obtain more speed, and the farm-horses generally, perhaps with the exception of those used on very heavy soils, are partaking much of the character of the coach-horses of some ten years ago, and although a lighter class of animals have of late years been held in requisition for light work, to suit the rapid communication which our commerce demands, still so much intermixture has taken place in the different breeds, that no distinction can be pointed out between the one and the other, in so far as liability to the diseases in question is concerned. We are not aware that any peculiar conformation has any connexion with the predisposition to such diseases. The horses required for fast-work must have a capacious chest, to admit of the rapid propulsion of the blood which his exertion demands; but the horse of heavy draught also is valuable for his depth and rotundity of chest, to enable him to perform the tremendous exertion which is occasionally required of him. There are two instances, however, where constitutional peculiarities may predispose to the complaints in question. There are certain horses denominated "*washy*," or horses in which the space between the last false rib and the hip-bone is wide; in the language of the jockey, when he is not "well ribbed home;" such are known to be liable to diseases of the bowels when put to extra exertion,—but upon what principle I am unable to say. Others have a natural or acquired habit of voracious feeding, which is extremely prejudicial to the healthy action of the digestive and excretory organs, and to which I shall presently allude.

The post-horse, and such as are required to perform fast work, are more liable to attacks of diseases of the brain, the nerves, and the lungs, simply because their work consists of rapid powerful exertion; the farm-horse,—the animal of long and steady exertion, to gripes, inflammation of the bowels, and stomach staggers,—results, as I shall presently shew, of a management unsuited to the character of the labor we require from them. The stomach of the horse is remarkably small;—smaller in proportion to his size, and the quantity of food he requires, than any other domestic animal. Nature intends for him a

supply of nutritious food, and that *at short intervals*; wherein he materially differs from the ox, whose capacious stomach will contain food which will not be digested for hours. The post-horse, the hunter, and the carriage-horse, have food of the most nutritious description, and the time during which they are worked is necessarily short, owing to the extreme exertion required; they return to their food, and although their appetite may for a time be impaired, and their stomach and bowels affected by the general debility of the system, yet they recover their tone, as soon as the rest of the frame admits of their taking food.—The farmer's horse, on the contrary, has food of a less nourishing nature, his rack is filled with straw, or, at best, with clover;—the ploughman rises early, gives him a feed of corn, and leads him to his work, where he continues for seven, eight, and even nine hours, and his whole day's work is completed before he is allowed to eat. We do not find the ox, worked under similar circumstances, so affected in the stomach and bowels, simply because his capacious stomach, when filled, requires many hours to empty, while, as we have seen, it is different with the horse. Debilitated and hungry, the horse returns, and his rack is plentifully supplied, and a good feed of corn given him, and he is left to himself; he eats voraciously, half masticates his food, loads his debilitated stomach, and his digestive organs are weakened, and permanently injured. This course is repeated,—a habit of voracity is acquired, and at no very remote period the food lodges and obstructs the pyloric orifice (the passage from the stomach to the bowels,) fermentation ensues,—gas is evolved, the stomach distended; he grows sluggish and sleepy,—drops his head upon his manger; or he is delirious, and evinces that the sympathy which exists between the stomach and the brain has excited the latter organ; he rolls, paws, and is seized with convulsions; at length he expires, and he has died of stomach staggers. If the previous history of the horse is examined, it is probable that he has been subject to gripes; thus showing, not only the connection between the common management of farm-work horses, and diseases of the organs of digestion and excretion, but between the two latter. The half-masticated food has irritated the bowels, extra exertion of the muscles has been required to propel the dung to the rectum, and cholic or cramp (spasms) of the bowels has followed, or a course of continued irritation, or of continued cholic, or both, has ended in inflammation of the bowels. I remember a beautiful farm-horse, which, owing to the distance of part of the farm to which he belonged from the buildings, was worked the long hours described, and finished his day's work before his bait. He was constantly subject to attacks of the gripes, which were subdued; but he died of stomach staggers. The same stable, then so often subject to diseases, is now, by a change in the system, completely free from them. Another case, however, occurred; a beautiful compact little mare was constantly afflicted by cholic,—she eventually died of inflammation of the intestines.

There are other parts of the management to which horses employed in agriculture are subject, which induce diseases of the bowels; for instance, a boy returning from work, with heated and sweating horses, to save himself trouble, allows them to drink copiously at some pool or stream he passes. Suddenly one or more of the horses exhibit symptoms of gripe, they suddenly lie down, roll about, look at their

sides, rise up, seem relieved, and again speedily relapse; the sudden application of the cold water has produced spasms in the bowels, through which it has passed. This is neglected, or perhaps gin or whiskey, aided by pepper, is administered as a remedy, and severe and general inflammation of the bowels is the result; this is mistaken for another attack, and again the poison is administered, and the inflammation increased, and death follows. The horse of heavy work, too, is longer exposed to the inclemencies of the weather than the animal of light work. In the former, the rain is allowed to fall upon him for hours, and is allowed to *dry upon his back*; the sympathy between the skin and the alimentary organs is known to every groom,—obstructed perspiration, and consequent irritability, is conveyed from the one to the other, and disease is the consequence. It is true, the latter is also partly exposed to rain, but for shorter periods, and the whisp and brush are liberally applied when he enters the stable; a determination of blood takes place to the skin, perspiration is excited, and diseases thus prevented.

There is another disease to which horses are subject, and which is at once the cause and consequence of inflammation of the intestines. I mean intestinal calculi. Inflammatory action of the bowels, like that of every other part of the system which comes in contact with any foreign body, is liable to produce calculi, which in turn irritate the bowels, and produce a lasting predisposition to disease. For this I am not aware that any remedy has been discovered, and what is worse, they generally accumulate with age, and eventually produce death, the only power over them arising in our endeavors at prevention.

Prevention.—Of the best means of preventing these diseases in farm-horses we will now treat. We have attributed the peculiar liability to them in farm-horses to mismanagement, with the exception of certain instances of peculiar formation of the animals, and although the former must necessarily work his horses longer hours than the horse of rapid work is capable, there is no necessity of depriving the animal so long of food. No horse should work more than five or six hours without a bait. If we examine the history of the stables of large farmers, whose fields necessarily lie at a great distance from the buildings, and where they are worked long in consequence, and compare it with that of small farmers, under the contrary circumstances, we shall find a striking difference as respects the health of the animals. The case referred to above strikingly illustrates the truth of this observation. But, it may be asked, how is it possible to bait the animals so far from home? The difficulty seems to be in procuring food upon the spot, for if this is not done, the precaution will be neglected, and, at any rate, the land will be occupied by it. This, however, may be remedied. In the case, for instance, of a field intended for turnips, which has to be worked during the spring, a part of it, half an acre, or in proportion to the size of the field, may be sown with winter-teres, a few of which may be mown off, and given to the animals green, without carrying them from the field, interfering with any crop, or wasting any time in carrying the horses to a distance. If the field be intended for summer-fallow, the spring tare will answer, and which may be used in the same manner, instead of allowing the poor animals greedily and indiscriminately to crop the leaves of the hedges at every turning, from the impulse of hunger.

There is another easy way of baiting, which some carters adopt, and which might be applied to the farmer's horse, especially when carting. It consists in securing a bag, containing corn, over the animal's mouth and nose, by a string, which passes over the poll, and is locally denominated a "nose-bag," or "horse-poke," and which should be moved when he has finished his feed. To prevent the effects of the wet upon the skin, an unexpensive glazed cloth may be thrown over the horses' backs, and secured to the collar and traces. This may by some be considered very troublesome, but, it will be found, that when it is once begun, it will be considered no more trouble than carrying the rest of the harness, and if disease is prevented, the trouble amounts to nothing. To counteract as much as possible any habits of greedy feeding which the horse may have acquired, his corn should be mixed with chopped straw, or chopped clover, which will secure its proper mastication, and prevent many troublesome complaints, as well as render all the nutrition of the food available. These may be substituted by an admixture of clean chaff with corn, a plan which is pursued in a farm stable with which I am acquainted, and is found a useful practice. It would save the animals much time in eating, if all their food was chopped, and perhaps steamed; but on this subject we have not sufficient data to determine it with accuracy.

Cure of the Diseases.—The cure, it has been hinted, must generally be left to the veterinary practitioner in the complicated diseases of the horse; but I shall refer to the principles of cure, in order to guide the farmer from some errors into which he may otherwise possibly fall. To begin with the most difficult, stomach staggers, which is distinguished from mad staggers, by the sluggishness or dulness of the animal in the first stage of the complaint; but from the sympathy between the stomach and brain, the former often ends in the symptoms of the latter. All the efforts of the practitioner must be to empty the stomach; it is often a fruitless attempt, but a powerful dose of castor-oil (1 1-2 lb.) may be tried, as being rapid in its effects, and mollient to the hardened food in the stomach. Bleeding may also be useful, in preventing the delirium. In the early stage of the disease, a stomach pump may be used to wash the food from the stomach; but here an experienced practitioner alone will be able to do it. Gripes or cholic are, fortunately, generally more easily subdued; they are distinguished from inflammation of the bowels by the suddenness of their attack, the temporary relief from pain, and the relief obtained from exercise, the symptoms of the latter being directly contrary.—Bleeding alone will frequently relieve the spasm, but I have known a very simple remedy used with almost general success. Goose fat, in the quantity of a pound or three quarters given warm, generally produces relief in a very short time, if accompanied by walking exercise. In severe cases, one ounce of laudanum and a dram of powdered ginger, in a quart of warm ale, may be used with probable success.

Inflammation of the bowels is worse to cope with than gripes, and a farmer should never attempt the cure himself. He should call in the veterinary surgeon *immediately*. The disease may be distinguished by a coldness of the extremities; this at least indicates inflammation, or that the blood is determined to some local part, and the heaving of the animal's flanks, and his anxious looks at his bowels, as well as

their tenderness when touched, will indicate the seat of the inflammatory action. The first object is to relieve the system, and counteract the impetus of the blood; bleeding persevered in until the horse drops, is the only chance for saving his life. There is another principle in horse medicine which here will be called into vigorous action. No severe inflammation can take place in two contiguous parts of the system at the same time. To lessen the internal inflammation, the belly must be largely and powerfully blistered, and these are the two means for subduing the disease. No purgative medicine should be given, but the horse back-raked, to prevent the formation of calculi, and a glyster administered in the form of onion broth. All stimulants must be avoided, as they are sure to act as poison to the animal. In conclusion, I would impress upon the persons concerned, to aim at *prevention*, where their efforts will generally prove available, for they seldom are so in the curative process.

[The Sportsman.]

THE ENGLISH RACING SEASON FOR 1838.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE SPORTING REVIEW."

"AND so you want a stick to bate people with?" says he. "To be sure I do," says I, "sure that's the use of a stick." Who that has read my friend Lover's admirable national tale of Rory O'More, can forget the episode in the hero's life to which my quotation refers, or the laughter with which he hailed that most national interpretation of an Irishman's "use of a stick." But, peradventure, he paused not to look for more than, at the first glance, met the eye. Future commentators, however, no doubt, will point to the philosophy of the passage, enough for me to suggest that the hint conveyed by it was not, in my case, thrown away. "What atom of creation can be imagined more wholly lost to purpose, than three feet of bamboo or hazel dangling from a fop's wrist?" (Such was the fashion of my musing,) and yet neither but might do the state some service. As the shillelagh of the philosopher of Erin should be the pen of him whose business is with the follies or the vices of mankind: not dipped in milk and water, and guiltless of design, as the gold-headed cane of the coxcomb, but clutched in an honest hand, like Rory's staff, "to bate people with." In what these reflections originated, and to what their deductions led, the reader will discover, who has courage to wade through an article, necessary in a work of this character, but dull perforce, seeing that, at best, its incidents are but "th' evaporation of a glorious day."

Little good will be done by going farther back into the affairs of the late season, than to the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, one of the most wretched specimens of pleasure that my experience recalls.—The weather was truly awful, and the sport anything but of a redeeming quality, if, indeed, such days were not beyond the pale of redemption altogether (most particularly did I hear them d—n'd). The Monday's Riddlesworth brought out only three—all very indifferent; the winner, Phoenix, bad, though the best. The Tuesday's Riddlesworth was still worse, being but a match in which Mecca was the victor, followed by the once palmy Oatlands, won by Cowboy, *in a*

canter by three lengths!—a miserable week terminated without having disclosed one cheering feature for those who suffered it, anent here or hereafter. Croxton Park was particularly brilliant, and Epsom Spring as much the other way as possible. I was not there, but those who were so far down upon their luck, reported it to have been a most nauseous dose of Epsom.

The Newmarket Spring Meetings were events of better omen—indeed the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes in the first, created quite as strong a sensation as I almost ever knew manifested about that race. It was not remarkable for pace, but was honestly run from end to end, and the fashion in which it was contended for and won by Grey Momus, called from me, at the time, this opinion of him, “whatever the result of the Derby may be, with it neither the fame nor the career of Grey Momus is likely to terminate;” how far I was right, the sequel will shew. The One Thousand Guineas furnished, with reference to cotemporary influence, a very fair-seeming line for the Oaks! the whole of the clue being, however, subsequently destroyed by the casualties that occurred before the day of trial arrived. In this meeting, we had one of the most popularly exciting matches of the season (wherefore I cannot even guess), that on the Friday between Grey Momus and Bamboo. How that latter found supporters seems past ordinary philosophy to account for; but he did; and, as a matter of course, was served by the Grey as he had before been for the Two Thousand:—he was beaten hollow by two lengths.

The second Spring was a sorry affair—indeed, as a public meeting, it may be considered all but passed away. The most stirring event to which it gave existence, was the match over the D. M., between the Carpenter and Rat-trap, won by the former with five to one against him. All Robinson’s fine riding failed in inducing his steed to do that which was clearly in him. Rat-trap has shewn himself of very unequal performance; to be sure he is, by nature, *Bizarre*. Nothing else arising from it deserves notice. In the provinces, about this time, there was some splendid sport. The racing at Eglinton Park and Chester was quite first rate, and the opening of Gorhambury to the business of the turf was a feature of goodly promise. The style of Harkaway’s running at the Curragh April Meeting, induced me to suggest his being introduced to our turf for the Goodwood cup. The advice was neglected, but that race was the crowning rose of his Olympic wreath in this country; a proof that my counsel had done him honor in the observance.

Towards the end of May the Hippodrome opened for the season. Subsequently various meetings took place there; but here, once for all, I make allusion to it as a place of popular amusement. In that capacity it commanded an extraordinary share of ultra aristocratic favor. I remember seeing one stake, the subscribers to which, as well as my memory serves me, were all *princes*; the nominations were afterwards altered to the names of the parties who received them.—Despite all this patronage, however, I regret to say the attempt to establish it as a metropolitan race-course was a failure. It is true, many who supported it by their presence did not do so with their horses—a most essential item; but it had worse to contend with than that. A powerful party in the public press declared war against it to the knife.

The reasons for that unmitigated rancour have been given to me by one, as I believe in the secret: they were strong, no doubt, but hardly such as justified the proceeding *quoad* the public. The undertaking I hold to be one by which much social benefit would be done; for in affording an opportunity to the populace of large cities to indulge in out-door recreations, you take away the necessity which too constantly in England throws it upon the *dernier ressort* of the gin shop. The question of the Hippodrome should have been considered upon its merits generally and not individually.

As nothing like a chronology of the events of the season is intended, I will proceed to the Epsom Meeting, the first since the experiment of dividing the two great days was decided on—and the trial was successful. Perhaps there was not so manifest an improvement on the Thursday, but the Oaks was a bumper—the fullest I ever remember. Of the merits of the Derby horses I am not inclined to speculate favorably. Amato, the winner, it is true, never came out afterwards, and I was assured that he went amiss previous to Ascot; but the running of Ion for the Leger certainly did not make him, Amato, a flyer. It is but fair, however, to say that there hardly ever was a worse season for race-horses, and, as a consequence, one in which they were more uncertain in their performances. In the Epsom week alone almost all the best favorites for the Oaks went; within that short space Barcarolle, Vespertilio, Ninny, and Glenara, being declared *hors de combat*. The great event with the *ladies* was much better than the lion of the preceding Wednesday; a good race, done too in very determined earnestness, being won by Industry by a length—they said cleverly. This breaking up of the ice for Lord Chesterfield (fated to be succeeded by a triumphant northern voyage) was hailed with the spirit which demonstrates—if such, indeed, were required:—how natural to Englishmen it is to do homage to a true sportsman, seeing it could awaken enthusiasm in the bosoms of the very hithermost of Cockayne.

Ascot-heath—if there had not been such a thing in England as a race-horse—would this year have been the cynosure of all interest, bringing, as it did, for the first time, a fair young heart-served sovereign more peculiarly in contact with the rural classes. May the reception awarded her there be an earnest of the future love and loyalty which awaits her! The racing was very *mediocre*.—The cup, ever obnoxious to all kinds of casualties, followed suit upon the present occasion: Slane was wrong—and all the others cut, save Caravan, Epirus, and Grey Momus, the latter winning as he pleased, almost in a canter. It is fit to say that all the arrangements were admirable;—in the present year we are to have a new Grand Stand and what not, and Ascot will be as becomes her—the Queen of British hippodromes.

Liverpool and Manchester abounded with good things. Not so, however, Reigate, one of the prettiest of the suburban meetings—where misrule “cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war.” A word or two as to the civil dudgeon which arose. A charge was made on Mr. Robertson’s Edgar being declared the winner of the gold cup, that the decision was an unfair one. I am not prepared to take that view of the matter, knowing, as I well do, how impossible it is in races where horses run out at the finish, for any one to decide which has his head

in front, save the party actually in the chair. Be that, however, as it may, it was in bad taste that, at a meeting where Mr. Robertson was a steward, and had horses engaged, any one *supposed* to be in his interest should have been appointed to act as judge. It was a step calculated to give dissatisfaction, and it did give it, as I know of my own knowledge. For the effect which this untoward event, coupled with another in the former year, produced upon the people of Reigate, Mr. Robertson expressed his indignation in a letter which was shewn to me, a cloth-yard long—an ell or so having appeared in a Sporting Periodical. Why did he take my ascribing industrious propensities to his use of his horse Olympic in an evil spirit? He ran him, as I said, for gold cups, hunters' plates, cocked-hat stakes, and anything which offered a "consideration;" and it was in keeping with the business habits to which he is accustomed, to turn the penny when and where opportunity occurred. But as to having "promoted with his exertions and his pocket the cause of Reigate races, purely from favor and affection to the people thereof—he may try that story with the marines as he pleases, but it won't go down with the *horse-marines* of Surrey, I can tell him, "ball-iron he never so wisely." There is such a thing as *eclat* omnipotent even in Threadneedle-street, and Bartholomew-lane.

Newton Meeting was an excellent one; that at Hampton as much its antipodes as human ingenuity could have contrived it: both races were *pleasant*, particularly if they happened to produce a realization of the articles for the hunters' stakes at the latter, viz. "the winner to be sold for £50 and to pay for the hurdles." There was not an item in the business of the July Meeting at Newmarket to call for an especial notice. The attendance of the Duke de Nemours was certainly a feature of novelty, and an omen, as I hope, of a taste likely to serve the cause of the turf in France. It may be as well to observe, too, that the force in which Lord George Bentinck came out in his nominations for the Derby in 1840, gives the best negative to the reports circulated, that he was about to give up racing.

The Liverpool July introduced to the English turf one of the most remarkable horses that late years have seen. It brought out for the 'Trades' Cup (handicap), Mr. Ferguson's Harkaway, an animal that defeated his antagonist in his own county, as Eclipse had done here. He was beaten; but every racing man saw in it a triumph of no ordinary character, when the manner of his treatment, and the circumstances under which he came to the post, were taken into account. Again, the next day, with any odds on him, he was defeated for Her Majesty's plate, his off fore-leg having given way in the second heat; whereupon he was sent to Goodwood, whither we will follow him.—It is out of place here to speak of that noble trysting, save as regards the events to which it gave existence. Here Harkaway won the cup, beating, almost in a canter, Adrian, a cowardly horse, I admit, but still a very dangerous customer at the distance, having all but beaten Mango, the winner of the Leger, in the First Spring, over the Beacon Course.

Without staying to inquire about either Brighton or Lewes, for neither would repay the trouble, we will at once come to the great northern affair, and proceed to a notice of Doncaster. The lion of the

Monday's sport was the appearance of the Irish horse for the Queen's plate, which he won, and would have won, with a couple more stone up; *malgre* Cardinal Puff was opposed to him. The style in which the finish of that race was achieved, astonished me, prepared as I was for no ordinary performance, and, at its termination, I followed the flyer to his paddock. On the way I was overtaken by a gentleman who, accosting me, said, "I see you are taken with the running of that wonderful animal, for I cannot find another epithet to apply to him. Yet be not deceived: take a stranger's advice, and do not back him for sixpence for the cup. He is not *meant* to win it, for I know there has been, for the last fortnight, a commission out to take any price about him for it that can be had. The party have, in some instances, laid even two to one against him, although those odds are current almost everywhere on him." I thanked my Mentor for his politeness, and, in the course of the day, named the fact to all who fell in my way, that I thought it might interest. How it turned out, all the world knows; probably the annals of the turf afford no similar case. I do not mean the act of drawing Harkaway, even at the eleventh hour; but the absence of any attempt to refute or deny the charges point-blank made against his owner, who really seems as if he did it in bravado, to see how far it lay in any man's power to exhibit an utter contempt of public opinion. Surely the lesson read at the Curragh ought to have warned him to have avoided giving cause for the open shame to which he was put at Holywell.

I cannot leave the north without a word upon the Leger, meagre as it was, because it brought forward, for the first time, in his racing shape, the best colt, beyond all question, of his year. The form in which he beat off his field, leaving Ion in a positive canter, demonstrated that fact; on which the Scotts seemed perfectly forewarned, as I know, that when the day came and their horse was right, they booked the event as safe as though it had been already decided. Again, the fashion in which Don John beat Bee's-wing (the best mare on the northern turf) with 3 lbs. penalty, never getting into his stride, as Nat said, would have been sufficient to earn for him such fame, had he never started for the Leger. Is Lord Chesterfield really going to withdraw from the lists just as Diana has begun to smile upon him?

Heaton Park, with all its Olympic glories, is now to be remembered among the bright things that were! We are told it is to be transferred to Liverpool. Aintree will never succeed in representing a meeting which "of itself was its own parallel." No need to dwell upon the cause of this abandonment—enough that its effects are but too rightly understood. This year's anniversary lacked none of the wonted brilliancy of its predecessors. Where all was excellent, it would be almost ungenerous to select any portion for particular eulogy. The riding of Beecher, when, pulling at that awkward devil, Jagger, he broke his stirrup-leather, but brought all home, and won the race to boot, was a *chef-d'œuvre* of horsemanship, such as one sees but rarely in one's career. Such achievements, surely, are more becoming a cavalier than working the tail of an unfortunate steeple-chaser, or reaching the goal without a nose to his face, and the most important moiety of his doe-skins departed. Harkaway came out here, also, and fell as his owner had already fallen, at Doncaster.

Returning again to the south, for the autumnal meetings at Newmarket, we may as well, to prevent the necessity of interrupting their order, anticipate a little, as well as diverge, on our route, to pay a passing notice to Holywell Hunt. Thither Mr. Ferguson carried his celebrated horse, and met a fate which, however the master merited it, we must regret for the sake of the noble animal—a nomination was refused for Harkaway, for the Mostyn Stakes. That race was won in a canter by Cardinal Puff, who, for the Queen's plate at Doncaster, had been defeated in a similar style by Harkaway, so that all speculation as to the result of the Mostyn mile, had he started for it, is tolerably well settled. At Newmarket First October, there was nothing that demands especial notice. Grey Momus won the Grand Duke Michael and the St. Leger Stakes as he pleased, and bore me well through my Spring observation,—“That, win the Derby or not, he was destined to no mean reputation as a racer.” The Second October, with its average of business, was not of any distinguished interest. Mango having forfeited in his match with Caravan, established the truth of the rumor, that his racing days were over. The Duke of Richmond's team shewed well; Reel that won the Hopeful also carrying off the Clearwell very cleverly. This buying of racing stock is no bad spec. Grey Momus and Reel have very tolerably repaid the investments in both their cases; the filly cost £250 at the Hampton Court sale. In this meeting the case of Loutherbouurg, winner of the Goodwood Stakes, which were withheld on a question of pedigree, was decided, and the nomination declared good. Appended to the decision was this observation:—“It is the opinion of this club (the Jockey,) that it is necessary to declare their extreme disapprobation of horses being started for races without the intention, on the part of their owners, of trying to win with them.” It is a thing much to be desired, that the rules of the Jockey Club underwent a careful revision, and that the code was more comprehensive and distinct. The very matter of their “extreme disapprobation,” in this instance, was that for which a bonus was offered in the articles of the great Shield at Goodwood, and of which the winner, Colonel Peel, the most honorable of all the upright on the turf, avowedly took advantage. Without staying to examine the doings in the provinces, good in themselves, but not prominent enough for a renewed notice, we come to the season's finale, the Houghton. This was, as usual, a week's racing; that is to say, from Monday to Saturday inclusive. Nothing appeared, however, to affect in any degree, the speculation for the great Spring events. For the bettors round—the industrious classes—the present winter ought to be a productive one, as, no doubt a very large field of horses will be in the market, at “excellent prices,” for the Derby. The Criterion, a fair race, intrinsically, went no farther; Cara, though she beat a fair field on paper, had still the penalties on Reel and Bulwark all on her side. The remainder of the sport, made up of stakes of various kinds and matches, had no prospective interest, and therefore is not germane to our present purpose.

With this epitome of its events, the notice of the season closes; the past has been told; the future is beyond our speculation. Like the worthy, in the German romance, its career has been terminated without a shadow.

[London Sporting Review, for 1839.]

CONTINENTAL SPORTING.

SPORTING, embellished by large Engravings and Vignettes, illustrative of BRITISH FIELD SPORTS, from Pictures painted by Gainsborough, Landseer, Cooper, Hancock, Lewis, and Barraud. EDITED by "NIMROD." With Literary contributions by Thomas Hood, Esq.; John Hamilton Reynolds, Esq., the Author of "The Oakleigh Shooting Code;" The Author of "Wild Sports in the West;" The Author of "The Sportsman's Cyclopædia," &c. &c. London: A. H. Baily & Co., 83 Cornhill. 1838. Quarto, pp. 144.

The above is the voluminous title of one of the most splendid works ever issued from the British press. It is appropriately dedicated, by permission, to His Grace the Duke of Cleveland, an ardent and distinguished sportsman, and is intended to appear periodically as a SPORTING ANNUAL. The appearance of this beautiful volume speaks well for the flourishing state of Sporting Literature, for if the spirited publishers had not been pretty well assured of an extensive sale, they certainly would not have risked the great expense which must have been necessarily incurred in "getting up" a work containing so many large and superb engravings. A very limited number of copies found their way to this country, but those were disposed of at once at eleven dollars each; and of the supplies again ordered by our booksellers none remain. A few weeks since, with the intention of presenting a copy to a gentleman we trust to number among the frequent contributors to this Magazine, we vainly searched the shelves of every bibliopolist in town; not a single copy remained on sale, and the booksellers inform us they might have sold dozens more. If the work was equally popular at home, as we make no doubt it was, we fear it must be out of print—a circumstance which excites feelings both of pleasure and regret. If our anticipations should be realized, it would be out of our power to present our friend with an appropriate token of regard, which we think he would equally appreciate. But then the success which has attended the publication of this volume will doubtless inspire "Nimrod" and his publishers to the early production of others still more *recherché* and costly.

Although this work is a publication of last season, its contents must necessarily be new to above nine-tenths of our readers, and we are determined, as they will not have an opportunity of seeing the original, to give them a taste of the quality both of its engravings and letter-press. Among the former are portraits of the great *Plenipo*, and of *Harriet* his dam—of *Bay Middleton* the crack of 1836 and winner of the Derby—of *Sir Hercules*, a half brother of Capt. Strockton's imported *Langford*, etc. Of the thirty-eight embellishments, twenty-four are steel engravings of the most delicate finish, and all are illustrative of sporting subjects, including Shooting, Fishing, Hunting, and Rural Sports. Of the literary contents, which are of the highest character, we subjoin a specimen from the pen of "NIMROD" on "Continental Sporting." In the course of the article, which extends to some length, many very flattering allusions are made to the American Turf, with the particulars of the match between *Eclipse* and *Henry*; the letters which passed between Col. JOHNSON of Virginia, and JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq. of this city, subsequent to the match, in which the former proposed a second, are given in full. In speaking of the American importations of blood stock from England, "Nimrod" quotes a letter addressed to him by Baron BIEL, of Germany, in which that gentleman remarks:—"It is lucky that we Continental people do not come into competition with the Americans, for unless they do not neglect their breeding studs they must soon be on a par with England, as they get your best Stallions!" Nimrod adds, that "the spirit with which these people (the Americans) enter upon the pursuit of Racing, is certainly not only astonishing, but very much to their credit. Think of the prices they give! Three thousand five hundred guineas for a Stallion, [alluding to the purchase of *Priam*,] that might die on the passage! Why it is unprecedented in the annals of the mother country, and is likely to remain so. Dr. MERRITT will be immortalized in the annals of Tattersall's yard!"

When looking into the sports and pastimes of nations, the mind naturally recurs to very early days, as well as to the motive of their institution. With some it has been found in a desire to obliterate past crimes; with others, to inspire the superstitious mind with reverence and awe, and thus keep it in subjection; with most, to captivate the

affections of the people ; and as regards *racing*, in a wish to ameliorate the breed of horses, which it chiefly has the power to do. But somewhat of an anomaly presents itself here. In tracing the progress of human improvement and civilization, we find that both tradition and history point to the East, as the source from which they proceeded towards the West ; but, such is the mutability of all human affairs, we find the march of knowledge in one very important branch of internal policy, as well as rural economies, has been proceeding for nearly two centuries past in a very different direction ; and from the northern shores of Great Britain and Ireland, has the whole continent of Europe, been furnished with the means of accomplishing the only legitimate end of racing, which is, the amelioration and improvement of the Horse. It is true, the parent stock came from the East ; but it is due to the people of Great Britain and Ireland to say, that having once gotten possession of the essential constitutional parts necessary to form the race-horse, they have, by a superior knowledge of the animal, and the means of availing themselves of his capabilities—not only by rearing and training, but by riding him also—brought him to a pitch of excellence far exceeding the original stamp, and which, there is reason to believe, will not admit of further improvement by the aid of human means. If other countries furnished the blood, Great Britain and Ireland have made the race-horse !

That France has been amongst the last countries to enter into the sports of the race course, is a matter of no surprize. Generally speaking, beyond his valuable services, her national taste does not lean towards the horse, and until of very late years, the system of riding in France was the very reverse of that required in a contest of speed, between such horses as are alone qualified to make a race. In fact, from the jack-boot to the racing-saddle must be considered an awful bound, and one which, as we say in the field, cannot be taken “at a fly.” The sagacity of Louis Philippe, however—added to the fondness for it in his heir apparent, has given encouragement to his government to promote *racing*, and to a very considerable extent, in his dominions ; and such has been its progress by the force of royal patronage, that, although like the ancient Roman aristocracy, the French Nobility and Gentry are, at present, principally spectators on the hippodrome, there is every reason to believe, that ere many more years shall have passed over their heads, we shall hear of something like a Duke of Dorset, or a George Germain, amongst the gentlemen Jockies of *la belle France*. There are already French lads in the private and public training establishments, who “ride exercise,” as the term is, very well ; and there is a Jockey in Belgium, by the name of Olivier, who, as far as appearance on his horse goes, might pass muster at Newmarket ; and in his contention with our Buckle, of the present day, and other English Jockeys who have gone to Brussels to ride, he has been allowed his meed of praise. I have myself seen his performance over a course ; but with two exceptions, of the various French and Belgic Jockeys, who ride in the several departments, it is out of my power to say anything, my experience of continental racing having been confined to those places where English riders have been almost universally employed. And here is one reason why it will be long ere racing will become, generally, a favorite

pursuit of the French people. It must be a great abatement of the pleasure arising from it ; and more especially so, to a nation who are proverbially inclined to think well of themselves—that it cannot at present be conducted (at all events that it cannot be excelled in) by their own countrymen. Time, however, must be allowed them here ; experience must be their schoolmaster, and in this one respect, they must admit Englishmen to be their instructors.

I will now proceed to give a brief sketch of the start they have made both in France and Belgium.

In France, there are about twenty places at which regular annual races are held besides Paris, at which there are the Spring and September meetings, consisting of three days each. In Belgium there are six, including Brussels, which also has two. Each country has its Jockey Club, on the same principles as our own ; and France has her public betting-room, in which considerable *business* is done. In both are public training stables, as may, at present, be expected, under the management of Englishmen ; and, with the exception of the one to which I have alluded, their jockeys of note are all English. They have their national societies for the encouragement of breeding horses, and racing, instituted and supported by subscription, with the *Ministres d'Interieur* at the head of them.*—They have their Racing Calendars, (to that of France more than 300 Noblemen and Gentlemen subscribe—the King, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours included)—they have their public establishments of studs (*des Haras et depots d'étalons et juments*, as they are called) in the Departments ; and a few well conducted private breeding studs, on the English system of care in the selection of blood, warmth, good keep, &c. France has, likewise, her Sporting Magazine,—of which the Editor has long paid me the compliment of sending me a copy (as, indeed, has the author of the Racing Calendar)—its pages being devoted to the various subjects of Sporting, but especially to the amelioration of the breed of horses. The racing matter forms an appendix to this work, as is the case with our own Sporting Magazines, and two plates are given.

As may be supposed, it is only a few of these numerous racing-meetings that it has been in my power to attend ; but I will give a brief sketch of them. The first, and by far the best, was that of Chantilly, in April, 1836, which commenced on a Friday, and concluded on the following Sunday, which is the grand racing day in France. Independently of the sport on the course, which was generally good, the *éclat* of the meeting was greatly increased by the magnificent hospitality of the Duke of Orleans, who, with his brother, the Duke of Nemours, occupied the magnificent Chateau, the residence of the late Duke of Bourbon, for the purpose. Nearly fifty of His Royal Highness' friends and suite sat down every day to dinner, during the four days of his residence, the pleasures of the evening being greatly enhanced by the absence of Court etiquette.

The style, however, in which the Royal Princes came on the course, was quite in character with royalty. Themselves and friends—preceded by Count de Gambis, Master of the Horse—entered the

* The Society of Belgium consists of 280 members, with the King at their head.

ground by a private drive through the beautiful forest, of which it forms a part, in two open carriages and four, the horses, postillions, and outriders, being turned out in the best possible style.

Some idea, however, may also be formed of the grandeur in which things were carried on at the Chateau, by the fact of its splendid stable, which contains stalls for one hundred and sixty horses, having had but three unoccupied; and I counted more than twenty private carriages in the court-yard.

A description of the persons and characters of these royal princes is scarcely necessary at this time, when, by the constant intercourse between the countries, they are so familiar to most Englishmen. For the information, however, of those who have not had the opportunity of seeing them, I will merely state, that although somewhat different in their persons—forasmuch as the Duke of Orleans is rather taller, and of a lighter figure than his brother—their characters are one and the same. There is, in the countenance of each, and more especially in the former, an expression of extreme good-humour, together with the absence of any thing like hauteur, to a degree not too often displayed in persons so illustriously born, and still more illustriously placed.

As regards their general appearance, it resembles, precisely, that of our own best dressed countrymen in the morning, and the same may be said of them in the evening; divested—as I consider all “well dressed men” to be—of that tinsel and foppery which is so strikingly inconsistent with the manly character of our sex. They are both excellent horsemen, and with nerve, I am told—the Duke of Nemours especially—equal to the biggest bullock fence in Leicestershire, or any other shire. In fact, a report of their desperate riding in a Steeple-chase, two years back, which the Duke of Nemours won, having reached the ears of the King, he is said to have put a veto on their steeple-chasing in future. And I do not wonder at his anxiety for the preservation of sons of whom he cannot but feel proud, from what he has thus far seen and heard of them in life. It will be remembered, that a very bad accident happened to a young Frenchman of rank, in this sharp contest for victory.

In conclusion to this little sketch, my countrymen will not dislike to be told, that both these young princes speak English well, the Duke of Orleans particularly; that they are in constant correspondence with some of the first sportsmen amongst our nobility; and that they feel towards England, as Englishmen would wish them to feel—not only with cordiality, but with affection.

Having spoken of the establishment of the betting-rooms in the *Bois de Boulogne*, it may not be amiss to state, that on one race at Chantilly during this meeting—the Jockey Club plate—won by Lord Henry Seymour’s Frank,* the sum of 300,000 francs, or about £12,000 sterling, “exchanged hands,” as the term is, on the Turf. The Prince of Moskowa told me, he thought a third of this sum was betted by the members of the Jockey Club alone.

The race-course at Chantilly is very good indeed, the turf being as smooth as that of a bowling-green; the foothold for the horses,

* I considered Frank one of the cleverest three year olds I ever saw on a course; and his running this year has justified all I said of him last; he would have been forward in the Derby, if not the winner of it, had he been so engaged. He is by Rainbow, out of Verona.

firm; the turns easy, and the run-in excellent. There were at least four thousand persons on the ground on the first day (the second was howery, and of course prevented the attendance of many), the stands being filled to overflowing with well-dressed females, some of them of high rank; a good show of equipages; and which, more than anything else, gave a sporting and classic character to the whole, a vast number of booths, shows, and other objects of attraction to persons of a certain description. I here mean the middling and lower orders, without whose presence, a race-course loses at least half its interest; for, as I said in my article on the Turf, in the "Quarterly Review," it is to its being the means of *diffusing its pleasures far and wide*, that the pursuit of racing is, in all countries, so desirable.

I must make mention here of one race, merely to show the progress of the French amateurs in the saddle. The winner of the hurdle-race was ridden in excellent style by a French gentleman by the name of Elwaur, who had a very difficult horse to ride; and Count Edgar Ney, brother to the Prince of Moskowa, also distinguished himself by his riding in it, although his horse was not good enough to win.

The pleasure of this meeting was greatly increased by the accompaniment of a pack of stag hounds, the property of the Prince of Wagram, who resides near Paris, and who was on a visit at the Chateau; and with which I was so fortunate as to witness a run of three hour's duration, with the death of a noble stag at the end of it, through the kindness of the Duke of Orleans, who mounted me.—The place of meeting was the far-famed Stone Table (*La Table*), in the forest, about three miles from Chantilly, and on which the breakfast of that celebrated sportsman, the late Duke of Bourbon, and his friends, was so frequently spread on hunting mornings.* There was an immense assemblage of persons both in carriages and on foot, and from two hundred and fifty to three hundred horsemen, many of whom were equipped in the true Melton Mowbray costume—white leather breeches, exquisitely-cleaned top boots, and bright scarlet coats. The turn-out of the hounds was also good, although there was more of the "Continental" about it than suits an English eye.—The two huntsmen were clad in green, richly-laced, coats; laced cocked-hats; carrying immense brass French horns, and of course the *couteau de chasse*, and jack boot. There were two whippers-in also in green, faced with red, after the manner of our liveries, with black velvet caps, French horns, and *les couteaux de chasse*; and the Prince and his brother, who accompanied him in this visit, were exactly thus equipped. In fact, in nothing but the better texture of their coats, and the superiority of their horses, could any difference in the costume be perceived. Their Highnesses, I was told, are good and sanguine sportsmen.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to relate one occurrence of this day, as being a novelty to an English stag-hunter. It happened, that by a lucky turn which we made in the forest, just as the stag broke cover, two Englishmen, one French gentleman, and myself, were alone with

* In Col. Thornton's "Sporting Tour through France," dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Cleveland, then Earl of Darlington, is a print of this table, with a canopy thrown over it, as was the case when the Duke breakfasted on it.

the hounds, over five miles of open country, when they came to a check at the entrance of a large wood. The French gentleman having had a bad fall, and one of my countrymen having remained behind to assist him, I requested the other (Edgar Pavis, the Duke's Jockey,) to go and inquire of some wood-cutters, whether the stag had passed in their view. The answer was, they had seen no stag, but *they had seen two wolves!* Now there was a wildness about this event, which accompanies not our stag-hunting—the tamest of all hunting; still, in the case of a bad fall in a large wood, and being left without one's horse, the presence of these animals towards night-fall, with their exquisite sense of smell, their good appetite and liking for human flesh, might as well be dispensed with. However, Pavis and myself entered the wood with the hounds, hit off the scent in a few minutes, and pursued it until we met one of the whippers-in, who took the charge off our hands. By the assistance of his horn, the stragglers by degrees joined the chace, and there were about seventy of the field up at the death, including both the royal Dukes; but we saw nothing of the owners of the hounds, until we found them, *cum multis aliis*, at the place of meeting, on our return home, when the horns played *la mort* with very fine effect.

This was certainly an eventful day to me in more ways than one; but I lost the opportunity of seeing French stag-hunting in perfection, by not having been able to accept of an invitation with which I was honored by the late Duke of Bourbon, to visit Chantilly in the year 1828, when his Royal Highness's establishment was complete.—It was accompanied by a summary of the preceding year's sport, attested by Count Blason, Master of the Horse, and delivered to me by Sir Maxwell Wallace, Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards.

I must give one other instance of the progress of French racing, which, though in itself trifling, shows its effect in a country, and especially so in such a small town as Chantilly. A sort of Doncaster price was asked for lodgings, even servants being charged fifteen francs a night for an apartment; eighty were demanded of me for two miserable rooms, for two nights.

From Chantilly I proceeded to Paris for the Spring Meeting, which consists of three days racing, at intervals. But I shall not dwell on this part of my subject, for the weather was uninviting, the company next to nothing, and the sport on the whole, uninteresting. It was, however, the time of the fetes, such as balls, plays, and fire-works, in honor of the King's birth-day, which are more to the taste of the Parisians than those to be found on a race-course; as was plainly set forth to me in an answer I received from a pretty shop-keeper, when purchasing a pair of gloves, as to whether she was going to the Champ de Mars that morning? "Not I indeed," said she, with something of an aristocratic toss of the head, as much as to say, I know no such low pursuits. "You prefer a ball or an opera," I said.—"Ah," she replied; "*c'est une autre chose.*" The absence of the Court, however, and the royal Dukes, damped the spirit of this meeting, and after Chantilly, it appeared all but a failure.

Of the Paris race-course, I need not say much. It has too much of the Hippodrome about it to please a sportsman, and reminds one more of a military review than of racing. The point of the bayonet,

presented so often, though harmlessly, to the breasts of the spectators, tends to this impression; but as I had the *entré* amongst the *élite*, by means of a *carte blanche* from the Jockey Club, I was in no danger of being pinked. The words, "*Pas ici Monsieur*," however, were generally accompanied by the point of this awfully sharp bit of steel.

The Jockeys in constant employ in France, are the following:

Edgar Pavis, brother to the Newmarket Jockey of that name, for the Duke of Orleans.

Thomas Robinson, brother to the celebrated "Jem" of Newmarket, and young Flatman, brother to the Newmarket Flatman (commonly called "Nat"), for Lord Henry Seymour.

Bowles, an Irish Jockey, for the Prince of Moskowa.

John Mizen, from Newmarket, for Mr. Palmer's public training stables.

Webb, Curtis, Nicholas, Middleditch, &c., for any one who may employ them. Of the performance of Curtis, I have lately heard much praise.

The principal private Trainers are:

Mr. Corringham, for the Duke of Orleans; Mr. Carter, brother to the Newmarket trainer of that name, for Lord Henry Seymour; Mr. Horlock, for the Prince of Moskowa; and Mr. Palmer for any one who will honor him with his confidence.

Of the public training establishments in the Departments, I am unable to speak from my own personal knowledge. A new Society, however, was founded in April last, which is likely to do much for the spread of French racing generally. It has already established, in various Districts, races for horses of pure blood, as the French term is, and offers prizes really worth contending for. They have also instituted periodical exhibitions of the best thorough-bred, as also half bred, stallions, mares, colts, and fillies; awarding prizes to those which are considered deserving of them. Its title is this,—“The Society for the Improvement, Breeding, and Sale of Horses of Luxury, Race Horses, Hunters, Hackneys, Carriage Horses, &c. of French Blood.” One thing more was wanting; and I find by the following extract from the French journal "*Le Temps*," of the 11th of July last, that this "one thing" is procured.

"*The Studs. Race-Horses*.—A few days ago, the Minister of Commerce deposited at the Bureau of the Studs and of Public Instruction, at the Prefecture of the Seine, a book containing the genealogy of the race-horses at present existing in the different studs of France, and destined for the reproduction of the breed; it is entitled the "*Stud Book*," and has been drawn up by a commission, composed of the Duke Decazes, the Marquises de Marmier and de Pauze, the Counts de Flahaute, d'Harcourt, Henri Lacase, de Cambis, and de Montendre, and General Tourton. Never was so noble a commission formed to search out, and to establish the genealogy of the thorough-bred horse. It contains transcripts of the birth and genealogy of 185 stallions of the English breed, and 179 breeding mares of the same race. There are also 156 stallions and 25 mares of Eastern blood. When this work shall have undergone the sanction of a public scrutiny, it will become the true Golden Book of French chivalry; for it is certain that many a horse, born in foreign countries, and of base origin, has

through inadvertence or knavery, been entered on the noble list of true French blood horses."

The editor of the French Sporting Magazine, or *Journal des Haras*, after detecting (as may be expected) some inaccuracies in this book, objects to its editor having gone so far back in researches after blood, and especially Oriental blood. They have it seems included the additions,—the noble additions—made by Napoleon and others, collected from Syria, Constantinople, &c. &c. They likewise include purchases made long ago in Hungary, England, &c., and some of the descendants of these, since crossed with pure English blood. The editor sums up his objections with this sweeping clause,—that "out of 156 oriental stallions, only 34 are now alive."

On this interesting point, I cannot do better than give the following excellent opinion of the editor of the "English Veterinarian, or Monthly Journal of Veterinary Science" for September, 1837. "We have no wish" says Mr. Youatt, its editor, "to mingle in the disputes of these French writers; one of whom—the objector—the editor of the '*Journal des Haras*,' Le Comte de Montendre, belonged to the commission by which this book was drawn up and arranged; but we cannot help thinking, that the very circumstances which he states as objections, redound to the credit of the commission. They wished to carry their record back to the period when the improvement of the French horse, in good earnest, commenced; and to record, for the praise and gratitude of distant posterity, every one that had been engaged in so noble a work. Simply to have taken up the state of the horse in 1837, without any retrospective glance at what others had done, would have been the worst of all crimes—ingratitude to those to whose labors they are deeply indebted. However we have nothing to do with this. The Stud Book is established. It will henceforth be the acknowledged record of equine reputation. It will be universally referred to as the standard of worth, and its influence on the breeding of French horses will be invaluable."

As my visit to the French metropolis was merely for the purpose of seeing the races, and every thing belonging to the progress of the French turf, I confine myself to such subjects: and to accomplish this I had every opportunity given to me. On the departure of the Duke of Orleans for Germany, he left directions with Count de Gambis, his Master of the Horse, to take me to the breeding stud at Meudon, exclusively the property of the Duke, and I accompanied him thither for the purpose. We were conveyed in a double bodied Phaeton, the same in which his Royal Highness appeared on the Chantilly race-course, and drawn by the same horses—four slashing bays, with postillions who rode and drove as well as if they had been bred and brought up at Hounslow. After visiting the various paddocks, in which were eight exceedingly clever brood mares, besides young things, we returned through the park of St. Cloud, to Paris, which was a great treat to me, not only from the extreme beauty of the scenery, but from sundry other associations. I also inspected the training stables in the Bois de Boulogne, and even the harness-rooms of the Duke, in Paris, where every thing appeared in the best possible order, and most creditable to the Count, under whose superintendence such matters are placed by virtue of his official situation. He speaks English fluently, which was to me no

small advantage in obtaining the information I wanted, and which he gave me with the ease and candor of the highly-bred gentleman.

Independently of the Duke of Orleans, I am much indebted to Lord Henry Seymour, for his marked attention to me while in Paris. I not only had a seat in his carriage each day to the course, and the offer of it whithersoever my steps might lead me, but he also took me to his breeding stud, in the country, within two miles of Versailles, where every thing is done in the true Newmarket style. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that up to a certain point, Lord Henry was somewhat of the "bull in the china shop" on the French turf, and it is only lately that he has met with any thing like his match in the stables of his competitors. Those of the Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Moskowa, and others, however, have done what, doubtless, to a certain extent, his Lordship must wish them to have done,—namely, to have called forth his energies in a sport which would otherwise soon pall upon the taste.

As may be supposed, I saw Lord Henry Seymour's stud at his hotel in Paris,—in the *Rue Tête Bout*,—which is also the residence of the Marchioness, his mother, and occasionally of the Earl of Yarmouth, his brother. It consists of twenty splendid horses for the carriage, the field, and the road; and in the stable of Lord Yarmouth was one of the extraordinary age of thirty-six years, having been a present from George the Fourth to the Marquis, his father. He is, as may be imagined, now only kept as a curiosity, but he appeared in good health, and was able to take walking exercise.

Lord Henry's racing stables are close to the Bois de Boulogne; and are, perhaps, for their size, the most complete in Europe. They occupy, together with a house for the groom, three sides of a quadrangle—the fourth being ornamented by a flower garden and conservatory; and were completed in the small space of three months, at the cost of twelve thousand pounds.

There is one part of Lord Henry Seymour's establishment which is, I believe, rarely met with in any private house. His Lordship has a room fitted up for the sole purpose of fencing, which is open to all amateurs of the art on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, from the hour of two o'clock till seven. It also contains numerous pairs of boxing gloves, for the use of those who practice the art of self-defence, of which his Lordship is an admirer, and which his powerfully muscular frame enables him eminently to excel in. He is likewise one of the first pistol shots in France, and excels in the use of his gun, as the following report from the Tivoli pigeon-shooting ground, in Paris, of the last month, will show. The prize to be contended for was a new Purdy patent gun—pigeons, twenty-five, distance thirty yards,—and the following was the result of the contest:

Prince Benjamin de Rohan	killed	13	missed	12.
Prince d'Eckmutel	"	12	"	13.
Baron Leopold d'Ivery	"	18	"	7.
The Hon. Mr. Saville	"	15	"	10.
Lord Henry Seymour	"	19	"	6.

His lordship of course won the gun; but it may surprise some of my readers, when they hear to what an extent pigeon-shooting is carried on in Paris. Since 1831, Mr. Bryon, the proprietor of the Tivoli

gardens and the Racing Calendar, has trapped 128,000 birds ; and I am given to believe, that any of our English crack shots will be accommodated with a match by the members of this club, which amounts to one hundred and ten, amongst whom will be found the *élite* of French sportsmen.

Baron d'Ivery is one of the very best game shots in France, and is mentioned by me, in my late French Tour, as having exhibited some fine shooting in my presence, when he accompanied Lord Henry Seymour and myself to his stud farm, near Versailles, where his Lordship has a small preserve of game. A few days back [September 26th, 1837,] he was matched against Captain Fletcher Welch, for 10,000 francs aside, to shoot fifty birds each, at 30 yards, *with one barrel*, which he won by killing 28 in 44, the Captain killing only 24 in 44. The Captain was backed by Sir Joseph Hawley ; and some idea may be formed of the interest the match created, by the fact, that 30,000 francs exchanged hands as the result,—160 persons being present. Viscount Bury, eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle, celebrated in the annals of the Red House Club, Battersea, and one of England's best *game* shots, afterwards contended with the Captain in a similar match, and was beaten by him, by one bird a-head, shooting the match out. The season for this sport commences, at the Tivoli gardens, on the 1st of October, and continues till the end of April ; the shooting days being Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday ; subscription 40 francs for three months ; 60 francs for six months, and 100 francs for the year.

Although I was within two miles of Versailles, as I have already had occasion to state, my time would not admit of my seeing that far famed place, nor the pack of fox hounds, which are kept there under the management (as may be supposed) of an Englishman, by the name of Johnson, who I am told, is a sportsman. Their principal subscriber is the Earl of Pembroke, who contributes £300 per annum towards the expenses of them, and who honored me with an invitation, and the use of his stud, during the month of October last, for the purpose of seeing them in the field ; but it was not in my power to avail myself of the proffered kindness. Of the splendor of his Lordship's hotel, his stud, his carriages, &c. little need be said ; it is on a scale of great magnificence, as well as in the very best taste, both in-doors and out ; and it was in his drawing-room that, for the first time in my life, I set my foot on silk velvet carpets. Seneca, it seems, was not so much out, when, in allusion to the increasing luxury of his countrymen, he supposed they would soon set their feet on precious stones.

The races at Versailles were only established in 1836 ; but they form a leading feature in the French turf, by reason of the celebrity of the place ; and in the present year they were particularly attractive, by the presence of the Duke of Orleans and his royal bride. The prizes given and subscribed to at this meeting are to a very considerable amount ; and all that is wanted to make it satisfactory to sportsmen, who look upon racing as something more than mere holiday amusement, is a greater number of race-horses to contend for them.

The following account, in the *Journal des Haras*, or *French Sporting Magazine*, of a trotting match, with which the first day's sport was concluded, is not much amiss, nor very anti-national. It is also cor-

roborative of my assertion, that racing can never be a popular pastime, or entered into with spirit with Frenchmen, until the time—should it ever arrive—when they will be able to train and ride their own horses, without the aid of Englishmen.*

“The day concluded with a trotting match, to the great delight of the countless spectators, who were much gratified to see young men known by most of them, ride their own horses in a contest of speed, mutually striving to give each other the “go by.” We will not enter into a minute detail of the long run, the result of which was not for one moment doubtful, merely stating there was not the slightest chance amongst the competitors, for M. Turn, mounting with elegance and ease, a grey mare of extraordinary swiftness, passed immediately all his rivals, going three times round the Hippodrome with the same speed, leaving wide gaps between the others; one bay horse alone made the smallest pretension of following him. [Sold by M. M. Cremieux, and purchased by M. W. Fernaux.] This last named horse, made his run in good time with little distress, and although not possessed of the fleetness of the mare, still he will pass for a good trotter. The winner received great and merited applause; but was it not out of the way to hiss the losers?” The account concludes with the order in which the six horses arrived at the post, Charlotte Temple, ridden by M. Turn, being the first.

In young racing countries, the objections against trotting matches may be overlooked, although the excitement of a race course is very ill adapted to this kind of competition, forasmuch as it must put the chance of some horses *hors de combat*, from their not suffering themselves to be restrained to the pace, as was proved at the last St. Omer races, where the one most likely to win broke five times into a gallop. I am, however, sorry to observe, that matches against time are becoming in vogue on the continent, although, I rejoice to say, very much on the decline in England, and they certainly come not under the denomination of *sports*. I allude, first, to the attempt—for it occasioned his death—to make a horse carry a certain weight from Paris to Rouen, a distance of thirty-one leagues, in seven hours; and, secondly, to the wonderful feat performed by Count Sandor (of Melton Mowbray celebrity), of driving a pair of Hungary-bred horses, thirty-six English miles, over a very bad Austrian road, in a carriage constructed for the purpose, and weighing 380 pounds, in two hours and forty-two minutes, the time stipulated for having been three hours! I find the Count has offered to put the speed and stoutness of these wonderful little horses—neither of them exceeds fourteen hands and a half—to further tests, by offers to perform, what appear to be, impossibilities. His offers, however, have not as yet been taken, and I hope they will not, as much for the sake of the horses themselves, as for the after reflections of their owner, who left an impression behind him in England, the very reverse of that which the signalizing himself in acts which border so closely on inhumanity, inevitably tends to give. One of these proposals was, that he would drive these same horses from Vienna to

* I have a work now in the Paris press, written in the French language, and under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, which will, I hope, tend to accelerate this epoch in the French racing world.

Pesth, eighteen German posts—and over a country, the greater part of which has scarcely the trace of a road—in twenty-four hours !

(Conclusion in our next.)

THE LOUISIANA TURF.

The following communication is from the pen of one well known to the readers of this Magazine and ourselves for his devotion to the best interests of the Turf. The grave matters to which it relates challenge the serious consideration of every well-wisher of the most noble and manly of sports, and imperatively demand, not only the profound attention, but the most prompt and energetic action on the part of those to whose interests it more immediately relates. No one can regret more than we do, the necessity which impels us to give publicity to such a communication, but our duty to the public leaves us no alternative.

Vain are your endeavors, Mr. Editor, and those of the “ Spirit of the Times,” to sustain the Turf, if those immediately interested shall, by their conduct, continue to thwart your best efforts. A writer in the “ Spirit” some time since, pointed plainly to causes that must put down racing in the North, if persevered in, and the Proprietors of the Courses in the South seem determined to unite in the crusade.

The people of Louisiana, with unexampled liberality and spirit, raised three Clubs, with such purses as were never before offered in our country, and each course secured a mine of wealth to the proprietors ; but one harvest does not content them ; as it is a Southern climate they have called on them to sustain them twice in the same season ! Now, cannot these gentlemen overdo the business ? Will not the people tire of putting up such splendid purses for their special benefit, when they find the races are not gotten up for their amusement, but that it has become a regular heavy tariff on their time and means ? Is not six week’s racing rather a labor than a recreation ?

These causes alone are sufficient to put down the Orleans Tracks, but if that were not sufficient, others will contribute to their ruin.—Their whole organization and management must produce a premature and fatal decay,—I mean the short leases on which they are held. It becomes the interest of all concerned to make the most of them in the shortest time ; hence all improvements are made with a view to the term of occupancy, and the Meetings are increased beyond all bearing.

This is not all. Large sums of money have been lost there, in several instances, under strange, not to say suspicious, circumstances, and sometimes in connection with characters as suspicious as the circumstances ! This matter has been commented on by the losers, from one end of the country to the other, until things are now at such a pass there, that if a horse loses that has been booked a winner by the public, straightway they cry “ foul,” however fair the race may have been !

Now, all acquainted with racing must know, there is much uncertainty in the condition of race-horses, under the best management.—When running week after week, and in common hands, the wonder is

that they should be in anything like condition ! But let the suspicion of *foul play* be once fixed on the Turf, and you effectually damn it. Let the majority on any race-field once have their suspicions excited, and they will sooner doubt the *integrity* of others than their own *judgment*. Add to this, many gentlemen will be unwilling to attend a course where such degrading suspicions attach to the sport.

As one fond of the sport and interested in blood stock, I propose to the proprietors of the Orleans Courses that they have but one Annual Meeting on each, to commence the first Monday in January, and that a week intervene between the different Meetings ; also, that they decide by lot the order in which they shall come off—that they rigidly exclude all who may be guilty of any act calculated to degrade the character of the Turf, or depart in the least from the strictest rules of high and honorable conduct. Let no rivalry influence the management of the courses, but good feeling pervade the whole, and they must all prosper. The time recommended above will enable those attending the races at Orleans to return to Kentucky and Tennessee, in time for Spring training, and in that way recruit their stables for a Fall and Winter campaign.

This has been suggested by a report now current in this country, that a race lately run at Orleans, was lost on purpose ! Now, in my opinion, this race was honestly run, and fairly lost ; but some that lost say not, and thousands believe them.

If the people of Orleans are annoyed by repeated calls on them, and are, besides, taught to believe they are *done brown* without a chance, it is easy to see the consequence, and I beg those concerned to reflect.

A.

HIGH PRICES OF STALLIONS.

The sensible article annexed was contained in a letter addressed to the Editor by a Planter of Alabama, residing in Greene County ; he is an officer of a prominent Jockey Club in that State, and well known for his devotion to the Turf—a trait in his character peculiar to his family, we should think, as their names occupy a distinguished place in racing annals, though scattered through most of the Southern and Western States. He writes us that he has been a subscriber to this Magazine from its commencement, and in alluding to an article of our predecessor's, in the December number, wherein complaint was made that gentlemen of intelligence and ability neglected to increase the value and interest of the work by occasional contributions, he remarks to the following effect :

“ As respects the neglect of patrons, breeders, and turfmen generally, in not communicating the necessary materials to sustain the value, usefulness, and interest of the “ Register,” I can only say that I have long noticed it, and prophesied that, without an alteration, the work would die a natural death, a circumstance which I should sincerely regret. For myself, I am too busily engaged as a Cotton Planter to contribute much in the way of usefulness to such a work : still I have my ideas and opinions upon sundry useful and amusing subjects ; of my inability to express them on paper, I am, however, fully sensible, and therefore cannot venture upon such a task ; yet I will suggest a matter for some more abler pens to discuss, and hope they will communicate with you upon the subject. I refer to the extravagant prices demanded for the services of Stallions.”

Now we hold that the writer of the paragraph we have just quoted, is “ condemn ed out of his own mouth,” in giving evidence of his “ *inability*” to furnish his quota

of original matter for this Magazine; when our readers shall have concluded the perusal of the article subjoined, we make no doubt of their finding an unanimous verdict of Not Guilty. As Dogberry says, "he is no true man" if he fails hereafter to furnish his portion of the "necessary materials" to increase the value and interest of the "Register," and we look with confidence to see expressed upon paper those identical "ideas and opinions" which he entertains "upon sundry useful and amusing subjects." The *Sporting World* is entitled to the "ideas and opinions" of a gentleman so intimately acquainted with the practical details of breeding and training, and so happy in their expression "upon paper;" and as the spokesman or organ of that community, we call upon him to furnish them at such convenient intervals as may occur. And we beg to say to every one interested in blood stock, and to those who delight or excel in any of those manly sports and pastimes of which this Magazine is the appropriate repertory, that "every man is expected to do his duty" in this matter. The breeders and turfmen of America comprise as great a number of thorough-bred gentlemen of intelligence and spirit, as any other nation on earth; and if they would but resolve to make occasional contributions to the pages of this Magazine, it would soon be without a rival in the world. We are not in the habit of promising to perform impossibilities, but we venture to assure our subscribers that if they will sustain us with their pens, we have no apprehension of a lack of readers, and in undertaking the regular publication and editorial conduct of this work, we pledge ourselves, if fairly supported, not only to make it worthy of its friends and of the American *Sporting World*, but entirely to surpass in the beauty of its embellishments, its typographical appearance, and the character of its contents, any *Sporting Magazine* in the English language.

But we have overrun the scent, and must make a cast back in the direction of our correspondent. Here he is in full view—have at him!

The prices at which stallions cover are too high—out of all proportion to the chances of profit. A breeder will inevitably incur an expense of \$225 to send a mare from here (Greene county, Ala.) to Leviathan, let her stay through the whole season, and get her home. And it is very possible that the colt he gets, if he gets one at all, will not be worth that money when 3 years old. Now this, perhaps, may be denied, and much said about good mares, blood, form, &c. &c. Look at the facts.

I sent two mares to this famed Leviathan; they were good mares—mares raised in Tennessee and priced at \$800 each, and this high price said to be low, when the blood, size, and form possessed by them, were considered. The travelling expenses there, and back, were \$75 each; for the season, and their keep whilst with him, I paid about \$280, besides the worth of a boy six months, who stayed with them. I got two colts; one died at a few days old—the other is now 4 years old this spring, and worth perhaps \$100!

This is meant as much for every other high priced stallion as for Leviathan, for the thing is general. The expense, in my opinion, overruns the chances of profit. You gentlemen who publish sporting periodicals, are furnished with the sales of high priced nags, but hear nothing of the hundreds of failures, in the attempts to raise blood stock. Let some one competent, take one hundred, or one thousand mares, of unexceptionable pedigree and good form, put to high priced stallions, and report correctly the proportion of profit and loss thereby accruing, and in my humble opinion it will put another face upon the matter. It is too much of a lottery business, and tickets or chances, cost too much in proportion to the number of blanks.

I love the blooded horse—am intensely fond of the Sports of the Turf, and no man would be more willing to see owners of stallions well patronized and well paid, than myself; but whilst we pay them liberally

let us not encourage them to impose on breeders, from whom their support is derived.

These crude reflections I wish some one more capable than myself to enlarge upon, and throw just as much light on the subject, as will let breeders generally see and appreciate the chances of getting a \$1000 or \$5000 colt, with the chances also of breeding one that will never repay expenses.

D. M. G.

HORSE LETTER WRITERS.

Within a few years there has arisen among us a new set of Patent Literati, who are known as Letter Writers; some on Politics—these may be found mostly about Washington, in the winter, but in the summer they disappear, and like the snow bird, return with the first frost. Another variety confine themselves to matters connected with Commerce; these may be found in the seaports in Europe and America, and are employed to write down or write up the stocks or any of the great staples of trade, as may suit the interest of their employers; these are a kind of *Literary Commercial Drummers*. The last variety of this genus are *Horse Letter Writers*; these are found in all the Middle and Southern States, and are not migratory, but local;—those who wish to hear of them may inquire at the offices of the “Turf Register,” or the “Spirit of the Times.”

Their notes are various as those of the mocking bird. One writes merely to say that a friend of his has sold some fine horses—that although the prices seem high, it was not really so, as they are nags of the purest blood and “as certain to race as ducks to swim”—and that “the same gentleman has some other young things still more certain to run!” Of this there can be no doubt, as the letter writer is part owner!

Another, “owning not one hair, but solely moved by a sense of the injustice done, in his opinion, to the finest horse in the United States,” has “felt himself called upon” to “remove the prejudices created” by the observations of “N. of Arkansas,” “Hipperast” and “Barrymore” against the venerable *Hedgeford*—and the way he has used them up will be a caution to them and all others in like cases offending.

I showed the letter to “Barrymore,” but I tell you, Sir, on him all castigation is thrown away. He merely said “there is no accounting for tastes.” I admit the Hedgefords I have met with, are the best racers *for their looks* in the country; but, sir, I have no use for such ugly brutes. I repeat, it is time thrown away to write at such a man, and I advise “Saluda” to let him alone, and try his hand on “N.” and “Hipperast.”

I cannot give him the whereabouts of “Hipperast;” if he does not mend after one or two more letters, I say, give him up, too. But if your letters fail of the proper effect on “N.” as he is a sort of favorite, suppose you pay him a visit at the Devil’s Fork, and talk him

over. If you fail to convert the *Kurnel* perhaps he may convince you, and that will answer just as well. D. I. O.

NOTE BY "BARRYMORE."

"Barrymore" admits that *Duane* was a race horse of the first class ; him, he has not seen. *Molly Ward* is a fast mare, but common in appearance, and faulty in her form ; two other fillies in Mr. M'CARGO's stable were *large, lean, leggy* and *ugly* (this is an awkward word, but no other would suit) ; one of these won a stake at Buffalo, Va. ; of the three nominations which started, one lost a rider and the other bolted ! She brought in her weight and won the race !

In Georgia he may do well. His pedigree is good, and on light, blood-like Gallatin mares, he may get fine stock, and if the gentlemen fancy, in God's name let them have him.

REMEDY FOR BOTS OR GRUBS, AND THE CHOLIC.

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, Va., March 5, 1839.

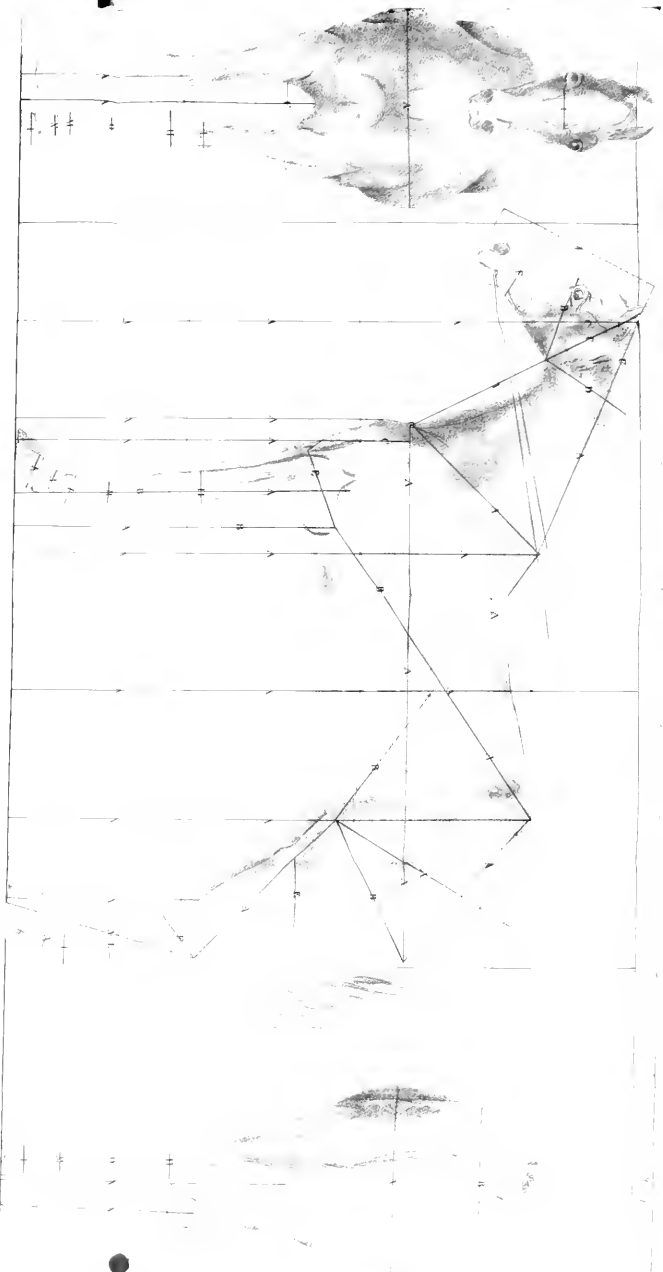
DEAR SIR,—I am now in my fifty-ninth year, and have ever been a critical observer of the Horse creation, during which time I have been the owner of at least one hundred. *I have never lost one from sickness of any kind !* A great number of valuable horses die annually from the GRUBS, which might be saved by administering the following simple and efficacious remedy :—

To cure the Grubs. Take one pint of molasses, one pint of new milk, and one ounce of laudanum ; put these ingredients in a bottle, and, after shaking it thoroughly, administer the dose. In half an hour afterwards give the horse a pint of castor oil, and he will soon discharge the grubs.

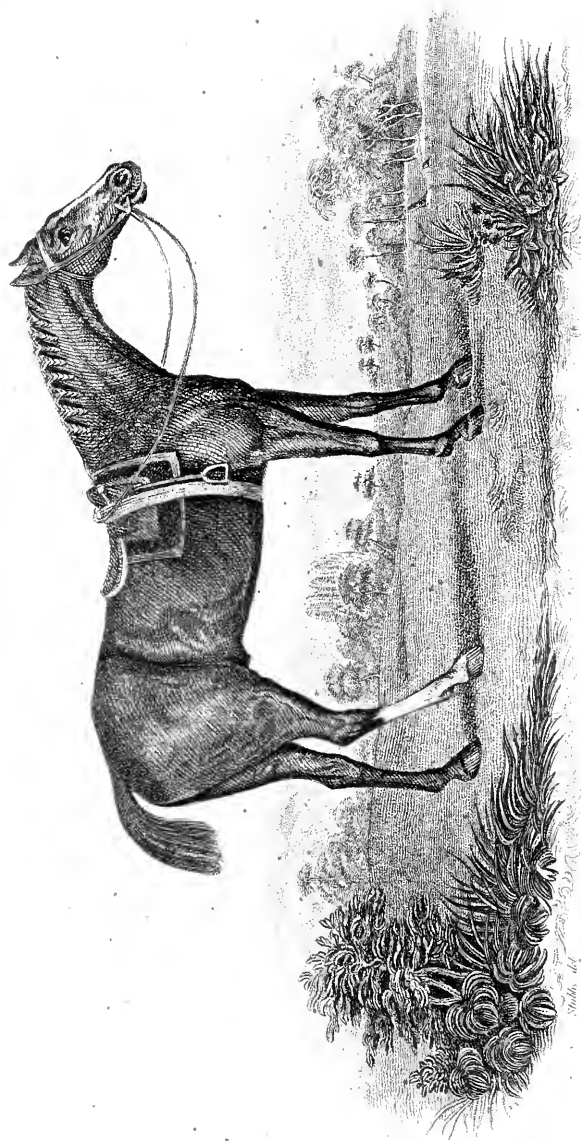
I have never failed, in a single instance, of curing a horse attacked by grubs, if they had not eaten up his maw.

The origin of the bot or grub is so clear that any one may readily prove it to his satisfaction. There is a nit-fly which worries horses excessively, though they do not bite ; these lay their nits on the horse's legs or flanks, and not unfrequently on his under jaw. If the horse eats from a trough in the stable, he rubs his under jaw every now and then against the edge of the trough, and the nits are thus scraped off and drop among his feed. In five minutes after they are swallowed grubs are formed. To prove this ;—after the nit season is over in the Fall, you may scrape off some of them from a horse's legs ; put them in the palm of your hand, wetting them slightly, and then cover them with your other hand so as to exclude the air. In from five to seven minutes they will hatch and crawl, and you will see the grub in perfection.

To insure a horse against these hideous attacks, the dose above mentioned should be given him each Spring and Fall. [!] The advantage this remedy possesses, over all others, consists in the ease with which it is administered, the simple character of the ingredients, and the readiness with which they can, everywhere, be obtained. When received into the stomach, the sweetened milk causes the grubs to let







New York Engraved for the American Trif Register and Sporting Magazine

go their hold; the laudanum puts them to sleep, and the oil clears them out. That's the way *Moss caught his Mare!*

To Cure the Cholic.—Take four large onions, and beat them in a spice-mortar until you have them well bruised: then add a pint of whiskey, and strain the whole through a piece of linen. Put it into a bottle, for convenience, and give it to a horse, and it will relieve him in twenty minutes. When a horse has the cholic, it may be readily seen from his swelling.

If you think the above paragraphs worthy of a place in your valuable work, you will gratify me by giving them an insertion.

I remain, Sir, your's with respect,

WM. G. ALLAN.

ESSAY ON ENGLISH ECLIPSE,

ACCOMPANIED WITH A PORTRAIT, FROM AN ENGRAVING BY STUBBS.

The July number of this magazine of 1832, (Vol. iii, No. 11,) contained an article upon the celebrated horse who forms the subject of our present discourse, and accompanied it with a portrait said to be "closely copied as to form, from an engraving by G. Townley Stubbs, from a painting by George Stubbs!" A copy of the original engraving having fallen into our hands, we found, on comparing it with that in the "Register," to be a "counterfeit presentment" indeed, and no more like the renowned English Eclipse than "he to Hecuba." A manuscript copy of a work on "*The Proportions of Eclipse*" having been obligingly placed at our disposal, we resolved to accompany our extracts from it with something more akin to a likeness of THE PHENOMENON than the engraving previously given in this magazine; we therefore placed the old copper-plate, together with the original engraving, in the hands of an eminent artist of this city, and the result of his skill is presented with this number of the "Register." We desire to have it understood, however, that this engraving is an illustration extra, and that it is not to be taken into account in summing up the number of those we intend giving in the course of the volume.

The most elaborate notice of this unrivalled race-horse and stallion is contained in an "*Essay on the Proportions of Eclipse*," by Mons. CHARLES VIAL DE SAINT BEL, an eminent Surgeon of the Veterinary Colleges of Paris and London, Demonstrator of Comparative Anatomy of Montpellier, etc., etc., who dissected him. This work appears to have been published in London in the year 1791, and again in Paris in 1795, with plates, representing his conformation and the dimensions of each part.

In 1835, a copy of the London edition was brought to this city by a German gentleman; falling into the hands of one of our popular Veterinary Surgeons, he loaned it to CHARLES GREEN and JESSE W. SEAMAN, Esqrs., who carefully transcribed it with a view of presenting it, as a memento of their regard, to the late ABIAH BRUSH, Esq., merchant and agriculturist of this city. The original copy was eventually taken back to Germany, but Mr. Green has kindly furnished us with

the one in manuscript, the death of Mr. Brush having frustrated the intention of the transcribers. Of four plates referred to in the course of the work, we have but one; the others being too elaborately finished to copy. It is possible that the work may be obtained in this country, and if so, we will have engravings made of them, if the owner will oblige us with the loan of the volume.

The work is divided into Three Parts, the first being a "Table of the Geometrical Proportions of Eclipse." We are obliged to defer the publication of this part for the reason assigned. The second part is devoted to "Comparative Remarks between the Proportions of Eclipse and the Table of the Geometrical Proportions of the Horse in the use of the Pupils of the Veterinary Schools of France." The third part is "On the Position of the Foot on the ground, and of the concave form of the lower surface, considered in respect to Shoeing."

In the first volume of the "Register," (page 479,) L. S., Esq., a Kentucky correspondent, well known to us as a distinguished breeder and agriculturist, gave the measurement of Eclipse, omitting that, however, of two or three important points, which were subsequently supplied by E. H., Esq., of Pendleton, S. C., (*vide* page 469, vol. ii,) in the course of a highly interesting article upon the subject of his proportions. So many years have elapsed since these details were given, which will be new to many of the present readers of the "Register," that we have no hesitation in giving a summary of the performances of this celebrated horse, and of the different histories and observations upon him by different writers, before we proceed to introduce our selections from Mons. Saint Bel's elaborate Essay. Let us commence with his pedigree.

Eclipse was got by Marske, a grandson, through Squirt, of Bartlett's Childers, out of Spiletta, by Regulus, son of the Godolphin Barb, (known as the Godolphin Arabian,) out of Mother Western, by a son of Snake, full brother to Williams's Squirrel; her dam by Old Montague, grandson by Hautboy, out of a daughter of Brimmer, whose pedigree was not preserved. Eclipse was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, and foaled during the great eclipse of 1764, whence the name given him by the royal duke; at the sale of whose stud he was purchased, a colt, for seventy-five guineas, by Mr. Wildman, the sporting sheep salesman, at Smithfield, who had a good stud, and trained race-horses at Mickleham, near Epsom. This person had a friend in the service of the duke, who gave him a hint of the superior points in the form of this horse, and he hastened to attend the sale, but, before his arrival, he had been knocked down at seventy guineas. He, however, instantly appealed to his watch, which he knew to be an exceedingly correct time-piece; he found that the appointed hour of sale had not yet arrived by a few minutes, according to advertisement. He then firmly persisted that the sale had not been a lawful one, and that the lots knocked down should be again put up, which was accordingly done, and Eclipse was purchased by him for the sum of seventy-five guineas.

Though the above is a single version among half a dozen, of the price of Eclipse, it is claimed to be the most veracious; it is, however, a matter of trifling consequence. It is said that the principal cause of his being sold was owing to the fact of his having the appearance of

a very ordinary colt, though possessing those corresponding points which constitute the inimitably good racer—an *agremen* in conformation which ordinary judges could not discern. He was brought up in the neighborhood of Epsom “in a hardy manner”—that is, he was not pampered so much as thorough-bred horses generally were at that time, though they are now-a-days petted a thousand times more both in this country and England, and in the latter more particularly, where they are “forced” like green-house plants, and the great proportion of them turn out leggy, weedy things, of great size, who can run a single mile or two like quarter horses, and break down or train off at three years old. Eclipse, however, from the peculiar treatment he received while a colt, is supposed to have contracted an affection of the chest, his lungs being the first of the vital functions which gave way in his old age, if the defect were not occasionally perceptible before. We have never understood why Eclipse was not raced until he was five years old, though such was the fact. He was put in training at “a proper age,” (what age ?) and in his trials gave the utmost satisfaction to his owner. Mr. Wildman brought him out at Epsom for his maiden race, on the 3d of May, 1769 ; the prize was a plate of £50, free only for horses that never won £30, matches excepted ; weight for age ; four mile heats. The following horses were also entered:—Mr. Fortescue’s *Gower*, 5 years ; Mr. Castle’s *Chance*, 6 years ; Mr. Jennings’ *Social*, 6 years ; and Mr. Quick’s *Plume*, 6 years. The odds at starting were 4 to 1 on Eclipse, and the first heat resulted in the horses being placed in the order above named. In running the second heat, it is stated that at the three mile post, the horses lying all together, some of the jockies commenced plying their whips. At the moment, Eclipse was going quite at his ease, but the crack of the whips alarming him, he came out of the melee at a flight of speed, and in despite of John Oakley’s powerful arm, succeeded in distancing the field !

It is stated by another writer that John Whiting rode Eclipse in this race, and we would fain hope he did, for Oakley was a rascal. Lord Abingdon discharged him for making a ruinous “cross,” and he was afterwards whipped off Newmarket heath as a scoundrel. Another version is given of the second heat of Eclipse’s first race, and this it is :—“When about starting for the second heat, Captain O’Kelly, the subsequent owner of Eclipse, offered to place every horse in the race, for a large sum ; his offer being accepted he placed Eclipse first, and the rest no where !” *They were all distanced !* The former version we think the most probable, for this last anecdote is told of the same gentleman when Colonel O’Kelly, who, finding it impossible to get a match against Eclipse, finally offered to start him against five horses, and to place the whole, for an immense sum. The result of the match is stated to have been that just given—Eclipse was first, and the field were distanced.

Colonel O’Kelly bought one half of Eclipse immediately after his first race for 650 guineas, and in 1679 or ’70, the other half for 1000 guineas. The following anecdote is told of the sale : O’Kelly being anxious to get Eclipse into his own hands, made Wildman what he supposed was a liberal offer for his half. Wildman, however, refused to take a penny under £1500, when O’Kelly made just such a proposition as might have been expected from an Irish gentleman of spirit

and a thorough sportsman. He exhibited to Wildman three notes of £1000 each, and placing two in one pocket and one in the other, unperceived, he left Wildman to choose which he would have. Luck favored the Irishman, for Wildman's choice fell upon the wrong pocket where lay the single note, in company with a few loose guineas.—These Wildman insisted upon having also, which being assented to without hesitation, Colonel O'Kelly became the sole owner of the famous Eclipse.

Lawrence, in his "History and Delineation of the Horse," says of Eclipse, that he won eleven King's Plates, the weight for ten of which was twelve stone (168 lbs.). He was never beaten, never had a whip flourished over him, or felt the tickling of a spur, or was even for a moment distressed by the speed or rate of a competitor—out-footing, out-striding, and out-lasting every horse which started against him. Colonel O'Kelly, who purchased him after his eleventh race, is said to have cleared the enormous sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, or one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars by him. His performances may be found in Vol. iii, No. 11, of the "Register." It is said that some one of the noble family of Bedford asked O'Kelly in 1779, how much he would take for Eclipse, when he replied, "By the mass, my Lord, it is not all Bedford level that would purchase him." To another individual, about this period, who desired to purchase Eclipse, he asked the modest sum of £25,000 down, in addition to an annuity of £500 a-year on his own life, and the privilege of sending to him annually six mares! In twenty-three years, 344 winners, the progeny of this transcendent courser, produced to their owners the sum of £158,047 12s., or about seven hundred and ninety thousand dollars!

A sensible writer has remarked, that Eclipse seemed to combine all the qualities which constitute an excellent racer: his stoutness, form, and action, were excellent; he had a vast stride, and certainly never horse threw his haunches below him with more vigor or effect: his hind legs were so spread in his gallop, "that a wheelbarrow might have been driven between them." His agility was great, and his speed extraordinary; but we cannot estimate it justly, as no horse of his day could be compared to him. "When I first saw him," says Lawrence, "he appeared in high health, of a robust constitution, and to promise a long life. I paid particular attention to his shoulder, which, according to the common notion, was in truth very thick, but very extensive and well placed: his hinder quarters, or croup, appeared higher than his forehead, and in his gallop, it was said, no horse ever threw in his haunches with greater effect, his agility and his stride being upon a par, from his fortunate conformation in every part, and his uncommon strength. He had considerable length of waist, and stood over a great deal of ground, in which particular he was the opposite form to Flying Childers, a short-backed, compact horse, whose reach laid in his lower limbs, and, if there be any common sense in forming such a comparative judgment, I should suppose Eclipse calculated to excel, over the course, Childers, for a mile. Eclipse was an excellent, but thick-winded horse, and breathed hard and loud in his exercise. When viewed in his flesh, as a stallion, there was a certain coarseness about him, but a critical eye could discover the high bred racer in every part."

The general character of his descendants is speed, although some, both immediate and remote, have been remarkable for game or stoutness; for the possession of the latter quality in an eminent degree, may be mentioned Lord Surrey's Whizgig, and the celebrated stallion Gohanna, by Mercury, the best four mile horse of his day. "Many of the Eclipses," adds Lawrence, "bent their knees and were remarkable high-goers." Among others, Eclipse was the sire of

Adonis,	Dungannon,	Lightning,	Poor Soldier,
Antiochus,	Eliza,	Lily of the Valley,	Scota,
Big Ben,	Fair Barbara,	Maria,	Sergeant,
Bonnyface,	Firetail,	Meteor,	Serpent,
Charlemont,	Grimalkin,	Mercury,	Soldier,
Comet,	Gunpowder,	Miss Hervey,	Spitfire,
Competitor,	Hidalgo,	Nina,	Squeak,
Corporal,	Horizon,	Pegasus,	Stripling,
Devi Sing,	Jupiter,	Pluto,	Thunderbolt,
Dian,	King Fergus,	Plutus,	Venus,
Don Quixotte,	King Hermon,	Pot-8-o's,	Volunteer.

It appears that after carrying off eighteen prizes, Colonel O'Kelly was constrained to withdraw Eclipse from the turf, no horse of his day having the shadow of a chance of winning against him, the odds on him varying from 20 to 100 to 1. He became a prominent feature as a stallion, in 1771, and covered, during that season, at Epsom, at 50 guineas a mare, and one to the groom; but the ensuing year, and subsequently, half that price was charged; and, perhaps, a more numerous progeny no horse was ever the sire of: nearly all of the branches of Eclipse are said to have been of the first class of racers in their time.

In discoursing on the speed of the race-horse, Eclipse and Flying Childers must be considered as exceptions. To this day they are deemed far superior to any other horses ever bred in Europe, or in the world. Childers flourished in 1721-2, nearly fifty years before Eclipse; he must have been nearly half a mile in four faster than any other horse, Eclipse excepted, which ever ran in England. At York, in his 6 yr. old form, he ran four miles in 6:48, carrying 9 stone 2 lbs., or 128 lbs.! Over another course of four miles, lacking 760 yards, he ran it in 6:40! In the race alluded to at York, of four miles in 6:48, he must have run at the rate of a fraction over 51 feet 9 inches per second, and at the exact rate of a mile in 1:42! Eclipse ran, at York, four miles in eight minutes, carrying 12 stone, or 168 lbs., which is 42 lbs. more than the standard, or King's Plate weight, of late years. If the calculations of experienced turfmen be correct, that the addition of seven pounds extra makes the difference of a distance, or 240 yards, in a heat of four miles, then the running by Eclipse, carrying 40 lbs. more weight than Childers, will demonstrate that Eclipse had the greatest turn of speed. Promising to revert to this interesting topic in a future number, we hasten to the discussion of Mons. Saint Bel.

The work in question commences with the death of Eclipse, thus:—"In the morning of the 25th of February, 1789, Eclipse was seized with a violent cholic. The remedies, acknowledged as most

proper in that case, were administered, but without effect. He expired on the 27th, at 7 o'clock in the evening, in the 26th year of his age." His death took place at Cannons, the residence of Col. O'Kelly, whither he had been removed from Epsom in a machine constructed for that purpose, being exceedingly feeble. Some time subsequent, one of his hoofs was superbly set in gold, as a goblet, and this precious relic was, a few years since, presented by his late Majesty to the English Jockey Club. The tassel of "the Whip," is also said to be taken from the tail of this renowned champion of the English Turf.

Mons. Saint Bel describes minutely the opening of the body, and the appearances and condition of the viscera. We can quote but a sentence, in which he states, that "it is worthy of notice that the heart weighed fourteen pounds." "The skull was not opened," adds the professor, "as it was my intention to preserve, entire, the skeleton of so famous a horse." He subsequently accurately measured every part, and has given engravings of each. In the preface to his work, he remarks :

"When I first employed myself in taking the proportions of Eclipse, I had no other object in view, than to gratify my own curiosity, with respect to the figure, extent, and direction of the parts which compose a race horse, and to compare them with those of horses, of different kinds, for the purpose of informing myself of the mechanical causes which conspire to augment the velocity of the gallop."

Proceed we now to let the ingenious and learned professor speak for himself. And first to the dimensions of the Phenomenon :

HEIGHT AND LENGTH OF ECLIPSE.

	Inches.
Height from the withers to the ground, - - - - -	66
" from the top of the rump to the ground, - - - - -	67
Length of the body, taken from the most prominent part of the breast to the extremity of the buttocks, - - - - -	69

LENGTH OF THE BONES WHICH COMPOSE THE LEGS.

FORE LEGS	Inches.	HIND LEGS.	Inches.
Length of the scapula or shoulder blade, - - -	18	Length of the ilium or haunch, - - -	12
" " humerus or arm, - - -	12	" " femur or thigh, - - -	15
" " cubitus or fore-arm, - - -	16	" " tibia or proper leg bone, - - -	19
" " cannon or shank, - - -	12	" " shank or leg, - - -	14
" " pastern, the coronet & foot, - - -	7	" " pastern, the coronet & foot - - -	9

Comparative remarks between the PROPORTIONS OF ECLIPSE, and the Table of the Geometrical PROPORTIONS OF THE HORSE in the use of the Pupils of the Veterinary Schools of France.

The horses of different countries are, in general, distinguished from each other, by a peculiar, appropriate conformation. The Spanish horse differs materially, in his outward appearance, from the English race-horse. The difference in the length and direction of the parts of which each is composed, produces in each a system, from whose mechanic arrangement result motions very unequal in their extent. The Spanish horse cadences his steps with dignity, while the English horse drives his mass forward with strength and speed.

This difference, which proceeds from the peculiar conformation of each, contradicts, in some particulars, the table of Geometrical Proportions in the use of the pupils of the Veterinary Schools of France. It proves that no common measure can be made to apply,

equally, to every species, since Nature has even diversified the forms of the individuals which compose it.

If each species has its own style of beauty—if even each individual has its own peculiar beauty—if it is not possible to find two horses that perfectly resemble each other, we cannot pretend to assign any one form preferably to another, as the rule of beauty, for the horse.—Were persons, the best qualified, to endeavor to collect together the different beauties dispersed among the different individuals, they might, indeed, compose a model of each species, sufficiently perfect, to direct the painter or the statuary, but which would deceive any one who would venture to choose a horse by it, for his own use.

The following observations do not take, for their object, those forms which please the eye, at the first glance—that appearance which vulgarly passes for handsome; but that mechanical construction of the animal from which result the possibility and extent of those motions, by the means of which he is enabled to transport himself from one place to another, with greater or less speed; and, consequently, a horse may appear ugly to a common eye, and be still well proportioned. Eclipse was never esteemed handsome, yet he was swift, and the mechanism of his frame almost perfect. Whoever compares his proportions, with those in the above-mentioned, will discover the following differences:

1st. In that Table [of the Geometrical Proportions of the Horse,] the horse should measure three heads in height, counting from the fore-top to the ground. Eclipse measured upwards of three heads and a half.

2nd. The neck should measure but one head in length; that of Eclipse measured a head and a half.

3rd. The height of the body should be equal to its length; the height of Eclipse exceeded his length by about one-tenth.

4th. The distance from the elbow to the bend of the knee, should be the same as from the bend of the knee to the ground; these two distances were unequal in Eclipse, the former being two parts of a head longer than the latter.

This summary comparison shows, that the beauty of the horse cannot be absolutely determined by general rules, but must ever be in relation to the particular species.

It is certain that the different degrees of speed, which we observe in the paces of horses of different kinds, result principally from the mechanical combination of the pieces which compose the organs of progression; and it is only in examining their proportions when just, in ascertaining their exactness, their perpendicular, their absolute and relative directions, that we can conceive any hopes of apprehending the intentions and purposes of Nature.

[Here should follow the “Essay upon the Geometrical Proportions of Eclipse,” which we are obliged to omit for the present, for reasons assigned in a previous page.]

The speed of Eclipse, being a fact established, and well ascertained, the excellence of his construction should naturally be admitted.—The velocity of his gallop could only result from the harmonious combination in the organs of progression. Let us now suppose these same

organs faulty, by any defect in their proportions, and let us now inquire what would be the consequence. We will begin with the head.

Defect in the Proportion of the Head.

The body, neck, and head of a horse, may be considered as forming a large lever, whose fulcrum is in the fore legs. The head, being joined to the extremity of the anterior arm of this lever, formed by the neck, must necessarily counterpoise some part of the posterior arm formed by the body. If the head be too short, the evil will not, indeed, be very great; but the counterpoise will be unequal; the hinder part will be obliged to exert more strength to determine the weight of the body forwards: the forehand will be lighter, but it will be at the expense of progression. The fault will be more considerable if the head be too long and heavy, because it will, in that case, overweigh that portion of the hind quarter unto which it should only equiponderate; the fore legs being overcharged, will detach themselves from the ground with the less facility, will continue raised in their elevation a shorter time, and will cover less ground in their advance.

Defect in the Proportion of the Neck.

The faults of the neck are, in general, the consequences of the defects of the head; for it is as uncommon a thing to see a short head with a long neck as on the contrary to see a long head with a short neck. If the neck is too short, the fault will be an addition to that of too short a head. The case will be the same if the neck be too long; for the head will naturally weigh heavier, in proportion as it is removed from the fulcrum or rest of the lever, supposing it to be well proportioned. Its length, as has been shown in the Table, should be nearly one-third of the height of the body, measuring from the withers to the ground. The neck will be well proportioned if it measures one head and a half from the nape to the withers.

Defect of Proportion in the height of the Body from the Withers to the Ground.

The forehand of a horse only appears low in relation to his hind quarter; for it is as allowable to say, that a horse is high behind, as to say that he is low before; particularly in the general figure of horses. But since it is proved that animals, which Nature has designed for speed, have more extent in their hind parts than in their fore, I should not consider it as a fault in a race horse, if the withers lay below an horizontal line drawn from the rump, provided the difference did not exceed an inch and a half, or two inches; if it exceeded this, the hind legs would impel the body with too much force upon the fore legs; and the weight, falling at each pace upon the fore legs in an oblique direction, would overload them, and retard their action. This fault would be increased, if the head was too voluminous and the neck too long.

If the withers were higher than the rump, there would result a contrary effect to the preceding, but which equally tends to retard the progression, since the hind legs would be obliged to overcome the resistance of the body in an oblique direction upwards; this is an uncommon fault. Whether the horse be too low or too high before, the rider may restore him to the equilibrium so necessary for the freedom

of translation, by bringing the centre of gravity of his own body before or behind the centre of gravity of his horse's body. By thus reasoning his seat, he may lessen the defect which a blind practice cannot fail to increase. It is not sufficient merely to increase or lessen the weight which horses are to carry, in order to establish an equality between themselves, or to equalize their speed; it is necessary to make a just division and distribution of the weight upon each separate individual. The rider should, likewise, reason well all his motions and actions, for the least of them is capable of producing a sensible effect. A quarter of a second becomes an important division of time in a race. None better know its value than they who lose or win by the length of half a head.

Defect in the Length of the Body.

The measure of Eclipse's body, taken from the extremity of the buttocks to the chest, proves that a race-horse is not to be contained within a perfect square, since the length of his body exceeded its height nearly by one-tenth.

If the body were longer, the loins would be too flexible and weak; their vigor depends upon their shortness; for the vertebræ of the loins are thus closer to each other, and intimately united by shorter ligaments; the muscles which move them are also stronger, being shorter and thicker. A horse thus constructed would be unpleasant in the *manege*; but what is there considered as a fault, becomes a requisite and essential quality in a race-horse.

The firmness of the loins of English horses, the little freedom of their shoulders, a passion for riding fast over a level country, and the impossibility of sustaining a long journey without rising from the saddle, are the reasons, resulting from necessity, which directed to the first principles of English horsemanship; principles which it is my design to examine in a future work.

Shortness of the Body.

When the body of a horse is too short, the column of the spine is naturally stiff and inflexible. The motion of the loins is so much confined, that the vertebræ of the back and loins appear to compose but one piece. The quadrilateral figure formed by the fore-legs, is reduced through the approach of the hinder to the fore extremities. In this position the limbs have less power of extension, both backward and forward, and there results a real loss to the progression.

Natural Direction of the Back and Loins.

The spine which reaches from the withers to the rump should describe a horizontal line. For this purpose it is necessary that the points of which it is composed (that is to say the vertebræ of the back) should unite by surfaces vertically cut; the whole is then complete, and the pressure of the hind legs against so well-constructed a column is communicated to all its parts and produces at the same moment of time an entire removal of the whole line from its first station forward.

Of the Bending of the Back Inwards.

If the column of which we have just spoken is bent inwards, we say the horse is hollow or saddle backed. If it is bent outwards, we say that he is ass backed. In the former case the animal is never securely

strong; the muscles labor even in a state of inaction; the weight of the viscera of the lower belly serves to increase the bend of the spine; the rump is unsteady in its paces; and the pressure of the hinder extremities rather tends, in its immediate effect, to unite the two extreme points of the spine, by displacing the intermediate ones. This faulty construction, then, evidently retards progression, since the fore part of the animal receives but slowly and feebly the effect of the action of the hinder part.

Of the Bending of the Back Outwards.

The shortness of the body only brings the four legs nearer each other, but does not any way impair their perpendicular; whereas the outward curvature of the spine not only brings the four legs nearer to each other, but gives them moreover an oblique direction, which diminishes the stability of the machine, and abridges the paces of the Horse; because the hind leg is obliged to leave the ground as soon as it has obtained its perpendicular; while in a horse, whose position is good, the space which the legs describe extends from the oblique forward through the perpendicular, to the oblique backward.

The opposite conformation to this is, where the four extremities are too distant from each other: in this case, the horse is defective in speed, inasmuch as the hind legs effect their extension, counting only from the perpendiculars.

Defect Resulting from the Size of the Body.

The body of Eclipse, measured through, from the middle of the back to the middle of the belly, was one head and four parts in depth. But this would be too much in a young race-horse. It must be remembered that when this measure was taken, Eclipse was twenty-six years old, and that he was, of course, become more corpulent than in his youth. The bulk of the belly does not only increase the weight of the mass, but incommodes also the action of the hind legs, which cannot attain the central point of the body. This fault is rare among race-horses, most of which are remarkable for the opposite defect.

Defect Proceeding from too Spare a Body.

The primary cause of the goodness of any horse, must be the exact and regular performance of all the functions necessary to his system. A good organization of the viscera should then correspond to a good conformation of the outward parts. If, for example, the organs destined to digestion and chilification are in a state of weakness and debility, the aliments will be ill digested, the chyle ill prepared, the nutrition imperfect, the whole system languid, and the horse will be incapable of sustaining violent races, which strain and try his wind. A belly that is too thin, and confined in the flanks, containing intestines of too inconsiderable a bulk, would subject the animal to all these evil consequences. I therefore think, that the body of a race-horse should be in the proportion of about twenty parts of a head; and I entreat proprietors of horses to make trial of this rule, in order to ascertain whether it be in harmony with Nature.

Defects in the Proportion of the Thorax or Chest.

Freedom and length in breathing are qualities as essential to a race-horse as a good conformation in his limbs. If the capacity of the chest is inconsiderable, the viscera which they contain will be constrained in the performance of their functions. The blood, whose

rapidity increases with exercise, will find its passage through the lungs with greater or less difficulty; the breathing will become shorter, and more accelerated; the animal will lose his wind; his legs will grow weak under him; and even suffocation may ensue, if he is imprudently urged beyond the limits of the vital powers which Nature has given him.

When the chest is too narrow, there follows a defect in the fore legs, which are by this means brought too near each other. This position renders them unfirm and wavering, and deprives the horse of confidence in his forehead: besides that, a horse thus constructed is liable to the pulmonaria. This disorder first discovers itself by leanness, copious sweats, and a continued diarrhœa.

A too capacious chest would be also a defect in a race-horse, by increasing the weight of the body and surcharging the fore legs; but if I had to choose between two horses, one of whom should have rather a large chest and the other too narrow a one, I should decide in favor of the former; especially if he was otherwise well organized in his limbs. The chest of Eclipse was singularly well made and proportioned.

It would nevertheless be possible to turn to account a horse whose chest should not enjoy all the capacity required, by moderating his exercises, and proportioning their duration to his powers. By following this method the organs of breathing might be gradually accustomed to a greater labor, but always in relation and subjection to the primitive constitution of the individual. If the fact prove that the habit of a moderate exercise is capable of improving respiration, there can be no doubt but that this function, when in its perfection, may on the other hand sustain speed; if it can do it but for the space of a second only, the end will be gained; since it does not even require that short space of time to render a horse useful or injurious to the interests of his master.

Trainers of horses, versed in the mysteries of their art, will, no doubt, pass hastily over my physical observations; but I hope that persons acquainted with the organization of the animal economy, will condescend to stop, a little while at least, to examine them.

Of the Croup or Rump.

The size of the croup of Eclipse, as it is given in the table of his proportions, always has appeared to me too great; and the examination of the ileon (ilium?) bones has confirmed me in that opinion. The extent of the os pubis and ischion occasioned too great a distance between the hind legs; so that two lines drawn from the fore to the hind feet, instead of running parallel to each other, incline outward. This defect necessarily occasioned a degree of wavering in the croup, perceptible and somewhat unpleasant in his gallop; but the muscular powers of the animal in question over-ruled the little defects which subsisted in the mechanism of his skeleton. When the croup is too narrow, the muscles which communicate with the loins and extremities are thin, and consequently weak. It is easily conceived, that such an organization is a great fault in a race-horse.

FORE LEGS—Of the Shoulder and Arm.

It would be needless to repeat here the observations, which I made on the mechanism of the shoulder, in the beginning of this essay; I

will only add that this part was too much loaded in Eclipse. It ought not, however, to be too spare; because the muscles would then be weak, and the motions of the shoulder-blade confined.

The proportions of the arm or humerus, are commonly determined by that of the shoulder-blade. These two parts, forming together the sides of an angle, more or less open, give to the muscles which move them, a greater or less power, in proportion as they remove them farther or bring them nearer to the axis of motion.

Of the Fore Arm, or Radius.

The breadth of the fore arm, being the effect of the bulk of the muscles which encompass the radius, indicates its strength in action. The extent of this action is the produce of the length of the part in question; for supposing it to be freely jointed, it is evident that a radius of sixteen inches long, will, in its progress forward, describe a portion of a larger circle, than one that is shorter. The length of the fore arm is then of great avail to the speed of progression.

Of the Leg or Shank.

In proportion as the fore arm is long, the leg or shank will be short. The shortness and breadth of this part secures its strength; if it is too thick, it is strong, but clumsy; if it is long and thin, it is weak; but the case is not the same if it be wide; because the force of the muscles will increase in proportion as the tendon or sinew is removed from the centre of motion.

Of the Pastern, Coronet, and Foot.

The pastern, coronet and foot, bending in the same direction, and describing one line from the fetlock to the ground, may be considered as forming together one piece.

A column possesses all its possible strength when placed perpendicularly; its stability is impaired in proportion as it is made to deviate from that direction. It should appear then, at first sight, that Nature had neglected the solidity and stability of the edifice, in giving an oblique direction to the basis of the four columns destined to support it. But her wisdom is easily discernible in the structure of those beings which she has gifted with the faculty of translation, since that faculty could not have effect, without the aid of those angles, whose number and extension determine the speed, in the displacing and translating of the body.

Not only the alternate angular disposition of the bony pieces which compose the columns, assist progression; but, they also secure the viscera of the chest and lower belly from the shocks which they must infallibly have sustained, had the percussion on the ground taken place perpendicularly. The angles more or less removed from this direction, are so many springs lessening the effect of reaction. Thus, the obliquity of the pastern, coronet and foot, wonderfully favor the views of Nature. This obliquity may, however, be too great or too small, according to the use which we wish to make of the horse.

Too long a pastern increases the flexibility of the fetlock, but lessens the leg. Horses thus constructed are extremely pliant and supple; they are much admired in the *manège*, because they communicate little reaction to the rider. But this elegance would become a fault in a race-horse, in which we require strength and solidity in the

parts of which we are speaking. A shorter pastern, whose bulk is in proportion to the rest of the leg, will better sustain the weight of the body, and more strongly resist the reaction from the ground.

When the pastern is too short, the animal is almost direct upon his legs. This faulty position lessens the stability of his fore hand, and renders him liable to fall at each step. An anatomical knowledge of the parts of which the leg is composed, will qualify us to judge of their relative proportions. Briefly, our knowledge of horses must be very limited, if we are not capable of judging whether a horse is too long or too short jointed.

HIND LEGS—*Of the Thigh.*

The parts which compose the hind extremity of Eclipse were remarkable for their length. The femur formed with the os ileon a considerable angle, whence followed a great extent of motion. The length of the tibia gave a most beautiful proportion to the leg. The hock, through its width, possessed great strength, and its elastic quality or spring must necessarily have produced the greatest possible degree of extension. The leg or shank, the pastern, coronet and foot, corresponded to the good conformation of the upper part of the member.

Of the Perpendicular.

If we were to deny the necessity of a perpendicular position of the parts destined to the support of the animal's body, we should openly arraign the laws established by Nature.

The perpendicular not only insures the stability of the structure, by the exact arrangement of the bones one upon the other, and by an equal distribution of the weight upon each, but it also favors progression, by maintaining a perfect equability in the projection of the mass. When the legs are in action, each one receiving only its due share of the weight, and always in the perpendicular line, each transfers its burthen to its neighbor with ease. The weight being thus received and sent, advances in proportion to the completion of the action of each leg. But if the perpendicular is disturbed; if the distribution of the weight be unequal; in a word, if any point of the base is overloaded, the harmony between the legs will be destroyed, and the progression retarded.

We may thence conclude that without the perpendicular the animal could not enjoy the stability required. Let us now see in what this perpendicular consists.

PERPENDICULAR LINES IN ECLIPSE.

Fore Legs.

These lines are nine in number.

The first is a line falling perpendicularly from the articulation of the arm with the shoulder, to the toe of the fore foot.

The second line falls perpendicularly from the upper part of the fore-arm or elbow, to the heel of the fore foot; after having divided longitudinally in its course the fore arm, knee and leg, or shank.

The third falls from a little above the knee, and dividing the knee into two equal parts, descends along the anterior surface of the leg or shank, pastern, coronet and foot, dividing them also into two equal parts.

The fourth falls from the centre of the chest to the ground, dividing the interval between the two fore legs into two equal parts.

Hind Legs.

The fifth falls from the stifle or articulation of the femur with the tibia, to the ground, at the distance of half a head before the toe of the foot [no doubt the *hind* foot is meant].

The sixth descends from the point of the hock, or the culcraneum, along the tendon of the hind leg, and dividing longitudinally the thickness of the shank, fetlock, pastern, coronet and foot, touches the ground opposite to the opening of the frog.

The seventh falls from the centre of the buttocks to the ground, dividing the interval between the two hind legs into two equal parts.

The eighth falls from the withers to the ground, touching the point of the elbow in its course.

The ninth is only the line of the centre of gravity of the horse's body; it falls from the middle of the back, through the body, to the central point of the quadrilateral figure described by the four legs.

I will now inquire what are the inconveniences which would result from the interruption of the perpendicular in each particular line.

FORE LEGS.

Interruption of the Perpendicular in the First Line.

If the foot is placed before the first perpendicular line the leg will stand obliquely forward; it will cover less ground in its action; the duration of its stay upon the ground will be abridged; the stay, which will be only on the heel, will communicate to the body a kind of repulsion, inimical to progression. In horses of this kind, the fore legs come upon the ground nearly in the direction of those of a horse on the descent.

If the obliquity of the leg is behind the perpendicular line, the animal will be ever on the point of falling; because the foot being drawn too near the centre of gravity, will have to sustain a larger share of the weight of the body; the bending of the leg will be troublesome, and his paces will be abridged.

Interruption in the Second Line.

The leg deviates from the second line by standing before or behind it. The inconveniences which result from this are the same as those which we have just described. Sometimes this faulty direction originates at the knee, in which case the horse is said to be bow-legged. In either case he must be rejected as a racer.

Interruption in the Third Line.

When the lower extremity of the limb exceeds the perpendicular line, the bony parts are ill united; they do not bear exactly on each other; the distribution of the weight being unequal on every part of the circumference of the foot, the tread is less firm, and the steps more or less confined. Commonly, the perpendicular line is only disturbed between the fetlock and the ground. The foot, likewise, is sometimes turned inward, and sometimes outward. These faults, according to their degree, are more or less hurtful to progression.

Interruption in the Fourth Line.

The perpendicular can only be interrupted in the fourth line by the knees bending inward; or by the feet being placed too near each other, occasioned by the outward inclination of the fore arms. In the former case the legs move out of the line of the body, and throw awkwardly, one to the other, the weight which they sustain. From

this action results a lateral motion contrary to that of progression. It is the same, but inversely, with regard to the second case. Moreover, the too near approach of the feet impairs the stability of the horse, and renders it more difficult for him to preserve his balance in action.

HIND LEGS.

Interruption in the Fifth Line.

We have seen in the table of proportions, that the toe of the hind foot of Eclipse, was distant half a head from the perpendicular line which falls from the stifle to the ground. If the feet advance nearer to this line, the hocks must proportionably bend; the weight of the body will be increased upon them even in inaction; the position of the feet being too near the centre of gravity, will render it impossible for them to cover much ground, and their step will be very much confined: the extension of the hock taking place from the perpendicular, will rather occasion the elevation of the body than aid its advance; from all which it may be perceived, how much this fault must influence speed.

Interruption in the Sixth Line.

The same fault in the legs, which interrupts the perpendicular in the fifth line, interrupts it in the sixth; consequently, the inconveniences which result are the same.

Interruption in the Seventh Line.

When the seventh perpendicular line passes either within or without any of those parts which it ought to divide longitudinally into equal divisions, the perpendicular is evidently disturbed in those parts. Whether the fault exists in the hock, the bones of which being ill disposed, do not bear equally upon each other; or whether it originates in the articulation of the fetlock, which is defective from the same cause, the legs lose more or less of their power, because their tread does not take place upon the line of the body, and all motion which deviates from that line is a loss to progression.

Interruption in the Eighth Line.

The perpendicular may be disturbed in the eighth line; 1st, by the great breadth of the croup, and the approach of the hind feet to each other: this defect is rare among race-horses. 2d. By the femur inclining outward; a direction which affects all the rest of the limb, bringing the hocks together, and turning the feet outward. 3d. The interruption of the perpendicular may begin at the hock, the bones of which, being ill arranged, may determine the joint inward. Whether the hocks bend outward, as in the former case, or whether they bend inward, as in the second and third cases, the leg will not be able to move upon the line of the body. The croup will waver to the right and left; and all the lateral motions will be so much loss from progression. Whatever, then, may be the strength of the loins, and of the other parts, a true and exact perpendicular in the hind parts is of the first degree of importance, since the slightest interruption in this respect must affect the speed. It is not exactly the same with regard to the fore legs, whose office is rather to sustain the body, than to convey it forwards.

The ninth line only determines the proper situation of the withers.

The tenth line is no other than the direction of the centre of gravity of the animal's body.

In judging of the perpendicular in a horse, there is no necessity to have the rule, compass, or hippometer, always in the hand; he who has studied the skeleton, will acquire a sufficient degree of accuracy to satisfy himself of the good or bad position of the legs by surveying them sideways, in front, and behind; particularly if he takes good care that the horse be placed on perfectly level ground.

Those who differ materially from these principles will object to me, no doubt, that all race-horses are not cast in the same mould; that they are not all shaped alike; and, consequently, that the same rule cannot be applied indiscriminately to all. I answer, that the difference, which they think they see, between two horses whose speed is nearly equal, can only deceive those whose knowledge does not extend below the outward surface of the body.

Even the difference of color may do away, to the eye, the identity of proportions; but he who is well acquainted with the construction and mechanism of the organs of progression, will not allow himself to be deceived by the first appearance. He will discover and recognize a conformity in parts, which at first sight appeared to him entirely dissimilar. There can be no doubt but, that of two horses of the same size, the one may be speedier than the other, because the texture of the organs may be compact and close in the one, and weak and relaxed in the other; but this exception cannot affect the general rules which I have laid down. These rules can direct a great way in the choice of a race-horse; they may also save any one much trouble and anxiety, who is fruitlessly endeavoring to exact from a young horse a degree of speed which nature has refused him. I entreat proprietors of studs to impress themselves with these observations; to apply them to colts at least a year old; and to convince themselves, by experience, whether or not they comprise any useful truths.

[The Second Lecture, On Shoeing, will appear in the next number.]

ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN CEYLON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Should you think this humble leaf of my journal worthy a place in your *Sporting Magazine*, you are welcome to it.

Your's truly, POACHER.

Calcutta, May, 20.

Ceylon, December 2, 183—,—M—, K—, H—, and self, left the hospitable bungalow of Captain R—, for a few days' elephant shooting at the Park. All of us, except M—, being griffs at the sport, we were not a little delighted at the idea of flooring our first elephant. Armed with six barrels each, we commenced our journey, in the course of which, nothing particular occurred, excepting a shot at a stray peafowl or jungle cock, now and then. 'Two days' ride through the most beautiful scenery on earth, brought us to our ground, which certainly appeared to me the most splendid shooting country I ever beheld. It is one immense park, very like the one at Barrack-

pore by-the-bye, with the exception that this was about 200 miles in circumference. At four in the afternoon, we reached the long-wished-for bungalow, and having refreshed ourselves after a burning ride, with a few bottles of 'pale,' set to cleaning guns and getting every thing in order for the morrow's work. Every thing being arranged, we commenced the more agreeable business of dinner, and four hungrier subs. never did justice to boiled beef and carrots, to say nothing of 'Max cold without,' and all the etcæteras.

But as cool heads and steady hands were a great requisition for to-morrow's work, in spite of K—'s determined argument of 'What's the odds, as long as your'e happy,' we turned in betimes. Four o'clock the next morning, saw us in a most alarming state of bustle, squibbing guns, smoking cigars, losing ramrods, &c., &c. However, at half-past four, we mounted our screws, and accompanied by about twenty coolies carrying guns, ammunition, pocket-pistols, and God knows what besides, proceeded on our way to the first herd of elephants. Having gone about a couple of miles, our old elephant finder gave the word to dismount, and 'Gentlemen to the front.' After him we crept quiet as mice, when he gave us the pleasing intelligence that we were within gun-shot of half-a-dozen female elephants with young ones. A terrific growl and screech gave us warning of their propinquity, by which we immediately knew we were twigged. I certainly felt rather how-com'd-you-so-indeed, just now, and most heartily wished some kind, d—d stupid nigger would have let master's gun off by accident, and sent the elephants to a more respectable distance. However, push forward was the word. As the brutes were beginning to make a bolt and push forward, I did with a vengeance—gun on full cock, to the imminent danger of all in the field but myself. M—— being the only one out, who had shot an elephant before, took it very coolly, and running on to within ten paces, gave his two barrels and bagged his bird. This made us griffs excessively courageous, and away we bolted after the others that had mizzled. After a run of about five hundred yards, we again came on them, just entering a thick jungle. H—— was just in time to get a very long shot, and, at twenty yards, his right barrel did its duty in the brute's temple, who fell stunned.—A ball from M—— soon settled him. This was the first elephant H—— had ever fired at, and I envied him not a little, as I saw the tail (the trophy we preserve of our game,) find its way into his shooting coat pocket. Having re-loaded, we agreed to separate, M—— and K——, H—— and myself. We happened to be the most fortunate, for, after having gone over about half-a-mile, we suddenly came on a herd of about fifty elephants, in a small plain surrounded by a thick jungle of forest trees. Now was a chance for me. I managed to creep to within ten paces of one, when I pulled, and had the gratification to see the brute quietly shake his head and walk away. H—— was banging away, pinking them right and left all the time, but being determined on bagging one bird at least, I got within eight paces of the leader of the herd—a tremendous brute, took deliberate aim—pulled—and down sunk the beast dead as a stone at my feet. Thus fell my first elephant. But the pace being too good to allow me to sit 'a la Turque' on my prostrate foe, and smoke a cigar on his carcase, off we started again. On my elephant's falling, the others bolted,

and the crash of fifty elephants, through a forest jungle, cannot be imagined, but by those who have heard it. It certainly was awful. They fortunately went in the direction where we left M—— and K——, who, having heard our shots, were coming to our assistance. The elephants, however, were so obliging as to meet them half-way, but one only got knocked over. After trying back for a short time, we heard of a tusker about a quarter of a mile off; after him we went, and soon found him. Out he rushed from a clump of trees slap at M——, screeching horribly and making a most diabolical row. It was the most beautiful charge a person could desire. M—— coolly stood waiting for the beast, with his gun cocked, (we standing close by, looking on, our guns ready of course,) till it came within ten paces of him. Up went the gun to his shoulder, and at the same time the report rang in our ears; the brute lay dead at his feet—it was really beautiful.

The sun now beginning to get hot, off we trudged with our trophies to the bungalow. Cold beer and breakfast being the first order of the day.

[Bengal Sporting Magazine for July, 1838]

A SACONDAGA DEER HUNT.

Up, comrades, up! the morn's awake
 Upon the mountain side,
 The wild drake's wing hath swept the lake,
 And the deer hath left the tangled brake,
 To drink from the rippling tide.

Up, comrades, up! the mead-lark's note,
 And the plover's cry o'er the prairie float,
 The squirrel he springs from his covert now
 To prank it away on the chesnut bough,
 Where the oriole's pendant nest high up,
 Is rocked on the swaying trees,
 While the humbird sips from the harebell's cup
 As it bends to the morning breeze.

Up, comrades, up, our shallops grate,
 Upon the pebbly strand,
 And our stalwart hounds impatient wait
 To spring from the huntsman's hand.

THE September dawn broke brilliantly upon Sacondaga Lake.* The morning did not slowly awake with a yellow light that gradually warmed into the flush of day; but ruddy and abrupt, the bold streaks shot from behind the mountains high into the heavens, spreading themselves on their path like the fires of the aurora borealis, and dyeing the lake, in which they were reflected, with hues as vivid as those of the pointed forests that walled its waters. We had left our camp, however, long before the stars grew dim.

The hunt was divided into three parties, each with different duties assigned to them by one who took the direction.

The first, who were the drivers, had the hounds in charge; they were to take three different routes, and slip their leashes, after a cer-

* * The river of which this Lake is the fountain head, forms a confluence with the Hudson at Luzerne, a beautiful village about 25 miles west of Saratoga.

tain time had elapsed, wherever they might find themselves. They had light guns, and from knowing every creek and swamp in the country, could follow the dogs to advantage, even when on a fresh track. The second party, who were all armed with long rifles, were to go on the stations; these were old foresters, who knew every run-away for miles about, and each of whom might be relied upon as staunch at his post should the chase last for hours. The third party took the skiffs and canoes: a number of the latter being easily shifted to the adjacent waters, so that every lake within several miles of our rendezvous had two or more boats upon it. Lastly, upon a hill overlooking the cluster of lakes, was placed a keen-eyed lad, furnished with a horn, whose duty it was to blow a signal, the moment he saw the deer take the water.

My friend and myself were attached to the boat party; a skiff with light sculls fell to my lot alone, but my companion, more fortunate, was assigned to a bark canoe with one of the Indians. These arrangements having been made the night before, were put in action in a very few moments. The strand seemed alive with figures for a minute only, as we emerged from the thicket wherein our wigwam was secreted, and then, while some plunged into the forest, and others glided in their gray shallops around the dusky headlands, the scene of our last night's revels became as silent as if nothing but the chirp of the squirrel or the scream of the jay had ever awakened its echoes. So still indeed was it at that early hour in the morning, when the birds had hardly begun to rouse themselves, that I was almost startled by the click of my own oars in the rowlocks as they broke the glassy surface of the lake, while I pulled with an easy stroke for a little islet, which I had ample leisure to gain before the dogs would be let slip. Here the drooping boughs of a tall hemlock, which seemed to flourish not less luxuriantly because the towering setm above them was scathed and blasted, screened my boat from view as I ran her under the rocky bank. Having deposited my gun in the bow, with the breech still so near me that I could reach it from midships in so small a craft, I arranged the wooden-yoke, or halter, with the pole at my feet and the noose hanging over the stern; so that I was prepared for action in any way that might offer itself. This yoke is nothing more nor less than a forked sapling with a noose of rope or grape-vine at the end, to throw over a wounded deer's horns when your shot does not stop his swimming. If unskillfully managed, the animal is likely to upset your boat in the effort to take him thus; but there are men upon these lakes so adroit in the use of this rude weapon, that they prefer it to fire-arms when a hunting-knife is at hand to give the game the *coup de grace*.

There is nothing in the world like being a few hours on a hunting station, with every sense upon the alert to familiarize one with the innumerable sounds and noises that steal up in such "creeping murmurs" from the stillest forest. A man may walk the woods for years and be conscious only of the call of birds or the cry of some of the larger animals making themselves heard above the rustling of his own footsteps. But watching thus for your quarry, in a country abounding in game, and when it may steal upon you at any moment interest approaches almost to anxiety; and intense eagerness for sport makes

the hearing as nice as when fear itself lends its unhappy instinct to the senses.

Myriads of unseen insects appear to be grating their wings beneath the bark of every tree around you, and the "piled leaves," too damp to rustle in the breeze, give out a sound as if a hundred rills were creeping beneath their plaited matting. It is, in fact, no exaggeration to say that the first bay of a hound at such a moment breaks almost like thunder upon the ear. So, I at least, did it come now upon mine, as a long, deep-mouthed yell, was pealed from a valley opposite, and echoed back from hill to hill around me. The sharp crack of a rifle followed, and then cry after cry, as some fresh dog opened, the stirring chorus came swelling on the breeze. Each second I expected to hear the signal-horn, or see the chase emerging from the forest wherever the indented shore indicated the mouth of a brook along its margin.

Not a bush, however, moved near the water, the mountains were alive around, but the lake was as untroubled as ever, save when a flock of ducks feeding near me flapped their wings once or twice at the first outcry, and then resumed their unmolested employment. The sudden burst had died away in the distance, the chase had probably been turned by the single piece that was discharged; and now leading over the farther hills, its sounds became fainter and fainter, until, at last, they died away entirely.

An hour had elapsed, and, damp, chilly, and somewhat dispirited, I still maintained my motionless position. A slight breeze had arisen upon the lake, and the little waves rippling against my boat made a monotonous flapping sound that almost lulled me asleep. I was indeed, I believe, fairly verging upon a most inglorious nap upon my post, when a sharp eager yell started me from my doze, and made me seize my oars in a moment. It came from a broad deep bay locked in by two headlands on my right. The farther side of the bay was a marsh, and there, bounding through the tall sedge, I beheld a noble buck, with a single hound about a gunshot behind him. Strangely enough, he seemed to have no disposition to take the water, but leaping with prodigious strides over the long grass, he kept the margin for a few moments, and then struck into a tamarack swamp that fringed the opening. It was but an instant that he was lost, however; a simultaneous cry from half-a-dozen hounds told that he was turned in that direction. He appeared again upon a rocky ledge where some lofty pines, with no underwood, were the only cover to screen him. But now his route carried him unavoidably out of the line of my station. I knew that there were those beyond who would care for him, but in the vexation of my heart at losing my shot, I could hardly help cursing the poor animal as I saw him hurry to destruction. The height of the cliffs seemed alone to prevent him from taking the water; and I could almost fancy that he looked hurriedly around, while bounding from crag to crag, for a spot where he might best make his plunge. The dogs were now silent—they had not yet issued from the covert—but the moment they emerged from the wood and caught sight of the game, they opened with a yell which made the deer spring from the high bank as if he was leaping from the very jaws of his pursuers. Now came my first moment of action; I might even

yet, I thought, be not too late: I seized my oars, and the tough ash quivered in my hands as I sent the skiff flying over the water.

The buck was swimming from me, but he had a broad bay to cross before he could gain the opposite side of the lake. In this bay, and between me and his direct track, was a wooded islet, and by taking an oblique direction I tried, as well as possible, to keep it between myself and the hard-pressed animal, in order that, not seeing me, he might still keep on the same course. I must have been nearly abreast of the islet. The route of the deer was only a few hundred yards in advance, and directly at right angles to that which I was steering—I might yet cut him off from the opposite shore—the dogs would prevent him returning from that he had left, and I would certainly overtake him should he attempt to make for the bottom of the bay, which was still distant. The moisture started thick upon my brow from exertion, and the knees of my frail shallop cracked as I impelled her through the water.

But there were other players in the game beside myself—cooler, more experienced, equally alert, and better situated for winning. The canoe in which was my friend, "The Barrister," with the Indian, was concealed on the opposite side of the islet, and having watched the whole progress of the chase, waited only for the buck to come in a line with it before launching in a pursuit sure to be successful. The moment for striking arrived just as I passed the islet, and then, swift as a falcon on the stoop, the arrowy bark shot from its covert and darted across the water. The effect was more like a vision than any scene I can recal. My friend was nearly concealed from view as he lay on his breast, with his piece levelled directly over the prow of the canoe waiting for the Indian to give the word to fire; but the person of the latter was fully exposed and with the most striking effect, as he stood erect in the stern, stripped to the waist, and with every muscle in his swarthy frame brought into action as he plied his flashing paddle. His long hair streamed on the wind, and with the piercing eyes and features strained with eager and intense excitement, gave an almost unearthly aspect to his countenance. The dogged and listless look which characterized him a few hours before, seemed to have been thrown off with the tattered garb that disguised without covering his person; and the keen-eyed, clean-limbed hunter now revealed to view, bore no more resemblance to the sullen and shabby vagrant of yesterday, than does a thorough-bred and mettlesome racer, spurning the green turf with glowing hoof, to the rickety and broken-down hackney that steals through the dirty suburbs of a city. The ludicrous cries, however, that broke from at him every moment, afforded a most whimsical contrast to his picturesque appearance. "Yarh! whiteman!"—"San Marie! no fire!"—"Howh! diable Poagun!"*—"Dame de Lorette! Corlaer,† be ready—Sacre—Weenuc!" and a dozen other epithets and exclamations, Catholic and heathen, Indian, English, and Canadian, burst in a torrent from his lips. Suddenly, however, discovering he had gained sufficiently upon the buck, he stopped paddling, and in good calm English, gave his directions to his companion as coolly as if now certain of the prize.

* Poagun, or Tmewawgun, "Pipe" was a name he gave my friend, "The Barrister."

† New Yorker.

The other then covered the deer's head with his rifle as he swam directly from him, but still he waited for the proper moment. It came just as the buck touched the ground with his fore feet; a projecting rock received him, and he reared his antlers high above the water, while his hinder parts were yet submerged in making good his landing. "Fire!" cried the hunter, and at that instant the ball struck him in the spine a few inches behind the ears. The animal bent forward beneath the blow, and then endeavouring to raise his head, he toppled over backwards, and slipped off the rock into the lake, an unresisting carcass.

My skiff shot alongside the canoe at that instant; but though within hearing of all that passed, I was, of course, too late for a shot. The buck, which proved a noble fellow, was soon lifted into the boat, while together we pulled leisurely for the rendezvous on the opposite side of the lake. There the different members of the hunt came gradually dropping in, one after another. A yearling, with its horns yet in the velvet and a doe in tolerable condition, were the only other fruits of the hunt. But all were loud in praising the buck as the finest and fattest that had been taken near the lake during the season. For several hours the woods rung with merriment, as, kindling our fires upon a broad rock, we feasted upon the spoils of the chase; and our revel was only brought to an end by the close of the day, when, embarking leisurely to steer for our camp, the echoing halloo of the last loiterer faded over the hills as his boat rounded the nearest headland and finally left the shore to solitude and silence.

The hunt is up—
 The merry woodland shout
 That rung these echoing glades about
 An hour ago
 Hath swept beyond the eastern hills;
 Where pale and lone
 The moon her mystic circle fills.
 And now from thicket dark,
 When by the mist-wreathed river
 The firefly's spark
 Will fitful quiver,
 And bubbles round the lilies cup,
 From lurking trout come coursing up,—
 The doe hath led her fawn to drink,
 While scared by step so near,
 Uprising from the sedgy brink,
 The lonely bittern's cry will sink
 Upon the hunter's ear;
 Who, startled from his early sleep,
 Lists for some sounds approaching nigher—
 Half-dreaming lists—then turns to heap
 Another faggot on his fire,
 And then again in dreams once more,
 Pursues his quarry by the shore.

[The above description of "A Sacondaga Deer Hunt," forms an amusing sketch in "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie," by C. F. Hoffman. As we intend referring to the work again at our leisure, we will only add, that it is complete in two volumes, and contains forty-one chapters, which will be read with equal interest to that which we have selected.—Ed.]

THE APPROACHING DERBY HORSES.

THE Newmarket meetings are beginning to draw within sight ; and the rehearsals of the candidates for the great Derby stakes will shortly (to use a theatrical phrase) “ be called.” May I therefore be permitted, as an old frequenter of the turf,—and a silent observer hitherto of men—horses—and stables,—to surmise a little as to what *may* happen, what *is* happening, and what betting readers would desire *should* happen. I do not want to affect the *Vates*,—though it requires but a calm and considerate review of the past, and view of the present, to make a very decent prophet on racing matters, as prophets go. I can violate no secrets,—for I know none. I can commit no trainer,—betray no little stable-boy,—endanger no valet out of livery, who has the run of his master’s letters ;—for I am in the confidence of none. I cannot hang suspicion on the peg of any head lad’s character,—or affect a turf-farrier’s repute, or a Newmarket Chief-Justice’s probity—for I have had no communication with either influential party. I have looked on,—and pondered, and balanced *this* against *that*,—until my mind rebels against “ solitary confinement,” and I think it better to talk a little with my fellow creatures. A word or two—and *but* a word or two—on what *is* probably doing, and what may be *done*.

“ For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men’s blood ; I only speak right on ;
I tell you that, which you yourselves may know !”

And first, as to the popular stables.—The lot of John Scott, with William Scott as pilot, is a formidable *privateer* ! and lucky would he be, who could truly foretell the great gun of the craft. Reports are heard on all sides, but which is the *great gun* ?—which, in fact, is the best horse in John Scott’s stable ?—I say Zimmerman. He had no right to be beaten, I fancy, at Doncaster ; and he is a racing-looking animal, and out of The Carpenter’s dam. Public running, when it can be got at, is the best criterion ;—and private trials, whispered into the ear of a turf speculator, (if heeded,) would ruin Messrs. Coutts, Drummond, Hoares, Goslings, Smith, Payne, and Smith, Twinings, Bank of England and Company ! There is not one of the seventeen horses, which Scott trains, that will not make a martyr of some gentleman’s pocket :—but again I say, looking at the whole fleet of seventeen sail of the line,—if I must *go to sea*,—let me voyage with *Anson* !

John Day’s lot begins to *tame down*—he has some very suspicious Camel animals, which, but for the *camel-legs* ought to be first in every one’s opinion ; public running, however, requires a continuation of soundness,—and should Wapiti and Westonian stand—they will deservedly be great and dangerous favorites. In this stable, however, from the *pencils* I have seen at work—and the kind of men who have worked them,—I augur that Meunier is destined to be the *élite* of the cluster.

All agree that Lord Jersey’s Brother to Bay Middleton is a fine animal and a good goer ;—he is not however so large a colt as I was led to expect. Nevertheless he is well in, in the *Craven meeting*, and

must be put down as one of the chosen. Ilderim's temper is so bad, that I would not live with him on any terms. The Cain colt looks promising,—but then he has to meet Kremlin the first day of the Craven, and if Kremlin be improved *a very little*, he will be a very troublesome opponent. The Duke of Rutland's Flambeau has just been walking the hospital; but were there no risk of Rat-trap's disease, he carries himself with his head down, in a way, not to please me.

Of the outside ones (health always permitting) I prefer, (and this from what I see too of men,) Tros, Derrynane, Bloomsbury, Ferryman, Valaincourt, (Epsom trained,) and Hamlet to all others.

There—I have relieved my mind! I have chattered, with some fear at my short-lived audacity;—and now, in the language of Byron, I

—"Tremble into silence as before."

London (New) Sporting Magazine for March, 1839.

P. JACKET.

"A NICE SONG FOR A SMALL PARTY."

TUNE—"As noble Sir Arthur one morning dād ride."

What says the old proverb?—why this,
 'Tis a poor heart that never rejoices,
 And you who agree, in the truth of't with me,
 Come 'lind me the loan' of your voices.
 For we'll have a stave that forgiveness shall crave
 For our frolics alike from the fair and the brave,
 And if we get merry or a little so—so
 Why 'what's that to any one whether or no?'

Though many most worthy good souls may look grave,
 Wink, and nod, should they hear of our doings—
 How we shot at the Deer,—we tipped the beer,—
 How we sped in our manifold *woodings*—
 But might we be so bold, these same Gents should be told
 That they *once* were young though they're *now* growing old,
 And that it would trouble more observant beholders,
 Than them, to point out an old head on young shoulders.

And though we have not been o'er lucky this bout
 In our humble endeavors at sporting,
 Suppose we e'en try, to give you the why
 Sure some of us must have been courting
 Some one of the Muses, who, laughing, refuses
 To list to his prayer, let him pray as he chooses—
 May he never look grave, since to fail is no crime,
 But cordially hope,—'better luck the next time.'

And now that the end of our song is at hand
 And since we are all getting mellow,
 In wine, ruby wine, and with nine times nine
 Let us drink to each sporting fellow.
 But remember my boys, 'midst the hubbub and noise
 Of your cheers,—those again who'd partake of our joys
 Must forget, if they're asked, all that ever took place
 That could call up a blush on to any one's face.

[Oriental Sporting Magazine published at Calcutta.]

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

On comparing the "Racing Calendar" of the last volume of this Magazine with that of the "Spirit of the Times," we find that not less than EIGHTY NINE different Jockey Club Races inserted in the latter which came off in 1838, were omitted in the former! Without stopping to inquire into the cause of such gross neglect, we proceed to place these races upon record in the pages of this work, with all possible dispatch. The very name of this Magazine—to say nothing of the intention of its founder, and the grounds upon which it has been supported, by the sporting world, implies its being emphatically a record and repertory of every thing pertaining to the American Turf. It will be the constant endeavor of the present Editor, to make this important department of the work as perfect as possible, and he proposes not only to supply the "alarming defalcations" in the Calendar of 1838, but to revise it from the commencement. It is notorious that a complete list of the performances of very few of the distinguished horses that have figured on the Turf since the commencement of this work, can be found in its pages, owing in a great measure, to the culpable negligence of Clerks of Courses, and the Secretaries of Jockey Clubs. Let any one endeavor to make out a list of the performances of such horses as Alice Grey, or Linnet, or Post Boy, or Hickory John, or Black Maria, or Ironette, or Fanny Wright or indeed of any "crack" that has appeared since 1829, and he will soon arrive at the conclusion that the derelictions from duty on the part of Secretaries of Courses are unequalled even by some of UNCLE SAM's *employees*.

We propose to make a thorough investigation of the Racing Calendar and ascertain what races have been omitted. A great number we shall be enabled to supply from our own resources, and we take this opportunity of earnestly requesting those gentlemen owning horses whose performances have not been placed upon record in these pages, to assist us in "the good work," by furnishing reports from their own private memoranda. Reports of races previous to 1835 would be particularly acceptable, as most of those since that year we are in hopes of being able to furnish ourselves.

Hereafter the Racing Calendar of this work will be arranged on the plan of the English and other European Sporting Magazines; it will be properly paged, so that at the close of the volume it may be separated from the body of the Magazine and bound either by itself or as an Appendix, at the end. With this view, a title-page is given in this number, and the Calendar for 1839 commenced; the reports of races, will be inserted with as much punctuality as may be consistent with their authenticity, and we would enjoin it upon Turfmen and Members of Clubs generally to make it a point to ascertain that their several Secretaries do their duty. The Rules of nearly every Jockey Club and Association in the Union state expressly that at the close of the meeting "it shall be the duty of the Secretary to furnish a copy of his report of the races to the Editor of the 'American Turf Register' or the 'Spirit of the Times' for publication." May we not rely upon the co-operation of the parties interested to "see us out" in this matter? Such a record is manifestly so invaluable not only as a guard against fraud, but as giving increased value to racing stock, that it is believed not a word more need be urged in favor of making the Racing Calendar complete in every particular.

In pursuance of the design before alluded to, it will be seen that in the Calendar we have omitted the details of the running; save to note the state of the track, an accident, or some incident of importance, nothing of the kind will be published in the Calendar. A well written review, however, of the week's racing or of each race, will be given in the body of the Magazine, if furnished.

Secretaries would save time and trouble by making out their reports uniformly on the plan of those subjoined. A common omission is that of the number of subscribers to Sweepstakes and the amount of the forfeit, without which it is impossible to ascertain the winner's stake. Instead of giving the date of the "first day's" race and adding "second day," "third day," etc. to reports of the subsequent races, they would oblige us by designating the particular day of the week and month, which is much more sportsmanlike as well as convenient. However reports may come into the hands of the Editor, in the pages of the Racing Calendar they must appear complete if possible, and perfectly uniform, and we could wish that they would "take

any shape but that" usually adopted. It will not afford the slightest trouble, on the contrary it will be a saving of time, for Secretaries when they are about writing out their reports to take a copy of this Magazine and adopt the present form, which will be pursued in all cases. And they would add much to the value of their reports, when they name the dam of a horse, by giving the sire of the dam also. This will not only be of essential service to breeders and others in ascertaining pedigrees, but will aid very much in the compilation of an *American Stud Book*, the materials for which will necessarily be mainly drawn from the pages of this Magazine.

We commence in this number, the publication of the most important Races in the following list, all of which came off during the year 1838, but were omitted in the Racing Calendar of this Magazine.

Alexandria, La., commenced	Jan. 2	Milledgeville, Ga. commenced	Nov. 13
" " "	Nov. 15	Mobile, Ala. "	Mar. 13
Augusta, Ga., "	Feb. 5 & 10	" " "	Nov. 27
Bardstown, Ky. "	Oct. 24	Montgomery, Ala. "	Jan. 23
Boonville, Mo. "	Oct. 10	Mount Pleasant, Tenn. "	May 9
Camden, N. J. "	May 22	" " "	Oct. 15
" " "	Oct. 23	Nashville, Tenn. "	May 7
Camden, S. C. "	Nov. 5	" " "	Aug. 23
Centreville, L. I. "	April 19	Nashville, N. C. "	Oct. 30
Charlestown, Va. "	Oct. 16	Natchez, Miss. "	Nov. —
Christianville, Va. "	Nov. 7	N. Orleans, Eclipse Course,	Dec. 4
Cincinnati, O. "	Sept. 26	" Louisiana "	Dec. 25
" " "	Nov. 6	" Metairie "	Dec. 12
Clarksville, Tenn. "	Sept. 19	Newbern, N. C. "	Apr. 19
Columbia, S. C. "	Nov. 19	Newberry, S. C. "	Nov. 6
Crab Orchard, Ky. "	June 7	Newmarket, Va. "	Oct. 2
Edgefield, S. C. "	Dec. 25	Norfolk, Va. "	June 7
Elkhorn, Ky. "	May 24	" " "	Oct. 24
Fayette, Mo. "	May 3	Olympian Springs, "	Sept. 27
Fort Gibson, Ark. "	Sept. —	Opelousas, La. "	Nov. 8
Fort Smith, Ark. "	Oct. 24	Paris, Tenn. "	Oct. 9
Florence, Ala. "	Nov. 23	Pendleton, S. C. "	Oct. 11
Franklin, Ky. "	Oct. 24	Peoria, Ill. "	Oct. 15
Franklin, Tenn. "	Oct. 10	Philadelphia, Pa. "	Sept. 25
Freehold, N. J. "	May 8	Port Gibson, Miss. "	Oct. 31
Fredericksburg, Va. "	May 22	Raleigh, N. C. "	Nov. 20
" " "	Oct. 23	Rocky Mount, Va. "	Sept. 5
Grand Gulf, Miss. "	Nov. —	Selma, Ala. "	Nov. 13
Greensboro', Ala. "	Oct. 30	Springfield, Ala. "	Oct. 15
Greenwood, N. C. "	Nov. 13	St. Francisville, La. "	Apr. 28
Huntsville, Ala. "	Nov. 6	St. Matthews, S. C. "	Jan. 9
Jackson, Tenn. "	Sept. 24	Tarboro', N. C. "	Nov. 6
Kendall Course, Md. "	Oct. 16	Trenton, Ky. "	May 17
Lafayette, Ill. "	Oct. 16	Tuscaloosa, Ala. "	Dec. 4
Little Rock, Ark. "	Nov. 18	Tuscumbia, Ala. "	Nov. 20
Livingston, Ala. "	May 29	Van Buren, Ark. "	Oct. 17
" " "	Nov. 13	" " "	Nov. 8
Louisville, Ky. "	Oct. 16	Vicksburg, Miss. "	Jan. 30
Madison, Ky. "	Sept. 27	Warrenton, N. C. "	May 23
Manchester, Miss. "	Nov. 14	Warrenton Spr. Va. "	Sept. 18
Maysville, Ky. "	Sept. 18	Washington City, "	May 1
Mecklenburg, Va. "	Oct. 2		

Reports of all the above races we have on hand, in addition to those of Canada and Texas of last year. So much room is saved by the present typographical arrangement of the Racing Calendar that we shall be able to insert the whole of the above in two or three numbers of the "Register" without interfering with the Calendar for 1839. The moment we get these placed on record we shall grapple with the omissions of preceding volumes, and hope in the course of the year to increase the value of the work one hundred per cent. by simply making it, in one particular at least, what it has assumed to be—an "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER."

1833.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 19, 1838—Produce Stake for 3 year olds, colts 90 lbs., fillies 87lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. John J. Moore's ch. f. <i>Alborika</i> , by Alborak, out of Leocadia.....	1	
N. Ramsay's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Grey Girl.....	dist.	
Col. R. H. Goodwyn's ch. c. by Godolphin, out of Amanda.....	dist.	
Time, 4:05.		

TUESDAY, Nov. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$700, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126 lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3 lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's imp. b. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs....	1	1
Col. R. H. Goodwyn's ch. c. <i>Big John</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs.....	2	dr
Time, 8:07.		

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's imported b. f. <i>Emily</i> , by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, 4 y.	1	1
Capt. Donald Rowe's b. f. by Rob Roy, out of Amanda, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. c. <i>Clodhopper</i> , pedigree unknown, 6 yrs.....	3	3
Time, 6:01—6:14.		

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

R. H. Long's (Dr. Goodwyn's) br. f. <i>Polly Green</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. W. C. Beatty's gr. f. <i>Almyra</i> , by Eclipse, out of Betsey Sanders by Stockholder, 4 y.	2	2
Col. Goodwyn's ch. h. <i>Big John</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3	3
Maj. P. McRa's b. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.
Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy, 4 yrs....	dist.	
Time, 3:54—3:52. Almyra lost 30 or 35 yards in starting for the 1st heat.		

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Maj. Powell McRa's ch. f. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Col. Richardson's b. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock, 3 yrs.....	2	5	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. <i>Clodhopper</i> , pedigree unknown, 6 yrs.....	5	4	3
R. H. Long's b. c. <i>John Lanton</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 3 yrs...	4	2	4
J. Gist's ch. f. <i>Thistle</i> , by Bertrand, out of Ophelia, 4 yrs.....	3	3	5
Time, 1:55—1:59—1:54. Won handily.			

CINCINNATI, OHIO, BUCKEYE COURSE, FIRST FALL MEETING.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25, 1838—Proprietors' Purse \$200, ent. \$20; free for all ages; 3 year olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

H. Gates' b. f. <i>Pocahontas</i> , by Roanoke, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 4 yrs.....	5	1	1
G. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Countess Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand—Budget of Fun, by Kassina, 3 yrs...	3	3	2
Lewis Sanders' Jr., ch. h. <i>Rotchey</i> , by Big Archie, out of Sweeper, 5 yrs.....	1	2	3
R. L. Place's (John Hamer's) ch. c. <i>Little Red</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Wonder, 3 yrs....	4	4	dr
Maj. Long's (J. Voorhees') b. g. <i>Young Salt Petre</i> , by Salt Petre, dam by Alexander, 5 yrs.	2	dist.	
Time, 1:50—1:51—1:55.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Ohio Breeders' Plate, a Silver Pitcher, value \$100; free for any thing bred in Ohio; weights as before; Mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's b. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippoo Saib, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Walker Thurston's b. f. <i>Javy</i> , by McDuffie, dam by Bell-air, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Geo. Creaine's (John Hamer's) bl. c. <i>Oseola</i> , by Othello, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....	4	3
John O. Clark's (Wm. Curry's) b. m. <i>Old Sal</i> , by Tiger, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
Col. Wm. M. Anderson's b. c. <i>Mackinack</i> , by Tariff, dam by Haxall's Moses, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 1:55—1:59.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 26—Proprietors' Plate, value \$500; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Maj. J. F. Conover's (Maj. B. Luckett's) b. h. <i>Chilton</i> , by Seagull, dam by Hazard, 5 yrs....	1	1
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Margaret Carter</i> , by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 3:51—4:00.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietors' Purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; One mile.

G. H. Sinclair's b. f. <i>Sally Burns</i> , by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.....	1	
G. Coffeen Jr.'s b. g. <i>Young Salt Petre</i> , by Salt Petre, dam by Alexander, 5 yrs.....	2	
Col. Wm. M. Anderson's ch. c. <i>Adrian</i> , by Paul Clifford, dam by Superior, 3 yrs.....	3	
Lewis Sanders' Jr. ch. f. <i>Calyppo</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.....	4	
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Brighton Lass</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 3 yrs.....	5	
Time, 1:50.		

THURSDAY, Sept. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$750, 2d horse to receive \$150; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's gr. f. <i>Victoria</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1
G. N. Sanders' b. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs.....	3	2
H. Gates' (Wm. Palmer's) gr. c. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Buckelk, dam by Quicksilver, 4 yrs....	4	3
Thos. G. Moore's br. m. <i>Corinna</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Director, 6 yrs.....	2	4
Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. c. <i>Moorehead</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.
Time, 5:47—5:52.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Silver Cup, value \$50, given by the Proprietors, for 2 year olds, and an inside stake of \$500 each, between *Echo* and *Oxidanta*; weights as before; Mile heats.

J. Taylor's (J. T. Berry's) b. c. <i>Echo</i> , by Berry's Stockholder—Beautiful by Sumpter...	2	1	1
G. H. Sinclair's b. c. <i>Cox</i> , by Hephestation, dam by Old Court.....	3	1	2
G. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Oxidanta</i> , by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel.....	1	3	3
Time, 2:01—1:58—1:59—2:03.			

Echo won the 1st heat, but was placed 2d for unintentional foul riding.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, 2d horse to receive \$200 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$1000; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats. Walker Thurston's ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs... 1 1
Wilson & Herrington's b. h. *Keph*, by Hephestation, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 8:20—8:11. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Proprietors' Purse \$300, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Margaret Carter*, by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs..... 1 1 1
Geo. H. Sinclair's b. f. *Sally Burns*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 3 4 2
Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. h. *Chilton*, by Seagull, dam by Hazard, 5 yrs..... 2 2 3
G. Coffeen's (S. Smith's) bl. c. *Orient*, by Trumpator, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs..... 4 3 4
Time, 1:50—1:51—1:50.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's ch. f. *Warning*, 4 yrs..... 3 1 3 1
Jas. Read's b. f. *Vanity*, 4 yrs..... 4 2 1 2
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Countess Bertrand*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 3 2 3
Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. c. *Gabriel Ravel*, 3 yrs..... 2 2 4 *
L. Sanders' b. f. *Old Sal*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 5 dist.
Time, 1:52—1:50—1:55—1:54. * Ruled out not having won a heat out of three.

CAMDEN, N. J., AND PHILADELPHIA, CAMDEN COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1838—Match, \$5000 a-side, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's imp. br. h. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri by Wanderer, 5 yrs. 114lbs., received forfeit from O. P. Hare's b. c. *Willis*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 4 yrs. 104lbs.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 year olds to carry 90lbs—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—aged 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.. 1 1
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. m. *Mary Lyle*, by Eclipse, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. *Lily*, by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy, 3 yrs..... dist.
Time, 4:11—4:13.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Arthur Taylor's br. c. by Mons. Tonsen, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs..... 1 1
W. Frazer's ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Robinson by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 2 dr
A. Ivins' b. h. *Bela Richards*, by John Richards, dam by Oscar..... dist.
Time, 2:05. Run in the rain.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. Johnson's (Col. Wade Hampton's) ch. m. *Charlotte Russe*, own sister to Trifle, 5 yrs.. 1 1
David Toms' ch. c. *Shepherd*, by Dashall, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs..... 2 2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... dist.
Time, 6:27—6:31. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Joseph H. Hellings' ch. c. *Chester*, by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... 1 1
D. Toms' ch. h. *Emmett*, by Eclipse, dam omitted, 6 yrs..... 3 2
Thos. Calvert's b. f. by Eclipse, " " 3 yrs..... 2 3
Time, 2:03—2:04. Track very heavy.

In consequence of the violent storm the races for Friday were postponed to

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's (Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's) b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam by Bay Richmond, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Col. Johnson's (Col. W. Hampton's) ch. m. *Kitty Heth*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs... 2 2
Time, 8:11½—8:19. Track very heavy.

Col. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs, received \$500 not to start for the above purse.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

W. Frazer's ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Robinson, 4 yrs..... 1 0 0 1
Thos. Calvert's b. f. by Eclipse, dam omitted, 3 yrs..... 2 0 0 1
Time, 2:00—2:01—2:05—2:07. Track very heavy.

BALTIMORE, Md., KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's (Col. Stonestreet's) gr. f. *Lily*, by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy..... 1 1
Geo. Lowdenslaker's (Thos. E. Gitting's) b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson. 2 2
P. Wallis' ch. f. *Mary Wye*, by Maryland Eclipse, out of May Dacre by Imp. Valentine..... dist.
Time, 3:56—3:59.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$200 each, \$75 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's ch. c. *Antipator*, by Tychicus, out of Club-foot..... 2 1 1
Col. John Heth's (E. B. Hicks') b. f. by Imp. Fyde, dam by Arab..... 1 2 2
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. c. *Windsor*,* by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey by Alfred..... 3 dist.
Wm. Field's (Gen. Emory's) b. c. *Jack Monroe*, by Maryland Eclipse, out of Lady Cliff-den's dam..... bolt.

Time, 1:54—1:53½—1:55. * Windsor lost a distance in starting for 2d heat.

THURSDAY, Oct. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.
 Col. Johnson's (Col. W. Hampton's) b. m. *Kitty Heth*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 5 y. 2 0 1 1
 Geo. L. Stockett's b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, dam by Richmond, 5 yrs. 3 3 3 2
 Col. F. Thompson's ch. f. *Rowena*, by Timoleon, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs. 1 0 2 3
 Samuel Sparks' b. h. *Bustamente*, by Sussex, out of Caroline, 5 yrs. 4 4 dist.
 Ennals Martin's b. h. *Duke of Oxford*, by John Richards, dam omitted, 6 yrs. 6 5 dist.
 P. Wallis' b. c. *Eastern Shore*, by Imp. Luzborough—Equa by Imp. Chance, 4 yrs. 5 6 dist.
 James B. Kendall's b. f. *Louisa Lee*, by Medley—Brunette by Telegraph, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 5:54—5:52½—5:57—5:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Col. Johnson's (N. Rives') *Boston*, J. B. Kendall's *Master Henry*, and Wm. Field's *Ben Tasker*, were entered for this prize, but Boston was bought off for \$500, and the other entries were withdrawn.

SAME DAY—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Edward O. Martin's b. f. *Arietta*, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Imp. Valentine, 3 yrs. 1 1
 C. Sherwood's ch. c. *Martin Van Buren*, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Hickory, 4 yrs. 3 2
 Robt. W. Raisen's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, by Uncle Sam, out of All Croaker, 3 yrs. 2 3
 Samuel Spark's b. c. by John Richards, out of Angeline, 4 yrs. 4 4
 Time, 3:56—4:00. Rained all day.

SATURDAY, Oct. 20—Silver Plate value \$500, conditions as before, Two Mile heats.
 Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Sufferer*, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds by Sir Archie, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Mr. Duval's gr. m. *Lady Pearl*, by Medley, dam omitted, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 4:28—4:12. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 J. B. Kendall's br. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashed out of Robin Hood's dam by Hickory, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Samuel Spark's b. h. *Bustamente*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Mr. Goodwyn's gr. h. *Fairplay*, pedigree omitted. 3 dr
 Time, 1:57—1:57.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, \$100 a-side, Two mile heats.
 Robert W. Raisen's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 1 1
 E. O. Martin's b. f. *Arietta*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 3:59—3:57. Track heavy. HENRY C. KENDALL, Sec'y.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1833—Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies (83lbs. on each). Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Frederick Herr's b. f. *Josephine*, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland. 1 1
 S. Burbridge's ch. f. *Eliza Henry*, by Imp. Contract, out of Kitty Whip by Whip. 2 2
 T. G. Moore's br. f. *Fanny Lightfoot*, by Berry's Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter. 3 3
 Time, 1:55½—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—The Oakland Plate (a handsome Silver Tea Service, value \$500) 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs., and 4 yr. olds 100lbs., allowing 3lbs. to fillies and geldings. Two mile heats.
 W. T. Ward's b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. 1 1
 M. Thompson's gr. c. *George Kenner*, by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Fenwick & Tarlton's gr. f. by Mucklejohn, dam by Saxe Weinmar, 3 yrs. 3 3
 A. Hicks' ch. f. *Orphiana*, by Oakland, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs. 4 dr
 Time, 4:04—3:46.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs. fillies 67lbs. Five subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Frederick Herr's gr. c. by Rochester, dam omitted. 4 4 1 1
 A. C. Antill's b. c. by Young Eclipse, dam by Rattler. 3 1 3 2
 B. Maloney's ch. f. by Dungannon, dam omitted. 1 3 2 2
 R. Hughes' b. f. by Seagull, dam by Hamiltonian. 2 2 dist.
 Time, 2:03—2:10—2:10—2:10.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at \$500 each, 100 ft. Two mile heats.
 Miles W. Dickey's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley. 1 1
 J. W. Fenwick's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, (late Lady Bertrand) by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer. 2 2
 J. K. Duke's (A. Haralson's) ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter. 3 dist.
 J. R. Ward's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan by Tiger. 4 dr
 Time, 3:41—3:43½.

The time of the 1st heat of this race has been questioned, though reported to be 3:41 by the official Timer; that of the 2d heat is undoubtedly correct.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Stallion Stakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.
 W. J. Buford's Medoc colt, pedigree and designation omitted. rec'd ft.
 From nominations of the get of Woodpecker, Sparrowhawk and Waxy.
 In consequence of a storm, Thursday's race was postponed to

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$700, free for all ages, 3 year olds taking up 86 lbs.—4, 100 5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs.: allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.
 H. W. Farris' (J. L. Bradley's) ch. c. *Hawk-eye*,* by Sir Lovel, out of Pressure's dam by Sir William of Transport, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Wm. Buford Jr.'s (W. Thurston's) ch. c. *Streshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs. 2 2
 S. Davenport's ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs. 3 dist.
 R. Burbridge's ch. f. *Mary Serene*, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs. 4 dist.
 S. Burbridge's b. c. *Austin*, by Buck-Elk, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs. dist.
 Fenwick & Tarlton's (Ford's) b. c. *Swindling Bill*, by Brunswick, dam by Doublehead. dist.
 Time, 6:14—6:20. Track ankle deep. * Hawk-eye carried 5lbs. extra.

SATURDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 W. T. Ward's b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs... 1 1
 Fenwick & Tarlton's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs..... 0 0
 S. Burbridge's b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey, 4 yrs..... 4 0
 T. B. Warfield's b. c. *Celestion*, by Sir Leslie, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 4 yrs..... 0 4
 H. W. Farris' b. h. *Splendor*, by Trumpator, out of Julia (Gazelle's dam), 5 yrs..... 5 dist.
 Time, 8:16—8:14. Track very heavy.

MONDAY, Oct. 22—Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds, weights as before. Subscription \$100 each, 11 ft.; the Proprietor to give a Silver Plate, value \$500; 2d best to receive \$100 out of the stakes. Closed with Eighteen subscribers. Two mile heats.
 Miles W. Dickey's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley.... 1 1
 W. Buford Jr.'s ch. c. *Streshley*, pedigree above..... 4 2
 R. Pundell's ch. f. *Curculia*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter..... 3 3
 S. Burbridge's b. f. *Mary Brennan*, by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian..... 2 dist.
 Time, 3:48—3:44.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Mason Thompson's gr. c. *George Kenner*, by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Jas. Shy's ch. f. *Barbara Allen*, by Collier, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 W. Thurston's (G. N. Sanders') b. c. *Ozidenta*, by Bertrand, dam by Florizel, 3 yrs..... 3 3
 R. Burbridge's ch. f. *Mary Serene*, pedigree before, 4 yrs..... dist.
 I. H. Oliver's; ch. h. *Genito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 3:49—3:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$300 a-side, Two miles.
 Mr. Lee's ch. g. *Bald Peter*, by Cherokee..... 1
 M. Underwood's b. g. *Picton*, by Archy of Transport..... 2
 Time, 3:52. JOHN G. GRAHAM, Sec'y.

MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 27, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds (Spring of 1838), colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Six subs. at \$250 each, ft. \$100. One mile.
 J. S. Garrison's (C. Robinson's) b. f. *Mortha Owen*, by Bertrand—Oscarina by Tennessee Oscar. 1
 R. W. Withers' ch. f. by Pulaski, out of Sally Harwell, by Virginian..... 2
 D. Stephenson's imp. b. f. *Amazon*, by Bird Catcher..... 3
 Time, 1:52½. Track heavy, and 9½ feet over a mile.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 James S. Garrison's (C. Robinson's) b. c. *Kleber*, by Bertrand, out of Oscarina by Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs..... 2 1 1
 D. Stephenson's imp. b. f. *Frolicsome Fanny*, by Lottery, dam by Whisker, 4 yrs..... 1 2 3
 Head & Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whetstone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs... 3 3 2
 Time, 1:51—1:51—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$500; conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 J. S. Garrison's ch. h. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles—Lady Amelia by Imp. Magic, 5 yrs... 1 1
 R. W. Withers' b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs..... 3 2
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs..... 2 3
 D. Stephenson's imp. b. c. *Stratford*, by Shakspeare, out of Pheasant by Bustard, 4 yrs... *
 Time, 3:49—3:55. * Stratford's saddle slipped and he was pulled up.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 3 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's b. h. *Norwood*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs..... 3 1 2
 R. W. Withers' gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs..... 4 2 3
 R. B. Harrison's ch. g. *Gilderoy*, by Talleyrand, dam by Virginus, 3 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time, 1:54—1:56—1:54.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorcina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs..... 2 1 1
 D. Stephenson's b. c. *Paul Jones*, by Wild Bill, out of Morocco Slipper, 4 yrs..... 3 2 2
 Head & Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whetstone*,* pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 dr
 Time, 5:58—6:00—6:02.

* Pete W. in the 1st heat strained his left fetlock joint and was drawn in consequence.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Col. R. B. Harrison's b. c. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs.... 1 1
 D. Stephenson's br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Jas. S. Garrison's b. m. *Virginia Fairfield*,* by Tynoleon, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 7:49—7:48. * Broke down.

SATURDAY, Dec. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Lavinia*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon, 3 yrs... 1 1 1
 D. Stephenson's imp. b. c. *Stratford*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 3 3 2
 R. W. Withers' b. f. *Henrietta*, " " 4 yrs..... 4 2 3
 Jas. S. Garrison's (C. Robinson's) b. c. *Kleber*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time, 1:50—1:51—1:53.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, conditions as before, One mile.
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Lavinia*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1
 D. Stephenson's imp. b. f. *Frolicsome Fanny*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2
 E. Suchet's b. m. *Queen Victoria*, by Black Prince, out of Coutre Snapper's dam, 5 yrs... 3
 Martin A. Lea's ch. g. *Gen. Jackson*, by Flaxbrake, dam by Cormorant, 5 yrs..... 4
 Time, 1:51. J. A. STUART, Cor. Secy.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., ASSOCIATION COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Sweetstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Col. Jas. W. Camp's ch. c. <i>Eustamente</i> , by Whalebone, dam by Timoleon.....	1	1
Henry Smith's gr. f. <i>Eetsey Banton</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.....	3	2
Ragland & Davis' b. f. <i>Salgratus</i> , by Count Badger, out of Pocohontas by Sir Alfred.....	2	3
Willis H. Boddie's b. f. <i>Wild Irish Girl</i> , by Imp. Leviathan,—Miss Tonson by Mons. Tonson pd.ft.		
Lucius J. Polk's imp. ch. f. <i>Panola</i> , by Muley, dam by Comus.....	pd.ft.	

Time, 2:01—2:01. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Match, \$2500 a-side, \$500 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Fleming's ch. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs., received forfeit from Nathl. Terry's ch. c. by Wild Bill, out of Sally McGhee, 3 yrs., the latter being amiss.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$30, added; free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

John Connally's gr. f. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Ragland & Davis' br. c. <i>Sir Joseph Banks</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Henry Smith's ch. g. <i>Logan</i> , by Pacific, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	6	3
Jas. W. Camp's b. m. <i>Fanny Wilkins</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.....	4	4
Wm. C. Patrick's ch. f. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.
J. A. Memefee's (Gab. Moore's) b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Brutus, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.
C. McLaran's ch. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 3 yrs....	dist.	

Time, 4:05—4:01½. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$50, added; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

John Connally's gr. c. <i>Gander</i> , by Wild Bill; out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Davis & Ragland's bl. h. <i>Othello</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs.....	1	2	2
Chas. McLaran's ch. c. <i>Jack Downing</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 8:57—8:54—9:03. Track very heavy and raining.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$40, added; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. <i>Scipio</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover by Sir Charles 4 y.	1	1
John Connally's b. c. <i>John Denty</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Topgallant, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Wm. C. Patrick's ch. h. <i>Sportsman</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 6:28—6:25. Track very heavy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's ch. f. <i>Honey Dew</i> , by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Waddy Tate's b. h. <i>Wild Fire</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Cripple, 5 yrs.....	5	2
James T. Sykes' gr. f. <i>Wild Goose</i> , by Jerry, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	3
Wm. C. Patrick's ch. f. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	3	4
Wm. Fleming's ch. c. <i>Mark</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	4	5

Time, 1:55—1:57. Track still heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Citizens' Plate, value \$250, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. H. Gee's b. g. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Davis & Ragland's b. c. <i>Sir Joseph Banks</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Chas. McLaran's b. c. <i>Jack Downing</i> , " " 4 yrs.....	2	dr	

Time, 4:06—4:05—4:13. Track heavy.

RALEIGH, N. C., STATE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 2 year olds a feather—3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's ch. h. <i>Red Wasp</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Madisen, 6 yrs.....	6	3	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Canary</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs.....	2	1	2	2
Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. m. <i>Susan Lindsay</i> , by Marion, out of Fantail, 5 yrs.....	1	2	dr	
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. <i>Eliza Garrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Emperor, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.		
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. m. <i>Little Morio</i> , by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs.....	4	dist.		
Thos. H. Christmas' ch. c. <i>Brontemp</i> , by Contest, dam by Sir William, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.		
Gen. H. Blount's b. f. <i>Frances Blount</i> , by Lancel, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 4:10—4:01—4:08—4:10.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—J. C. Purse \$500, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Capt. J. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Elise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough—Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 4 yrs.....	2	2
David McDaniel's b. h. <i>Pioneer</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs.....	dist.	
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. c. <i>Libertas</i> , by Napoleon, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 6:13—6:00.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—J. C. Purse \$1000, ent. \$50, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. f. <i>Vashti</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Chifney</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Flyde, dam by Washington, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. f. <i>Sally Riot</i> , by Riot of Archie, dam by Citizen, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 8:25—8:11.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—J. C. Purse \$200, ent \$15; weights handicapped. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Capt. J. Williamson's (W. B. Meares') b. m. <i>Susan Lindsay</i> , pedigree above, 5 y. 97lbs.....	1	1	2	1
O. P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs. 107lbs.....	2	4	1	2
David McDaniel's b. h. <i>Pioneer</i> , " " 6 yrs. 115lbs.....	5	3	4	3
Col. John McLeod's b. f. <i>Mistake</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 97lbs.....	3	5	dist.	
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. <i>Eliza Garrison</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. 86lbs.....	6	2	3	dr
John Blackmell's ch. h. by Hyazim, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs. 118lbs.....	4	dr		

Time, 1:56—1:55—1:56—1:55.

SATURDAY, Nov. 24—For a Silver Pitcher, value \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as on Tuesday. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Chifney</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1
Capt. Jas. Williamson's ch. c. <i>Harkaway</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Capt. J. J. Harrison's b. c. <i>Black Cat</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.	
Col. John McLeod's b. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.	
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. f. <i>Frances Blount</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 1:59—1:55.

MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1838—Match \$500 a-side, 86lbs. on each. Mile heats.

Col. Augustus H. Kenan's b. c. <i>Wolf</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Crusader, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
Maj. Richard Rowell's c. <i>Huntman</i> , by Imp. Truffle, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.....	2	2	

Time not given.

SAME DAY—Second Race—For a Silver Goblet and Pitcher, valued at \$200, for 2 year olds, 70lbs., and 3 yrs. 86lbs., (fillies and geldings being allowed 3lbs.) Entrance \$25 each. Mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. <i>Buncum</i> , by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
Iverson & Bonner's bl. c. <i>Lieut. Bassinger</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Roanoke, 3 yrs.....	3	2	
A. Thomas' gr. c. <i>Cavalier Serviente</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Andrew, 3 yrs.....	2	3	
J. H. Lewis' b. f. <i>Ellen Tree</i> , by Imp. Truffle, dam by Chanticleer, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.	
A. H. Kenan's b. c. by Imp. Fyde, out of Volney's dam, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.	

Time, 1:56—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs. —3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124 lbs., 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's ch. m. <i>Ione</i> , by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Iverson & Bonner's br. c. <i>Major Dade</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	3	2	
Wm. A. Mott's b. h. <i>Gabriel</i> , by Imp. Truffle, dam by Bedford, 5 yrs.....	4	3	
J. J. Harrison's b. c. <i>Ibarra</i> , by Imp. Hledgeford, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	2	dr	

Time, 4:01—4:02.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Wm. Porter's ch. m. <i>Ajarrah Harrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. <i>Buncum</i> , by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	2	dr	

Time, 6:12.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Purse, \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. <i>Gerou</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Iverson & Bonner's ch. c. <i>Linwood</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
G. Edmonson's gr. f. <i>Alice Ann</i> , by Director Jr., dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	3	dr	

Time, 8:13—8:26.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

G. Edmonson's ch. m. <i>Ione</i> , by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
J. J. Harrison's b. h. <i>Southerner</i> , by Bullock's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen, 5 yrs.....	1	2	3	2
Iverson & Bonner's b. h. <i>Prince Edward</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Biuster, 5 yrs.....	3	3	2	dis
Wm. A. Mott's b. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Andrew, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.		
F. Sanford's b. c. <i>Demus</i> , by Sir George, dam by Stripsticks, 4 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 1:57—1:57—2:02—1:57.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., ECLIPSE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 4, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, of which the 2d horse will receive \$300 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$1200; free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Entrance 10 per cent. Three mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. m. <i>Zelina</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	1			
Thos. W. Chinn's b. c. <i>Brown Elk</i> , by Buck Elk, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 6:44. Track very heavy.

In consequence of the inclemency of the weather the races were postponed to

FRIDAY, Dec. 7—Proprietor's Purse \$1200, \$200 of which goes to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$1000; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's imported b. f. <i>Britannia</i> , by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs.....	2	2	1	1
Minor Kenner's gr. f. <i>The Jewess</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2	2
Sosthene Allain's (F. Duplantier's) ch. f. <i>Wren</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs.....	1	3	3	3

Time, 4:21—4:29—4:38—4:37. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Dec. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$2500, of which the 2d best horse will receive \$500 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$2000; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles—Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs.....	1	1		
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. f. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Morgiana by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	2		

Time, 8:45—9:11. Track heavy.

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 9—New Orleans Plate, value \$1000, ent. as before, 4 year olds and under to carry their appropriate weights, 5 year olds and over, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. m. <i>Zelina</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	1	1		
Thos. J. Welis' ch. m. <i>Linnat</i> , own sister to Wren, 6 yrs.....	2	2		
Wm. J. Minor's (John Routh's) imp. b. f. <i>Marchesa</i> , by Tramp, out of Marchesa (sister to My Lady, Jereed's dam,) by Comus, 3 yrs.....	3	3		
Minor Kenner's b. h. <i>Richard of York</i> , by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs.....	4	4		

Time, 4:07—4:09. Track heavy. (To be continued.)

LEICESTER AND SOUTH DOWN SHEEP.

These improved varieties are at the present time deservedly exciting considerable interest among sheep growers in this country, and promise, by crossing with the Merino, to give the common farmer a race of animals yielding more wool than the Saxon or Merino, sufficiently fine for ordinary domestic purposes, and yet more hardy, and requiring less attention than the fine woolled sheep in demand in our climate. Neither the Bakewell or the South Down, can ever supercede the Saxon or the Merino for wool required for the finer fabrics, and if crosses with these are found better for the common farmer, the fine wool grower need not fear that the proceeds of his flocks will ever cease to be in demand. We may here remark in passing, that the manufacturers of this country do not make the difference in prices between the full blood and grade wools that they should do to encourage its growth, or as we imagine the difference in price of fine and ordinary cloths would warrant; certainly not as much as is made in France and England, where the qualities and relative value of the article must be understood, at least as well as here. For examples of the relative proportion which the Merino, South Down and Leicester bear to each other, as seen through a microscope, the reader is referred to vol. 3, page 135 of this paper. Repeated examinations of wool from healthy sheep, and of good quality, show the fineness of several varieties to be as follows in parts of 1000.

Saxon.....	840	South Down.....	660
Merino	750	Leicester.....	500

The principal recommendations of the Leicester breed, according to Culley on Live Stock, are "the beauty and fullness of form, comprising in the same dimensions, greater weight than any other sheep; an early maturity, and a disposition to fatten, equalled by no other breed; a diminution in the proportion of offal, and the return of the most money for the food consumed."

"As a lowland sheep, and destined to live on good pasture," says Mr. Youatt, "the New Leicester is without a rival—in fact, he has improved, if he has not given value to, all the other long woolled sheep." The same accurate observer gives the following as the characteristic of a true Leicester—a sheep that has precisely the form for an animal requiring good pasture, without any great distance to travel, or exertion to make in gathering it:—"The head should be hornless, long, small, tapering towards the muzzle, and projecting horizontally forwards. The eyes prominent, but with a quiet expression. The ears thin, rather long, and directed backwards. The neck full and broad at its base, where it proceeds from the chest, but gradually tapering towards the head, and being particularly fine at the junction with the head; the neck seeming to project straight from the chest, so that there is with the slightest possible deviation, one continued horizontal line from the rump to the poll. The breast broad and full; the shoulders also broad and round and no uneven or angular formation where the shoulders join either the neck or the back, particularly no rising of the withers, or hollow behind the situation of these bones. The arm

fleshy through its whole extent, and even down to the knee. The bones of the leg small, standing wide apart, no looseness of skin about them, and comparatively bare of wool. The chest and barrel at once deep and round; the ribs forming a considerable arch from the spine, so as in some cases, especially when the animal is in good condition, to make the apparent width of the chest even greater than its depth. The barrel well ribbed home; no irregularity of line on the back or the belly, but on the sides the carcass very gradually diminishing towards the rump. The quarters long and full, and as with the fore-legs, the muscles extending down to the hock; the thighs also wide and full. The legs of a moderate length, the pelt also moderately thin, but soft and elastic, and covered with a good quantity of white wool, not so long as in some breeds, but considerably finer."

This description will be recognised at once as just by any one who has had an opportunity of examining the many beautiful sheep of that breed that have within a few years been introduced into the United States. They mark an animal calculated to attain great weight, with the flesh where it will be of the most value, and if, as some of his rivals asserted, Mr. Bakewell sacrificed the wool to the carcass, he certainly brought the last to the highest state of perfection. This is evident from the many premiums the improved Leicesters have received in England, where more attention is given to weight of carcass than it has yet received in this country. The object of Mr. Culley's improvements was to do away the objection raised to the coarseness of the Leicester wool, as left by Mr. Bakewell, while the size and tendency to fatten should be retained, and he has in a measure succeeded, though still not so far as to produce wool fit for the finest fabrics.

One of the earliest and most successful growers of the Leicester or Bakewell Sheep in this country, is Mr. Dunn, of Albany. He has at present, however, but few pure Leicesters, having given his flock a cross of the Cotswold, as he thinks to the improvement of the fleece and the constitution. According to a statement in the Cultivator of last year, Mr. Dunn's yearling rams produced wool as follows:

2 yearlings.....	22 lbs.
4.....	42 "
4.....	36½ "

averaging 10 pounds each. Mr. Wilkinson, of Duanesburgh, has a flock of Leicesters which averaged on the whole six pounds per head.

In a letter now before us from Mr. Cowlen, of Truxton, Cortland county, who has imported some very superior Leicesters, (and we are pleased to learn intends early in the coming season to import some Short Horn Durhams, Leicester and South Down Sheep, Berkshire Pigs, &c., the animals to be selected by himself,) from one of which, a yearling buck, he sheared 10 3-4 lbs. of clean wool, and from 20 ewes, 145 1-2 lbs. of clean wool, averaging about 7 1-4 lbs. per head. Ten yearling bucks gave him 97 lbs. of wool. These yields we consider extraordinary, when the privation of a ten weeks' voyage across the Atlantic are remembered, and the effect which such keeping and changes must have on the fleece is taken into view. Mr. Cowlen has a Leicester buck weighing upwards of 300 lbs.

A number of gentlemen in several part of this district of New York, have commenced fine flocks of Leicesters from imported Sheep, a-

mong which we may mention Mr. Cowler, of Cortland Co., Mr. Weddle, of Ontario Co., Mr. Williams, of Onondaga Co., and they are rapidly spreading by sale and by crosses among our farmers. At the Skaneateles Fair, a number of sheep and lambs of a cross from the Bakewell with the South Down, were much admired, appearing to combine in a great degree the size and weight of the one, with the good qualities of the wool in the other. A lamb of this cross, six months old, weighed 136 lbs.

Genesee (New York) Farmer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES;

1838.

Yrs. old in Jan.	BY ABDALRAHMAN.	No. of Prizes.
3	Brandy, Mr. W. Buford, Jr.'s, \$75 S. mile heats at Elkhorn, Ky.....	1
	ALBORAK.	
5	Alborika, Col. J. J. Moore's, \$1500 S. 2 mile heats at Columbia, S. C.,	1
	ALFRED.	
5	Peacock, Mr. Loring's, \$400 S. mile heats at Van Buren, Ark.....	1
	ANDREW.	
4	Balie Peyton, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$300 P. 3 mile heats—\$400. S.	
	2 mile heats at Kendall Course, Md., and Col. Heth's, \$300 P. 2	
	mile heats at Washington, D. C.....	3
4	Betsey Andrew, Mr. Laird's, \$200 P. mile heats, at Trenton, N. J.	1
3	Count Zaldivar, Bonner & Iverson's, \$1000 P., \$800 P., with \$1000	
	S. 4 mile heats—\$500 S. 2 mile heats, and \$400 S. mile heats,	
	Columbus, Ga.....	4
3	Ned Johnson, Dr. Stith's, \$900 S. mile heats at Greensboro', Ala.	1
4	Suffolk, Mr. Hamlin's, \$300 P., and \$300 P. Union Course, L. I., and	
	\$300 P., and \$200 P. Beacon Course, N. J., all 2 mile heats.....	4
3	Colt out of Trifle's dam, Col. Johnson's, \$1125 S. 2 mile heats at Pe-	
	tersburgh, Va.....	1
3	Chestnut Colt, Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$150 S. m. h. at Greensboro', Ala.	1
	ARAB.	
5	Betsey Holmes, Mr. J. H. Walker's, \$200 P. mile heats, at Manches-	
	ter, Miss.....	1
4	Davidella, Mr. S. T. Drane's, \$200 P. 2 mile heats at Cynthiana, Ky.	1
	ARCHY MONTORIO.	
6	Jim Allan, Mr. T. J. Robinson's, \$800 P. 4 mile heats, Maysville, Ky.,	
	\$400 P. 3 mile heats at Georgetown, Ky. and \$500 P. 3 mile heats	
	at Cincinnati, O.....	3
3	Mary Burnham, Mr. Dunn's, \$100 P. mile heats, at Richmond, Ky.....	1
5	Messelina, Mr. French's, \$400 P. 3 mile heats at Columbus, Miss.,	
	\$200 P. two mile heats, at Vicksburg, Miss.....	2
2	Roanna, Mr. Grigsby's, \$2000 S. mile heats at Lexington, Ky.....	1
5	Chestnut Mare, Mr. B. R. Jenkins', \$100 S. mile heats at Crab Or-	
	chard, Ky.....	1
2	Chestnut Filly, Mr. J. W. Fenwick's, \$400 S. m. h. Lexington, Ky..	1
	ARGYLE.	
2	Governor Butler, Mr. M. R. Smith's, \$150 S. m. h. at Newberry, S. C.	1
3	Bay Colt, Capt. D. Rowe's, \$400 S. 2 mile heats at St. Matthews, S. C.	1

AUTOCRAT—(IMPORTED.)

- 3 Camden, Mr. A. Payne's, \$100 P. 2 mile heats at Fredericksburg, Va. 1
 3 Czarina, Mr. W. H. Tayloe's, \$1600 S. mile heats at Washington, D. C.,
 and \$150 S. mile heats at Fredericksburg, Va. 2
 4 The Queen, (formerly Eliza Derby,) Mr. W. McComb's, \$100 P. mile heats,
 Beacon Course, N. J., Capt. Shirley's, £56 P. 3 mile heats, and £25 P.
 2 mile heats, at Niagara, U. C.; £40 P. 2 mile heats, at Three Rivers,
 U. C., and £10. P. mile heats at Montreal, L. C. 5

BAREFOOT,—(IMPORTED.)

- 6 Ajax, Mr. Coster's, \$300 S. 2 mile heats, at Centreville Course, L. I. 1
 5 April Fool, Mr. Richards', £20 P. 2 mile heats, at Niagara, U. C. 1
 4 Fent Noland, Mr. D. Thompson's, \$510 P. 4 mile heats, \$2000 S. 2 mile
 heats, at Van Buren, Ark., and (when called John Belcher,) \$200 P.
 mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. 3
 5 Mary Jones, Mr. J. H. Walker's, \$300 P. 2 mile heats at Port Gibson, Miss.,
 and \$400 P. 2 mile heats at Grand Gulf, Miss. 2

BARRISTER.

- 3 Risible, Dr. Darcy's, \$100 P. mile heats at Peoria, Ill. 1

BEL-AIR.

- Texana, Mr. Random's, \$400 P. 2 mile heats, at Houston, Texas. 1

BENNEHAN'S SIR ARCHY.

- 4 Milo, Mr. L. Coch's, \$200 P. 2 mile heats at Somerville, Tenn., and \$200
 P. mile heats at Jackson, Tenn. 2

BERTRAND.

- 5 Arbaces, Hon. T. W. Chinn's, \$500 P. 3 mile heats at Plaquemine, La. 1
 4 Bay Bill, Dr. Leland's, \$600 P. 3 mile heats, Livingston, Ala. 1
 Betsey Miller, Mr. S. Casey's, \$750 S. three mile heats at Sulphur Springs,
 Ky. 1
 5 Big John, Dr. Nott's, \$400 P. at Limestone Springs, S. C., \$250 P. at
 Unionville, S. C., and a Purse at Newberry, S. C., all 3 mile heats 3
 6 Bucephalus, Mr. R. Mosby's, \$100 P. mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. 1
 5 Caroline, Mr. T. Stevenson's, \$150 P. two mile heats at Boonville, Mo. 1
 3 Cass Farrell, Mr. Clayton's, \$100 P. mile heats, Peoria, Ill. 1
 5 Charlotte Barnes, Mr. G. Edmonson's, \$100 S. at Columbus, Ga., and \$130
 P. at Macon, Ga., both mile heats. 2
 4 Conflict, Mr. W. Thurston's, \$150 P. 3 mile heats, Newport, Ky., and M.
 Tarlton's, \$500 P. 2 mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 2
 3 Cotton Plant, Mr. J. Connally's, \$580 P. two mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala. 1
 2 Countess Bertrand, Mr. W. P. Duvall's, \$20 P. at Carrollton, Ky., and Maj.
 Revill's, \$75 S. at Carrollton, Ky., and \$75 S. at Chillicothe, O. 3
 5 Dick Johnson, Mr. S. Burbridge's, \$550 P. 3 mile heats at Lexington, Ky. 1
 4 Dorabella, Col. Spann's, \$60 S. 2 mile heats at Charleston, S. C. 1
 3 Frances Tyrrell, Head and Smith's, \$275 P. two mile heats at Springfield, Ala. 1
 4 Henrietta, Mr. Withers', \$200 P. and 250 S. mile heats, Greensboro', Ala. 2
 2 John Guedron, Hammond and Lovell's, \$1500 P. 4 mile heats at Augusta,
 Ga., \$650 P. 3 mile heats, at Charleston, S. C. 2
 4 Kleber, Mr. Garrison's, \$100 P. mile heats, Mobile, Ala., and \$100 P. mile
 heats at New Orleans, La. 2
 3 Lady Bertrand, Mr. Dickey's, \$100 P. 2 mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio. 1
 Lady Rivers, Mr. Random's, \$600 P. 3 mile heats, at Houston, Texas. 1
 5 Little Barton, Mr. T. B. Scruggs', \$200 P. 2 mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. 1
 4 Lorenzo, Maj. Revill's, J. C. P. and another \$50 P. at Carrollton, Ky., and
 \$100 P. at Chillicothe, O., all two mile heats. 3
 2 Martha Owen, Mr. Garrison's \$800 S. mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. 1
 6 Medallion, Mr. Warfield's, \$300 P. 3 mile heats at Richmond, Ky. 1
 2 Oxidenta, Maj. Revill's, \$50 S. mile heats at Carrollton, Ky. 1
 3 Queen Mary, Mr. Tarlton's, \$500 P. 3 mile heats at Louisville, Ky., and Mr.
 J. W. Fenwick's, \$1000 S. 2 mile heats at Lexington, Ky. 2
 3 Rashleigh, Mr. C. Buford's, \$400 P. 2 mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. 1
 4 Red Rover, Mr. J. M. Williams', \$200 S. 2 mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va. 1
 4 Red Tom, Dr. Leland's, \$800 P. 4 mile heats, at Livingston, Ala. 1
 4 Rosin-the-bow, Mr. Webster's, \$750 S. 4 mile heats, at Columbus, Miss.
 and Mr. Jetton's, \$1000 S. 2 mile heats, at Natchez, Miss. 2

- 4 Thisbe, Mr. Gist's, \$200 P. at Limestone Springs, S. C., and \$200 P. at Unionville, S. O., both mile heats. 2
 5 Walker Thurston, Mr. Leavell's, \$60 P. mile heats, at Trenton, Ky. 1
 4 West Florida, Mr. Lindsay's, \$300 P. 2 mile heats, at Georgetown, Ky. 1
 5 Willis, Mr. Short's, \$100 P. mile heats, at Lafayette, Ind. 1

BERTRAND, JUNIOR.

- 5 Aunt Pontypool, Mr. W. Richardson's, \$80 P. mile heats, Fulton, S. C. 1
 4 Boots, Mr. M. R. Smith's, \$155 P. mile heats, at Newberry, S. C. 1
 3 Delville, Mr. R. Richardson's, 150 P. 2 mile heats, at Charleston, S. C. 1
 3 Jeannette Berkeley, Mr. Sinkler's, \$400 P. 2 mile heats, at Charleston, S. C. 1
 4 Sally Bertrand, Mr. Garrison's, Cup, mile heats, at Norfolk, Va. 1
 3 Santa Ana, Col. Richardson's, \$300 P. 2 mile heats, at Camden, S. C., and \$160 P. miles heats, at Fulton, S. C. 2
 3 Brown Filly, Mr. McRa's, a Stake at Camden, S. C. mile heats. 1

BIG ARCHIE.

- Nick Biddle, Mr. J. Lewis, \$100 P. 2 mile heats, at Kanawha, Va. 1

BOASTER—(IMPORTED.)

- 3 Chestnut Colt, Mr. R. Bell's, \$200 P. mile heats, Plaquemine, La. 1

BOLIVAR.

- 4 Moulder, Mr. J. Scruggs', \$100 S. mile heats, at Marion, Mo. 1

BRILLIANT.

- 5 Maria, Mr. Anderson's, £50 P. two mile heats, at Quebec, L. C. 1

BRUNSWICK.

- 4 Cain, Mr. J. Ford's, \$150 P. two mile heats, at Elkhorn, Ky. 1

- 6 Sportsman, Mr. J. H. Moore's, Purse, two mile heats, at Florence, Ala. 1

BUCK ELK.

- 2 Black Mary, Mr. J. Davis', \$100 S. mile heats, at Chillicothe, O. 1

- 4 Hard Heart, Mr. Wm. Palmer's, \$100 P. three mile heats, at Chillicothe, O. 1

BUSIRIS.

- 4 Chester, Mr. Helling's, \$100 P and \$100 P. at Camden, N. J., and \$100 P. at Philadelphia, Pa., all mile heats. 3

CAROLINIAN.

- 3 Chestnut Colt, Mr. Talbot's, \$100 S. mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va. 1

CANDIDATE.

- 3 Belle Creole, Mr. F. Duplantier's, \$700 S. 2 mile heats, at Plaquemine, La.. 1

- 4 Dandy, Mr. Duplantier's, \$500 P. and \$250 P. mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 2

CHEROKEE.

- Bald Peter, Mr. Lee's, \$300 S. two mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 1

- 5 Ben Sutton, Mr. Shawhan's \$30 S. mile heats, Cynthiana, Ky. 1

- 6 John W. Kennedy, Mr. Kennedy's, \$200 P. two mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. 1

CLINTON.

- 2 Bruce, Mr. Givens', \$50 S. and \$75 P. mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky. 2

COLLIER.

- 3 Barbara Allen, Mr. Shy's \$200 S. two mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. 1

- 4 Collier Jr., Mr. Dunn's, \$200 P. two mile heats, at Richmond, Ky., and Mr. Stapp's \$100 P. mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky. 2

- 3 Columbia Gregory, Mr. Gregory's \$200 S. two mile heats at Columbus, Miss. 1

- 4 Harpalyce, Smith & Head's \$300 P. at Greensboro, Ala., \$100 P. at Mobile, Ala., \$300 P. at Selma, Ala., and \$200 P. at Springfield, Ala., all mile heats. 4

- 4 Hebe, Mr. T. B. Scruggs', \$500 P. four mile heats, \$300 P. and \$300 P. three mile heats, all at St. Louis, Mo. 3

- 3 Jacob Hinkle, Mr. G. E. Blackburn's, \$45 P. mile heats, at Carrollton, Ky.. 1

- 2 Bay Colt, Mr. T. Stevenson's \$50 P. mile heats, at Boonville, Mo. 1

COLUMBUS.

- 3 Bay Colt, Mr. Shepherd's, \$200 S. mile heats, at Charlestown, Va. 1

COMMODORE TRUXTON.

- 2 Albert King, Mr. Cruisman's, \$350 S. mile heats, at Clarksville, Tenn. 1

- 4 Truxton, Mr. Dowling's, \$100 S. and \$200 S. mile heats, at Terre Haute, Ind. 2

COUNT BADGER.

- 3 Honey Dew, Capt. N. Davis's \$100 P. at Nashville, Tenn., and \$280 P. at Huntsville, Ala., both mile heats..... 2
- 5 Piony, Ragland & Davis', \$300 P. at Nashville, Tenn., and a Purse at Tuscumbia, Ala. both two mile heats..... 2

CRUSADER.

- 5 John Granger, J. S. & G. B. Long's, \$200 P. two mile heats at Hopkinsville, Ky. 1
- 5 Lilla Green, Dr. Darby's, \$40 S. mile heats at St. Matthews, S. C. 1
- 4 Wallace, Mr. Yourie's, \$200 S. mile heats at Gallatin, Tenn. 1
- 4 Chestnut Filly, Mr. Yourie's, \$200 S. two mile heats at Gallatin, Tenn. 1

CULTIVATOR.

- Betsey Anderson, Mr. Gist's, \$40 P. mile heats at Unionville, S. C. 1

DASHALL.

- 4 Henry A. Wise, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$100 P. at Kendall Course, Md. and \$200 P. at Philadelphia, both mile heats..... 2
- 4 Rights of Women, Mr. Frost's, \$200 P. two mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. 1
- 4 Shepherd, Mr. D. Abbott's, \$400 S. two mile heats at Centreville Course, L. I. 1

DIOMED.

- 6 Botherem, Mr. Musick's, \$200 P. three mile heats at Peoria, Ill. 1

DIRECTOR.

- 4 Eliza Riley, Mr. G. Walden's, \$150 P. two mile heats at St. Matthews, S. C. 1

DIRECTOR, JUNIOR.

- 4 Alice Ann, Mr. Edmonson's, \$500 P. three mile heats at Macon, Ga., \$350 P. 2 mile heats at Columbus, Ga., and \$400 P. mile heats at Augusta, Ga. 3

DUNGANNON.

- 3 Delphine, Mr. Haralson's, a Stake, mile heats at St. Francisville, La. 1

ECLIPSE.

- 5 Ajarrah Harrison, Mr. T. Neal's, \$500 P. three mile heats, and \$300 P. two mile heats at Milledgeville, Ga., \$250 P. two mile heats, and \$250 P., \$300 P., and \$300 P. mile heats at Macon, Ga. 6
- 5 Ann Eliza, Mr. Gregory's, \$300 P. three mile heats, and \$300 P. mile heats at Manchester, Miss. 2
- 4 Champaign, Mr. Hare's, \$1000 S. two mile heats at Union Course, L. I. 1
- 4 Eclipsia, Hammond and Lovell's, \$80 S. mile heats at Macon, Ga. 1
- 3 Fordham, Mr. J. C. Stevens's, \$9250 S. mile heats at Union Course, L. I. 1
- 5 Genito, Mr. McCargo's, \$400 P. three mile heats at Lawrenceville, Va. 1
- 3 Jessica, Mr. Bush's, \$500 S. mile heats, St. Louis, Mo. 1
- 3 Job, Mr. Livingston's, \$700 S. two mile heats, and \$1000 S. mile heats at Union Course, L. I., and \$1900 S. mile heats at Camden, N. J. 3
- 4 Josephus, Mr. Maclin's, \$250 P. two mile heats at Belfield, Va. 1
- 5 Kitty Heth, Col. Hampton's, \$400 P. three mile heats at Kendall Course, Md. 1
- 4 Lucy Fuller, Mr. McCargo's, \$400 P. three mile heats at Christianville, Va., and \$200 P. two mile heats at Fairfield, Va. 2
- 4 Margaret Ridgely, Mr. A. L. Botts', \$100 P. mile heats, Union Course, L. I. 1
- 5 Mary Lyle, Col. Johnson's, \$300 P. two mile heats at Petersburg, Va. 1
- 4 Mary Wynn, Col. Wynn's, a purse, four mile heats at Tuscumbia Ala., 1000 P. four mile heats at Montgomery, Ala., \$200 P. three mile heats Florence, Ala., and \$300 P. two mile heats at Franklin, Tenn. 4
- 6 Midas, Mr. Yarker's, £55, three mile heats at Montreal, L. C., £50 P. two mile heats at Toronto, U. C., and £100 P. mile heats at Montreal, L. C. 3
- 4 Missouri, Mr. McCargo's, \$300 P. at Tree Hill, Va., and \$300 P. at Fairfield, Va., both two mile heats, and \$270 S. and \$400 P. both mile heats at Augusta, Ga. 4
- 4 Nick-of-the-Woods, Mr. Phelps's, \$250 P. three mile heats at Rocky Mount, Virginia, 1
- 4 Proof Sheet, Mr. J. Kimball's, \$300 P. three mile heats at St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. Thompson's, \$200 P. mile heats at Fort Smith, Ark. 2
- a Rival, Mr. Yarker's, £90 P. and £34 P. two mile heats at Montreal, L. C., £240 P. two mile heats at Quebec, L. C. and £50 P. mile heats at Toronto, U. C. 4
- 4 Rocker, Mr. Maclin's, \$125 S. three mile heats at Tree Hill, Va. 1
- 4 Sandusky, Mr. J. C. Goode's, \$200 S. two mile heats at Fairfield, Va. 1

- 3 Seminole, Mr. R. L. Stevens', \$350 S. mile heats at Union Course, L. I. . . . 1
 5 Stockton, Mr. E. J. Wilson's, \$500 P. four mile heats at Southampton, Va.,
 \$200 P., and \$200 P. at Norfolk, Va., and \$200 P. at Greenwood, N. C.,
 all two mile heats 4
 3 Sufferer, Mr. R. L. Stevens's, \$300 S. mile heats at Union Course, L. I.,
 and Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$500 P. two mile heats at Kendall Course, Md. . . . 2
 5 The Duke, Mr. J. H. Van Mater's, \$100 P. mile heats at Beacon Course, N. J. . . 1
 a Tom Moore, Mr. R. L. Stevens's, \$100 P. mile heats at Union Course, L. I. . . 1
 5 Victoria, Col. Wynn's, \$400 P. three mile heats at Franklin, Tenn. 1
 5 Victoria, Mr. L. P. Cheatham's, a Purse, mile heats at Florence, Ala. 1
 3 Zela, Mr. J. C. Stevens's, \$500 P. three mile heats at Beacon Course, N. J.,
 \$800 S. two mile heats at Union Course, L. I., and \$700 S. mile heats
 at Beacon Course, N. J. 3
 4 Chestnut Colt, Mr. Puryear's, \$100 P. mile heats at Christianville, Va. . . . 1

ECLIPSE LIGHTFOOT.

- 3 Black Sophia, Mr. Frost's, \$300 S. mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. 1
 3 Trenton, Mr. J. H. Van Mater's, \$300 P. two mile heat, at Union Course, L.
 I., and \$700 S. mile heats at Beacon Course, N. J. 2

EMILIUS.

- 4 Emily, (imported,) Col. Hampton's, \$500 P. three mile heats at Columbia,
 S. C., \$700 P. three mile heats at Augusta, Ga., and \$1100 S. two mile
 heats at Charleston, S. C. 3

EXPECTATION.

- 3 Diana, Mr. P. E. Duncan's, a Purse, mile heats at Newberry, S. C. 1

FALSTAFF.

- 3 Bay Filly, Gen. Thomas's, \$70 S. mile heats at Augusta, Ga. 1

FESTIVAL.

- 2 Balie Peyton, Mr. Tipton's, \$200 S. mile heats at Beans' Station, Tenn. . . . 1

FILHO-DA-PUTA.

- 4 Maria Black, (imported,) Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$2000 P. four mile heats,
 \$1000 P. three mile heats, at New Orleans, La., \$550 P. three mile heats
 and \$300 P. two mile heats, at Selma, Ala. 4

FLAGELLATOR.

- 6 Franklin, Mr. Frost's, 500 P. four mile heats at St. Louis, Mo., and \$1000 S.
 two mile heats at Fayette, Mo. 2
 3 Rancopus, Mr. Frost's, \$150 S. mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. 1

FRANK.

- 2 Ebro, Mr. S. Davenport's, \$100 S. mile heats at Crab Orchard, Ky. 1
 4 Joshua Bell, Mr. Boswell's, \$3000 P. at New Orleans, La., and \$1000 P. at
 St. Francisville, La., four mile heats, \$1000 P., and \$750 P. two mile heats
 at New Orleans, La. 1
 4 Sally Harrison, Mr. L. M. Morris's, \$200 P. at Port Gibson, Miss., and \$200
 P. at Grand Gulf, Miss., both mile heats 2

FYLDE—(IMPORTED.)

- 3 Altorf, Mr. St. George Ambler's, \$1100 S. mile heats at Tree Hill, Va., and
 Mr. McCargo's \$400 S. two mile heats at Fairfield, Va., \$175 P. two
 mile heats at Christianville, Va., and \$1100 S. two mile heats at Au-
 gusta, Ga. 4
 4 Billy Townes, Mr. McCargo's \$500 P. four mile heats at Fairfield, Va. \$600
 P. three mile heats at Charleston, S. C., \$500 P. three mile heats at
 Broad Rock, Va., \$500 P. three mile heats at Warrenton, N. C., and
 \$400 P. two mile heats at Augusta, Ga. 5
 4 John Maffitt, Mr. L. Coch's, \$200 P. two mile heats at Jackson, Tenn. . . . 1
 3 Matoaca, Mr. Hicks's, \$300 S. mile heats at Lawrenceville, Va. 1
 4 Steel, Mr. McCargo's, \$1000 P. at Charleston, S. C., and \$600 P. at Tree
 Hill, Va. both four mile heats, and \$2300 S. at Augusta, Ga., and \$250
 P. at Broad Rock, Va. both two mile heats 4
 4 Tom Thurman, Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$400 P. two mile heats at Greensboro',
 Ala. 1
 3 Bay Colt, Mr. Gregory's, \$500 S. two mile heats at Columbus, Miss. 1
 3 Bay Colt, Mr. McCargo's, \$800 S. mile heats at Fairfield, Va. 1
 4 Bay Filly, Mr. E. Townes', \$300 S. mile heats at Warrenton, N. C. 1

- 3 Bay Filly, Col. L. P. Cheatham's, a Purse, mile heats at Tuscumbia, Ala. . . 1
GILES SCROGGINS.
- 4 Sam Johnson, Mr. McDaniel's, \$200 P. at Lynchburg, Va. and Mr. Arrington's, \$200 P. at Greenwood, N. C. both two mile heats. 2
- 3 Chestnut Colt, Mr. W. Barnes', \$400 S. mile heats at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. 1
GODOLPHIN.
- 4 Ellen Percy, Mr. McRa's, \$400 P. mile heats, at Columbia, S. C. 1
- 3 Enoree, Gen. Shelton's, \$150 S. mile heats, at Unionville, S. C. 1
GOHANNA.
- 4 Mary Tyler, Mr. J. M. Botts', \$100 S. two mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va. . . . 1
- 3 Wolf, Col. Kenan's, \$500 S. mile heats, at Milledgeville, Ga. 1
- 3 Grey Filly, Mr. J. M. Botts', \$975 S. mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va. 1
GOLIAH.
- 3 Betsey Coleman, Col. W. L. White's, \$1750 S. mile heats, at Fairfield, Va. 1
- 3 Jack Pendleton, Col. W. L. White's, \$200 P. and \$200 S. two mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va., \$1000 S. mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va., and \$500 S. mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va. 4
- 3 Melicent, Judge Barbour's, \$250 S. at Culpeper C. H. Va., \$100 P. at Warrenton Springs, Va., and \$150 S. at Charlestown, Va., all mile heats. 3
- 3 Bay Filly, Col. W. L. White's, \$300 S. mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va. 1
GRANBY.
- 2 Chestnut Filly, Mr. Bonner's, \$900 S. mile heats, at Alexandria, La. 1
HAVOC.
- 4 Lorinda, Mr. Starke's, \$400 S. two mile heats, \$300 P., \$300 P., and \$300 S. mile heats, all at Columbus, Miss. 4
HEDGEFORD—(IMPORTED.)
- 4 Duane, Mr. McCargo's, \$600 P. at Tree Hill, Va., and \$1000 P. at Central Course, Md., both four mile heats, \$300 P. at Fairfield, Va., and \$250 P. at Broad Rock, Va., both two mile heats. 4
- 3 Elpinice, Mr. P. N. Edgar's, \$100 S. mile heats, at Mecklenburg, Va. . . . 1
- 3 Ibarra, Col. Sandford's, \$1500 S. two mile heats, at Milledgeville, Ga. . . . 1
- 4 Molly Ward, Mr. McCargo's, \$500 P. at Lynchburg, Va., and \$400 P. at Danville, Va., both three mile heats. 2
- 3 Bay Filly, Mr. McCargo's, \$50 S. mile heats, at Mecklenburg, Va. 1
HENRY.
- 5 Borodino, Payne & Sanford's, \$200 P. two mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. . . 1
- 5 Decatur, Mr. Neill's, \$10,000, S. at Washington, D. C., \$1000 P. at Union Course, L. I., and \$1000 P. at Beacon Course, N. J.; all four mile heats, 3
- 4 Gerow, Hammond & Lovell's, \$800 P. and \$1000 P. at Milledgeville, Ga. and \$700 P. at Macon, Ga.; all four mile heats; and \$500 P. three mile heats, at Macon, Ga. 4
- a Henry Archy, Mr. Musick's, \$150 P. mile heats at Peoria, Ill. 1
- 5 Henry Moore, Mr. R. L. Stevens', \$500 P. three mile heats at Union Course, L. I. 1
- 5 Master Henry, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$300 P. at Frederick, Md. \$300 P. at Warrenton Springs, Va.; both four mile heats; and \$300 P. three mile heats at Camden, N. J. 3
- 3 Miracle, Mr. J. C. Stevens', \$150 S. two mile heats, at Union Course, L. I. 1
- 5 Nimrod, Mr. Bradhurst's, \$250 S. mile heats at Centreville, L. I. 1
- 5 Sally Van Dyke, Hammond & Lovell's, \$350 P. two mile heats at Macon, Ga. 1
HEPHESTION.
- Charlotte Hill, Mr. Shelby Smith's, \$800 P. four mile heats at Houston, Texas 1
- 5 Keph, Mr. J. K. Duke's, \$1000 P. four mile heats at Louisville, Ky. 1
HUMPHREY CLINKER.
- 3 Miss Clinker, (imported) Col. Richardson's, \$125 S. two mile heats at Fulton, S. C. 1
HYAZIM.
- 3 Bunckum, Hammond & Lovell's, \$200 P. mile heats at Milledgeville, Ga. 1
INDUSTRY.
- 6 Atalanta, Col. Johnson's, \$700 P. at Petersburg, Va. and \$1000 P. at Union Course, L. I. both four mile heats; \$500 P. at Beacon Course, N. J.

- \$500 P. at Union Course, L. I. ; and \$500 P. at Beacon Course, N. J. all three mile heats. 5
- 6 Cippus, Mr. Garrison's, \$700 S. four mile heats at Kendall Course, Md. ; \$400 P. at Norfolk, Va. and \$500 P. at Washington, D. C., both three mile heats. 3
- 6 Glorvina, Mr. Garrison's, \$700 P. three mile heats at Mobile, Ala. and \$1000 P. two mile heats at New Orleans, La. 2
- 6 Prince George, Dr. Duvall's, \$500 P. at Upper Marlboro, Md. and \$1000 P. at Washington, D. C. both four mile heats. 2
- 4 Bay Colt, Mr. Sappho's, \$300 P. two mile heats at Warrenton Springs, Va. 1
- JACK DOWNING.
- 6 Experiment, Mr. D. Thompson's, \$200 P. two mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. and \$25 P. mile heats at Fort Smith, Ark. 2
- JACKSON.
- 3 Chestnut colt, Mr. J. L. White's, \$100 S. mile heats at Danville, Va. 1
- JEFFERSON.
- 5 Betsey Watson, Mr. Alexander, \$200 P. at Clarksville, Tenn. and \$225 P. at Little Rock, Ark, both mile heats. 2
- 4 Eudora, Mr. Alexander's, \$100 P. at Clarksville, Tenn., \$175 P. and \$100 P. at Little Rock, Ark. ; all mile heats. 3
- JERRY.
- 5 Merino Ewe, Col. J. Long's, \$1000 P. four mile heats at Tuscaloosa, Ala. \$275 P. three mile heats at Springfield, Ala. and \$300 P. two mile heats at Livingston, Ala. 3
- JOHN RICHARDS.
- 5 Ione, Mr. Edmonson's, \$300 P. two mile heats, and \$400 P. mile heats at Milledgeville, Ga. 2
- 5 Medora, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$100 P. mile heats at Camden, N. J. 1
- KING WILLIAM.
- 6 Sergeant McDonald, Mr. McDowall's, \$200 P. at Limestone Springs, S. C. and \$150 P. at Unionville, S. C., both mile heats. 2
- KOSCIUSKO
- 4 Limber John, Mr. S. Burbridge's, \$100 P. at Elkhorn, Ky. and a Purse at Carrolton, Ky. ; both mile heats. 2
- LANCE.
- 5 Blacklock, Mr. Magruder's, \$200 S. mile heats at Grand Gulf, Miss. 1
- 3 Charles Carter, Mr. McCargo's, \$500 P. at Central Course, Md., and \$500 P. at Fredericksburg, Va., both three mile heats, and \$300 P. two mile heats at Tree Hill, Va. 3
- 6 Shepherdess, Mr. D. Abbot's, \$100 P. and \$100 P. mile heats at Union Course, L. I. 2
- 2 Swiss Boy, Mr. J. Frost's, \$250 S. mile heats at St. Louis, Mo. 1
- 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Sinclair's, \$100 P. two mile heats, at Newport, Ky. 1
- LEBAU.
- 6 Duroc, Mr. Cunningham's, \$100 P. mile heats at Quebec, L. C. 1
- LEOPOLD.
- 3 Rights of Man, Dr. Darcy's, \$300 P. three mile heats at Peoria, Ill. 1
- LEVIATHAN—(IMPORTED.)
- 6 Angora, Col. Bingaman's, \$500 P. three mile heats at Port Gibson, Miss. \$1000 P. two mile heats at New Orleans, La. and forfeit of 500 bales of cotton in a match, two mile heats, at Natchez. 3
- 4 Authentic, Col. V. Johnston's \$300 P., and \$500 P. mile heats at Montgomery, Ala. 2
- 3 Bee's-wing, Mr. T. J. Wells', \$5000 S. four mile heats, \$1500 P. three mile heats, at New Orleans, La. \$200 P. at Columbus, Miss. and \$150 P. at Franklin, Tenn., both two mile heats ; \$500 S. at Nashville, Tenn. and \$300 S. at Columbus, Miss., both mile heats. 6
- 2 Bloody Nathan, Huntsman & Miller's, \$350 S. and \$600 S. mile heats at Jackson, Tenn. 2
- 3 Bob Long, Mr. W. Pryor's, \$300 P. mile heats at Port Gibson, Miss. 1
- 2 Capt. McHeath, Col. Bingaman's, \$700 S. at Plaquemine, La. \$500 S. at Natchez, Miss., and \$250 P. at New Orleans, La., all mile heats. 3
- 4 Catharine Barry, Mr. Malone's, \$300 P. mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. 1

4	Chesapeake, Mr. P. E. Duncan's, \$300 P. at Limestone Springs, S. C. \$220 P. at Greenville, C. H., S. C., \$200 at Unionville, S. C., and a Purse at Pendleton, S. C., all two mile heats.	4
3	Cleopatra, Mr. Long's, \$600 S. at Greensboro', Ala. and \$200 P. at Livingston, Ala. both mile heats.	2
2	Doctor Duncan, Col. Guild's, \$500 S., mile heats, at Gallatin, Tenn.	1
4	Exotic, Mr. J. Jackson's, \$1000 S. four mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. and \$400 P. three mile heats at Gallatin, Tenn.	2
5	Extio, Mr. T. J. Wells', \$5000 S. four mile heats at Natchez, Miss. and \$800 P. three mile heats at Alexandria, La.	2
3	Isaac Shelby, Mr. L. Phelps', \$200 S. at Danville, Va. and \$400 S. at Warrenton, N. C., both mile heats.	2
3	Jane Elliott, Mr. J. F. Miller's, \$250 P. mile heats at New Orleans, La. ...	1
5	John F. Miller, Mr. M. Wells', \$350 P. two mile heats, and \$100 P. mile heats at Opelousas, La.	2
3	Lavinia, Col. Smith's, \$1000 S. at Natchez, Miss., \$250 S. at St. Francisville, La. \$100 S. and \$22 S. at Murfreesboro', Tenn., \$150 P. at Nashville, Tenn., \$300 P. and \$100 P. at Mobile, Ala. all mile heats.	7
5	Levinia Rudd, Capt. Scruggs', \$325 P. two mile heats at Bean's Station, Tenn.	1
5	Lilac, Hon. A. Barrow's, \$600 P. mile heats at New Orleans, La.	1
6	Linnet, Mr. T. J. Wells', \$2000 P. four mile heats at New Orleans, \$10,000 S. three mile heats at Natchez, Miss., \$600 P. three mile heats at St. Francisville, La. and \$500 P. two mile heats at Alexandria, La.	4
3	Lynedoch, Mr. L. J. Polk's, \$1250 S. and \$200 P. two mile heats at Mount Pleasant, Tenn.	2
2	Martha Malone, Col. Bingaman's, \$2700 S. and \$600 S. at New Orleans, La. all mile heats.	2
2	Meeky Smith, Col. Smith's, \$100 S., mile heats at Murfreesboro', Tenn. ..	1
5	Naked Truth, Col. Bingaman's, \$1200 P. four mile heats at Natchez, Miss.	1
6	Othello, Ragland & Davis', \$700 P. four mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. and \$500 P. three mile heats at Tusculumbia, Ala.	2
3	Pete Whetstone, Col. Smith's, \$3000 S. and \$600 P. four mile heats at Columbus, Miss., \$400 P. two mile heats at Natchez, Miss., \$150 S. at Murfreesboro', Tenn., \$150 P. at Vicksburg, Miss., and a Purse at Natchez, Miss., all mile heats.	6
3	Queen of Trumps, Mr. T. J. Wells', \$600 P. four mile heats, and \$1100 S. two mile heats at Gallatin, Tenn., and \$200 P. two mile heats at Nashville. Tenn.	3
4	Sarah Bladen, Mr. J. Jackson's, \$5000 S. four mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. and Col. Bingaman's \$1000 P. two mile heats at New Orleans, La.	2
4	Sally McCall, Smith & Head's, \$500 P. three mile heats at Tuscaloosa, Ala.	1
4	Scipio, Ragland & Davis', \$500 P. at Nashville, Tenn., \$440 P. at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., and \$680 P. at Huntsville, Ala., all three mile heats. ...	3
4	The Poney, Mr. J. Jackson's, \$500 P. three mile heats, and Mr. T. J. Wells' \$300 P. three mile heats at Nashville, Tenn., and \$200 P. two mile heats at Franklin, Tenn., and \$600 P. mile heats at New Orleans, La.	4
3	Tishimingo, Col. Bingaman's, \$2250 S. at Natchez, Miss., and \$300 P. at Tuscaloosa, Ala., both two mile heats; \$500 P. and \$600 P. mile heats at New Orleans, La.	4
3	Vashti, Mr. McDaniel's, \$1000 P. four mile heats at Raleigh, N. C., \$300 P. three mile heats at Nashville, N. C., and \$300 S. mile heats at Warrenton, N. C.	3
4	Virginia Overton, Mr. Gills', \$300 P. two mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. .	1
5	Zelina, Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$800 P. at Selma, Ala. and \$2000 P. at New Orleans, La., both four mile heats, \$700 P. at Montgomery, Ala., \$400 P. at Columbus, Miss., \$1200 P. and \$1000 P. at New Orleans, La., all three mile heats; and \$1000 P. two mile heats at New Orleans, La. ...	7
4	Chestnut Filly, Mr. B. Williams', a Purse, mile heats at Nashville, Tenn. ..	1
3	Chestnut Filly, Col. Smith's, \$150 P. mile heats at Nashville, Tenn.	1

[To be continued.]

Notes of the Month.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

THE "PEYTON" STAKES.—The first day of the year of grace, 1839, will be memorable in the annals of the American Turf, as that upon which closed the most splendid Produce Stake known in this country or Europe. We allude, of course, to the one projected by the Hon. Balie Peyton, to come off at Nashville, Tenn., in the Fall of 1843, and to which there are thirty subscribers at \$5,000 each, \$1,000 forfeit. The stake is to be run for by colts and fillies dropped in the Spring of the present year—the distance, four mile heats. The nominations comprise the produce of the most distinguished brood mares in the Union, as well as the most fashionable stallions, both native and imported. The subscribers are not confined to any particular section of the country; the State of Louisiana furnishes five, Tennessee seven, Alabama four, Virginia five, Mississippi three, South Carolina two, North Carolina two, Kentucky one, and Maryland one.

KENTUCKY STAKE FOR ALL AGES.—A sweepstakes for all ages, to come off at Louisville, Ky., at the ensuing October meeting, over the Oakland Course, promises to be a strong feature in the sporting events of 1839. It closed on the 1st day of January with ten subscribers, at \$2,000 each, half forfeit. It is a race that will test the ideas of perpetual motion entertained by several young ones that are deemed "cracks" in their own countries. Kentucky comes into the field like a strong man armed, with Grey Eagle, Mary Vaughan, Queen Mary, Tarlton, Hawk-eye, Musedora and Occident; the Old Dominion is represented by Picton and Billy Townes, and Wagner is the proud representative of Louisiana, the land of his adoption.

BULL *versus* JONATHAN.—The subject of the National Match between England and America is exciting considerable attention in both hemispheres. "Bell's Life in London," the accredited organ of the British Sporting World, has published every thing in relation to it which has appeared in the "Spirit of the Times," and though the editor acts upon the "non-committal" principle, in the expression of his views upon the subject, he evidently regards it with a great degree of interest. The American Turf will be strongly represented abroad the ensuing season, and if a joust in the spirit of honest rivalry, between John Bull and Brother Jonathan is not the consequence, it will not be owing to the latter's refusing to *make play*. It is understood that Mr. Henry A. Tayloe, of Alabama, and Mr. John C. Stevens, of New York, visit England in the course of the present Spring; and there is an *on dit* afloat to the same effect of "N. of Arkansas," and Mr. Allen J. Davie of Tennessee; Capt. Stockton, of New Jersey, Mr. Samuel M. Neill, of New York, and Col. Heth and Mr. Francis P. Corbin, of Virginia, are now in London. Could the American

Sporting World find representatives more chivalrous, staunch, and spirited ?

MATCHES.—We are called upon to record several important Matches which have been concluded since the last publication of this Magazine ; the amounts for which many of them are made, indicate a pretty “wholesome state of the currency”—“for a new country!”

T. T. Tunstall and Col. C. F. M. Noland, named *Charline* vs. Mr. David Thompson's *Fent Noland*, for \$2,000 a side, h. ft., two mile heats; to come off at Van Buren, Arks., in March. The same parties also named *Whip* vs. *Fent Noland*, for \$1,000 a side, mile heats, to come off in the Fall. Mr. Thompson has pd. ft. in both matches.

Greer and Simmons named *Willina Herndon* vs. J. Shy's *Barbara Allan*, for \$2,500 a side, h. ft., two mile heats, to come off over the Bascombe Course, Mobile, Ala., first Spring meeting of 1839. It was “no go.” Who paid?

James G. McKinney, Esq. names *Catholic* vs. Mr. T. Van Swearingen's (R. Pindell's) *Abram D.*, for \$2,000 a side, h. ft.,—heats, to come off over the Association Course, Lexington, Ky., Fall of 1840.

Col. Thomas Watson named (Thos. J. Wells') *The Poney*, vs. Mr. D. Stephenson's *Melzare*, for \$10,000 a side, \$3,000 ft., four mile heats, to come off over the Bascombe Course, Mobile, on 11th March. Won by *The Poney*; see Racing Calendar.

Capt. Noe names *Binney* vs. Col. Howe's *Wild Bill*, for \$10,000 a side, — heats, to come off over the Clifton Course, Miss., 10th April.

John C. Rodgers & Co. name (E. J. Wilson's) *Portsmouth* vs. Col. Johnson's (N. Rives') *Boston*, for \$10,000 a side, — ft., two mile heats, to come off over the Newmarket Course, Petersburg, Va., on 16th April. The same parties also name *The Queen* vs. *Boston*, for \$10,000 a side, two mile heats, to come off over the State Course, Raleigh, N. C., ten days subsequent to the first match.

Mr. Abner Robinson names *Boston* vs. *Any 3 yr. old of the get of imp. Leviathan* not on the Turf previous to March 15,—to be named at the post by Mr. Thomas J. Wells, on the 1st Wednesday in Dec. next, on one of the courses at New Orleans, for \$10,000 a side, h. ft., four mile heats.

PROSPECTS OF THE TURF.—It is gratifying to remark indications throughout the country of the increasing interest felt in the manly Sports of the Turf. Jockey Clubs are organizing, new Race-Courses are being laid out, and gentlemen of character, wealth, and spirit, are daily investing capital in thorough bred stock. The establishment of every new course or club adds a certain per centage to the value of racing stock, and Breeders never had half the inducements to “persevere in well doing” which are now offered. Stock of fashionable blood, whether on or off the turf, never brought such long prices as are now paid—a fact which the list of sales in this Number will demonstrate beyond a doubt.

NEW COURSES.—Among the courses lately laid out or revived, is that at Wheeling, Va.; Maj. John E. Norvell, the proprietor of the

Charlestown Course, is engaged upon it, and will have it in readiness for a meeting during the ensuing month. Three new courses have been laid out and clubs organized within three months, in the single State of Arkansas! Who can say that this is not owing mainly to the exertions of "N," the "Captain," and "Pete Whetstone?"—Messrs. Dorsey & Boyle, of La., and Mr. A. G. Watts, of Ky., have leased the old track at Bardstown, Ky., and promise to make it one of the most attractive in the State. Eighty-seven subscribers to the Club were obtained in three days after a book was opened. Efforts are making to establish a course at Fayetteville, N. C., and from the fact that several gentlemen of spirit have undertaken to carry the project into effect, we anticipate entire success. Another new course is already laid out at Waynesborough, in the same State. A gentleman writes, that when he last saw the subscription book there were above thirty subscribers, some at \$50 per annum for five years, and none under \$10. The Savannah (Ga.) course is about to be revived.

CHALLENGES.—There is a district in East Tennessee, in which, when a man breeds a good colt, the way he is inclined to "roll and tumble" is excruciating! It is rather cautionary, too, to hear a Hinds County Mississippian "cavort" when he gets hold of "a singed cat" in the shape of a quarter horse, but to see a racer of tackies "rise and shine" in all his glory, you must just drop into Arkansas! He can beat "any thing alive and above ground," between June and Jericho, any how you can fix it! With these "turfmen," however, we have nothing to do at this present writing, though we shall take occasion to select a specimen of their Bulletins one of these days as "a caution" to the "knowing ones" on the other side of the Atlantic. The months of January and February have been rife with challenges of every kind and description—from gander-pulling and killing rats, to singing Zip Coon and catching lobsters—from boat rowing and rifle shooting, to showing Mules and growing mutton—from trotting in harness to running four mile heats. We hasten to note a few of the most important:—

Mr. James S. Garrison offered to run (J. Campbell's) *Wagner* vs. the World, for \$20,000, half forfeit, (or as much more as the acceptor might please), a race of four mile heats over the Metarie course, New Orleans, on the 25th of March. This was dated December 1st, and remained open until the 15th January. It was not accepted.

Mr. John Connally offers to run *Gander* (a half brother to John Bascombe) a race of four mile heats vs. any horse, mare or gelding in the United States, for \$5,000 a side, h. ft., over the North Alabama Association Course at Huntsville, in the month of June ensuing.

Mr. Harvey Richards offered to trot his horse *Bird*, over the the Metarie Course, New Orleans, three mile heats in harness for from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a side, each, h. ft., against any other horse in the State of Louisiana. This challenge, dated Dec. 12, remained open ten days. Accepted by *Confidence* and won.

Mr. B. B. Uzzell offers to name four horses bred by him vs. any four horses bred and owned by any citizen of the States of Missouri, Illinois, or Arkansas, to run a race of 440 yards, 600 yards, one mile, and two miles, for \$500 a side, each match, P. P.;—the races to come

off in September next, over one of the St. Louis Courses. Dated Dec. 20, and open for acceptance until the first of May.

Mr. Samuel Gray offers to run *Eudora*, one or two mile heats, vs. any horse, mare, or gelding in the Union, for from \$2000 to \$5000, aside, over the Washington Course, Arkansas. Dated Feb. 1st, and open for acceptance until the 1st of June.

OBITUARY OF STALLIONS.—Mr. John Sims, of Mount Laurel, Va. lost his fine young stallion *Charles Carter*, on the 12th of March, of inflammation in the throat. Carter was a son of Lance who died last year, out of a mare by Clay's Sir William, and would have been 6 yrs. old in May. He broke down in a race with *Boston*, on the 1st of June last, in running four miles heats over the Union Course, Long Island. Charles Carter with 114 lbs. on his back run the first three miles in 5:36 1-2; soon after passing the stand on the fourth, he gave way in one of his fore legs. Boston won the heat in 7:40—the best time made in America since *Henry* ran over the same course in 7:37, in his match with *Eclipse*, which the latter won.

John Stanley, a horse well known in Georgia as a stallion, died suddenly at Warrenton, on the 15th of March. He was 21 years old this spring:—a bay, got by Sir Hal, out of Ariadne.

THE NEW JERSEY CRUSADE.—One of the most malicious and silly attempts to interfere with “the manly sports of a free people” (we quote his late Majesty, William IV.) was that made recently by a clique of the Ebenezer-temperance-society-men of Gloucester County, who had the assurance to introduce a bill into the Legislature of that State for the prohibition of racing! The petitioners amounted to some dozen or two, including old ladies, led on by the very smallest pattern of an honest man known in modern, or probably in ancient, history. The bill was kicked out of the Assembly, and the petitioners have made themselves “pretty considerably” scarce!

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK. We are obliged to omit in this number the sales of stock made since the 1st. of January, as the list would occupy several pages. We are gratified in being able to convey to Breeders generally the assurance that fashionably bred stock never brought higher prices, notwithstanding the sad pecuniary embarrassment which has depressed almost everything else throughout the country. The next number of this Magazine will appear in the course of a few weeks, and in the meantime we shall make every exertion to collate a full and accurate list of the blood sales in every State between “the Disputed territory” and Texas.

SALES OF FINE CATTLE, ETC.—Among the most prominent transactions of recent date, we may note the following:—

At a recent sale by auction at Tattersalls, New Orleans, of a lot of imported stock, Minor Kenner, Esq. bought a Roan Bull, yearling, by Hector, out of Avelina, for \$225. A White Bull, by Scrip, out of Augusta, was knocked down to Mr. Bruce, at \$175. A Roan Bull, half bred, 3 yrs. was sold to Mr. Waggaman for \$225.

Henry Clay, Jr. Esq., of Fayette County, Ky., recently sold his cow *Princess*, to Messrs. John & Richard Allen, of the same county, for \$2000.

William P. Curd, Esq., of Fayette County, purchased of Mr. John B. Bryant, of the Society of Shakers, Pleasant Hill, Mercer County, Ky., a few days ago, a pair of Berkshire Hogs, for \$500.

Thomas H. Clay, Esq., purchased at the sale of Mr. Thos. Smith, near Lexington, the improved short-horned Durham Calf *Grosvenor*, 2 yrs. old, for \$700. *Kirkpatrick*, formerly the property of Messrs. Offutt & Washington, of Scott county, was purchased at the same time by Messrs. Williams, Lewis & Viley, for \$600.

At the recent sale by auction of Mr. John H. Clopton's stock of Cattle, etc., near Nashville, Tenn. his jack *Trumpeter*, was sold for \$3000, to Messrs. W. Gowen & J. Kneeland, of Davison county. *Rachel*, a Jennet, sold for \$980, to D. Williams, Esq., of Nashville; another Jennet, and suckling, was purchased for \$705, by the same gentleman. *Eliza*, imported Durham cow, brought \$700, purchased by J. W. Clay, Esq., of Bel-air; a yearling calf out of her, called *John Bull*, was knocked down to H. P. Bostwick, Esq., of Williamson Co., at \$626.

William Gibbons, Esq., of Madison, N. J., has, at his stock farm opposite Elizabethtown, a great variety of very fine imported cattle, and their produce. An imported bull of his foaled March, 1835, and selected by Mr. Whittaker, without regard to price, will be sold in the Fall. This Bull, Mr. W. wrote, had no superior in England; he is, without exception, the finest animal of the kind that ever came under our notice. Dr. Poole of N. Brunswick, N. J., J. A. Hamilton, Esq., of Nevis, and C. H. Hall, Esq., of Harlem, near this city have also very superior herds of thorough bred cattle. We are gratified to observe that while the West and South are doing so much for the improvement of the breed of Cattle, Sheep and Hogs, the North is also determined to be "there or thereabouts." A number of public spirited citizens, scattered through each State North of the Potomac, have, for some years past, been using their influence and exertions to improve the breed and value of our stock, and we hail every additional importation and every additional experiment, as so much added to the actual and increasing wealth of the country. Stock raising affords certain compensation and sure profits. We have already made a good beginning, and it needs but a few years patience and perseverance, to enable us to realize all the benefits and prosperity attendant upon a course of well directed agricultural industry.

IMPORTATIONS OF GOOD STOCK.—Since the publication of the last number of this Magazine several large importations of stock have been made into Southern ports. Presuming that the different parties will register their respective lots ere long, at length, in the pages of this work, we give but a brief sketch of them.

The following lots were shipped at Liverpool on board the ship *Sea*, on account of Mr. Thos. Alderson and others, of Nashville, Tenn.—The stallion *Belshazzar*, Espersykes, [colt engaged in the Derby] Partridge and Fortuna (fillies in the Oaks,) Equity, b. f. 3 yrs.—Nanny Kilham, 4 yrs. stunted to The Saddler—Titsy, 6 yrs. stunted to Sheet

Anchor,—Black Bess—Br. f. foal by Tomboy, and Emu. Also the splendid Durham bull Cassius, (sold after his arrival to Messrs Jas. Jackson & L. J. Polk,) eight prize Sheep, and five Cows, all of the purest breed. These came out in charge of Mr. Thomas Flintoff, and were landed at New Orleans on the 27th Dec.

The same vessel brought out the following lot to Lucius J. Polk, Esq. of Mount Pleasant, Tenn., in Lorimer's charge:—The stallion Ainderby,—Jenny Mills, covered by Plenipo—Pledge, covered by The Colonel—Primrose, covered by Glaucus—Trinket, covered by The Colonel—Variella, covered by ditto, and two chesnut fillies, one of them a yearling by The Colonel out of Variella and the other a two yr. old by Recovery out of Primrose. Mr. P's agent also purchased for him the fine mare Lucy, own sister to Imp. Leviathan, but she could not be travelled to Liverpool in time to take passage with the others. To our regret we have to add that on her passage in a subsequent vessel, she was thrown overboard in a violent storm with ten or twelve others, belonging to different individuals. Lucy was insured, the others, we understand were not.

The Ship *Helen Brooks*, at New Orleans from Liverpool, brought out to R. D. Shepherd, Esq. of that city, a highly bred mare by Tramp, called Sally of the Valley, with a filly foal of at foot by Recovery. Also two well bred Ayrshire Cows with their calves.

The Ship *China*, brought out to Charleston, S. C. in January last, the following lots;—Portland, 4 yrs., Rosolio, 2 yrs., a B. F. by Mulatto out of Olinda, a Br. F. by St. Nicholas out of Mysinda, a Bl. C. by Cain or Actæon out of Panthea, a Br. m. 4 yrs. by Mambrino out of Clinkerina, stinted to Confederate, and a G. m. 5 yrs. by Velocipede, dam by Minos, stinted to The Saddler. Also two Bulls and two Heifers in calf, all Durhams. The lot was sold off at Auction during the Races.

The Ship *Henrietta*, at New Orleans from Liverpool, brought out the following lots;—B. f. by Trumpator out of Ringdove, yearling; Bl. f. by Olympus out of Proserpine, 4 yrs.; B. c. by Zinganeer or Priam out of Weeper's dam, 3 yrs.; Bl. m. by Revenue out of Eliza, 3 yrs., covered by Warlabay Baylock; B. f. by Tramp or Waverly out of Bamfylde Carew's dam, 3 yrs. Also three Durham Bulls. Two fillies and a calf were lost on the passage; this importation was sold at Auction at Tattersalls, New Orleans, on the 19th March.

RATTLER GONE TO ENGLAND!—It is probably known to very few of our readers, that the famous trotting horse *Rattler* left this port for Liverpool, on the 27th of February, in the ship "Nicholas Biddle," Capt. Hearn. He was accompanied by his old trainer, William Wheelan, so widely known as a capital jockey of trotting horses, whether going in harness or under the saddle. Wheelan and his charge made the passage in seventeen days. Lady, "the Birmingham mare," will now find a customer, and "the Phenomenon" will have an opportunity of showing what he can do "when put up."

RIFLE SHOOTING.—An Association was organized in this city on the 11th of Feb. under the title of "The New York Off Hand Rifle Club." It comprises already about twenty of "the crack shots of Gotham." In our next number we shall produce some targets.

TURF REGISTER.

Breeding stud of Maj. SAM'L RAGLAND, of Madison County, Ala.

No. 1. **BROWN MARE**, bred by the Hon. H. G. Burton of North Carolina (it is supposed) in 1825, got by Sir Archy, dam by Junius, g. d. by Citizen, g. g. d. Sultana, the produce of the Arabian horse and mare presented to President Jefferson by the Bey of Tunis, through his minister Melle Melle.

Her Produce.

1. **Brown horse OTHELLO**, bred in 1832; got by imp. horse Leviathan.

2. **Bay filly QUEEN OF DIAMONDS**, bred in 1833; got by imp. Leviathan.

3. **Bay filly**, (the property of Col. George Elliott) bred in 1834; got by imp. Leviathan.

4. **Bay colt**, bred in 1835, by imp. Leviathan—[dead.]

In 1836 missed to Leviathan.

5. **Brown colt**, bred in 1838, by imp. Glencoe—dam again in foal to imp. Glencoe.

No. 2. **PARROTT**, a bay mare bred by the Hon. John Randolph of Roanoke, foaled in 1825; got by Roanoke out of Paroquet, by imp. Merryfield; Paroquet's dam was an imported mare, got by Popinjay; he out of Bourbon's dam, by imp. Precipitate.

Her Produce.

1. **Bay colt**, bred in 1836; got by imp. Leviathan.

2. **Bay filly**, bred in 1837; got by imp. Consol. Missed in 1838, to imp. Glencoe, and again stunted to him.

No. 3. **POLLY BALOO**, a bay roan mare, bred by Col. David Dancy; got by old Timoleon (Dancy's) her dam by Potomac; she out of the Maid of the Mill, by Gim Crack or Randolph's roan Protector—Goode's old Twig—Lee's old Mark Anthony.

Her Produce.

1. **Chesnut colt**, bred in 1834; got Old Bertrand, (Hutchcraft's.)

2. **Bay roan filly**, bred in 1836; got by imp. Luzborough.

3. **Bay roan colt**, bred in 1838; got by imp. Leviathan—dam again stunted to imp. Luzborough.

No. 4. **FANNY DADE**, a chesnut mare, bred by Mr. Dade, formerly of Virginia; got by Gracchus.

Her Produce.

1. **Chesnut filly**, bred in 1834; got

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by Rob Roy. (Randolph's) owned by Win. H. Blackwell, of Limestone County, Alabama.

2. **Chesnut filly**, bred in 1836; got by imp. Luzborough.

3. **Chesnut filly**, bred in 1838; got by imp. Glencoe.

No. 5. **BLACK MARE**, foaled in 1832, bred by Col. David Dancy; got by St. Cloud, he by Timoleon.

Her Produce.

1. **A black filly**, foaled in 1837, got by Malcolm—he by Sir Charles.

No. 6. **URGANDA**, (imp.) a brown mare bred by Lord Derby in 1821; got by Milo, her dam by Sorcerer, g. d. by Sir Solomon, g. g. d. by Young Marske.

Her Produce.

1829. **Br. f.** by Whisker.—Lord Derby

1830. **Twins** by Lottery, (dead.) “

1831. **B. c.** by Sir Peter Lely. “

1832. **B. c.** Acanthus by Langar. “

1834. **B. c.** by Felt.—Ld. Stanley.

1835. **B. c.** by Humphrey Clinker.* }

1836. ————— by Recovery.* }

*Mr. E. H. Boardman.

1827. Missed to Friend Ned.

1828. To Gen. Mina—barren in 1833, and brought to the United States in August 1835, with her foal, which died after landing.

1837. **Bay colt**, by imp. Consol, (dead.) —missed in 1838 and 1839.

No. 7. **SALLY PAYNE**, a chesnut mare, foaled in 1826; got by Grey Tail, he by Ball's Florizel, &c.; her dam was got by Sir Archy, g. d. by Old Pacolet, g. g. d. by Wildair, &c. &c. &c.

Her Produce.

1. **Bay filly**, bred in 1835, by Wild Bill.

2. **Sorrel filly**, bred in 1836—by do.

3. **Sorrel colt**, foaled 1837—by imp. Consol, (dead.)

4. **Bay colt**, foaled 1839—by imp. Consol.; dam missed in 1838.

Bay filly, LADY SHERBROOK, foaled at sea, in 1837; got by Priam, before leaving England; dam, bay mare (bred by Mr. Burgess in 1824, and imported by E. H. Boardman, Esq. in 1837,) got by Woful, out of Allegretta, by Trumpator, g. d. young Camilla, by Woodpecker, &c.

Dark brown filly, bred in 1837—by Blevins & Kinkie; got by imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville, full sister to John Bascombe, by Bertrand; g. d., Grey Goose by Pacolet, &c.

NOTE.—Bay colt, the produce of mare Urganda, by Peter Lely, was imported into the United States in 1835, was purchased and taken to Kentucky, where he made one or two seasons, and died the property of the Hon. Henry Clay: he was named *Derby*.

SAW'L RAGLAND.

Athens, Limestone Co., Ala., March 1, 1839.

Blooded Stock of IVERSON & BONNER, Columbus, Ga. Feb. 22d, 1839.

No. 1. *Black mare*, 13 years old; by Timoleon, dam by Florizel, g. d. by the imp. horse Druid, g. g. d. by President, g. g. g. d. by Hyder Aly; certified to by Doct. Stephen Davis, of Warrenton, N. C. In foal to John Bascombe, and will go to imp. Tranby this spring.

No. 2. *Brown mare*, 10 years old; by Randolph's Roanoke, dam by imp. Bluster, g. d. by Wyley's Marske, g. g. d. by Bellair, g. g. g. d. by Fearnought, &c. Certified to by Mr. Booker Foster, of Prince Edward county, Va. In foal to John Bascombe, and will go to imp. Tranby this spring.

No. 3. *LADY JANE*, chesnut mare, 10 years old, by Meander; dam by Bryant's Diomed, g. d. by Little Quicksilver, g. g. d. by Old Union, g. g. g. d. by Tippoo Saib, who was by the imp. horse Lathe out of the dam of Celar; Meander was by Col. Elliott's Top Gallant, he by Old Gallatin; Meander's dam was by Gen. Jackson's Truxton, who was by imp. Diomed, out of Nancy Coleman; she by Warning, and he by Old Fearnought, out of a double Janus mare. Bryant's Diomed was by the celebrated horse Hambletonian, his dam by old Shark. Little Quicksilver, owned by Col. Wm. Buford, was by Old Quicksilver, who was by imp. Bedford; Union was by imp. Shakspeare, dam by Nonpareil; his dam the imp. mare Pocahontas; Nonpareil by Fearnought, &c. Certified to by Mr. P. Thornton, of Va., and by G. W. Hopkins, of whom Mr. Thornton purchased her. In foal to imp. Hedgeford.

No. 4. *Bay mare*, 6 years old, by Old Bertrand, dam by Tiger, out of the dam of Black Eyed Susan, the dam of Richard Singleton, Plato, and Missetoe, all good runners. In foal to Linwood, and will go to imp. Tranby this spring.

No. 5. *CHARITY*, sorrel mare, 6 years old, by Jackson; dam by Cook's Whip—in foal to Linwood.

No. 6. *BETSEY BAKER*, bay mare, 4 years old; by Herr Cline, dam by Whip. In foal to Linwood.

No. 7. *LADY MARGARET*, black mare, 7 years old; by Sumpter, her dam by

Durnaby's Diomed, (he by old Hambletonian) g. d. by Gatewood's Shark, (he by imp. Shark) g. g. d. by Carneal's Gegraffin, (he by Wild Medley.) Certified to by Mr. Wm. Moreland, of Bourbon county, Kentucky. Lady Margaret was sold last spring to Mr. George W. Jones, of Muscogee county, Geo. She has a fine filly by Robin Hood, one year old this spring, and is now in foal to Linwood.

No. 8. *PRINCE EDWARD*, bay horse, 5 years old; by Sir Charles, out of the dam of No. 2.

No. 9. *MAJOR DADE*, brown horse, 4 years old; by Sir Charles, out of No. 2.

No. 10. *LIEUT. BASSINGER*, black colt, 3 years old; by imp. Fylde, out of No. 2.

No. 11. *COUNT ZALDIVAR*, chesnut colt, 3 years old; by Andrew, out of No. 1.

No. 12. *LINWOOD*, chesnut horse, 4 years old, by Wild Bill; his dam was by Old Pacolet, g. d. by imp. Diomed, g. g. d. by Wildair, g. g. g. d. by Old Shark. Certified to by Mr. John Blevins, of Huntsville, Ala., and Mr. H. Bell.

No. 13. *MARIA REEVES*, bay mare, 4 years old; by Wild Bill, her dam by Timoleon, g. d. by Diomed. Certified to by Mr. Wm. Flemming, of Madison county, Ala. She will go to imp. Tranby this spring.

No. 14. *Chesnut filly*, one year old; by Bertrand, Jr. out of No. 5.

No. 15. *Chesnut filly*, one year old this spring; by Robin Hood, out of No. 3.

S. R. BONNER.

Columbus, Ga., Feb. 26th, 1839.

Stud of Mr. EDMUND BACON. New Design, Ky.

No. 1. *MINERVA*, by Contention (son of Sir Archy), her dam by Old Pacolet, gr. d. by Gray-tail or Florzel, g. g. d. by second Diomed, who was by Old imp. Diomed; his dam by Clockfast, g. d. by Old Partner,—Regulus; g. g. d. by Wildair, g. g. g. d. by Sampson Sawyer's Old Midge, by Fearnought.

The race mare, *Proserpine*, is out of the above stock; also, Sophey Clay by Sir William; also, Ephraim H. Foster by Sir Richard; also, Roderick Dhu by Merlin, now running in the South. Mr. L. P. Cheatham has a 2 yr. old filly, by imp. Luzborough, out of the above stock, which is engaged in a large sweepstake, (18 entries at \$500 each).

I have this day sold the above mare to Mr. Edmund Bacon, now heay in foal, by the imp. horse Philip. Said mare is 6 yrs. old this spring. THOS. A. PANEX.

No. 2. *ELLEN PUCKETT*, gray, by Sir Richard (son of Old Pacolet), dam by

"Stockholder (by Sir Archy), g. dam by Conqueror, he by imp. Wonder. Conqueror's dam by imp. Saltram, g. dam by imp. Daredevil, g. g. dam by imp. Pantaloon. See B. and Am. Stud Book, p. 1063—g. g. dam by Brinkley's Peacock. Messrs. Gitton & Crow purchased a colt, by Sir Richard, of Mr. Puckett, which was out of an own sister to the g. dam of Ellen Puckett, which colt was a winner, and sold for \$4,000. Ellen Puckett's produced a colt last spring, by Rattler, that was exhibited at Nashville last fall and received the silver cup as the finest colt. Mr. Cook refused \$500 for it. Ellen Puckett is a beautiful gray, very much like her sire, except her superior Stockholder shoulders. She was 5 years old last spring, and is heavy in foal by imp. Luzborough.

(Signed) THOMAS A. PANKEY.

I have this day sold the above mare to James C. Anderson.

THOMAS A. PANKEY.

I have this day sold the above mare to Edmund Bacon for the sum of \$800.

(Signed) JAMES C. ANDERSON.

Oct. 8th, 1838.

Ellen Puckett's Produce.

1838. Br. f. by imp. Luzborough, foaled 25th April, at New Design. Very large and well formed.

No. 3. GRAY MARE, 15 years old, sired by Old Hambletonian, (by imp. Diomed) her dam by Barksdel's gray Diomed, g. d. by old Quicksilver, son of imp. Medly—heavy in foal by Janus.

No. 4. FANNY BROOKS, a chesnut, six years old, sired by Pacific (by Sir Archy) her dam by Cassius, by Barksdel's gray Diomed (son of imp. Diomed) dam of Cassius by imp. Bedford, g. d. by Post Boy, and he by Wildair.

(Signed) HENRY BALDWIN, JR.

I have this 20th September, 1837, sold the above mare to James C. Anderson.

(Signed) HENRY BALDWIN, JR.

Oct. 1837. I have this day sold the above mare, Fanny Brooks, to Edmund Bacon for the sum of \$500.

(Signed) JAS. C. ANDERSON.

1839. Fanny Brooks is now heavy in foal to the imp. horse Philip.

The following fillies were foaled at New Design—1837:

5. Br. f. foaled 12th May, by Stockholder, out of Silvertail, by Hambletonian.

6. B. f. foaled 20th March, by Stockholder, out of Kitty by Diomed, g. d. by Peacemaker, son of imp. Diomed.

7. B. f. by Stockholder, out of Virginia by Diomed, g. d. Silvertail above.

8. Ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Empire—or Emperor.

The following were foaled in May, 1838:

9. Ch. c. by Stockholder out of Virginia, above.

10. Ch. f. by Stockholder out of Silvertail, above.

EDMUND BACON.

New Design, Ky, Feb. 6, 1839.

Addition to the Stud of Captain DONALD ROWE, Orangeburg, S. C.

Dear Sir:—I must beg the favor of you to register the name and pedigree of my imp. colt. I claim for him the name of TATTERSALL. He was foaled in the Spring of 1837, and is now five feet one inch in height under the standard; his color, a rich brown; the only white about him is a bright star in his forehead, and about the heel of his left hind foot. He is a beautifully formed colt, with great depth of chest; his head and neck are highly finished; his legs, back, and loin are unexceptionable; his action is of the first order. He was got by Saracen, out of Minnow, by Filho da Puta; her dam, Mervinia, by Walton; Phantasmagoria by Precipitate; Cerberus' dam by Herod; her dam Desdemona, by Marske, young Hag by Skin, &c., &c.

Saracen was got by Selim, his dam by Trumpator; her dam Countess, by Sir Peter, out of Fame, by Pantaloon, she out of Diomed's dam by Spectator.

Feb. 11, 1839. DONALD ROWE.

'Pedigree of OLD MATILDA.

Sir,—I have seen your pedigree of LAME NETTLETOP in Vol. 6. No. 10. page 531 of the Turf Register, and am gratified to be able to afford you a clue to the pedigree of *Old Matilda*—so called by my friend the late Mr. Taylor, of Bucks County. Mr. Badger sold two of his aged brood mares to Mr. Taylor, viz. *Nettletop* and *Lady Duckett*. Mr. Taylor raised a fine filly out of Lady Duckett by Duroc, which he called Matilda, and his sons afterwards got into the habit of calling the dam Old Matilda, and gradually forgot her real name, Lady Duckett. General Jackson was out of Lady Duckett (a mare raised by J. Duckett Esq.) by Grey Eagle, who was by imp. Expedition out of a Messenger mare.

Yours trully,

WM. JACKSON.

Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1838.

P. S. Alderman Badger of Philadelphia can produce you the original pedigree from his late brother's books.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1839

COMPILED FOR THE "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE."

NAMES.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Adonis	---	Eclipse	By Ogle's Oscar	Smithfield, Johnson Co, N. C.	20	30	Young Bridges.
Ainderby, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Velocipede	Kate, sister to Nonplus, by Catton.	Near Mount Pleasant, Tenn.	75	100	Lucius J. Polk.
Am. Exchanger	ch.	Eclipse	By Napoleon.	Wake Co., N. C., 18 m. fr. Raleigh.	10	15	Allen Rogers.
Andrew	ch.	Sir Charles	By King Herod	Newmarket Race Course, Va.	60	100	Otway P. Hare.
Anvil	br.	Mons. Tonson	Isabella, Pictou's dam, by Sir Archy	Station Camp, near Gallatin, Tenn.	50	75	J. O. H. Peyton
Autocrat, <i>Imp.</i>	gr.	Grand Duke	Olivetta, by Sir Oliver	Near Clarksville, Tenn.	60	75	Col. Samuel Lyne.
Barefoot, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Tramp	Rosamond, by Buzzard	Hopkinsville, Ky	70	---	R. P. Stark.
Benbow	b.	Imp. Fyde	Cinderella, by Slylock	Lynessville, Granville Co., N. C.	50	75	Col. Edmund Townes.
Bell-air	b.	Sir Archy	Favorite, by Bell-air	Jackson, Madison Co., Tenn.	75	125	Robert H. Peyton.
Belshazzar, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Blacklock	Mamella, by Dick Andrews	Nashville, Tenn.	75	125	Thomas Alderson.
Bern's Comus, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Comus	Rotterdam, by Juniper	The Mills, near Huntsville, Ala	80	100	Col. E. H. Boardman.
Bertrand Junior	ch.	Bertrand	Transport, by Virginus	Fayette Co., Ky	50	---	Benjamin R. Jenkins.
Bill Austin	b.	Bertrand	By Timoleon	Montgomery (Ala.) Race Course	50	---	W. B. Taylor.
Bill Gordon	b.	Pacific	Lady Littleton by Timoleon	Near Van Buren, Arks.	---	---	---
Birmingham	br.	Stockholder	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant.	Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky	50	75	Lewis Sherley.
Black Heath	bl.	Sir Archy	By Sir Hal	Near Richmond, Va.	40	60	Richard Adams.
Brilliant	br.	Sir Archy	Bet Bounce, by Imp. Sir Harry	Russellville, Ky	---	---	James M. Beall.
Busiris	---	Eclipse	Grand Duchess, by Imp. Gracchus.	12 miles west of Philadelphia.	40	---	Gen. C. Irvine
Carolinian Junior	ch.	Carolinian	By Grey Whip	Holly Springs, Miss	10	15	Mackenzie & Lanier.
Cetus, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Whalebone	Lamia, by Gohanna	The Reeds, Caroline Co., Va.	75	125	Robert P. Corbin.
Chanticleer	b.	Sir Archy	Black Ghost, by Oscar	Leetown, Jefferson Co., Va.	40	---	Thomas G. Baylor.
Charles Kemble	b.	Sir Archy	Maria, Wild Bill's dam, by Gallatin	Centreville, Md	30	---	Joseph H. Hellings.
Chesterfield	b.	Pacific	By Wilkes' Madison.	Near Franklin, Tenn.	10	15	A. T. Nolan.
Chilton	b.	Seagul	By Hazard	Franklin County, Ky	40	---	Maj. Benjamin Luckett.
Collier	ch.	Sir Charles	By Topgallant	Near Fayette, Ala.	---	---	A. W. Morrison.
Collingwood	---	Thorn's Rattler	By Trafalgar	Little Rock, Arks.	70	100	Col. E. H. Boardman.
Consol, <i>Imp</i>	br.	Lottery	By Cerberus	The Mills, near Huntsville, Ala	40	---	R. W. Ogden.
Contract, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Catton	Helen by Hambletonian.	Bowling Green, Ky	---	---	---

Coronet, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Catton	By Paynator	Near Seacerville, Tenn	60	Edward Haskins.
Count Badger	ch.	Eclipse	Arabella, by Hickory	Lincoln County, Tenn	100	W. T. Sperrell.
Crazy Bill	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	By Clay's Sir William	Near Benton, Ala.	50	Richard B. Harrison.
Daghee, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Muley	Fatima, by Arabian Sheik	Tree Hill Race Course, Va	40	Col. John P. White.
Dick Chim	ch.	Sumpter	Lucy, by Orphan	Bayou Beauf, Alexandria, La.	50	T. J. & Montfort Wells.
Drone	ch.	Mons. Tonson	Isabella, Picton's dam, by Sir Archy	Kendall Course, Md	30	James B. Kendall.
Duane	br.	Imp. Hedgeford	Goodloe Washington, by Wash'ton	Camden (N. J.) Race Course	20	Wm. N. Friend.
Dungannon	ch.	Sumpter	By Duke of Bedford	Terre Haute, Ind.	20	Wm. McFadden.
Edgefield	br.	Burstall	By Bell-air	Near Montgomery, Ala	25	J. E. Harrison.
Eclipse	ch.	Duroc	Miller's Damsel, by Imp. Messenger	Near Franklin, Tenn	100	James Swanson.
Eclipse the 2d	b.	Eclipse	By Clay's Sir William	Farmville, Prince Edw. Co., Va	25	Thomas Flournoy.
Emancipation, <i>Imp</i>	br.	Whisker	By Ardrossan	Winchester, Va.	75	Hector Bell.
Envoy, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Mennon	Zarina, by Morisco	Winchester, Clarke Co., Ky.	50	Lewis K. Grigsby.
Experiment	ch.	Jack Downing	By Ratler	Van Buren, Arks.	25	Josiah Wm. Ware.
Felt, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Langar	Steam, by Waxy Pope	Battletown, Clarke Co., Va	50	John W. Trotter.
Festival	ch.	Eclipse	By Timoleon	Forsyth, Monroe Co., Ga.	50	Samuel Mims.
Flatterer, <i>Imp</i>	br.	Muley	Clare, by Marnion	Fayetteville, N. C.	30	Col. E. H. Carter.
Flexible, <i>Imp</i>	br.	Whalebone	Themus, by Sorcerer	Wilton, Greenville Co., N. C.	30	Jesse L. Flippen.
Flint	b.	Stockholder	Sting, by Conqueror	Near Soinerville, Fayette Co., Tenn	50	W. H. Edwards.
Fop, <i>Imp</i>	gr.	Stumps	By Fitz James	Soinerville (Tenn.) Race Course	50	Col. James J. Pittman.
Francis Marion	ch.	Marion	Malvina, by Sir Archy	Marianna, Fla.	50	Saml. Davenport & Co.
Frank	ch.	Sir Charles	Betsy Archer, by Sir Archy	Near Lexington, Ky	30	Col. Joseph H. Townes.
Gaston	b.	Imp. Truffle	Lady Lagrange, by Sir Archy	Dresden, Tenn.	100	Jilson Yates & Co.
Giles Scroggins	b.	Sir Archy	Lady Bedford, by Imp. Bedford	Shelbyville, Ky	30	D. D. McFall.
Glencoe, <i>Imp</i>	ch.	Sultan	Trampoline, by Tramp	Near Florence, Ala.	30	James Jackson.
Glenroy	ch.	Editor	By Sir Hal	Near Columbia, Tenn	35	D. D. McFall.
Gold Boy	ch.	Industry	Margaret Armistead's d. by Oscar	Near Pulaski, Tenn.	50	Jesse Lutton.
Gov. Hamilton	gr.	Sir Andrew	By Bonaparte	Upson Co., Ga.	50	Elsberry Robinson.
Hampton	ch.	Imp Barefoot	By Trafalgar	Richmond & Lancaster Counties, Va.	100	Wm. H. Tayloc.
Hedgeford, <i>Imp</i>	br.	Filho da Puta	Miss Craigie, by Orville	Versailles, Ky.	50	Lewis Y. Craig.
Hyazim	ch.	Sir Archy	Jenny (P. Hopkins' d.) by Archduke	Near Danville, Ky	50	S. Davenport.
Hibiscus, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Sultan	Duchess of York, by Waxy	Columbia (S. C.) Race Course	40	George Fryer.
Hickory John	ch.	John Richards	Kitty Hickory, by Hickory	Near Lexington, Ky	25	John G. Winter.
Highlander	b.	Eclipse	By Duroc	Memphis (Tenn.) Race Course	50	Frederick Christian.
Jim Allen	b.	Archie Montorio	By Hamiltonian	Richmond, Ky	25	Maj. J. Hays.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1929—Continued.

NAMES.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
John Bascombe	ch.	Bertrand	Grey Goose, by Pacolet	Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga.	100		Freeman W. Lacy.
John Dawson	ch.	Pacific	By Grey Archie	Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn.	50		Francis Gordon.
John Guedron	ch.	Bertrand	Madonna, by Precursor	Newberry C. H., S. C.	30		James M. Henderson.
John Bull, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Chat. Margaux.	By Wotul	Upper Marlboro', Md.	40	60	Samuel Y. Harris.
John Richards.	b.	Sir Archy	By Ratlier	Glasgow, Ky.	40	60	James Murrell.
Jordan, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Langar	Matilda, by Conus	Plaquemine, La.	100		John C. Beasley.
Joshua	b.	Gohanna	Crop, by Eclipse Herod	Near Allensville, Todd Co., Ky.	30	40	Leroy P. Sale.
Lafayette	b.	Hephstion	By Sumpter	Terre Haute, Ind.	25	35	W. Herrington.
Lapdog, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Conqueror	Julia, by Sir Arthur	Near Franklin, Tenn.	20	25	L. B. Beech.
Lauderdale	b.	Whalebone	By Canopus	Near Florence, Ala.	50		James Jackson.
Leviathan, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Sir Archy	Imp. Stoughton Lass, by Blacklock	East Baton Rouge, La.	45	60	Fergus Duplantier.
Leviathan Junior	ch.	Muley	By Windle	Gallatin, Tenn.	150		Col. George Elliott.
Longwaist	ch.	Imp. Leviathan.	By Young Diomed	Little Rock, Arks.	50	70	Lorenzo Gibson.
Lord Byron	ch.	Sir Archy	By Pacolet	Near Natchez, Miss	75		Capt. Wm. J. Minor.
Lurcher, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Stockholder	Patty Puff, by Pacolet	Opelousas, La.	30	40	Hon. John H. Overton.
Luzborough, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Grey Leg	Harpalce, by Gohanna	Rutledge, Granger Co., Tenn.	50	75	Col. Saml. Bunch.
Mambino	br.	Wilmsons Ditto	By Dick Andrews	Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala.	100	200	Dr. A. Whitlocke.
Margrave, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Eclipse	Grand Duchess, by Gracchus	The Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn.	25	35	Maj. A. J. Donaldson.
Marion	ch.	Muley	By Election	Near Richmond, Va.	75	125	Robert C. Williamson.
Marshal Ney	b.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Citizen	Chantilly, near Tusculumbia, Ala.	75	100	F. O. A. Sherrod.
Massaniello	ch.	Pacolet	Virginia, by Imp. Dare Devil	Near Gallatin, Tenn.	20	30	Rev. Hardy M. Cryer.
Mazyoubie, <i>Imp.</i>	gr.	Eclipse	Cinderella, by Duroc	Near Alton, Illinois			Benjamin L. Dorsey.
Medon	ch.	Across bd. Arab.	Imp. by Capt. Jas. Riley in 1835.	Troy, Miami County, Ohio	75	100	J. W. Riley.
Merlin	br.	Eclipse	By Imp. Expedition	Woodford Co., Ky.			Col. Wm. Buford.
Mernan, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Sir Archy	Pantonia, by Imp. Bedford	Keysburgh, Logan Co., Ky.			A. M. McLean & Co.
Metamora	b.	Whalebone	By Orville	Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky.	50	100	Lewis Sherley.
Michigan	b.	Lafayette	By Trafalgar	Washington County, Arks.	15		
Miner	b.	Timoleon.	By Ragland's Diomed	Georgetown, Pettis County, Mo.	12	15	Samuel C. Potts.
Mingo	b.	Mons. Tonson	By Topgallant	Near Lexington, Ky.	20	30	Wm. Sparks.
Mounmouth	ch.	Eclipse	Bay Bett, by Thornton's Rattler.	Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky.	100		Geo. E. Blackburn.
		John Richards	Young Nettletop, by Duroc.	Basin Springs, Breck. Co., Va.	30		J. B. Alexander.

Monmouth Eclipse	ch.	Eclipse	Honesty, by Imp. Expedition	Near Monmouth C. H., N. J.	50	Joseph H. Van Mater.
Monsieur Tonson	gr.	Pacolet	Madame Tonson, by Top Gallant	Bourbon Co., Ky. 17 miles fm. Lex'n	60	Charles P. Lee.
Mordecai, Imp	b.	Lottery	By Welbeck	New Design, Twigg Co., Ky	60	Edmund Bacon.
Ombark, Imp	bl.	Thoro' bd. Arab.	Imp. by Capt. Jas. Riley in 1836	St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio.	15	J. W. Riley.
O'Kelly	gr.	Eclipse	Ariel's dam, by Financier	Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn	25	A. Rodgers.
Orange Boy	ch.	Sir Archy	Sukey Foote, by Imp. Citizen	Near Lexington, Ky	25	Wm. Gaines.
Orphan Boy	b.	Eclipse	M'd of the Oaks, by Imp. Sp'd Eagle	New Design, Twigg Co., Ky	30	Edmund Bacon.
Owen's Sir Charles	br.	Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Near Huntsville, Ala.	50	Maj. Samuel Ragland.
Pacific	b.	Sir Charles	By Imp. Knowsley	Prince Edward County, Va	12	Wm. J. Owen.
Pactolus	ch.	Sir Archy	Eliza, by Imp. Bedford	Woodford Co., Ky	75	B. P. Gray.
Pamunky	b.	Pacific	Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet	Greensboro', Ala., Henry Course	40	Henry A. Tayloe.
Paymaster	ch.	Eclipse	Atalanta, by Sir Archy	Near Charlestown, Va	20	Samuel Cameron.
Penoyer	b.	Sir Archy	By Citizen	Near Huntsville, Ala	20	Harrison Lightfoot.
Philip, Imp	br.	Filho da Puta	Ariel, by Eclipse	Augusta, Ga	50	Henry Dalby.
Philip	b.	Janus	Treasure, by Camillus	Near Gallatin, Tenn	75	Rev. Hardy M. Cryer.
Piction	b.	Imp Luzborough	By Trafalgar	Duwardie Co., Va	30	Stephen P. Pool.
Post Boy	ch.	Henry	Isabella, by Sir Archy	Near Nashville, Tenn	100	Leonard P. Cheatham.
Priam, Imp	b.	Emilius	Garland, by Duroc	Murfreesboro', Tenn	100	James Holmes.
Pulaski	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	Cressida, by Whiskey	Hickford, Va	150	Dr. A. T. B. Merritt.
Puzzle, Imp	br.	Rever	Lady Lagrange's d., by Constitution	Near Memphis, Tenn	35	Wm. McMahon.
Quartermaster	ch.	Hotspur	By Juniper	Near Greensboro', Ala	20	Dr. Robert W. Withers.
Rattler	ch.	Sir Archy	By Sir Archy	Weldon, Halifax Co., N. C	30	W. H. Day.
Ravenscroft	b.	Sir Wm. of Trpt	Mary Ann by Imp. Baronet	Bloomfield, Callaway Co., Mo	12	S. G. Mason.
Rein Deer	ch.	Sussex	Margaret Armistead's dam, by Oscar	Lagrange, Tenn	40	Maurice E. Boyles.
Richard, Imp	b.	Orville	Miss Sophia, by Stamford	Boonville, Mo	10	Charles Rector.
Robin Adair	b.	Sir Archy	Lady Burton, by Sir Archy	Prince Edward C. H., Va	15	Josiah M. Price.
Rodolph	ch.	Archie Montorio	By Haxall's Moses	Franklin Co., Ky	50	Maj. Ben. Luckett.
Rowton, Imp	ch.	Oiseau	Katharina, by Woful	Shelbyville, Tenn	75	R. M. Walter.
Sarpedon, Imp	br.	Emilius	Icaria, by The Flyer	Near Lexington, Ky	100	Thomas Smith.
Shark	bl.	Eclipse	Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy	Charlotte C. H., Va	60	Wyatt Cardwell.
Shakespeare, Imp	br.	Smolensko	Charming Molly, by Rubens	Halifax C. H., Va	60	John Winbush.
Sheriff Pacha, Imp	b.	Nedji bred Arab.	Imported by Commodore Elliott	Union Course, L. I.	100	John Drew.
Singleton	ch.	Eclipse	By Kosciusko	Paris, Tenn., Western District		Robert Hurt.
				Carlisle and Harrisburg, Pa		Com. Jesse D. Elliott.
				Near Flemingsburg, Ky		Daniel Morgan.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1839—CONCLUDED.

EAMNS.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Sir Leslie	b.	Sir William	By Buzzard	Near Lexington, Ky	20	30	Dr. E. Warfield.
Sir William	b.	Sir William	By Alexander	Near Batesville, Ark s	100		L. P. Cheatham.
Skylark, <i>Imp</i>	br.	Waxy Pope	Skylark, by Muscian	Near Nashville, Tenn	20		A. L. Payne.
St. Leger	gr.	Eclipse	Ariel's dam, by Financier	Warrenton, Va.	75	125	A. B. Newson.
Stockholder	b.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Citizen	Wilson co. Ala., 35 m's from Nashville	50		Judge Thompson.
Swiss, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Whisker	By Shuttle	Salmon, Livingston Co., Ky	50	75	Barfield, Caldwell & Co
Telegraph	b.	Stockholder	Caroline, by Volunteer	Huntingdon, Tenn.	15		T. E. Wood.
Timoleon Junior	ch.	Timoleon	By Telemachus	Jefferson City, Mo.	25	40	Jas. M. Langhorne.
Tobaccoist	b.	Gohanna	Yankee Maid, by Florizel	Lynchburg, Va.	80		Thos. T. Tunstall & Co.
Tom Fletcher	b.	Stockholder	By Pacolet	Batesville, Ark s	25	30	G. B. Robertson.
Tranby, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Blacklock	By Orville	Macon, Ga., Central Course	30	50	Maj. Wm. Ainsworth.
Traveller	b.	Arab	By Conqueror	Madisonville, Tenn	15	25	Col. Peter F. Mahone.
Truffle, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Truffle	Helen, by Whiskey	Bellvue, Talbot Co., Ga	30		Walter Livingston.
Trustee, <i>Imp</i>	ch.	Cattion	Emma (Mundig's dam), by Whisker	Union Course, L. I	15	25	Thomas Dowling.
Truxton	br.	Com. Truxton	By Badger	Near Torre Haute, Ind	15	25	James L. Bradley.
Uncle Fowler	ch.	Sumpter	Jenny Jenkins, by Buzzard	Near Lexington, Ky	15	25	S. S. & F. M. Royster.
Upton Heath	ch.	Gohanna	By Sir Charles	Powhattan and Gochland Co's., Va.	25		John H. Cocke.
Utilitarian	b.	Eclipse	By Roebuck	Bremo, Fluvanna Co., Va	25		Horace Benton.
Vertunus	b.	Eclipse	Princess, by Defiance	Near Middletown, Montgomery co., Ky	25		Thomas T. Bullock.
Wacousta	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	Lady Lightfoot by Oscar	Middletown, Rutherford Co., Tenn.	40	80	J. W. T. Reid.
Volney	b.	Mons. Tonson	By Sir Archy	Near Montgomery, Ala	100		Liles E. Abernathy.
Warrior	ch.	Eclipse	By Constitution	Near Pulaski, Tenn.	30		Gen. Thos. J. Green.
Washington	b.	Mons. Tonson	By Emperor	Velasco, Texas.	30	50	Daniel Kiser.
Waxy	b.	Timoleon	Ariadne, by Imp. Citizen	Dayton, Montgomery Co., Ohio	60		James T. Carter.
Whalebone	b.	Sir Archy	Lady Alfred, by Alfred	Near Greensburg, Ky	75		Col. James W. Camp.
Wild Bill	b.	Sir Archy	By Pacolet	Near Huntsville, Ala.	75		Stokes & Blevins.
William IV., <i>Imp</i>	b.	Sir Archy	Maria, by Gallatin	Near Huntsville, Ala	75		Geo. N. Sanders & Co.
Woodpecker	b.	Tranby	Codicil, by Smolensko	Cincinnati (Ohio) Race Course	75		John Cunningham.
Young Sir Charles	b.	Bertrand	By Imp. Buzzard	Bourbon Co., Ky	100		Abner Stacy.
Zingane, <i>Imp</i>	b.	Sir Charles	By Ball's Florizel	Spring Hill, Tenn.			Parker E. Todhunter.
		Tramp	Folly, by Young Drone	Near Lexington, Ky			

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1839.

Embellishments:

PLENIPOTENTIARY, ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER COOPER, R. A.

D'ORSAY AND HIS TRaineau, ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER AUBREY.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A very capital paper from "Expedition" was received too late for insertion in this Number. A paper on "Time" was also crowded out.

B. O. T. has our grateful acknowledgments for his courtesy ; his researches "among musty files of papers, of about the year 1800," promise to shed some light on the Turf matters of those days which are highly valuable and interesting.

Mr. Hoffman's new work—"Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie"—has not been republished in this country.

C. F. J.'s communication from Missouri, will appear in our next.

The usual space devoted to the record of *Pedigrees* in this work, is filled with other matter in this number, as but few had come to hand when that portion of the Magazine was printed ; amends will be made in the ensuing publication.

The "hint" conveyed by "Craven," in his April No., is understood. The paper he alludes to, however, was not sent from this office.

Intelligence of the death of two very fine stallions reached us while making up our last "form" for the press. We allude to Lord Jersey's *Sultan*, and Mr. E. H. Boardman's Imported *Consol*. The first named broke his thigh and was obliged to be destroyed : he was 23 years old. *Consol* died of a constipation of the small intestines ; he was 11 years old.

Orders for Foreign Periodicals, if addressed to Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, Booksellers in this city, will meet with prompt attention ; a branch of this house having recently been established in London.

Francis B. Ogden, Esq., is the American Consul at Liverpool.

Secretaries of Jockey Clubs, and Proprietors of Courses, who have heretofore received this Magazine free of charge, are respectfully informed that the increased expense attending its publication, and the amount expended, monthly, in procuring costly Embellishments, renders it imperative with the proprietors to discontinue supplying copies to any one not complying with the terms of subscription, and no exceptions, whatever, will be made. Who can the proprietors look to for support, if those most directly interested are to receive their copies free of charge ?

Errata.—In the second line from the bottom of page 240, the reader will please erase the word "*procured*" and insert the word "*approach*."

THE AMERICAN THOROUGHBRED
New York, Engraved by the American Thoroughbred and by the American Thoroughbred



PLENIPOTENTIARY;

ACCOMPANIED WITH A PORTRAIT, BY DICK, AFTER COOPER.

As an appropriate embellishment of the "Turf Register," its readers are presented in this Number with a portrait of THE GREAT PLENIPOTENTIARY—the best race-horse that modern, or perhaps any other days, have produced. There is no doubt, we believe, in the minds of English turfmen, that the subject of this article was altogether superior to any horse that Newmarket had seen for many years; indeed he was supposed to be at least four pounds better than Priam was at three-year-old weights, and that is saying enough. When abroad in 1837, Maj. DAVIE wrote to the then Editor of this Magazine that "Mr. Batson, the owner of Plenipo, remarked that if he had more of his stock than he wanted, he might one day be induced to sell him for a long price, but that is a day so distant, that it is useless now to speak of it. By most sportsmen here *he is considered the best horse that has been in England since Eclipse!*"

Plenipo, a chesnut colt, was bred by Mr. Batson and foaled in 1831; he was got by Emilius out of Harriet by Pericles, her dam by Selim out of Pypylina by Sir Peter—Rally by Trumpator—Fancy by Florizel. Emilius was got by Orville out of Emily by Stamford, her dam by Whiskey out of Grey Dorimant by Dorimant—Dizzy by Blank—Dizzy by Driver—Smiling Tom, etc. Plenipo thus unites in himself both the speediest and stoutest blood in England.

Let us now look into the brilliant career of Plenipo, so long at least as "brilliant" it was allowed to be. He did not start as a two-year-old, Mr. Batson prudently reserving him for a chance of the "grand prize" which he had never hitherto won, but which, from the form and breeding of this colt, he had a fair prospect of winning. The accomplishment of the wished-for event was very soon all but reduced to a certainty. In the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1834, after having won a Sweepstakes of Fifty sovereigns each, for 3 yr. olds, over the Round Mile, in a canter, Plenipo beat Lord Jersey's celebrated colt *Glencoe* (since imported by JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Florence, Ala.,) over the same ground and with the same ease; betting 6 to 4 on *Glencoe*. It is scarcely necessary to add that these specimens of his powers placed *Plenipo* (as he was then, and is now called in the Ring,) first favorite for the Derby, which, after five false starts, as well as being opposed to a capital field of horses, consisting of twenty-two, he "won in a canter by two lengths!" Prophecies touching such matters are seldom much to be attended to; but the following remark was made to "Nimrod" by the famous jockey, Frank Buckle, previous to the race:—"If you bet any money on the Derby," said he, "don't be *against* Plenipo. He is the best horse we have had at Newmarket in my time,—I think, four pounds better than Priam was at the same age—and, barring an accident, he *cannot* lose the Derby."

Well might Mr. Batson have felt proud of such a nag as this; well might he be considered *plenipotent* in the South; and as such, with the exception of a walk-over for the St. James's Palace Stakes, at

Ascot, of 100 sovereigns each, eighteen subscribers, (the winner of the Derby to carry seven pounds extra!) he had nothing more to do this year than to walk to Doncaster, to win, as was expected, the great Northern prize with the same ease as he had gained that of the South. To say that he was again first favorite in the betting, is something like a waste of words; but, by what means he was last in the race, and his hitherto brilliant career cut short, is to this day only known to the villain or villains who marred his noble nature, and thereby cast a stain on Doncaster race-meetings, which, added to others equally foul and deep, it cannot soon or readily, get the better of.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers—the uninitiated in these matters, especially—to be told how the disgraceful act of “hocussing,” or “making a horse safe” *not* to win a great stake, was in one instance performed in England, and at Doncaster, too, without having recourse to drugs. It is thus described by “Nimrod,” in his work “On Sporting:”—

“It will be remembered by those having any knowledge of the English Turf, that in 1833, Mr. Watt won the St. Leger stakes with Rockingham, having also another horse called Belshazzar,* in the race, with which he declared to win, if he could, forasmuch as the said Belshazzar would have been, what is called on the Turf, the best winner of the two for himself and friends:—In other words, the odds had been greater against him than against Rockingham, when their books were made. Now, whether Belshazzar was good enough to have won this great stake, it is out of my power to say; but of the means that were taken to prevent his doing so, I am able to speak with confidence, having had all the circumstances relating to them from the lips of Mr. Watt himself; and the following is a detail of the case:—The horse was what is called “all right,” up to the noon of the day on which he was to run; but as a precaution against trickery, Mr. Watt and his trainer gave positive directions to the boy who looked after him, and rode him in his exercise, not to take his eyes off him until led out to run; which directions he promised to obey. This, I must repeat, was done to make assurance doubly sure, as not the least suspicion was previously entertained by any one, of the honesty of the head lad of the establishment, whose conduct during nine years service had been irreproachable. It happened, however, that whilst Mr. Watt and the trainer were in the stable, looking at the head lad plaiting Belshazzar’s mane, whilst the said boy held him by his head for the purpose, with his tail turned towards the manger, as is usual on such occasions, with quiet horses, to have the advantage of light from the window, Mr. Watt and his trainer left the stable to speak to Mr. Lane Fox, who was only a short distance from the building: Now, here an opportunity—“accursed opportunity”! presented itself. “Bless me, Jack,” said the head lad to the boy, bending himself nearly double at the moment, “what a touch of the gripes I have got from eating them plums! Here, take this, and get me two penn’orth of peppermint-drops at the shop.” Now, it may be asked, why did the boy obey the head lad, rather than the strict orders of his master? This question is easily answered. The ashen plant is so severely used at times by these head lads, that

*Belshazzar was imported into this country but a few months since; a memoir of him will be found at page 154-5 of this Number of the T. R.

the boys under them do not care to offend them ; and doubtless this boy calculated on running to the shop, before his master and Mr. Watt returned to the stable. And run he did, as Mr. Watt told me, for he would not even wait to have the "drops" put into paper, taking them out of the scales with his hand. But this expedition was fatal to the "honest" head lad. When the boy entered the stable, he found Belshazzar licking his lips, from which water was slabbering through the muzzle which had that instant been slipped on him again, after having been taken off to admit of his swallowing three parts of a pail of water, which was placed in readiness for him ! The murder did not come out until some time afterwards, when the head lad owned to the disgraceful act, as detailed by the boy, but nothing could induce him to tell, at whose instigation he perpetrated it. Whether the reward was much or little, Mr. Watt had no means of ascertaining ; but whatever it was, it was soon spent, and the lad reduced to want."

For such of the readers of the Register as may not have seen Nimrod's paper on "The Turf," in the Quarterly Review, we here transcribe a passage in allusion to the infamous Plenipo fraud :—

"That the Doncaster St. Leger of 1834 was a robbery, there is not to be found a man in all His Majesty's dominions, unconnected with the fraud, to deny. But by what means the best horse that England has seen since the days of Eclipse—a horse allowed to have been a better horse than Priam was—was made the worst horse in that race (so bad indeed, as to have been beaten before he got a quarter of the distance he had to run), will perhaps never be known, except to those who made him so. Mr. Batson, his owner, like Æmilius Scaurus, the consul, stood on his character, and made no defence ; but as a St. Leger horse is, to a certain extent, the property of the public, the public had a right to some kind of explanation under Mr. Batson's hand. He might have followed the example of the late Col. King, in the Bessy Bedlam robbery, at the same place, and for the same stakes, in 1828. The Colonel sent a statement of all he knew of the foul transaction to a London newspaper, leaving the public to judge for themselves, from the facts he detailed."

In 1835, Plenipo only started three times, viz :—for the Newmarket Craven Stakes, which he won, beating Glaucus, Nonsense, Shillelah, and others ;—a plate of £50, beating Clearwell by Jerry, and another, (seven to one on Plenipo) ;—and the Port Stakes of 100 sovereigns each, four subscribers ; the late Sir Mark Wood withdrawing his stake, and no other horse being at the post.

In 1836, Plenipo was announced to cover a limited number of mares, at twenty-five guineas, by subscription only, at Limberhurst Lodge, near Linton, Cambridgeshire, where he still remains. In the list of English Stallions for the present season, we find him announced as standing at 25 gs., and 1 g. to the groom, limited to *thirty* mares, besides *six* of the owner's.

Plenipo's get is finding its way to this country. Delphine, imported by Col. Hampton, of S. C., came over in foal to him, and dropped last March a very superb chesnut colt foal, to which the name of "Herald" has been given ; this colt is nominated in the great Peyton Stake at Nashville, Tenn., for which it is first favorite ; it is marked with a star and snip, and is said very much to resemble its sire ; many

gentlemen describe it as one of the finest colt foals they have ever seen. Mr. Robert L. Stevens, of this city, is breeding the celebrated Polly Hopkins to him this season. Among the importations of Mr. Lucius J. Polk, of Tenn., in Dec. last, was Jenny Mills, a fine brood mare, by Whisker out of Hornsea's dam, by Cerberus, who was stunted to him last season.

The portrait of Plenipo, which accompanies this Number, was engraved on steel by Dick, from a very beautiful illustration of "Nimrod on Sporting," to which elegant and entertaining work we are indebted for the materials used in the compilation of this article; the original portrait was painted by Cooper, R. A., in August, 1837, after the close of his second season as a Stallion, and is said to be a very faithful and striking likeness.

NATIVE AND IMPORTED STOCK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TURF REGISTER.

As an Amateur of the Turf, and a party interested in a small way in Blood Stock, I often amuse myself, and seek instruction in the controversies by which the racing world is constantly agitated.

The present season will go far to determine the most interesting one which has, for years, been discussed among turfmen in our country,—the comparative merits of the Native and the English stock. A disinterested observer, who should attempt to decide the question upon general reasons only, by the laws which experience would seem to have established throughout the animal world, as applicable to the intermixture of blood, would scarcely hesitate *a priori* to recommend the crossing of English horses with our Native mares, and our Native horses with Imported mares. But, upon inquiry, he would find that the breeders in this country have ranged themselves into parties, which take opposite and extreme views of the question. Many gentlemen of great experience, are parting with their old stock, as rapidly as practicable; and are breeding their remaining mares to imported horses; and not only this, but they are absolutely aiming to supply the places of their Native mares with English stock. This party adopt the opinion of the entire superiority of the English horses of the present day, to our own, and are investing largely in the stock. Another party, which likewise numbers gentlemen of long experience on the Turf, and extensive breeders, pursue a directly opposite course, confining themselves entirely to American stock, in the full faith that the English system of racing and breeding, has now so long aimed at producing speedy sweepstake colts, in place of hard bottomed horses, which are here most valued, that we have nothing to gain by any further drafts from the English studs. They believe that the present race of English horses has, for many years, been degenerating, and that our own stock will be sensibly injured by the importations already made.

So large is the amount of capital now invested in the blood-horse,

that, in the settlement of the question, something more is involved than mere pride of opinion ; and all interested in the Turf, are now examining the reports of races, as they come into us from different parts of the country through your office, with a single eye to this question—"How has the imported stock run?" We have already the experience of several years, bearing directly upon the point, and yet the opinions of the opposite parties would seem as widely asunder, as irreconcilable as ever. Leviathan has done more for the English stock than any other of the imported horses, and in the South-west he now maintains a decided supremacy over all other horses. Many farmers in Tennessee, who breed only to sell, send their mares to him notwithstanding the high price of his services, because it is the best stock "to sell." One gentleman from that State, assured me that he pursued this course himself, although he was by no means convinced of the superiority of the stock.

The race courses of New Orleans form, now, the Newmarket of the South-west, and there have the partizans in this vexed question, brought their opinions to the test. On that Turf the Leviathans have maintained the tug of war against the best of our Native bred.—Fanny Wright, for a while, stood up worthily for the Bertrands ; and more recently Wagner has assumed the lead, and challenged the world to dispute his supremacy. So that in the South-west, there would seem to exist the same uncertainty which has thus far marked this controversy from its commencement.

After Leviathan, rank Luzborough and Fylde, as the champions of imported stock. The brilliant career of Picton in his three-year-old form, justified the highest hopes, but the too sanguine confidence of his owner, induced him to risk the reputation of his colt in a contest with the long-tried, and best bottomed horses of the Native stock, in four mile heats ;—he made a gallant struggle to "justify his training," and then succumbed, crippled, as I believe, by the effort. Last year Portsmouth commenced an adventurous career, and carried off prize after prize from hosts of competitors, and by his race with Boston, this Spring, he has set the seal to his reputation. The slight falling off, which all felt, had occurred in the popularity of Luzborough, has been entirely recovered by the victory over Boston.

Fylde has now been dead two years ; but his colts have proved successful at all distances, and in numerous races. His loss is sorely regretted by those interested in the standing of the imported horses. Duane, too, should be enumerated among the noted horses of his day ; perhaps he has done more to raise the character of the English stallions, as getters of four mile winners, than any nag which has yet come out. Henceforth Hedgeford will stand prominent among our stallions.

Thus far I have named only the get of imported horses out of our Native mares. But there have been winners, imported horses themselves, of high pretensions, and still increasing promise. Monarch has beaten easily every thing that has been brought against him, but his competitors have not been of the highest order. Maria Black has won in numerous fields, and made one race at my favorite distance, of four miles, which stamps her "game." The Queen, and Likeness, and Langford and others, have distinguished themselves ; but thus

far, no such decided superiority has been evinced, as to justify the extreme partiality of some of my neighbors to English horses. Therefore do I look, with keen anxiety, for the results of the present opening season, which will go farther than any preceding one to determine the controversy.

To the "Old Dominion" especially, are all eyes turned, and there the advocates of the Native stock have had the best of the argument of *facts*, this Spring, notwithstanding Portsmouth's victory. I have heard from Belfield, from Petersburg, and from Broad Rock; in the sweepstakes, in which the get of Chateau Margaux, of Tranby, and of Luzborough, have been engaged against our Native bred colts, the latter have proved superior; but, as yet, the means of comparison are far too limited, and the details you have given in your paper too meagre, to warrant ultimate conclusions. I look with pleasure upon the controversy, as it is interesting in itself, and because I hope from it most salutary results. I shall endeavor to judge dispassionately, as opportunity is furnished for wider speculation, upon the subject, and shall shape my course by the lights of experience, derived from a cautious review of the Racing Calendar, rather than by the clashing examples of the great leaders upon the Turf. If, as I believe, the cross of the Imported horses upon our Native mares shall prove successful—if their produce maintain their ability to go our distances, with the get of Bertrand, of Timoleon, and of Eclipse, all experience in breeding other animals, which sanctions and encourages the system of remote crosses, and repudiates near alliances, will be confirmed. But if it be found, as many predict, that in our long and repeating races, the produce of these crosses shall tire and give back, then shall I believe that, *for our purposes*, the breed of English horses has degenerated; and that if we would "hold fast to that which is good," we must still continue breeding from our own well-tried, hard-bottomed, stock. On no account let us be induced to forego heats of four miles, as the only test of a race horse. The moment we depart from that standard, from that moment, I am convinced, will "the breed of noble bloods" degenerate.

JERSEY.

ORIENTAL "FIELD SPORTS."

"A SHY" WITH A TIGER.

* * * The third cheroot was rapidly vanishing into potash, and I was about setting to work (being, Mr. Editor, a Reg. IX, uncovenanted, under canvass on settlement duty,) when lo, and behold, my friend Ramdoss making the best of his way—or rather his tattoo was so doing. My friend was Gomashta, of Caleechurn Rae, Bahadur, the Zemindar, whose lands I was assessing. "*Sahib! bagh hi,*—within the week, he has carried off three men and two bullocks. My master has sent his elephant, and begs that you will come and kill it—there are also butchas." "Thank you, your master is a very nice

man,—I guess he'd sooner see the tiger settled, or myself, either the one or t'other." In the midst of this entertaining dialogue, up came the elephant; of course I offered the kawas to my friend the Gomashita, which he declined. However, he provided a substitute in the shape of a ryot. So I, my man of all work, Ramjany, and the ryot, started.

I was well armed—two double barrels, a ditto rifle, ditto single, but my friend's howdah was not at all a strong looking thing—all ginger bread; the ryot brought us up to a small untigerish-looking spot, one or two large Peepul trees in an open maidan, covered underneath with cane, thorn, and grass jungle. "Well," said I, "where's the tiger?" "*Wuhan hi*—there he is," quoth blacky—slipping quietly out of the howdah, and perching himself on a stout arm of the tree. "*Wuhan hi—áta hi Sahib*"—as much as to say, "look out for squalls, Mr. Settlement Deputy—touch him up with a little bit of regulation—one paragraph—do *Sahib*." The jungle slightly moved—fancy!!! when all at once at us he came—she came, or they came, I couldn't see, but I could hear. Those who have seen them charge, can understand the thing, perhaps, but I, having recently become a Mofussilite, was, of course, more used to the shrill voices of our Cossitollah debating society, than to such rough conversation as the present. Away went the undaunted elephant, with a scream of terror—crush—crush—crush—away flew the howdah to smithereens: just one instant and Ramjany and I slipped off behind. I had the start, and fell undermost—he over me. I missed his weight in a moment, turned around, recovered my legs—there was the brute walking away with the old man of all work, mine ancient servitor—a nice situation for a married man—with a large family. He took him to an open spot not seven yards from me. There he stood—lash, lash went his tail, and every attempt the poor wretch made was immediately resented by the brute. I felt giddy—sick. I recoiled and had nearly fallen, when I saw amongst the ruins of my howdah my double rifle, not a yard from me. An instant, it was in my hands; another, it was levelled:—the barrels of it were bent in the shape of the letter C. What a soul sickener! However, I retained it at the present. Should I myself be attacked I would discharge it when the brute was actually touching it, and, in this position I commenced my retreat—a growl close alongside.

I had now recovered one of my double guns; it had fallen on the jungle and was uninjured. The growl which alarmed me, came from the tigress. She was protecting her cubs, and was evidently meditating a spring. I fixed my eye on her, she sneaked away to the other brute and poor Ramjany. The tiger met her with an angry growl, and seized its victim by the back of his head and literally skulled him. I didn't hear the crush, but I felt it; never shall I forget it—the poor fellow's eyes leapt out of their sockets; his legs plunged two or three times convulsively; a cruel feeling of sickness came over me. My gun was instantly levelled: now for revenge—I aimed directly between the brute's eyes, as he was trying to disentangle the poor fellow's hair. I was too close possibly to miss. I pulled the trigger,—it wouldn't go off; the other—no, that wouldn't go off; the monster just raised its head at each sound of the cap; 'twas now that I gave myself up entirely. Now I envied the guide, perched on a branch overhead, quite safe; there he sat jabbering and pelting the brute with bits of rotten

branches. It was my only chance. I made a spring,—had hold of the branch,—a roar. The tigress *had* seized me. Just imagine the agony of the moment!—being dragged along by the arm through a close jungle, and the extra force applied to remove its opposition: wrench,—wrench,—and here I must have fainted, as I have no further recollection of what happened.

That I am alive at this moment shows that I eventually did escape! When I returned to consciousness, I found myself not in my tent, but at the Sudder station carefully tucked up in bed. The first words, and they were music to my ears, Mr. Editor, were from my friend C. “Thank God, thank God,—he is still alive.” My bed was literally covered with blood; my arm carefully bandaged; my head one mass of clotted blood. The sequel is soon told—it was holiday time; we had been making too free over night. I myself was, as the medico gentleman assured me, in such a state of inebriation, that, at one time, there was imminent danger of a fit of apoplexy. Without further ado, he stuck his lancet into my arm, and applied eighteen leeches to my head, and administered a powerful vomit. Hence the bloody bed, and, I suppose the prickly sensation of the thorn jungle; ditto the dreadful sickness. After this lucid explanation, my reply was “Ramjany, you scamp, are you not devoured? *Belattee pance lao—juldyy.*” Now, Mr. Editor, never be guilty of over-shikar, in the holidays.

Bengal Sporting Magazine.]

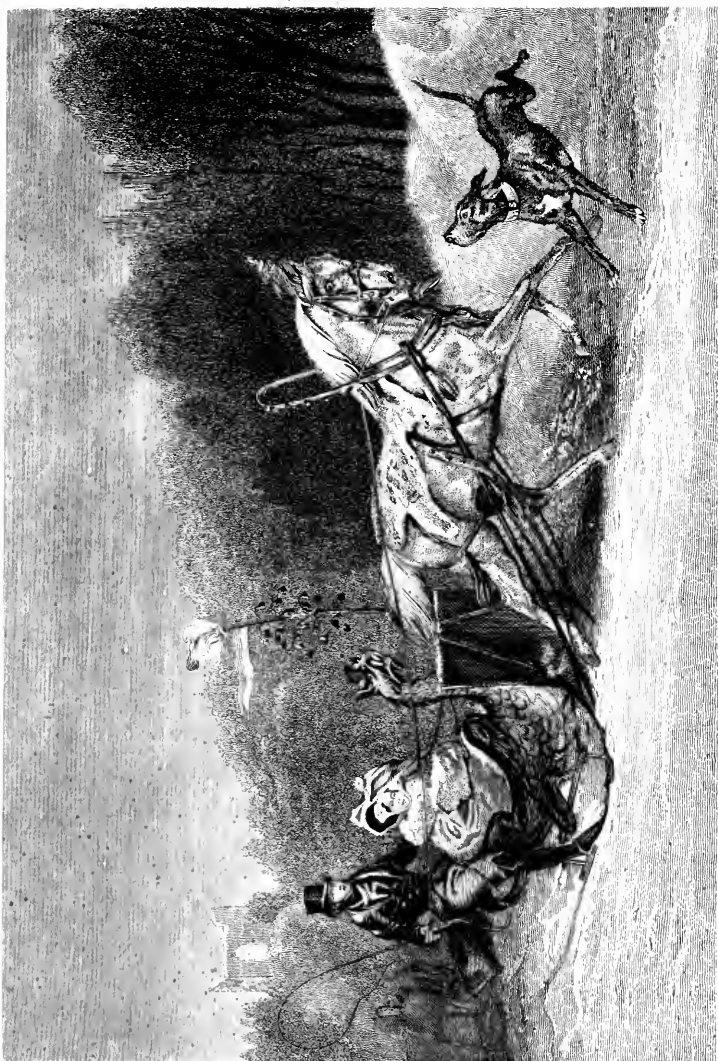
PETER SIMPLE.

D'ORSAY AND HIS TRaineau;

ACCOMPANIED WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

The atmosphere of Paris, in winter, would be hardly distinguishable from that of London, did the French burn coal—but the snow (which lies on the ground perhaps once in five years,) is known as a white substance in Paris, while in London they fancy the snow-flakes are dark on the back—they are blackened so instantly after they fall.

One of the embellishments of this Number, from the burin of Dick, is the *Dragon-sleigh* of the very handsomest man in the world, honored by the company of Lady Blessington, who, if not the handsomest woman, is certainly the most *entrainante* and delightful. The horse in his day, too, was the finest known horse, and the dog, the noblest known dog in the universe—of Paris. Four better portraits, for the size and distance, were never drawn. The Count and Lady Blessington look like those celebrities seen through a reversed opera-glass. It is a characteristic instance of the superb extravagance of the “*cupidon dechainé*,” that the whole turn-out, including the snow-shedders upon his legs, was got up upon the mere chance of a quinquennial or septennial snow. Yet he comes rightly by it, for it was one of the extravagances of his father, (who was called D’Orsay le Beau) that every hinge in his drawing rooms was a musical-box, and played the guest into his presence. Why are not constellations given to such men—with a star or two extra for pin-money, to their fair Coun-



tesses? They would spend you the Pleiades, before you could them, the missing one and all.

To return to the picture, it was done by a master, and is a true one, not merely of the faces, but remarkably of the attitudes and air of the Count and the Countess, his *belle-mere*. So stepped the horse, so bounded the dog. Our readers may be sure that of all the Engravings by Chalon, Paris, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others, they have here the best known likeness of Lady Blessington.

KILLING TROUT OUT OF SEASON.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 29, 1839.

Nothing annoys an old Sportsman so much as the killing of game out of season, and nothing distresses a true disciple of old Izaak more than taking trout before May day. The writer of this belongs to Izaak's school, and, if you will have it so, to the aristocratic branch, to wit: fly fishing. Judge, then, of my feelings when reading in the last number of the "Register," an article headed "Trout Fishing on Long Island," and the month of *February* named as the commencement of the season. I believed there was a mistake as to the month, and looked again and again. All would not do; February it was, and no mistake. The next line or two informed me "Stump Pond was clear of *ice*!" At this point of my reading, my feet grew cold, and a chill came over me, and it was not until I had taken down a glass of "half and half" that I shook it off.

You speak of sly old foxes, stealing out of town for the purpose of bringing back a monster trout. Talking of foxes, brought to my recollection a true story of my Fox-hunting friend, Mr. M., of Virginia, who always bragged of killing more foxes with his pack, than any other pack killed in the same season. One day I asked his neighbor if this were true? "Yes," said he, "Mr. M. is successful in Cub-hunting, but he quits as soon as the young foxes get *hair upon them*." This story may not seem pertinent to the subject, but, I think it is. Your old sly foxes steal over to the Island, and kill trout, when the fish are lean, hungry, and covered with lice, but quit before May-day.

For the sake of every thing dear to the lovers of angling, do all you can to put a stop to the taking of trout out of season. In Pennsylvania, some streams are protected by law: Big Spring, near Carlisle, is one of them; fishing is confined to the months of May, June, July, and August, and netting trout forbid at all times. Ask your Legislature to follow the lead given by Pennsylvania: but should that body doubt the propriety of passing a law of the kind, ask them to appoint a Committee to visit Big Spring on May day. The Committee will there see Farmers, Mechanics, Doctors, and persons of every calling, all engaged in trout fishing; and should it prove a day of clouds and sunshine, with just enough of breeze to make a ripple,

your Committee will be gratified with the sight of at least three hundred brace of fine, fat, rosy trout. G.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

We cry you mercy, friend "G," and while we cordially sympathise with you in your annoyance at the killing of game out of season, permit us to state that when we alluded to the latter part of February as the "commencement of the season" on Long Island, we had especial reference to the trouting in the *tide* streams. Trout taken out of these streams differ almost as much in flavor, size, and colour from those caught in fresh water as the latter do from shad; they are rarely taken in the creeks above sloop navigation, where they appear as soon as the ice breaks up in February, and are seldom taken after May-day. You should have been informed too, that most of these tide streams are regularly netted, not for trout merely, but for eels and several scaly varieties of the finny tribe, so that when "the sly old foxes" fish for them in these troubled waters they "lay the flattering unction to their souls" that they are not in the least degree obnoxious to the grave charge of killing trout out of season.

Again: there is not a trout pond of any celebrity on the Island in which the number allowed to be taken is not limited; for instance, at Carman's Pond, each person fishing is allowed to take away six per diem—at Stump Pond, ten—at Liff Snedeker's, twelve—at J. Smith's, fifteen, &c. By a record kept at Snedeker's last year it is computed that not less than 1500 were taken, while at Stump Pond (it should be *yclept* Lake,) the number was nearly 2800! At the latter, the trouting is, notwithstanding, uncommonly fine this season. If we commence trouting earlier on the Island by two months than is recognised as "in season" by the disciples of old Izaak residing in neighbouring States, they must at least give us the credit of winding up our reels for the season quite as much earlier than themselves.

We have half a mind to be a little ruffled at the reflection cast upon the Island trout—that they are "lean, hungry, and covered with lice before May-day." The insinuation is unfounded and outrageously libellous, as we will demonstrate to the satisfaction of "G" *next* February, by sending him a sogdollager caught in a tide stream, which is dry one half the day, while it has sufficient water the other half to float the largest steamer on the Mississippi.

Nevertheless, it would give us the greatest satisfaction to have our fresh water trout protected by law, and the friends of the measure may rely upon our hearty co-operation with them in procuring the passage of the necessary enactment.

ON BRIDLING AND BITTING HORSES.

A great error, which is now common with most horsemen and drivers, (not military) is in the use of the bit. The bit is intended and constructed, so as, with the assistance of the curb-chain, to form a powerful lever, acting on the lower jaw, while the arch of the cross piece presses with violence against the roof of the mouth. For this purpose the curb-chain must be sufficiently tight to keep the check pieces of the bit in a straight line with the line of the horse's face, when the arch of the cross piece will be in the same line, and not touch the roof of the mouth: but if the curb-chain be left too slack, the arch piece is always tormenting the roof of the mouth; and when the bridle is pulled, instead of acting on the chain and lower jaw, the checks of the bit come back on a line with the bridle, so nothing further than the action of a snaffle is produced by a bit a foot long. Thus it is, that we every day hear of horses running away,

“shocking accidents,” fractured skulls, &c. Not so with the Turks, Arabs, South Americans, and those people who are the most celebrated in the management of horses. Talk to any of these of a horse running away with them, they would not understand you, because they understand how to bridle a horse. It is a mistake to suppose, that by putting on the bit and curb-chain as it ought to be, that, therefore, it is unpleasant and “hard” upon the horse’s mouth. On the contrary, the bit is then kept steady, without the arch fidgetting the roof of the mouth. The rider is not bound to bear upon the bridle : but when he does pull, the horse must obey. We all know how the Turks and Arabs will gallop up to you, or to a wall, and in the space of a yard or two stop their horse, stiff on all four legs, as though he had suddenly been turned to stone. I have been led into these remarks upon bits and stirrups principally, by recollecting that Colonel Taylor, shortly after I saw him at Naples, lost his life in Portugal at the battle of Vimiera (I think) entirely owing to the false arrangement of his bit. While gallantly heading a charge against the French, his horse leaped a ditch, and took to a pace which very few of his men could follow. He thus found himself almost alone, within a hundred yards of the enemy. All might yet have been well with him, had he been able to stop and turn his horse ; but his bridle had no power ; he was seen to pull it with all his might, without any effect ; his horse carried him straight into the enemy’s ranks ; and they, not knowing his dilemma, received him on the points of their lances or bayonets, so that he was killed. The kind of horse he rode, too, was not that fitted for war. It was a regular “hunter,” long backed, necked, and legged, full sixteen hands high—very different from the compact built horses now in use in the British cavalry. If I may be allowed to suppose it possible for Colonel Taylor to be thinking of any such matters during his fatal unwilling course towards the lances of the French, and it is most likely that he did think of bits—and curse them too—most likely he thought of me at that dire moment. I had been in company with him at Naples, and held with him the conversation on bits and stirrups to the effect which I have here described.

While on the subject of horsemanship and bridles, I will take the opportunity of suggesting some other items to the consideration of such of my readers as are not irrevocably wedded to every thing in usage, merely because it is a usage, and an old one, perhaps, into the bargain. In consequence of my habits of observation, I am of opinion that the use of “blinkers” to draught horses is much more calculated to cause the evils intended to be guarded against. We prevent the horse from seeing in any other direction but straight before him, lest he should be frightened by some object on either side of him. I do not understand the *rationale* of this. He is as likely to see, to him, alarming objects in front as any where else. Any thing new, in shape or color, or sound, affrights a horse ; but when he finds that there is really no cause of fear, he is speedily reconciled. The horse is curious, and somewhat of an observer ; moreover, he is formed by nature and inclination to see and constantly look behind him. This is indicated by the use of his heels, and by the necessity, in a wild condition, of fleeing from his enemies, the wolves and panthers. Now, put a horse into a vehicle that makes much noise behind him,—

jingling, ringing, shaking,—he naturally feels anxious to look behind to ascertain the cause. If you approach a blinkered horse so that he cannot see you coming, and give him a sudden pat on the side or shoulder, he will start and tremble; but go up to him in front, and slap him ever so hard, he sees that there is no cause of fear, and does not stir. Supposing by some accident, a horse is left with a portion of a shaft, or any other fragment, dragging behind him, off he gallops, and is, he thinks, pursued by the dreadful thing following him, which he cannot see. At Naples, the hackney coach and cabmen use no blinkers to their horses; and I have observed for years, the great advantages of the omission. Although these horses are generally spirited stallions, and sometimes vicious, never such a thing as their being frightened and running away occurs. Moreover, the horse keeps always one eye at least at the hand of the driver, so that the mere lifting of the whip is enough to make him pull, without its actual application. More might be said upon this subject, but brevity forbids me.

The “bearing rein” is an excellent device for taking from the horse a portion of his power of traction, and keeping him in a constant state of torment while in harness. The act of drawing requires the freedom of the neck, which should be allowed extension, instead of the chin being forced up to the throat. The constant pain to the horse’s mouth, and the cramped muscles of the head and neck, are too evident to need discussion. We see the horses shaking, and shaking up their heads, and coachee gives them a good cut of the whip to ease them, I suppose, by substituting one sort of pain for another. Of course I shall be told of “the look of the thing,” without “blinkers” or “bearing reins.” Very well, then go on using them. I have done my duty towards the steeds by giving my opinion, which, I hope, others better qualified will enlarge upon.

Life of Maceroni.

SELF-TRAINED HORSES.—When a colt is weaned and turned out, it has of course a shed or stable to lie and feed in. By making a slight fence about the height of the colt’s knees, a few yards from the door, you compel him to walk over to get to his corn. When he is quite used to this, raise the fence six inches. This will make him rear up and get his fore legs over, and he will soon find it easier to jump over than to draw over his hind legs after him. When he does this freely, raise the fence still higher, till he is obliged to make a good standing leap over it every time he goes in. When he is perfect at this, which he will be in the course of a month, then dig a ditch, and throw up a bank with the earth instead of a rail, and he will first walk into the ditch, and then get his fore legs on the bank, but in a day or two he will quietly jump on the bank. After being perfect in this, have another ditch on the other side of the bank and he will jump on and off in a few days as well as any hunter. The writer has a thoroughbred colt, only nine months old, which is as perfect at all sorts of fence as the best hunter.

Diary of a Huntsman.

RACING IN RUSSIA.

Extract of a letter dated Nova Tcherkask (the country of the Cossacks of the Don), 27th September.

After the horse-races had taken place at Taganrog, several Noble Cossacks, such as the Counts Orloff, Denissoff, and Platoff, Seigneurs Yelovajski, Yeffremofs, Wlassofs, Tchernosouhofs, Dmytross, &c., met at Nova-Tcherkask to ascertain which race of horses in our country is best fitted for the course. The races on this occasion well deserved to have the Members of the Jockey Clubs of Paris and of England for spectators. These were steeple-chases across the steppes; the distance sixteen versts (three French leagues and a fifth). Twenty-two horses of different indigenous races started, each shod, saddled, and bridled like a war-horse, and most of them mounted by the Nobles themselves—the others by the Cossacks. Numerous carriages, filled with Ladies in elegant full dress, were stationed near the place of starting, and also near the spot fixed on for the termination of the course. The regiment of the Cossack Guard, and that of the Ataman, were present in full uniform, and added much to the exhilarating scene. When the horses started, “Hurrah!” resounded on all sides for several minutes. The first horse that arrived at the goal was that of Colonel Yelovajski, a dark bay of pure Cossack blood, which went over the ground in twenty-eight minutes. The other horses were Persian-Cossack, English-Cossack, Circassian-Cossack, Polish-Cossack, Kirgis-Cossack, Turkish-Cossack, and Tartar-Cossack. The different bets won and lost upon the course amounted to about 200,000 francs. The joy of the Cossacks was very great from the winner being of the pure indigenous race of their country. The festivities which succeeded the race lasted three days; after which all the Cossack Nobility, divided into troops, spread over the steppes to hunt the wolf and fox with greyhounds, the custom in this country.

Extract of a Letter, dated Ouralsk (Asiatic Russia), October 10, 1838.

The Jockey Club annals cannot perhaps furnish a similar instance of what took place at our last horse-races, which were held on the 29th September, at which, as usual, were assembled several Sultan-Kirgis and the high and civil military functionaries of our province, who, preceded by the Ataman of the Uralian Cossacks, repaired in procession to the Hippodrome situate to the south of our city. The length of our course was eighteen versts (four French leagues and a half): the first races were to be run by Cossack horses, twenty of which started at once. Two amongst them, one ridden by the Cossack Santchyn, and the other by the Cossack Salihof, from the very start outstripped the rest, and ran side by side as if tethered to each other, and without obtaining the slightest advantage, to the end of the race. They reached the goal in 24:35. The prize of 250 roubles (about 1000 f.) was divided between the two competitors. The equal speed of the two horses astonished every spectator, and immediately every one was on the *qui vive* to know their origin, when they were discovered to be *twins*.

The horses of the Kirgis-Kaissaks ran next: they were eighteen in number. That ridden by Dojin-Baj-Mohamed, Son of the Sultan Sovereign of the Kirgis-Kaissaks, was declared the winner: he took

but nineteen minutes to clear the distance. It must be admitted that this *was* an extraordinary performance, but the horse that gave this proof of his speed is one of the first coursers, and the young Sultan is considered the cleverest jock in Kirgistan. This prince distributed among his servants the 310 roubles (1240 f.) won by his horse.

A race between Cossack and Kirgis-Cossack horses was announced for the next, but it did not take place, as no one deemed that he possessed a horse capable of entering into competition with that of Dojin-Baj-Mohamed. The only horse that might have ventured to contend with any chance of success was the black stallion belonging to the Cossack Boustche-Tchou-Groumien, which for four successive years carried off every prize : but this horse was ill. Last year he compassed the eighteen versts in 18 min. 25 sec.

BOAT SONG.

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, ESQ.

The songs written for rowers being rarely composed by practical *craftsmen*, are generally useless, save in the drawing-room ; because the measure of the music is not timed to the stroke of oars. Placide's drinking song as the gardener in "The Marriage of Figaro," has always been a favourite with the Boat Clubs, when rowing with a quick stroke ; as "Long time ago" is, when pulling with a slow one. The following, evidently written to the air of "*In early life I took a wife*" substitutes some more appropriate words for those of Placide's popular favourite.

We court no gale with wooing sail,
 We fear no squall a-brewing ;
 Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff,
 Alike our course pursuing.
 For what to us are winds, when thus
 Our merry boat is flying,
 While bold and free, with jocund glee,
 Stout hearts her oars are plying ?
 At twilight dun, when red the sun
 Far o'er the water flashes,
 With buoyant song our barque along
 His crimson pathway dashes.
 And when the night devours the light,
 And shadows thicken o'er us,
 The stars steal out, the skies about,
 To dance to our bold chorus.
 Sometimes near shore we ease our oar,
 While beauty's sleep invading,
 To watch the beam through her casement gleam,
 As she wakes to our serenading ;
 Then with the tide we floating glide,
 To music soft receding,
 Or drain one cup, to her filled up
 For whom those notes are pleading.
 Thus on and on, till the night is gone,
 And the garish day is breaking,
 While landsmen sleep, we boatmen keep
 The soul of frolic waking.
 And though cheerless then our craft looks, when
 To her moorings day has brought her,
 By the moon amain she is launched again,
 To dance o'er the gleesome water.

HARKAWAY.

[We resume from page 11 of the previous Number the "strange eventful history" of this high mettled racer. His performance last noted was his winning Her Majesty's Plate, of 100 guineas at Doncaster, on the 17th of Sept. last; three days subsequently he was to have been started for the Doncaster Cup, but here his owner stepped in, and it must be confessed that *his* "performance" out-herods anything that could have been achieved by Harkaway or horse-flesh.]

We hear next of Harkaway at Heaton Park, where (on the 26th Sept.) he started for the Stakes of that name; the odds were 6 to 5 *on* him, and 5 to one *vs.* Prize-flower, (the half-bred Priam colt) who won it owing to an accident. It is thought of this race that the Harkaway party actually meant "winning"—perhaps with the intention of asserting afterwards that the horse was "saved for it" instead of running for the Cup at Doncaster. However, it was otherwise ordered, and accident inflicted the only punishment they were likely to feel, viz.—by making them lose their money. In making the first turn, Harkaway's feet slipped from under him, and after sliding some distance he came down as if he had been shot, and was, of course, put out of the race; Calloway, to the satisfaction of all present, was unhurt, but there was a general cry of "*What a pity FERGUSON was not on him!*" Lord Milltown's filly Cruiskeen, also fell near the same place, and to complete the chapter of accidents, Rachel stumbled and was thrown on her nose, while Fairy Queen, being thrown out, also stumbled, and in recovering herself went foul of Cruiskeen, who was knocked down but not damaged. Neale, her jockey, was slightly hurt, but contrived to limp home, and was able the next day to ride again. When Heaton Park races first commenced, regular Jockeys were not allowed to ride, and it is a little singular that since their services have been introduced, there has scarcely been a race for which they have ridden in a field of horses that has not produced some confusion. In 1835, Tarick fell whilst running for the very same stake as Harkaway, and not far from the same place.

It should be mentioned that for this last race Harkaway was handicapped to carry 9st. 2lbs., under which he started, being *fourteen pounds* more than that carried by any horse in the race, though four others were of the same age of himself; this very fact shows what an impression his earliest performances had made upon the public, for he was handicapped for this race while the current of public feeling was in favor of his owner, who had gone over to England with the character of an upright but oppressed man. It was after his reputation had become questionable, and his horse had "enacted more wonders," that 13 st. 7 lbs., or one hundred and eighty-nine pounds, was the enormous burden imposed upon Harkaway for the Doncaster Cup. And notwithstanding this, it will be remembered that he was first favorite, though the field included Don John, Bee's-wing, The Doctor, and Melbourne! Whether his owner's mode of doing business had actuated the Handicappers to visit the sins of Ferguson on the back

of his horse, or whether they really considered Harkaway so much superior to any other nomination, we shall not presume to say. Don John, the winner, a 3 yr. old, carried but 101 lbs!

The next we hear of Harkaway is at the Holywell Hunt Meeting, where for the first time Ferguson's character came under the cognizance of an association of gentlemen acting in an official capacity. We refer to the Mostyn Hunt, a body of the nobility and gentry, whose favor in matters affecting character, was, and is, at all times a desideratum. One of the rules of the association is to the effect that no horse can start in any race under its control except he is nominated by a member of the Hunt: and in the Club, on the question of nomination or no nomination coming under discussion, the result was, *that Mr. Ferguson, the owner of Harkaway, did not obtain a nomination for his horse.* The members of the Hunt present were, the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Mostyn, Hon. E. M. Mostyn, F. R. Price, Esq., T. P. Lloyd, Esq., P. Mostyn, Esq., James W. Hammond, Esq., and R. W. Vaughan, Esq. The Harkaway party were dreadfully mortified on finding they could not get a nomination, as they calculated upon winning, owing to the exceeding heavy state of the course: not having anticipated any difficulty in procuring a nomination, they had "put on the pot" to a heavy amount at 2 to 1 on Harkaway P. P.! Of course they were floored!

Determined to follow up his notoriety to the end of the year, Ferguson conveyed his horse, per caravan to Penrith, within fourteen miles, and went himself to Carlisle, where he entered the horse for both the Royal Plate and Cup; after finessing awhile about Penrith he took his departure, *but not for Carlisle*, where he ventured not at all. "Alfred Highflyer" accounts for this by saying "there were no more pigeons to pluck, the Irishman finding himself *too far north*!" We recollect, however, reading a current rumor in the London papers of the time, to the effect that Harkaway had broken down while taking his exercise near Carlisle, and which appeared to be confirmed by the fact of Ferguson's advertising him for sale. Bell's Life stated that £6000 was demanded for him. At the extortionate rates which owners of stallions here charge for their services, without limiting the number of mares, Harkaway would be a good speculation if imported at a cost of \$40,000.

A thousand reports have reached us since the Carlisle affair, relative to Harkaway and "his man Friday;" one of them was to the effect that Ferguson had taken his horse off the Turf, and was riding him to hounds twice a week, on his estate in Ireland, occasionally interrupting the monotony of hunting with a Steeple Chase! In either event we must commend the man for his prudence and good sense in remaining at home; the climate of England was waxing rather too warm for him, while Dublin and the Curragh were not localities exactly suited to one of his *peculiar* habits.

Harkaway, was, however, put in nomination for the Great National Steeple Chase at Liverpool with another horse of Ferguson's, but in the name of a Mr. John Devine. To this stake, which came off on the 26th Feb., there were fifty-two subscribers, the greatest number ever known in England. It was stated in "Bell's Life in London" that his other nomination having gone amiss in training, Ferguson had taken up Harkaway and was practising him at fencing! It is hardly neces-

sary to state he did not start. He is now in nomination for the Chester Trades' Cup, for which, though he is handicapped to carry eleven pounds more than any other horse, he is first favorite. The following is the "Latest state of the Odds" as given in Bell's Life of the 17th Feb. :—

8 to 1 agst Harkaway (taken.)	100 to 5 agst Vertumnus
9½ to 1 — King Cole	100 to 5 — Chit-chat
100 to 6 — Ion	100 to 5 — Ludwardine
100 to 6 — Eaglet	100 to 5 — Cow-boy
100 to 6 — Drone	100 to 5 — Caravan
100 to 6 — Van Buren	100 to 5 — any other.
100 to 6 — Slashing Harry	

Had Harkaway continued in Ireland his extraordinary capabilities as a racer would have scarcely been credited in England, much less on this side the water; many would have thought his oft repeated and almost uniform success arose chiefly from his having "nothing to beat;" but from his performances in England, and particularly from the style in which he won the Goodwood Cup, no doubt can be entertained as to his great superiority. His running at Liverpool was scarcely equal to his performance at Goodwood; but, let it be kept in mind that he had crossed the water a short time previously, and a racer can scarcely fail to suffer in a sea voyage, how short soever, be the weather what it may; yet, many are inclined to think he would have proved successful for the Liverpool Cup, had not his rider let him out a few seconds too soon; had he kept him together till within the distance, he would have rendered the struggle shorter, which on a very severe run in, like that of Liverpool, ought to be a weighty consideration, particularly under the circumstance of unusual weight; after all, Harkaway was beaten only half a neck.

In contemplating the portrait of this extraordinary horse, rendered as interesting by the collateral circumstances of his career, as by his very numerous and surprising performances, the eye will be led to regard in a particular manner the beauty of his eye and ear, the strength and length of arm, the flexibility of the loin, the widely spread and well developed quarter. Under every view of the case, Harkaway must be considered as a very remarkable horse; since he possesses not only superior speed, but unusual power also, accompanied by the rare quality of being able to appear very frequently at the starting post---in this respect he appears to excel every other horse on the turf. If Harkaway be not the very best horse in Great Britain (as he has proved himself in Ireland) there is not one of his year can race successfully against him; all preceding nags brought into England sink into nothingness compared with Harkaway.

The handicapping system must necessarily be highly injurious, and even destructive, to superior racers, as they are punished for their success by being compelled to struggle under extra weight; it must be admitted that the system in question renders the race more interesting, but the accumulated load seldom fails to bring down the bearer of it, who there leaves the course with blemished fore legs; because, inasmuch as the weight of the animal is received upon the fore feet every stride, the unnatural concussion, thus produced, must tend to injure the delicate texture and mechanism of the interior of the foot, the tendons of the lower part of the leg, or the requisite flexibility of

the pastern. In consequence superior horses very rarely leave the course uninjured, and too frequently communicate something like their own blemishes to their stock. Touchstone, though to appearance as powerful a horse as Harkaway, never carried so heavy a load as some of those under which the latter has successfully struggled; but the former, a very superior racer beyond all doubt, was subjected to extra weight from the fiat of the handicapper, and ultimately sunk under its effects. The evening before Touchstone appeared for the last time on the course, (the night before the race for the Ascot Cup) a hint was conveyed to the Marquis of Westminster that one of his legs was "amiss." "Then he shall start on three legs," said his Noble Owner; "and if he does not win the Cup I will change my trainer." He broke down shortly afterwards, so that the trainer might have been perfectly correct in his notion; his well practised eye might have perceived indications of "breaking down" not easily discernible by others.

If we trace the history of the Turf, from its establishment in the time of James I. to the present moment, no horse will be found whose performances, on the score of comparison, appear analagous to those of Harkaway. Flying Childers might be fleetier than Harkaway, but the greatest weight he carried was 9st. 2lb., and that not till he was "aged," being six years old when he came upon the turf: while Harkaway carried 10st. as a three year-old! Eclipse (the best racer the world ever saw) like Flying Childers, had attained maturity, or nearly so, before he appeared at the starting post; this extraordinary horse carried 12 st. in ten out of the eleven King's Plates which he won; but he had attained his 6th year before this load was placed upon him, and therefore the difference in weight can be scarcely regarded as equal to the difference in years, Eclipse, six years old, carrying 12st.; Harkaway, three years old, carrying 10 st.: both ran successfully with these weights, the former for the King's Plates, the latter for the Rossmore Free Handicap—for which he was most *freely* weighted.

King Herod was a stout racer, remarkable for carrying weight, rather than for speed perhaps; but he was not brought on the turf till he had attained his fifth year; he raced successfully on the whole, though he repeatedly sustained defeat.

If we scan more modern times, we shall scarcely find a racer who has come out so often, carried such weights, and so successfully, as Harkaway. The celebrated Sir Peter Teazle broke down when he was four years old, with considerably less than 10st. on his back, as he was running against Cardock, Driver, Schoolboy and Gunpowder, in the Newmarket First October Meeting, 1789.

As a specimen of modern times, we have already instanced Elis: it may be further remarked that Bay Middleton, the successful opponent to Elis, and who was never beaten, broke down when four years old. It is needless to multiply instances.

On a re-capitulation of his performances it appears that Harkaway at the end of his 4 yr. old year had started twenty-eight times and won *twenty-one* races, including EIGHT KING'S PLATES, two CUPS and the ROYAL WHIP, beating the best horses on the Irish and English Turf, giving them from ten to eighty pounds! It is necessary to call to mind that Irish jockeys ride their races with greater severity than their English comrades. No matter what the distance, with them every

post is a winning post, and here is a horse, ridden after the *fashion* of the country, having run twenty-seven miles in one week (viz. in April, 1838,) quite fresh and up to his work. We again ask can any other four year old produce the same certificate of *good conduct*?

As an appropriate illustration of the effect produced by Harkaway's being *caravanned* out of Doncaster when the farrier should have been fitting his "pumps" to start for the Cup, we introduce the following letter, addressed a few weeks subsequently to the Editor of "Bell's Life in London:"—

"Evil be to the hour when I met my friend M. in Stephen's Green, just as I had left Dycer's, (the Tattersalls of Dublin,) after having sold a colt there for £50, I having the five ten pound notes snugly deposited in my fob. M. had just returned from Liverpool, and, with his broad mug in full blow, described to me the entire of the running of Harkaway for the Liverpool Cup: "If Tommy Lye had stopped upon St. Bennett for a moment Harkaway must have won;" "If Holmes had held Harkaway a second longer he must have won;" If, if, if, but no matter; he had a dead secret for me, and after having deposited me in the middle of the Green, and after having cautiously seen that no person was within a hundred yards, he whispered to me that Harkaway was to win the Goodwood, Wolverhampton, and Doncaster Cups, that the odds were 20 to 1 agst him, that he had taken £400 to £20 about the events, and that I should have half if I liked. Knowing that M. was, for an Irish boy, pretty right in general, and having a liking for the horse (which I had known from a foal,) I agreed, handed M. a £10 note out of the five, wished him luck, and walked down to Morrison's, when, with the assistance of ould Mick (the best Boots, perhaps, in Ireland,) I was soon ready, and twenty-five hours after saw me snugly deposited in a certain kennel not a hundred miles from the county of Clare, with a select few around me, their sterns wagging, and their eyes beaming with joy at the sight of "the masher," as the dog-boy calls me; and there I should have been happy at this moment, for I am

"A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
And never fawn on those they love not—

had it not been for your widely-circulating paper, to which I am a subscriber. I had forgotten my bet entirely, when, just as I sat down to my breakfast a few days afterwards, your paper was handed to me. Harkaway had won the Cup at Goodwood. Bravo! one event safe. I confess that even then a little castle-building took place, but the airy fabric disappeared before the form of a fox-hound bitch that I had just received as a present; I forgot even Harkaway as I looked at her head and neck. A letter from M., however, recalled me; he had taken the odds again, and booked me half. Bravo! another week, and with it came the welcome "Bell," Harkaway had won at Wolverhampton, and was first favorite for Doncaster. Ye Gods, who rule the sporting world, what a change came over me! £100! I would buy, first of all, new caps for the huntsman and whipper; ditto for myself; and I looked at two saddles which I had cumbered with my weight for two years; in a second they appeared too ancient; I would have two new ones; my red coat, Soho! Soho! the huntsman could

have it for a second. I—I, the backer of Harkaway—would have two new ones, double breasted, with deep flaps; the old horse should have a new suit of clothes; the brown mare (the pet of the stable) should have an oil-cloth for going to cover; both the boys should have top coats; in short the £400 should be laid out to the best advantage, and I would go to Doncaster and see Harkaway fill the pockets of his spirited owner and admiring countrymen. No sooner said than done. Limerick Mail to Dublin; Morrison's, for one day, dinner, pint of sherry, three bottles of claret, two tumblers of brandy punch—what matter? Harkaway will pay; Field, leather breeches maker, three pairs of leather breeches, to be paid for on my return from Doncaster; Morgan, hatter, three hunting caps—"pay after Doncaster;" Jamieson & Son, distillers, one puncheon of whiskey, to be sent by Canal—"pay after Doncaster;" Rigby & Son, best double-barrel, additional barrels, new patent cocks, two cases, to be sent by canal—pay? oh, pay after Doncaster; dinner at Hayes's, Kingstown, at half-past four, one bottle champagne, one ditto claret, one glass of brandy neat, to keep off sea-sickness—waiter half a crown—Pho! pho! Harkaway will pay; Steamer, supper, bottle mulled sherry, five cigars; steward, although included in fare, an extra half-crown! What matter, Harkaway? Rail road, Manchester—coach fares doubled, no room; what matter? post it! Did so; paid like a prince; eat and drank like a Kerry man. Pay, pay, pay! To be sure; 'tis only in advance; Harkaway will pay for all. Doncaster, four guineas for bed for four nights—to be sure, Harkaway again. My time flew, and I knew no care. 'Tis true I had a slight twinge or so when Harkaway came out and won the Plate, but it was soon appeased: he was short of work; what was it but a slow gallop? he liked it, &c. &c. &c. However, matters went not quite so smooth on Wednesday morning; even amongst Ferguson's friends (or, at least, those who ought to be classed as such, and had often perilled life and limb for him,) there was "doubt in Israel." A York man had laid heavy against him; a Liverpool man ditto; at Bath, at Cheltenham, and at London, there had been heavy betting against him; both against him, and backing Bee's-wing at 7 to 4. However, I was not one of the down-hearted, for I reasoned that the horse was there, was well, had run and won in a canter, no lameness, no cough; in fact, as we say in Ireland, no nothing. I had known his owner for years, and was sure he would start, aye, and win. In vain they attempted to prove to me that he was made safe; that he dared not start; that he was in chains; that he was bought and sold; nay, more, that he was on his way to Sheffield. I would not believe it. Why bring him to Doncaster at all? Not for a dirty £100 Plate; and if brought there, why keep him after winning? why not travel him off to Heaton Park, where he was in the Stakes? "Pho, pho," said I; "you are nervous; start he will; so sit down to your breakfasts, boys, and don't spoil your appetites." All our moneys were in the same way, and, from the imaginative faculties of my countrymen, I make no doubt others had been building *chateaux en Espagne*, as well as myself. Breakfast over, we determined to send one of our body to Mr. F., and accordingly the most influential was commissioned, but Mr. F. was *non est*. About five o'clock P.M. the murder came out; a person supposed to be best informed about

Harkaway was betting 10 to 1 against him for the Cup. "Holy nature," what vituperation, what curses loud and deep, what anathemas, from the poor harvestman, who left and lost his day's work to give one cheer for ould Ireland and Harkaway, to the first peer of the realm; all were engaged in the humane act of sending the eternal and earthly parts of Mr. Ferguson to the Old Gentleman who keeps the fire-office below; ashes were heaped upon his ancestors' graves, and the diminishing of his shadow earnestly entreated from Providence as a national blessing. As to my part, I was stunned; my new pig-skins, my hunting cap, my leathers, my horse clothes, my double-barrel, and (oh! murder of murders!) my whiskey, all gone, whistled down the wind—my little dogs, Blanche, Tray, and all. I ran to my portmanteau. Eighteen sovereigns, out of which ten were to be paid. I met M.; his mug was sufficient; on yesterday it looked like the setting sun, to-day it looked like a melo-dramatic attempt at the blue cholera. "By Copsty," says he, "I am ruined, and if you desert me I'll be left here in pledge for '*the expinses.*'" He left me. Thursday morning found me like the wretch condemned to die, easier for the certainty. Don John won, and thereby saved the credulous many a thousand, as Bee's-wing was booked to a certainty by those who had the dead knowledge about Harkaway. Nothing save Don John could have saved them. I shall only repeat what Mr. Orde (the spirited owner of Bee's-wing) said upon Wednesday night in the betting rooms:—"Be careful that in backing a horse you are certain that he is to run, and that they do not purloin your money like thieves in the night." I return poor and sad to my native insignificance, but I return wiser. I have paid my bet and my landlord; I have retained nothing save my honor. Farewell my castles in the air—farewell my dreams.

EHEU HARKAWAY! EHEU FERGUSON!"

THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. X.

"When will your hounds be going out again think ye, Mr. Benjamin?" inquired Samuel Strong, a country servant of all work, lately arrived at Handley-cross, as they sat round the saddle-room fire of the Dragon Inn yard, in company with the persons hereafter enumerated, the day after the celebrated run described in our last.

Samuel Strong was just that sort of man that would be Samuel Strong. Were his master to ring his bell and desire the waiter to tell the "Boots" to send his servant "Samuel Strong" to him, Boots would pick Samuel out of a score of servants, without ever having seen him before. He was a real Sussex clod, quite the southern-hound breed of servants. Large-headed, almost lop-eared, red-haired, (long, coarse, and uneven,) fiery whiskers, making a complete fringe round his harvest moon of a face, with a short thick nose that looked as though it had been sat upon by a very heavy person. In stature he was of the middle height, square built, and terribly clumsy. Nor were the defects of nature at all counteracted by the advantages of dress, for Strong was clad in a very rural suit of livery, consisting of a footman's morn-

ing jacket with a standing up collar made of dark grey cloth, plentifully besprinkled with large brass buttons, with a raised edge, as though his master were expecting his crest from the herald's college. Moreover, the jacket, either from an original defect in its construction, or from that propensity to shrink, which inferior clothes unfortunately have, had so contracted its dimensions, that the top buttons of the waist were half-way up Samuel's back, and the lower ones were just where the top ones ought to be. The tails, therefore, only half concealed that portion of his person that they were meant to cover; and the shrinking of the sleeves placed a pair of large serviceable-looking hands in nervously striking relief. The waistcoat, broad blue and white stripe, made up lengthways, was new, and probably the tailor, bemoaning the scanty appearance of Sam's nether man, had determined to make some atonement to his front, for the waistcoat extended full four inches below his coat, and concealed the upper part of a very baggy pair of blue plush shorts, that were met again by very tight drab gaiters, that evidently required no little ingenuity to coax together to button. A twelve-shilling hat with a narrow silver band and binding of the same metal, and a pair of darned white Berlin gloves, completed the costume of this figure servant; and the rest of his history, so far as it is necessary to know it, will be gathered as we go on.

Benjamin Brady—the reader's old friend "Binjimin"—was the very converse of Samuel Strong. A little puny, pale-faced, gin-drinking-looking Cockney, wanting a front tooth, with a pair of roaring pig eyes, peering out from below his lank white hair, cut evenly round his head, as though it had been done by the edges of a barber's bason. Benjamin had increased considerably in his own opinion by the acquisition of a pair of top-boots, and his appointment of whipper-in to the hounds, in which he was a good deal supported by the deference invariably paid by country servants to London ones.

Like all inn saddle-rooms, the Dragon one was somewhat contracted in its dimensions, and what little there was, was rendered less, by sundry sets of harness hanging against the walls, and divers saddle-stands, boot-trees, knife-cleaners, broken pitchforks, and bottles with candles in their necks, scattered promiscuously around. Nevertheless, there was a fire, to keep "hot water ready," and above the fireplace were sundry smoke-dried hand-bills of country horses for the bye-gone season—"Jumper—Clever—Clumsy—Barney Bodkin—Billy Button, &c.,"—while logs of wood, three-legged stools, and inverted horse pails, served the place of chairs around. On the boiler side of the fire, away from the door—for no one has a greater regard for No. 1 than himself—sat the renowned Benjamin Brady, in a groom's drab frock-coat, reaching down to his heels, a sky blue waistcoat, patent cord breeches with grey worsted stockings and slippers, airing a pair of very small mud-stained top-boots before the fire, occasionally feeling the scratches on his face, and the bites the fox inflicted on his nose, the previous day—next him, sat the "first pair *boy* out," a grey-headed old man of sixty, whose jacket, breeches, boots, entire person in fact, were concealed by a long brown hollowed thing, that gave him the appearance of sitting in boots, spurs, and a night-shirt. Then came the hostler's lad, a boy of some eight or nine years old, rolling

about on the flags, playing with the saddle-room cat; and immediately before the fire on a large inverted horse-pail, sat Samuel Strong, while the circle was made out by Bill Brown (Dick the hostler's one-eyed helper) "Tom" a return post-boy from Tunbridge, and a lad Joe, who assisted Bill Brown the one-eyed helper of Dick the ostler—when Dick himself was acting the part of assistant waiter in the Dragon, as was the case on this occasion.

"When will your hounds be going out again think ye Mr. Benjamin?" was the question put by Samuel Strong to our sporting Leviathan.

"D—n me if I knows," replied the boy with the utmost importance, turning his top-boots before the fire. "It's precious little consequence I thinks, ven we goes out again, if that gallows old goose of a governor of ours persist in 'unting the 'ounds himself. I've *all* the work to do! Bless ye, we should have lost 'ounds, fox, and all yesterday, if I hadn't rid like the werry wengeance. See 'ow I've scratched my mug," added he, turning up a very pasty and much scratched countenance. "If I'm to 'unt the 'ounds and risk my neck at every stride, I must have the wage of a 'untsman, or blow me tight the old 'un may suit himself.

"What 'n chap is your old gen'leman?" inquired the "first pair boy out," who, having been in service himself, where he might have remained if he could have kept sober, had still a curiosity to know how the world of servitude wagged.

"Oh, d—n if I knows," replied Benjamin, "precious rum 'un I assure you. Whiles, he's werry well—then it's, Bin this, and Bin that, and you'll be a werry great man, Bin, and such like gammon; and then the next minute, perhaps, he's up in a regular sky blue, swearing he'll cut my liver and lights out, or bind me apprentice to a fiddler—but then I knows the old fool, and he knows he can't do without me, so we just battle and jog on the best way we can together."

"You'll have good wage I spose," rejoined Samuel with a sigh, for his "governor," only gave him ten pounds a year, and no perquisites.

"Precious little of that I assure you," replied Benjamin—"at least the old warmint never pays me. He swears he pays it to our old 'oman; but I believe he pockets it himself, an old ram; but I'll have a reckoning with him some of these odd days. What'n a blackguard's your master?"

"*Hush!*" replied Samuel, astonished at Ben's freedom of speech, a thing not altogether understood in the country. "A bad un I'll be bound," continued the little rascal, "or he would'nt see you mooning about in such a rumbustical apology for a coat, with laps that scarce cover you decently;" reaching behind the aged post-boy, and taking up Mr. Samuel's fan-tail as he spoke. "I never see's a servant in a cutty coat, without swearing his master's a screw. Now these d—d things such as you have on, are just what the great folks in London give their flunkies to carry coals, and make up fires in, but never to go staring from home with. Then your country folks get hold of them, and think by clapping such clowns as you in them, to make people believe that they have other coats at home. Tell the truth now, old baggy breeches, have you another coat of any sort?"

"Yee'as," replied Samuel Strong, "I've a fustian one."

"Vot, *you* a fustian coat!" repeated Benjamin in astonishment, "vy I thought you'd been a flunkey!"

"So I am," replied Samuel, "but I looks arter a huss and shay as well."

"Crickey!" cried Benjamin, "here's a figure futman wot looks arter an 'oss and chay—Vy you'll be vot they call a man of 'all vork,' a vite nigger in fact! dear me," added he, eyeing him in a way that drew a peal of laughter from the party, "vot a curious beast you must be! I shouldn't wonder now if you could mow?"

"With any man," replied Samuel, thinking to astonish Benjamin with his talent,—

"And sow?"

"Yee'as and sow."

"And row?"

"Never tried—dare say I could though."

"And do ye feed the pigs?" inquired Benjamin.

"Yee'as, when Martha's away."

"And who's Martha?"

"Whoy she's a widder woman, that lives a' back o' the church.—She's a son a-board a steamer, and she goes to see him whiles."

"Your governor's an apothecary, I suppose by that queer button," observed Benjamin, eyeing Sam's coat. "What we call a chemist and druggist in London. Do you look arter the red and green winder bottles now? Crickey, he don't look as though he lived on physic altogether, does he?" added Benjamin, turning to Bill Brown, the helper, amid the general laughter of the company.

"My master's a better man than ever you'll be, you little ugly sinner," replied Samuel Strong, breaking into a glow, and doubling a most serviceable looking fist on his knee.

"We've only your word for that," replied Benjamin, "he don't look like a werry good un by the way he rigs you out. 'Ow many slaveys does he keep?"

"Slaveys," repeated Samuel, "slaveys, what be they?"

"Vy cook-maids and such like h'animals—women in general."

"Ow, two—one to clean the house and dress the dinner, t'other to milk the cows and dress the childer."

"Oh, you 'ave childer, 'ave you, in your 'ouse?" exclaimed Benjamin, in disgust. "Well come, our's is bad, but we've nothing to ekle (equal) that. I wouldn't live where there are brats for no manner of consideration."

"You've a young Missis, though, hav'nt you?" inquired the aged post-boy, "there was a young lady came down in the chay along with the old folk."

"That's the niece," replied Benjamin—"a jolly nice gal she is too—her home's in Vitechapel,—often get a tissey out of her—That's to say, she don't give me them herself exactly, but the young men as follows her do, so it comes to the same thing in the end. She has a couple of them you see, first one pays, and then t'other. Green, that's him of Tooley-street, gives shillings because he has plenty; then Stubbs wot lives near Boroughbridge—the place the rabbits come from—gives half-crowns, because he hasn't much. Then Stubbs is

such a feller for kissing of the gals.—‘ Be’ave yourself, or I’ll scream,’ I hears our young lady say, as I’m a listening at the door. ‘ *Don’t,*’ says he, kissing her again, ‘ you’ll hurt your throat,—let me do it for you.’ Then to hear our old cove and he talk about ’unting of an evening over their drink, you’d swear they were as mad as hatters.—They jump, and shout, and sing, and talliho ! till they bring the street-keeper to make them quiet.”

“ You had a fine run t’other day, I hear,” observed Joe, the deputy-helper, in a deferential tone to Mr. Brady.

“ Uncommon !” replied Benjamin, shrugging up his shoulders at the recollection of it, and clearing the low bars of the grate out with his toe.

“ They tell me your governor tumbled off,” continued Joe, “ and lost his ’hoss.”

“ Werry like,” replied Benjamin, with a grin, “ he generally does tumble h’off. I’m d—d if it is’n’t a disgrace to an ’oss to be ridden by such a lubber ! A great fat beast ! he’s only fit for vater carriage.” Haw ! haw ! haw ! haw ! haw ! haw ! went the roar of laughter among the party ; haw ! haw ! haw ! haw ! haw ! pealed the second edition.

“ He’s a precious old file too,” resumed the little urchin, elated at the popularity he was acquiring, “ to hear him talk, I’m blow’d if you wouldn’t think he’d ride over an ’ouse, and yet some how or other, he’s never seen after they go away, unless it be bowling along the ’ard road ;—t’other morning, we had a run, and he wanted to give in during the middle of it, and yesterday he stood staring like a stuck pig in the wood, instead of riding after his ’ounds. If I hadn’t been as lively as a lark, and leapt like a louse, we should never have seen an ’ourd no more. They’d have run slap to France, or whatever there is on the far side of the hill, if the world’s made any further that way. Well, I rides, and rides, for miles and miles, as ’ard as ever the ’oss could lay legs to the ground, every thing, ’edges, ditches, gates, styles, rivers, determined to stick by ’em,—see wot a mug I’ve got with ramming through the briars—feels just as if I’d had it brushed with a pair o’ wool-combs ; howsomever, I did, and I wouldn’t part company with them, and the consequence was, we killed the fox—my eyes such a h’animal !—longer than that,” said he, stretching out both his arms, “ and as big as a bull—fierce as fury—flew at my snout—nearly bit it off—kept a hold of him though—and worried his soul out—people all pleased—farmer’s wife in particular—offered me a drink ’o milk—axed for some Jackey—had none, but gave me whiskey instead,—Vill any man here sky a copper for a quartern o’ gin ?” inquired Benjamin, looking round the party. “ Then who’ll stand a penny to my penny, and let me have first go ?” No one closing with either of these handsome offers, Ben took up his tops, looked at the soles, then replacing them before the fire, felt in his stable-jacket-pocket, which was lying over his own saddle, and bringing out a very short dirty old clay pipe, he filled it out of the public tobacco-box of the saddle-room, and very complacently crossing his legs, proceeded to smoke. Before he had time to make himself sick, the first pair boy out interrupted him by asking what became of his master during the run.

“ Oh ! d——n if I know,” replied Benjamin, “ but that reminds me

of the best of the story—We killed our fox you see, and there were two or three 'ossmen up, who each took a fin and I took the tail, which I stuck through my 'oss's front, and gathering the dogs, I set off towards home, werry well pleased with all I had done. Well, after riding a werry long way, axing my way, for I was quite a stranger, I came over a hill at the back of Hag-wood, where we started from with our fox, and what should I see in the middle of a big ploughed field, but old Jorrocks himself an 'unting of his 'oss that got away from him.—There was the old file in his red coat and top-boots, floundering away among the stiff clay, with a hundred-weight of dirt sticking to his heels, getting the 'oss first into one corner and then into another, and all but catching hold of the bridle, when the nag would shake his head from side to side, as much as to say, "not yet old chap," and trot off to the h'opposite corner, the ould un grinning with h'anger and wexation, and following across the deep wet ridge and furrow in his tops, regularly churning the water in them as he went. Then the 'oss would begin to eat, and Jorrocks would take Bell's Life out of his pocket and pretend to read, sneaking nearer and nearer all the time. When he got a few yards off, the 'oss would stop and look round, as much as to say, "I sees you, old boy," and then old J. would begin coaxing *whoay*, my old feller, *who-ay—who-ay*, my old bouy (Benjamin imitating his master's manner by coaking the old post-boy), until he got close at him again, when the 'oss would give a half-kick and a snort, and set off again at a quiet jog-trot to the far corner again, old Jorrocks grinning and wowing vengeance against him as he went. At last he spyed me a looking at him through the high 'edge near the gate at the corner of the field, and cutting across, he cried, 'here Binjimin! BINJIMIN, I say!' for I pretended not to hear him, and was for cutting away, 'Lend me your 'oss a minute to go and catch mine upon;' so accordingly, I got down, and up he climbed, 'let out the stirrups four 'oles,' said he, quite consequential, shuffling himself into his seat, 'Vot you've cotched the fox 'ave ye?' said he, looking at the brush dangling through the 'ead stall. 'Yes,' says I to him, says I, 'we've *cotched* him.' Then vot do you think says he to me? Vy, says he to me, says he, then cotch my 'oss,' and away the old wagrant went, 'oss, 'ounds, brush, and all, telling every body he met as how he'd cotched the fox, and leaving me to run about the ploughed land after his lousy nag—My tops baint dry yet, and never will I think," added Benjamin, putting them closer to the fire, and giving it another poke with his toe.

"What'n 'osses does he keep?" inquired the return post-boy from Tunbridge.

"Oh, precious rips I assure and no mistake—Bless your 'eart our old chap knows no more about an 'oss than an 'oss knows about him, but to hear him talk—Oh, crickey! doesn't he give them a good character, especial ven he wants to sell von. He vont take no one's advice neither. Says I to him t'other morning, as he was a feeling of my 'oss's pins, 'that ere 'oss would be a precious sight better if you'd blister and turn him out for the vinter.' 'Blister and turn him out for the vinter! you little rascal,' said he, looking as though he would eat me, 'I'll cut off your 'ead and sew on a button, if you talks to me about blistering.' Says I to him, says I, 'your a d—nation old hidiot

for talking as you do, for there is'nt a grum in the world* wot does'nt swear by blisters! I'd blister a cork leg if I had one," added Benjamin, "so would any grum. Blistering against the world says I, for every thing except the worms. Then it is'nt his confounded stupidity only that one has to deal with, but he's such an unconscionable old screw about feeding of his 'osses—always sees every feed put afore them, and if it warn't for the matter of chopped inions (onions) that I mixed with their corn, I really should make nothing out of my stable, for the old un pays all his own bills, and orders his own stuff, and ven that's the case, those base mechanics of tradesmen never stand nothing to any one.

"And what do you chop the onions for, Mr. Benjamin?" inquired Samuel Strong.

"Chop inions for!" exclaimed Ben with astonishment, "and is it possible that you've grown those great fiery viskers on either side of your chuckle head and not be h'up to the chopped inion rig? My eyes, but you'll never be able to keep a *gal*, I think! Vy you double-distilled fool."

"Come, sir," interrupted Samuel, again doubling his enormous fist, that would almost have made a head for Benjamin, amid a general roar of laughter, "keep a clean tongue in your head or I'll knock the rest of your teeth down your throat."

"Oh you're a man of that description are you!" exclaimed Benjamin, pretending to be in a fright, "you don't look like a dentist either somehow—poor h'ignorant h'ass. Vy the chopped inion rig be just this—You must advance a small brown out of your own pocket to buy an inion, and chop it wery small. Then s'pose your chemist and drug-gist chap gives his 'oss four feeds a-day (vich I s'pose will be three more than he does) and sees the grain given, which some wicked old warmints will do, you take the sieve, and after shaking the corn, and hissing at it well, just take half a handfull of chopped inion out of your jacket pocket, as you pass up to the 'oss's 'ead, and scatter it over the who'ats, then give the sieve a shake, and turn the whole into the manger. The governor seeing it there will leave, quite satisfied that the 'oss has had his dues, and perhaps may get you out of the stable for half an hour or so, but that makes no odds, when you goes back you'll find it all there, and poulterers like it none the worse for the smell of the inions. Now Mr. von eye," said he, turning to Bill Brown, the one-eyed helper, "is it time for my 'osses to have their bucket of water and kick in the guts?"

The time for this luxurious entertainment not having arrived, Benjamin again composed himself in his corner with his pipe, and the party sat in mute astonishment at his wonderful precocity.

The return post-boy (whose time was precious) at length broke silence, by asking Benjamin if he was living with his old master.

"Deed am I," replied Ben, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "and had I known as much of sarvice as I does now, I'd have stayed at school all my life—Do what they will at school, they can't make you larn, and there's always plenty of playtime. Crikey 'ow well I remembers the day our old savage kidnapped me away—Me and nasty-faced

* Benjamin certainly spoke the truth there, for let a groom be in the last stage of ignorance he still can recommend a blister.

Joe, and Peter Pink-eye Rogers, were laying our 'eads together how we could sugar old mother Gibb's milk, that's she as keeps the h'apple and purple sugar-stick stall by the skittle-ground at the Royal Artilleryman, on Pentonville-hill, vell, we were a dewising how we should manage to get her to give us tick for twopennorth of lolly-pops, when Mr. Martin, the 'ead master, and *tail* too, I may call him, for he did all the flogging, came smiling in with a fat stranger at his 'eels, in a broad-brimmed vite castor, turned h'up with green, and 'essian boots with tassels, werry much of the cut of the old Paul Pry, that they used to paint upon the busses and pint pots, though I don't see no Paul Prys used now—Well, this 'ere chap was old Jorrocks, and h'up and down the school he went, looking first at one bye (boy) and then at another, the master all the while hegging him on. Just as the old gentleman seemed to take a fancy, swearing they was *all* the finest byes in the school, just as I've since 'eard old J. himself chaunting of his 'osses ven he's 'ad one for to sell, but still the old file was difficult to suit—some were too long in the body, some in the leg, others too short, anothers' 'ead was too big, and one whose nose had been flattened by a brick-bat from a Smithfield drover's bye, did'nt please him. Well, on he went, h'up one form, down another, across the rest, until he got into the middle of the school, where, for the conwenience of flogging, the byes sit face to face, with their books on their knees, instead of having a desk afore them, and at last the old cock got into the line, and began h'examing of them werry closely, fearing he was not going for to get suited. 'Werry odd, Mr. Martin,' said he, 'werry odd, indeed, I've been to the kilt and bare-legged school in Atton (Hatton) Garding, the green coat and yellow breeches in 'Ackney (Hackney), the red-coat and blue veskit school at Olloway (Holloway), the sky blues and Jockey caps at Paddington-green, and have found nothing at all to my mind; must be getting out of the breed of nice little useful bouys, I fear,' and just as he said the last words, he came afore me, with his 'ands behind his back, and one 'and was open as if he wanted summat in it, so I werry kindly gave him a great gog.

"'Hooi! Mr. Martin,' he roared out, 'here's a bouy spit in my' and the biggest gog whatever was seen!' showing his mauley to Martin, with the gog all streaming from it; and Martin seeing who was behind, werry soon fixed upon me—'You little dirty, disreputable abomination,' said he, seizing of me by the collar, at least wot should have been a collar, for at the Corderoy's they only gave us those quaker-like upright sort of things, such as old fiery-face there," looking at Samuel Strong, "has on. Says Martin to me, says he, laying hold of me werry tight, 'vot the deuce and old Davey, do you mean by insulting a gentleman vot vill be Lord Mayor? Sir, I'll flog you within a barley-corn of your life!'

"'Beg pardon, sir, beg pardon, sir,' I cried, 'thought the gentleman had a sore 'ead, as he kept his 'at on, and a little salve would be useful.'

"'Haw! haw! haw!' roared Mr. Jorrocks, taking out a red cotton wipe and rubbing his 'and, 'haw! haw! haw! werry good Mr. Martin, werry good—promising bouy that, I thinks, promising bouy, likes them with mischief—likes them with mischief, poopeys (puppeys) and bouys—never good for nothing unless they 'ave—'Ow old's the rogue."

“Now Martin know’d no more about me than I know’d about Martin; but knowing the h’age that Jorrocks wanted a bye of, why, in course, he made out that I was just of that age, and knowing that I should get a precious good hiding for spitting in the old covey’s ’and, if I stayed at the Corderoy’s, why I swore that I was uncommon fond of ’osses, gigs, and such like, and after the old file had felt me well about the neck, for he had an idey that if a bye’s big in the neck in course o’ time he’d grow strong all over, he took me away, promising Martin the two quarterages our old gal had run in arrear for my book larning—though blow me tight I never got none—out o’ my wage, and would ye believe it, the gallows old gudgeon kept me going on from quarter to quarter, for I don’t know ’ow many quarters, saying he hadn’t viped off the old score for my schooling, just as if I had any business to pay it; at last, one day as I was rubbing down the chesnut ’oss as he sold to the chap in Tooley-street, he comes into the stable, full of pride, and I thought rather muzzey, for he bumped first again one stall, and then again another, so says I to him, says I, ‘Please, sir, I vants for to go to the Vells this evening.’ ‘To the Vells!’ repeated he, staring with astonishment—‘To the Vells!’—‘Wot Vells?’—‘*Bagnigge*!’ said I, and that’s a place, Mr. Baconface,” observed Ben, turning to Samuel Strong, “that you shouldn’t be hung without seeing—skittles, bowls, stalls all round the garding, like stables for ’osses, where parties take their tea and XX—all painted sky blue with red pannels—gals in shiney vite gowns and short sleeves, bare down the neck, singing behind the h’organ with h’ostrich feathers in their ’eads—all beautiful—admission tup-pence, a game at skittles for a penna, and everything elegant and quite genteel—musn’t go in that queer coat of yours, or they’d take you for a Bedlamite, and may be send you to the hulks—queer chaps the Londoners—once knowd a feller quite as queer a looking dog as you, barring his nose, which was a bit better, and not so red. Well, he had a rummish cove of a governor, who clap’t him into a nut-brown suit with bright basket buttons, and a glazed castor, with a broat welwet band ‘all round his ’at,’ and as he was a mizzling along Gower-street, where his master had just come to live from over the other side of the vater, vot should he meet, but one of the new polish (police), who seeing such a h’object, insisted he was mad; and nothing would sarve him, but that he was mad; and away he took him to the station ’ouse, and from thence, afore the beak at Bow-street, and nothing but a sending for the master to swear that they were his clothes, and that he considered them livery, saved the fellow from transportation, for if he’d stolen the clothes he could’nt have been more galvanized than when the new polish grabbed him. Well, but that isn’t wot I was going to tell you about. Blow these boots,” said he, stooping down and turning them again, “they never are going for to dry. Might as well have walked through the Serpentine in them. I was a going to tell you the flare up the old ’un and I had about the Vells. ‘Well, says I to him, says I, ‘I vants for to go to the Vells.’ ‘Vot Vells?’ said he, ‘*Bagnigge*,’ said I, ‘*Bagnigge* be d—d,’ said he—no he didn’t say, ‘be d—d,’ for the old ’un never swears except he’s h’outrageously h’angry. But howsomever, he said, I shouldn’t go to the Vells, for as ’ow, Mrs. Muffin and the seven Miss Muffins from Balham-hill were coming to take their scald with him that evening, and

he wanted me to carry the h'urn, while Batsey buttered and 'anded round the bread. 'Well, but, says I to him, says I,' that dont h'argufy nothing. If I'm a grum, I'm a grum, if I'm a butler, I'm a butler, but it's out of all conscience and calkilation expecting a man to be both grum and butler. Here 'ave I been a cleaning your gallows screws of hosses, and washing your beastly chay till I'm fit to faint, in h'order that I may have a night of enjoyment to myself, and then you wants me to carry vater to your nasty old boiler. A man should have double wage instead of none at all to stand such work. 'Ow do you mean none at all?' said he, 'doesn't I pay your mother a sovereign annually four times a year?' 'Vots that to me?' said I, 'My mother don't do your work does she?' 'Dash my vig!' said he, getting into a reglar blaze. 'You little ungrateful 'ound, I'll drown you in a bucket of barley-water,' and so we got on from bad to worse, until he swore he'd start me and get another bouy from the Corduroy's. 'Quite unanimous' said I, 'Quite unanimous, in course you'll pay up my wages afore I go, and that will save 'un the trouble of taking of you to Hicks Hall.' At the werry word 'Hicks Hall,' the gallows old gander turned quite green and began to soften. 'Now, Binjimin,' said he, 'that's werry unkind o' you. If you had the Hen and Chickens coming to *bitch** with you, and you wanted your 'pumpaginous aqua' (which he says is French for tea and coffee) carried, wouldn't you think it werry unkind of Batsey if she wouldn't give you a lift?' Then he read a long lector about doing as one would be done by, and all that sort of gammon that Martin used to cram us with of a Sunday. Till at last it ended in his giving me a half a crown to do wot he wanted, on the understanding that it was none of my vork, and I says, that a chap wot does every thing he's bid like that sucking Sampson there," eyeing Samuel Strong with the most ineffable contempt, "is only fit to be a tinker's jack ass." Samuel looked as though he would annihilate the boy as soon as he had made up his mind where to hit him, and Benjamin, unconscious of all danger, stooped, and gave the eternal tops another turn.

"We never heard nothing of your coming until three days afore you cast up," observed Bill Brown, with a broad grin on his countenance at Benjamin's audacity and Samuel's anger.

"It wern't werry likely that you should," replied Benjamin, looking up, "for as 'ow we had'at got our own consent much afore that. Our old cove is a reglar word and a blow man. If he does, he does, and if he don't, why he lets it alone. Give the old devil his due, he's none o' your talking chaps, wot's always for doing something, only they don't. D—n him, he never promised me a cow-hiding yet, but he paid me it with interest. As soon as ever he got the first letter, I know'd there was something good in the wind, for he gave me half a pot of his best marmeylad, and then a few days after he chucked me a golden sovereign, telling me, go and buy a pair of new tops, or as near new as I could get them for the money."

"And what did you pay for them?" inquired both post boys at once, for the price of top-boots is always an interesting subject to a stable servant.

*This is a Cambridge term, and how Mr. Jorrocks or rather Benjamin Brady got hold of it we know not.

"Guess!" replied Benjamin, holding them up, adding, "mind, they are nothing like now what they were when I bought them; the Jew told me, though it dont do to believe about half what these coves tell you, that they belonged to the Markiss of Castlereagh's own Tiger, and that he had parted with them because as how they didn't wrinkle in quite as many folds as his Majesty wished. Here was the fault," continued Benjamin, holding one of the boots upon his hand and pressing the top downwards to make it wrinkle. "You see it makes but eight wrinkles between the top and the heel, and the Markiss's gen'lman swore as how he would never be seen in a pair wot did'nt make nine, so he parted with them, and as I entered Holyvell-street from the East-end, I spied them 'anging on the pegs at Levy Aaron's, that's the first Jew vot squints on the left 'and side of the way, for there are above twenty of them in that street with queer eyes. 'Veskit!' said he, 'Veshing veskit, werry sheep; half nothin' in fact,' just as these barkers always chaff. 'No,' said I, passing on—'You dont s'pose I wears cast offs!' 'Clow for to sheli,' then said he,—Bes'h price, bes'h price.' 'Nor to shell neither,' said I, mimicking of him. 'I'll swap my shoes for a pair of tops if you like.' 'Vot vill you give in?' axed Levy Aaron. 'Nothing,' said I, determined to begin low enough. 'Valk in then,' said he, quite purlite, 'onour of your custom's quite enough,' so in I went. Such a shop! full o' veskits covered with gold and flowers, and lace, and coats, without end, with two sides, each as high as a hay-stack, full o' nothing but trousers and livery breeches. 'Sit down, shir,' said he, 'anding me a chair without a back, while his Missis took the long stick from behind the door with the hook, and fished down several pairs of tops. 'They had all sorts and sizes, and all colours too. Mahogany, vite, rose color, painted von's; but I kept my eye on the low pair I had seen outside, till at last Mrs. Levy Aaron handed them through the winder.' I pulls one on. 'Uncommon fit,' said Levy Aaron, slapping the sole to feel if all my foot was in; 'much better leg than the Markiss o' Castlereagh's Tiger; you'll live with a Duke before you die.' 'Let's have on t'other,' said I. 'Von's as good as both,' said he. 'Oh!' says I, twiggig vot he vas after—'If you thinks I'm a man to bolt with your beggarly boots, your gallows mistaken;' so I kicked off the one I had on, and bid him 'and me my shoes. Well, then he began to bargain—'Thirty shilling and the shoes.' I was werry angry and wouldn't treat. 'Five-and-twenty shilling *without* the shoes then.' Still I would'nt touch. 'Give me my castor,' said I, buttoning up my pocket with a slap, and looking werry wicious. 'You'r a nasty suspicious old warmint.' Then the Jew began to soften. 'Onour bright, he meant no offence.' 'One shovereign then he vod take.' 'Give me my castor said I.' 'Good morning, Mrs. Jewaster,' which means female Jew. 'Seventeen and sixpence!' 'Come then, fifteen shillin' and a paper bag to put them in.' 'No,' said I, 'I'll give you ten.' 'Done,' said he, and there they are. A nice polish they had when I got them, but the ploughed land has taken the shine off. Howsover, I s'pose they'll touch up again?"

"Not they," replied Bill Brown, who had been examining one of them very minutely, "they are made of nothing but brown paper."

"Brown paper be 'anged!" exclaimed Benjamin. "Your 'eads more like made of brown paper."

"Look there then!" rejoined Bill Brown, running his thumb through the instep and displaying the brown paper through the liquid varnish with which it had been plentifully smeared.

"*Haw, haw, haw, haw, haw, haw*, pealed the whole of the saddle-room party, in the midst of which, Benjamin bolted with his brown-paper boots.

BELSHAZZAR.

This superior English horse was bred by Richard Watt, Esq. of Bishop Burton, Yorkshire. He was foaled in 1830; got by Blacklock out of Manuella by Dick Andrews,—Mandane by Pot-8-o's, &c.

He was put in training at 2 years old, and won the 20 sovs. Stake each at York August Meeting, (18 subscribers.) Also the 2 yr. old Stake of 20 sovs. each at Doncaster, (31 subs.)

In 1833, he won the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each at York Spring Meeting, (8 subs.) a Sweepstake of 30 sovs. each at York August Meeting, (15 subs.) and the Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each at Doncaster, (5 subs.) Mr. Watt refused 5000 guineas for him this year. He was first favorite for the Great St. Leger at Doncaster, for which race he made all the running up to the rails, and came in 4th—20 having started. Rockingham, the winner, was also the property of Mr. Watt.

In 1834, at the Newmarket Spring Meeting, he won a Sweepstake of 50 sovs. each (5 subs.) giving Jason 13lbs. and Shylock 11lbs.; and in this year he *let down* in running 4 miles against Consol over York.

In 1835, he was announced as a Stallion, and patronized by some of the first breeders of the North—and at his departure from England was deservedly popular.

He was imported by THOS. ANDERSON & Co., of Tennessee, shipped in the ship *Sea*, Capt. Fisher, at and from Liverpool to New Orleans, and arrived December 25th, 1838. He is now located in Nashville.

Rockingham, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger; Glaucus, winner of the Whip at Newmarket, and the Ascot Cup; Muley Molock, and other horses of reputation, were among those beaten by him.

Cara, the only one of his get that has appeared in public, ran for the Chesterfield Stake at Newmarket, and looked like a winner till near the Chair, when she ran out and lost her chance. In the Newmarket October Meeting, she won the Criterion Stake (Sweepstake of 30 sovs. each, 36 subs.) very cleverly by a length, from the turn of the lands in, beating 2 Langars, placed 2d and 3d, a Reveller, a Mulatto, 3 Camels, an Emilius, a Cain, a Zinganee, 2 Priams, and several others.

Belshazzar's family show a full proportion of winners of great prizes. Manuella won the Oaks, and bred Memnon the winner of the Great Doncaster St. Leger; Altisadora, her sister, also won the Great Doncaster St. Leger; Old Mandane, besides these two distinguished mares, bred also Mufa, Lottery, Brutandorf, &c.

Belshazzar's dam and grandam produced winners of 99 races, and

of the number, 19 were four mile races ; Theodore, who was out of Blacklock's dam, won the Doncaster St. Leger, and Blacklock himself ought to have won it, for no one conversant with the Turf but admits he was a better Race-horse and Stallion than Ebor.

To all the above strong recommendations we may add that Belshazar is of a rich chesnut color, with a small star, and a very little white on his off hind foot. He is full sixteen hands high, of sufficient length, great power, correct proportions, splendid action, and of general high finish.

T. A.

ON SHOEING.

We conclude in this Number (from page 80 of the last) the Lectures of M. DE SAINT BEL, Demonstrator of Comparative Anatomy, contained in his treatise on the "Proportions of English Eclipse." The following Lectures upon the subject of Shoeing, etc., are exceedingly valuable :

LECTURE II.

Of the position of the Foot on the Ground, and of the Concave Form of the lower surface of the foot, CONSIDERED IN RESPECT TO SHOEING.

If we suppose a leg well formed, and the foot on which it is supported duly proportioned, and consider them in a state of inaction, or standing, we shall perceive

1st. That a perpendicular line falling from the point of the shoulder to the ground, will touch the hoof exactly at the toe : if the foot were before or behind this line, its position would be evidently faulty. In many instances, however, the foot is thrown into one or other of these positions by the false directions of the leg. We are to take care, in these particular cases, not to attribute to the foot a fault which is not justly imputable to it.

2d. A perpendicular line falling from the upper part of the knee to the ground, considered in front, will divide the foot into two equal parts in its passage through the centre of the coronet to the centre of the sole. If this line should fall either on the inward or outward quarter, the foot would evidently be awry. In this case, the lateral part of the foot becomes unequal either in height or direction, and the toes are either turned inward or outward.

The toe may be turned outward, either by the bad conformation of the foot alone, or by the false direction of some part of the leg. When the fault is in the foot, it proceeds from the inward quarter being too low, in which case the weight of the body pressing more immediately upon, overburthens it, and prevents it growing ; whilst the outward quarter, relieved from bearing a part of the weight which it ought to have shared, grows and spreads itself at the expense of the other. This fault may be lessened by shoeing, as will be explained in the next Lecture.

The toe may also be turned outward by the following defects :

1st. When a horse is narrow chested, and the elbow, pressed against the ribs, directs the extremity outward.

2d. When the knees are turned inward.

3d. When the articulation of the fetlock is bent inward ; both which produce the same effect as the former.

In these cases we may in some degree relieve the inward quarter, but we must not attempt to restore the position of the foot entirely, as advised by a certain author, because in following his advice we should strain the ligaments of the articulations, which, no doubt, are originally faulty, and to which art can offer no remedy but what is attended with great danger. The opposite causes to these here described, produce contrary defects.

1st. When the elbow is too much detached from the body, the whole leg, and consequently the foot, will be directed inward.

2d. When the knees are bent outward, (a deformity which seldom occurs.)

3d. When the fetlock turns outward. In each of these three cases the art of shoeing can at the utmost only check the progress of the evil, and can never remove it entirely.

There is a cause, not less common, which destroys the natural position of the foot on the ground ; namely, when one of the quarters is more forcibly contracted than the other. This contraction is caused by the upper surface of the shoe being made concave, which cavity confines the quarters as in a vice.

In this state, the quarters, being compressed by the shoe, and the heels losing that resistance which nature had opposed to their contraction, draw mutually toward each other ; or else, the weaker yields to the stronger, and the foot becomes awry. In these cases, the art of shoeing sometimes affords a remedy, as will be hereafter explained.

We proceed now to examine the inferior surface, or cavity, of the foot, *considered in respect to shoeing.*

We know that the horse in the wild state requires no shoes to protect his feet from the resistance of the ground which he treads. But, being rendered subservient to the use of man in a domestic state, applied to severe and continued labor, and compelled to tread frequently, and for a long time together, on the irregular and stony surface of the roads, it becomes necessary to secure his feet from ruin by strengthening them with iron bands which we call shoes. The question then is, what ought to be the shape of the shoe, and whether the shoe as in use at present, is conformable with, or contrary to, the intentions of nature.

It is clear to every observing mind, that nothing in nature is the effect of chance. An intelligent principle has evidently presided over the formation of animated bodies which inhabit this earth, and the same principle has been no less provident in determining the functions of their several parts. In fact, into whatever part of nature we inquire, we every where discover manifest proofs of a positive design, and of aptness to a particular end. If we examine, for instance, the inferior surface of the feet of animals, we shall perceive them to be more or less irregular, according to the purposes of their species ; that is to say, according to their means of providing themselves subsistence, and of removing themselves more or less speedily from one place to another.

Without adducing instances from the great variety of animated being with which we are surrounded, and among which the curious observer

may hourly find an opportunity to verify this remark, we shall confine ourselves to the examination of the horse's foot, which is the proper object of our enquiry. We have already observed, in describing the external parts of the foot, that the sole is always more or less concave; this shape answers two purposes, both of which nature evidently designed in so constructing it.

The one purpose is, to make the tread of the foot bear equally on all the points of its circumference; and, at the same time, to raise the sole above the ground, in such a manner as to protect it from the violent pressure which would otherwise have unavoidably injured the tender parts contained within the hoof. The other purpose is to increase the strength and firmness of the foot upon the ground. To convince ourselves that the cavity of the sole contributes to produce this effect, let us observe a horse treading upon a moderately soft surface, and we shall perceive that at every step the foot leaves in the ground an impression produced by the sharp edge of the wall, and by the frogs, while the sole moulds in bass-relief;—so that the lower surface unites itself with the ground, forming a species of articulation, and from this circumstance results a most firm point of bearing, rendering it impossible for the foot to slip or be displaced, while the leg is employed in forwarding the body. When the horse is on very hard ground, the hollow of the foot, it is true, cannot produce an equal effect. But the sharp edge of the wall, and particularly of the toe, will nevertheless fix the foot much more firmly to the ground than if the interior surface was perfectly plain.

These reasons, which we have produced here to prove what were the intentions of nature in thus rendering the lower surface of the horses' foot concave, are so simple and obvious, that it appears unnecessary to adduce examples for their support; in order, however, that we may omit nothing which may tend to convince those who differ from us upon this subject, and who are strongly biassed to their own opinion, we shall offer what appears to us an incontrovertible principle, and should we have the good fortune to succeed in this attempt, we may flatter ourselves with having gained no trivial victory.

The leg of the horse, when in action, describes a portion of a circle proportioned to the length and freedom of its motion. When the horse advances one of his legs, at the moment the foot touches the ground, it describes an oblique line, inclining forward from the shoulder to the ground. In proportion as the body advances, this obliquity is lessened, until at length the leg attains a vertical direction, at which time the horse has completed half his action.

All this time the leg has only been employed in bearing the weight of the body; but in continuing the action it begins to project or determine the body forward, which action it continues until it describes another oblique line, equal to the former, but in an opposite direction, inclining forward from the ground to the shoulder, and forming with the first line an angle more or less open; this is the whole extent of the action of the horse, and the foot, firmly fixed on the ground, does not quit its tread till the whole action is completed; this, however, can only be applied to a well formed foot, enjoying every advantage which may result from its structure. Let us now suppose a flat foot, that is to say, a foot the cavity of which is from some cause filled

up, or effaced. The points of rest on the ground at the moment of progression in such a foot, will be far less firm than that of the concave foot, because when the leg, in projecting the body, shall have obtained but a certain degree of obliquity, it will not dare to hazard the whole extent of its action, lest the foot, which has not sufficient hold upon the ground, should slip back. If we carry our thoughts now to the convex surface of the sole, it destroys entirely the solid bearing of the foot in the ground; such a foot is constantly in a state of vacillation, and would unavoidably slip back, before the leg could possibly obtain its last degree of extension.

I beg to observe that I have employed the extreme points of comparison, in order to render my reasonings the more perspicuous; in further illustration of these principles, let us consider how much strength is lost by large draft horses, when drawing heavy carriages up an inclined road. Their feet, which are either flat or convex, slide back at every step, before the leg has been able to complete the whole compass of its action.

To render this more evident, let us make an arbitrary calculation, and suppose the extent of the possible action of the leg to comprehend 25 degrees; this it will accomplish, provided the foot can be solidly and firmly fixed on the ground. But if the firmness of the foot is in any degree impaired by its flatness, it will be obliged to quit the ground at the 22d degree; and suppose one degree lost by the slipping of the foot backwards, this will make a difference of 4 degrees.

But if the inferior surface of the foot is convex, it will quit the ground at the 20th degree; and if two degrees are added for the slipping backwards, it will make the loss of 7 degrees in the total action of the leg.

With the evidence of the experimental proof before us, let us proceed to lay down a sure and certain principle for farriery, and such as shall enable us to determine the proper shape which the shoe ought to have, when we first apply it to the foot that has never been shod.

No one will venture to deny that, whether we consider the inward anatomical construction of the foot, or its outward form, or consider the use of its several component parts, reason directs us to a close imitation of nature. If we apply to the foot of a horse a concave, a flat, or a convex shoe, it is evident that the consequences will be precisely the same as has been shewn to result from feet whose inferior surface are naturally concave, flat, or convex. Suppose for instance, a foot well formed and properly concave, a second flat, and a third convex,—the inconveniences attending the convex and flat foot, will be considerably increased by shoes with a similar surface, because the iron of the shoe being harder than the horn of the hoof, presents a smoother and more polished surface, and, consequently more liable to slip. On this account, therefore, it is, that we propose the concave shoe; that is to say, concave in its lower surface, because it represents the natural shape of the foot, and because it fulfils, in every respect, the views and intentions of nature; and we are therefore convinced that it ought to be applied to all good feet.

As some cases are to be excepted from every general rule, so here the use of the concave shoe is to be excepted from the case of a flat foot, and especially of a convex one. It does not follow from this excep-

tion, that the use of this shoe may not become general in time ; because it must be remembered that feet only become flat and convex through bad shoeing, or by some accident,—as when a horse is foundered ; and that no horses, not even those horses bred in marshy and low lands, are foaled with this imperfection. Nor can we be justified in accusing nature with having neglected to provide sufficiently for the foundations of this admirable machine, when at the same time, the same machine affords so many convincing proofs, both of her wisdom and her providence.

But it is not in the concave form only that the shoe here proposed must differ from the shoe in use among farriers at this day ; there are certain proportions also to be observed in its different parts. Its breadth should be considerably less than that of the common shoe ; and it is totally unnecessary to cover any part of the sole, especially when care is taken to preserve its natural hardness. The breadth of the shoe at the heel should be one-half of its breadth at the toe. Its thickness should decrease gradually from the toe, so as to be reduced one-half at the extremity of the heel. As to the distribution of the stamp holes, every farrier knows that in shoes for the fore feet, they should be at the toes and quarters, because the wall, or crust, of the fore feet, is stronger at the toe than at the heel. The reverse of this is to be observed in the hind shoes, because the heels and quarters of the hind feet, are commonly stronger than the toes. It is impossible to lay down any general rule for disposing of these holes in bad feet ; it must be the business of the farrier to distribute them in such a manner as to be able to fix the nails in those parts of the wall where the horn is sound and firm. Farriers generally multiply these stamp-holes too much, which brings the nails too close together, occasions the horn to break in splinters, and at length destroys the wall.

I would recommend the following number for good feet, viz : for race-horses, six ; that is, three on each side : for saddle horses, seven, four on the outside, and three within, the quarter on this side being weaker than on the other ; the same number for coach-horses of the middling size ; for large coach-horses, four on each side ; and for cart horses, five on the out, and four on the inside. It is also of principal importance to determine the weight of the shoe ; for it is matter of astonishment to see some horses with shoes weighing each five pounds, making together, a burthen of twenty pounds of iron, attached to their four feet. It is obvious to common sense, that such an additional weight fixed to the extremity of the leg, must be productive of some inconvenience or other ; and in fact, the muscles are thereby compelled to greater exertions, the ligaments are stretched, and the articulations continually fatigued ; and besides all these evil consequences, the shoe, by its weight, forces out the nails, and so entirely destroys the texture of the wall, or crust, that it becomes often extremely difficult to fix the shoe to the hoof. Why then, we may ask, do not the practitioners of the present day, who are daily witnesses of these facts, and indeed are the principal authors of them, apply themselves to the correction of their errors ? The answer, I fear, is obvious ; because he who is uneducated, and destitute of sound principles in his art, cannot turn to real profit the experience he has acquired, nor abandon the path of prejudice and custom, in which he has so long journeyed ; but satisfies himself with

continuing to imitate and repeat whatever he has seen done by others.

The weight which we propose for shoes of different kinds, is nearly as follows :

	lb.	oz.
1. For the strongest sort of cart-horses, say English dray horses, ...	2	12
2. For the smaller horses of this kind,	1	12
3. For the largest coach-horses,	1	12
4. For the smaller do.	1	4
5. For saddle horses, of any height,	1 lb. 2 oz.	to 10
6. For race-horses,	5 oz.	to 4

By reducing the superfluous breadth of these shoes, their thickness may be increased without making any addition to their weight.

It will follow that great attention should be paid to the quality of the iron ; since the goodness of the metal will allow one to reduce still more the size and weight of the shoe. Many persons will no doubt observe, that such light and concave shoes will wear out too soon : I have no objection to agree with them in that respect ; but I will ask them, if they would prefer to have their horses lame six months of the year, rather than pay the expense of eighteen or twenty shoes more in the course of twelve months.

Besides the common shoe for sound feet, there are also others, whose various shapes are determined by the different derangements and diseases to which the horse's foot is liable. Such, for instance, are what are called the covered, flat, or convex shoe, the pattern shoe, the shoe for all feet, simple, double and hinged, the shoe without nails, &c. &c.

In my next Lecture, I shall call your attention to the danger of paring the hoof too much, and to the mischiefs which daily result from the exercise of this destructive method.

LECTURE III.

Of Paring the Hoof, the accidents resulting from the unskilful performance of this operation ; and of shoeing good flat and convex feet.

When a colt is brought to a farrier to be shod for the first time, his first business should be to examine the conformation of the young animal, particularly the direction of his legs ; to observe whether the fore legs are perfectly vertical, or whether, on the contrary, they incline backward or forward ; whether the pastern is in just proportions, or whether too long or too short—whether the toes are turned inward or outward ; he should endeavor, by the principles we have laid down in the preceding Lecture, to discover in which part of the limb the fault exists.

He is then to proceed to examine the foot, and to ascertain whether it is proportionate to the leg ; whether its surface is free from defect, whether of a good consistence, i. e., whether strong or weak, hard or soft ; whether the quarters are equal, the heels high or low, slender or thick ; whether the frog is in just proportion to the other parts ; whether the sole is strong, or the contrary ; and to observe its degree of concavity.

If the leg and foot are exempt from every defect, the farrier should begin paring the foot, by merely cutting off whatever breaks the level of the interior surface of the wall : but he is not to meddle with the sole, the binder, or the frog. This seems the proper place to convince him

of the necessity of preserving to these parts their solidity, by laying before him the numberless accidents attending their destruction: Let us ask ourselves what is the drift of this operation of farriery? It is to furnish additional strength to the foot, to render it capable of resisting the hardest bodies to which it may be exposed: but, if at the very time we make this addition, we destroy with the buttress those parts, which nature has formed with the very same intent, we not only do not increase the resources of the foot, but we destroy that organ, by predisposing it to a multitude of ailments, of which I shall speak hereafter.

By thinning the sole too much, and going beyond the dead horny part, we destroy its organization: for it is not necessary to go so far as to fetch blood, to produce this evil: it is enough only to touch that substance, which receives the glutinous juice through the numberless pores with which the sole abounds. The result is a real wound, which cannot be understood but by a person acquainted with the laws of the animal economy, and of which the mere mechanical practitioner cannot form an idea. Let us, however, make a comparison, capable of striking the most undiscerning. If, for instance, we take away the upper surface of the bark of a tree, we do it no great injury; nevertheless we rob it of its natural covering; and if we penetrate further into the substance of this bark, we shall produce a real wound; we shall perceive a kind of moisture exuding from the part, which will soon be absorbed by the contact of the air, and drying up the surface of the bark, already too much affected, will produce a scar, more or less irregular, and which will not be effaced till nature has renewed the bark, an operation which will require a certain lapse of time.

What should we say of a gardener, who, in order to protect a tree from the friction of other bodies, to which it might be exposed, should begin to strip it of its bark, with the design of inclosing the body with some artificial covering? We should no doubt look upon him as the most stupid of mortals—yet such a man is the farrier who destroys the whole external surface of the foot in order to fix on his shoe.

The inconveniences that arise from overparing the sole, are not the same in all feet: among those that are hard, narrow, and very concave, as among blood or high bred horses, the drying up of the sole increases the cavity to that degree, that it compresses the fleshy sole, which occasions a constant and a very painful lameness, and which the farrier, who is far from suspecting the true cause, increases every time of shoeing.

When the foot is naturally large, and disposed to relaxation, the sole being too much thinned, yields to the afflux of the humors, loses its concavity, becomes flat, and even sometimes convex; this accident is very frequent. The sole also, when too much thinned, is liable to be easily bruised by the shoe, stones, gravel, &c. It is therefore of the greatest importance to preserve the sole in its natural thickness, and consequently the farrier should only take off with the butteris those limena or scales, which are really dead and almost detach themselves, especially when they remain too long on old shoes.

I repeat what I have already said, that the frog is intended to bear part of the weight of the body, and that for this reason alone, it ought to be preserved entire. When it appears too bulky, as in fat or flat feet, which have generally very low heels, it is better to remedy the

evil by a single increase of thickness in the heels of the shoes, than to strip this part of its horny covering. By this means, the heels are raised to a level with the rest of the foot, and the weight is equally distributed to every point of the circumference of the foot.

By cutting the frog to the quick, as is often practised, the part is irritated and inflamed; the humors become abundant, and produce a sharp discharge, which corrodes its own substance, and even that of the heels; and which sometimes, in its progress, rises to the folds of the pasterns, and occasions the disease which we call the thrush, a very common affection, though none would be more rare if the frog were never pared. Nothing more should be cut away than those dead and proud parts which naturally detach themselves by the laws of growth and re-production.

The heels should be pared according to their strength, height, or depression; and also in proportion to the length or shortness of the pastern, which it is very material to observe; if we remember that these parts support three quarters of the weight of the whole mass, the necessity of preserving them will be obvious.

The binders, those parts so very essential to the heels, should be preserved with the most scrupulous care; the butteris should never touch them excepting in some very extraordinary cases; when they grow too fast it then becomes indispensable to cut them, and with the heels, but always flat, and never obliquely or inward. To judge how very remote the farriery of the present day is from sound practice, we have only to examine the feet of horses in general. We shall hardly find any one whose binders are not destroyed; nay, more than that, the farrier by one stroke of the butteris, makes a division between those parts and the heels, at the place where the bearing lies; and not satisfied with that, he further separates with the same tool, the frog from the heel. These two last ruinous operations are the finishing strokes. A farrier who should be awkward at these, would not be reputed a good workman. In short, ignorant practitioners, who only see by the eyes of the body, the perception of which is limited to the superficies, operate on a horse's foot as a carpenter on a piece of wood to polish it.

But how shall we be able to persuade men unpossessed of the first principles of their art, that their method has hitherto been in direct opposition to the laws of nature? How make them comprehend, that instead of opening the heels, they facilitate their contraction? Indeed, we shall not attempt it, being persuaded we should have to encounter no less obstacles from prejudice, than those which superstition opposed to the demonstrations of Galileo.

It will therefore only be when veterinary science shall have made a certain progress, and that students, enlightened and settled in different parts of the country, have disseminated its principles, that hopes may be entertained of a salutary reform in farriery. But let us here terminate these reflections, and return to the practice of farriery.

We have already said that our method of paring a good foot that has never been shod, consists merely in rendering the wall level, in order to receive an equally level shoe, but that the butteris should not be used on any of the other parts.

In a good foot that has been shod several times, we are still to

take off from the wall nothing more than the old horn, which is not sufficiently solid to receive the shoe; and only cleanse the sole and frog from the proud parts, which are ready to come off spontaneously.

When the foot is thus prepared, the concave shoe is to be applied. Here the old observation naturally recurs, viz: that the shoe should be adapted to the foot, not the foot to the shoe.

The farrier, therefore, must pay the greatest attention to make the shoe exactly correspond with the circumference or outline of the foot. The fundamental principle of farriery is generally neglected; of which we may be convinced on casting our eye on figure M plate 2, which represents the natural form of the horse's foot, compared with figure N, which represents a foot ruined by bad shoeing. [The Plates not having been copied from the original work from which these pages were transcribed, we are reluctantly compelled to insert the article without them. See explanation at page 66, in last Number.]

Two other causes combine with this in strengthening the quarters and contracting the heels: viz., destroying the binders, and the concave form given to the upper surface of the shoe, being the very reverse of that which is here given.

The shoe being adjusted to the foot, without pressing the sole, should admit between it and the part just sufficient interval for the introduction of the pricker; a greater space is liable to admit large gravel or stones, which may bruise the sole, and even occasion sores.

The shoe being nailed on, the farrier should have as little as possible to rasp, and that only from the shoe to the rivets, but never above them, because by rasping the whole surface of the hoof, you not only injure its substance, but you dispose it also to dry. And should the rasp, through the unskilfulness of the farrier's hand, touch ever so slightly the origin of the nail near the coronet, where the part is exceedingly thin, sand cracks are very apt to ensue, the beginning of which is a small wound or crevice, occasioned by the stroke of the rasp. Hitherto we have been speaking of the shoeing of the fore feet; we shall now enter into some detail respecting the hind feet.

It is no less necessary to examine the direction of the hind legs, and the position of the hind feet, in order to proceed with judgment in the operation of shoeing. In consequence, the farrier should place himself behind the horse, and trace with his eye a perpendicular line, which proceeding from the point of the hock, should fall on the sole, passing through the centre of the heel. He is to observe if the perpendicular line falls within the foot, whether the points of the hocks incline to each other; if, on the contrary, it falls on the outward side of the foot, whether both hocks do not incline outward.

In the first case, by viewing the horse in front, he will perceive that the toes of the hind feet are turned outwards; and in the second case, that, on the contrary, these parts are turned inward. He should then examine the legs sideways, to ascertain whether the hocks are too much bent, too straight, or too open.

The next step is the examination of the foot, in which it is to be considered whether it is proportioned to the leg, whether its shape is natural, its consistence good, and if it is free from cracks. Supposing the leg in a proper direction, and the foot free from natural and accidental de-

fects, he should begin to pare this foot also, by taking off from the wall those pieces of horn only, which break the level of the surface to which the shoe is to be fitted ; to clear the sole and frog from all proud parts, and then make use of the concave shoe.

A flat foot must be pared with great caution ; the butteris must only touch the wall, merely to divest it of the old horn as neatly as possible. We must not cut away any thing from the sole or frog, these parts requiring all their strength to resist the humors, which flow to them in too great abundance, whilst the wall, deprived of its nourishment, exhibits itself dried up, irregular, and scaly.

The convex foot, I have already said, in describing the hoof, is that in which the sole extends below the quarters, presenting a surface more or less convex. This deformity is so much the more dangerous, as the horse is obliged to bear on the ground at the centre of the sole, which would soon render him incapable of service, if not remedied in the shoeing.

A foot may, by a particular habit, be disposed to become flat ; the sole may become weak ; in a word, the whole texture of the horn may be disposed to relaxation ; but nature, we are sure, never deviated so far from her own wise laws, as to intend to give the foot the shape we are speaking of.

This shape is always accidental, and the result of the bad method of paring the foot to excess, and of giving a concave shape to the upper surface of the shoe. This last cause, by compressing the quarters, forces down the weakened sole, so as to make it lose its natural shape, and acquire a greater or less degree of convexity.

It is not in this case only, that this bad shape of the shoe produces dangerous consequences ; the strongest feet are impaired by it ; it crushes the quarters, and contracts the heels, from which a compression of the quick parts ensue, and consequently lameness in a great number of horses. There is no method of remedying a convex foot, and we may think ourselves fortunate, if we are sometimes able to check its progress ; the manner of paring it is the same as for the flat foot, the sole must be cautiously pared, and use the shoe No. 4, the shape of which must be altered relatively to the state of the foot : it is evident that there is no possibility of establishing the basis of the foot solidly upon the ground, on account of the convexity which we are obliged to give the shoe. Let us now proceed to the shoeing of feet which are very defective in their position.

When the toes are turned outwards, the pressure of the foot on the ground lies chiefly on the inward quarters. He will most likely succeed, 1st : by preserving to the inward quarter all its height. 2d : by lowering that of the outward quarter. 3d : by increasing the thickness of the inward branch of the shoe ; and fourthly, by rendering the outward one very thin. By means of this two-fold operation, the foot will be brought back to the vertical plane, and will bear equally, and at the same time, on all parts of its circumference.

We should also take care to shoe with great exactness, and very short in the inner heel, because horses, whose feet are turned outward, are apt to cut themselves with the extremity of the inner branch ; and here we must observe, that if the defect under consideration has its origin in the upper parts of the extremity, or in the too narrow conformation of the chest, as it sometimes happens, we must renounce

the method we have just laid down ; because, by suddenly altering the position of the foot, though a vicious one, we should expose the ligaments of the articulations, between that part and the shoulder, to hurtful extensions of more dangerous consequence than the fault which we meant to correct : it is therefore only, when that fault proceeds from the articulation of the fetlock, that some attempts may be made by a slow and gradual process.

When the toes are turned inward, one must proceed by a contrary method. 1st : cut the inward quarter. 2d : preserve the outward one. 3d : increase the thickness of the branch on that side ; and 4th, diminish that of the inward branch, by taking off as much as possible from the wall, reckoning from the middle of the toe to the middle of the inward quarter, because it is with this part that the horse cuts himself ; but before we employ this method, we must understand the nature of the fault, and for that purpose we must employ the mode of reasoning used in the former article.

We proceed now to the consideration of the *narrow heel* ; or, as the farriers call it, hoof-bound : this defect consists in the excessive contraction of the heels and quarters, and is natural to many horses of the southern parts of Europe, and also to blood horses of different countries. There is no remedy against this original defect. He must pare and shoe the foot as if it were a good one, and apply the concave shoe, which will project rather more than on a well formed foot. By these means we shall stop the progress of this defect, which the farriers promote by cutting away the sole and the frog, and the binders. This, when not an original defect, proceeds from the natural dry disposition of the fibres of the hoof ; from the destruction of the sole, the frog, and the binders ; as also from the concave or hollow shape of the upper surface of the shoe ; but the natural dryness of the fibres alone, however great, seldom produces lameness. It is then the butteris, that butchering tool, that almost always occasions this evil we are speaking of. It is very rare for a hoof-bound foot to be perfectly restored ; but the defect may be diminished, or at least its progress stopped.

To this end, the sole, the frog, and the binders, must be preserved with the utmost care. These parts, in their growth, will throw out the heels a little, or at least will form an opposition to their further contraction.

The heels are to be pared flat, as well as the whole circumference of the wall ; and we must use the common concave shoe, and in order to second the effects of shoeing, we must not omit bathing the feet in lukewarm water, and applying emollient poultices both under and over the foot. We must not expect a speedy cure ; the space of a year is a very short term in a case of this nature, as may be judged by considering the slowness of the re-production of the nail.

I cannot pass over in silence the *Slipper Shoe*, which many practitioners use to remedy the defect in question, and which is at present the only resource of the Professors of Veterinary Schools of France. The shape of the shoe is exactly the shape of the common shoe in the whole of the extent of its surface ; but the outward edge is exceedingly thin, whilst the inward is altogether as thick ; so that the side of the shoe towards the foot, forms a slope, of which the pretended use is, to press open the heels, and turn them outward. But not only nature

will not consent to so forced an effect, but we must also observe, that we really increase the cause of the defect, in opening the heels, as the farriers do, in order to apply the slipper shoe.

Let us now proceed to the shoeing of the horse "*that cuts*" as it is called. We have already said, in speaking of the feet that turn inward or outward, the horse cuts himself with the toes or with the heels. This accident happens more or less frequently, in proportion to the degree of the defect in the conformation, and of the weakness or weariness in the horse. In all these cases, there is but one remedy, which consists in applying a shoe perfectly exact, very short on the inner side, and without stamp-holes on that side, and paring off from the quarters as much as possible without destroying it, as frequently happens. Several farriers, unable to succeed by this simple method, give to the inward branches of the shoe several irregular forms, which, without preventing the evil, makes the feet bear foul on the ground.

By just attending to the following reflections, we shall be convinced of the uselessness of the excessive thickness which some farriers give to the inward branches of the shoe; and of the cramps which others raise on some points of the branch.

It is certainly not when the foot is on the ground that it cuts the neighboring leg—it is only when that foot is up; consequently, whatever position we give the foot, by means of any shape whatever of the shoe, we shall never be able to change the action or play of the muscles, nor the direction of the articulated parts of the leg.

It is possible, by the manner of shoeing, to turn the toes a little inward, or a little outward, and consequently the heels also: but this effect will only last whilst the foot rests upon the ground; as soon as it quits it, it must follow the direction given by the leg, and form a curve, larger or smaller, which brings it nearer to the supporting leg, which it will strike every time that the horse happens to lose his equilibrium in going; the only remedy is to shoe to a nicety, inwardly.

We shall now endeavor to explain, concisely, the cause which occasions a horse to *over-reach*, i. e., to strike his hind upon his fore feet, and to indicate the best method of shoeing in that case.

The act of *over-reaching* is performed by the toes of the hind feet, either on, or between its branches, or else by striking the heels, which are thereby often dangerously cut, or bruised. It is obvious that the hind feet could not strike the fore feet, unless the last remained too long on the ground, or unless the former rose from it too soon; this tardiness in the one, or over quickness in the other, is the effect of the particular conformation of the horse, though sometimes the fault of the rider, and sometimes the fault of the farrier.

Horses most liable to *over-reach* are those which are low in front, with large shoulders and a bulky head; and the neck either too long or too thick. In all these cases, the fore legs being overburthened, rise but with difficulty, and not sufficiently, and cover very little ground. It is useless to observe, that a horse is also subject to *over-reach* when he is too high in his hind quarters, because this height is only determined by his being too low in front. A horse *over-reaches*, also, when his fore legs stand under him, i. e., when they are in an oblique direction inclining backwards, or when the hinder extremities approach too near the centre of gravity of the body, whether it pro-

ceeds from the general direction of the limb or merely from too great a bend in the hock. A horse over-reaches when he is too short in the body ; when the spine of the back bone is curved outward. A horse may also over-reach from accidental causes, when a rider over-burthens the shoulders of his horse with his own weight ; this fault is very common in England, and, indeed, there is no country where horses are so soon ruined before.

The neglect of the hand in abandoning the bridle may dispose a horse to over-reach ; when the toe of the hind shoe, and the heel of the fore shoe, are too long, it promotes the action of over-reaching. Lastly, natural laziness will expose him to the same inconvenience.

To remedy the action of over-reaching, we must endeavor to accelerate the rising of the fore feet, and to retard that of the hind, in which we sometimes succeed by the following means :

Begin by cutting and paring the fore heels as much as possible, without weakening them ; then use the *half-moon shoe*, of which the heels are very short and thin ; on the contrary, preserve all the height of the hind heels, take off as much of the toe as possible, and shoe very short in this part. The shoe No. 2. may fulfil this object. The effect which the manner of paring may produce deserves to be explained.

The height of the fore heels being diminished, will expose the flexor muscle to a greater extension, from which will proceed a degree of uneasiness, which will oblige the horse to lift its foot from the ground sooner than it would have done, had the heel been higher. In the hind feet, on the contrary, not only the whole height of the heels will be preserved, but an addition made thereto ; and from the thickness of the shoes the last degree of extension of the flexor muscle will be retarded. The horse, far from being induced, through pain, to take his hind legs from the ground, will keep it there longer than if his heels had been lower, and from this manner of operating there will result a greater interval of time between the motion of the fore and hind legs, which will oppose itself into action of over-reaching. A very simple comparison will probably render the principle very intelligible.

Women who wear very high heeled shoes, walk, almost all, with their knees more or less bent, so that the extensor muscles never attain the least degree of contraction, nor the flexors the least degree of extension which the construction of the leg would allow of.

But should they suddenly change the shoe they have been accustomed to, for some with very low heels, they would first experience a painful stretching in the last mentioned muscles, which would oblige them to lift their feet sooner from the ground, than in the former case.

It would doubtless be observed, that as the application of the principles here established to prevent a horse from over-reaching, produce pain, it cannot be agreeable to nature ; this I admit, and I therefore recommend acting in this case with all possible prudence in the beginning.

M. Bourgelat also calls in all the assistance of mechanics, in order to explain, how a foot that does not wear out the shoe evenly ought to be shod, and he divides the under surface of the foot by a longitu-

dinal axis, traverse axis, diagonal, &c. I am persuaded I shall sooner explain myself to the farrier's common sense, by saying to him, when a horse is brought you to be shod, examine the old shoe, and see what part is most worn out. If it is the outward branch, preserve the quarter on that side, and increase the thickness of the shoe at that part; you will by this means remedy the fault; besides, particular cases occur every day, which it is impossible to foresee, and which require the shoe to be differently shaped. As for instance, when the quarter or heel has been destroyed, the foot wounded or pricked, the sole compressed or burnt, &c. In such cases, as it is not in our power to lay down fixed rules, the operator, guided by the actual state of the foot, must give the shoe, or some of its parts, a shape adapted to the affected part, and qualified to assist its healing.

As to the half-moon shoe, semi-half-moon shoe, &c., we shall mention them in treating of those cases in which they are to be used; and we shall now briefly recapitulate the substance of this lecture, addressing ourselves to all farriers who are able and willing to understand us.

You whose office it is to shoe the valuable creature which is the subject of our inquiries, should abandon that blind and perverse custom, by which you destroy that essential part, the preservation of which is entrusted to your care; and, submitting your understandings to the light of reason and experience, should endeavor to obtain a knowledge of those principles on which the perfection of your art depends, and which alone can lead you to a sound and luminous practice.

Lay aside, in the first place, the mechanical custom of paring the foot to excess, of thinning the sole and frog, and destroying the binders, under the false idea of opening the heels, which, on the contrary, you by that means dispose to contract; of cutting away their hind part, which is the most solid point of rest that nature has provided for the foot. Recollect, in short, that you are only to take off, from this part, that portion of the old horn which would impair the solidity of the shoe. In the next place, you are to imitate, with the shoe, the concave form of the foot. Let this same shoe fit exactly the circumference of the wall, without compelling the latter, as you are accustomed to do, to fit the shape of the shoe. Beware of making the under part of the shoe convex, excepting in the case of a convex foot. Above all, avoid turning the branches of the shoe obliquely outwards, because this distortion pinches the quarters and heels, and finally crushes them. Reduce the thickness of the heels of the shoe; be persuaded, that when they are too thick they raise the frog too much above the ground, and that then the horse is in the same case as you would be if obliged to walk on tiptoe. You cannot but be sensible how much this last fault must contribute to ruin the legs. Lastly; never rasp the surface of the hoofs above the rivets.

By avoiding the method here delineated, you will at least avoid the grosser errors which are every day committed, and if you have sufficient courage to give yourselves up to the study necessary for acquiring the true principles of your art, public opinion will soon place you on a level with men who are enlightened, and therefore useful to society.

FOUNDERING.

The most severe and stubborn disease to which the horse's foot is liable, and which is almost always fatal, unless subdued in its origin, is, beyond a doubt, that which is known under the name of foundering. It is to be considered as a fluxion, more or less inflammatory, which has its seat more particularly in the interior of the foot.

This disease manifests itself by the following symptoms, which may be divided into common and particular.

The former are pain and heat in the feet, especially at the coronet ; fulness or plethora in the vessels of the legs, a strong pulsation in that part ; a swelling in the sheath of the tendons, and also a symptomatic fever when the disease becomes serious ; whence results dullness and a distaste for solid food ; but the latter symptoms only appear when the pain and inflammation are increased to a very intense degree.

The particular symptoms appear in the step of the animal when walking, and in the position of the legs when standing still. If a horse, for instance, is foundered in his two fore-feet, the great pain he feels, in those parts, obliges him to throw back his weight of body upon his hinder extremities, in such a manner as to bring them forward very near to the centre of gravity, whilst the fore legs remain in an oblique direction, inclining from before backwards. In this position, the loins of the animal are in a state of continual exertion, and if forced to walk he experiences great difficulty in moving, and his fore legs do not quit the ground till his hind ones are brought very far forward under his body, the whole weight of which, they are obliged to sustain. This painful sensation of the body obliges the horse to bend the spine, and this forced action in the vertebræ of the loins, persuades many farriers that the seat of the disease exists in the muscles of the back and loins, on which they apply remedies of all kinds, the effects of which, as may be imagined, are always useless, and often dangerous.

This treatment, erroneous in its principle and unsuccessful in its issue, determines the farrier to draw a consequence evidently false, by supposing that the disease has changed its place, and is fallen into the feet.

When the foundering is in the hind feet, the animal stands in a position directly opposite to that we have been describing. He carries his body forward, with his head low, and the anterior extremities under him ; by which means the withers become lower than the croup ; in short, the attitude of all the parts proves, that nature is engaged in easing the hind feet, by throwing the weight of the mass upon the fore feet. But as the hinder extremities are always particularly employed in projecting the body, it is easy to conceive how very painful this effort must be to the horse, since it is only with the fore legs that he is now able to effect it ; and in fact, it is easy to perceive the state of constraint under which the horse labors, when he displaces one of his fore legs ; he hesitates some time before he moves it, and he has hardly taken it up, before he speedily places it on the ground, and during this action the tremor and vacillation of the other fore leg, denotes the excess of weight which distresses it.

Foundering sometimes attacks all the four legs, and when that happens, the horse is unable to stand ; he therefore is constantly laying down ; and I have seen one that placed himself on his back, in order to find ease.

It is uncommon for this disease to attack one foot only, either before or behind. Some authors have multiplied the causes of this disease almost to infinity—we shall confine ourselves to the exposition of those only which experience appears to confirm every day.

The most dangerous cause of all is a suppression of the perspiration; this commonly occasions a great inflammation of the feet, the progress of which is exceedingly rapid; the superabundance of blood, its thickness, the vitiated disposition of the humors, may increase the intensity of the fluxion, and render its resolution more difficult.

Violent galloping, or too hard labor, may occasion foundering; it may also proceed from too much rest, and it is not uncommon to find a horse in this state, on his being brought out of a stable, where he has remained too long without exercise. It has further been observed, that any abundant evacuation, such as much bleeding, sometimes produces this disorder; it is also frequently owing to the use of food, too nourishing and too liberally bestowed, such as lucerne, sain-foin, clover, barley, beans, peas, vetches, &c.

Bad shoeing often produces the distemper we are treating of; the farriers, by scooping the sole to excess, occasion it to dry up, facilitate the contraction of the heels, and the shoe which they use being too narrow and concave at the top, completes the contraction of the whole circumference of the foot.

ON ARAB HORSES.

SIR.—Many of your readers are constantly saying it is useless to breed from Arabs: the enclosed article on their breed, ways of rearing and breeding, and the places where the best breed may be procured, would be perhaps acceptable to your excellent publication.

There are three breeds of horses in Syria; the *true* Arab breed, the Turkman, and the Kourdy, which is a mixture of the two former.—The Arab horses are small, full of sinew and bone, remarkably strong in their back, loins, thighs, and hocks: the shoulder appears to be the faulty point, as the scapula is short, rather upright, but, notwithstanding, the action is generally fine and vigorous. To counterbalance these faults, the shoulder is very *muscular* and very thick in the upper part, and very light at the extremity; they rarely exceed four; teen hands; but few are ill formed, and they have all certain characteristic beauties which distinguish their breed from any other. The Arabs count *five* noble breeds of horses, descended, as they say, from the five favorite mares of the Prophet—Taucyse, Maneykeye, Koheyl, Saklawye, and Dgulfe.

On the birth of a colt of noble breed, it is usual to assemble some witnesses and to write an account of the colt's distinctive marks, with the names of its sire and dam. The pedigree is often put into a small piece of leather and hung round the horse's neck. The following is a specimen:—

“ God ”

“ Enoch ”

“ In the name of the most merciful God, the Lord of all creatures :

peace and prayers be with our Lord Mahomed, his family and followers until the day of judgment. The present deed relates to the greyish brown colt, with four white feet, of the true breed of Saklawye called Obeyan, whose skin is as bright and unsullied as milk, resembling those horses of which the Prophet said, 'True riches are a noble and fierce breed of horses.' The sire of this colt is the excellent bay horse called Merdgan, of the breed of Koheyman; its dam the famous white Saklawye mare, known by the name of Dgeroria."

The Arabs themselves often pay as much as two hundred pounds for a celebrated mare, and the price has amounted even to more than five hundred pounds. The present Sheekh of the Mauualys has a mare for the "*half of whose belly*" (in Arab phraseology) he paid four hundred pounds. Immediately after the birth of a colt the Arabs tie its ears together over its head with a thread, that they may assume a fine pointing direction: at the same time they press the tail of the colt upwards, and take other measures whereby it may be carried high. The only care taken of the dam after she has produced her colt is to wrap a piece of linen round her body; the linen is removed the next day. The colts remain with the dam thirty days, after which they are weaned and reared on camels' milk. For the space of one hundred days after the colts have been weaned it is not permitted to give them any other food than camels' milk; even water is not allowed. After that time the colt receives a daily portion of wheat diluted with water; at first a handful; this is gradually increased, but the milk still continues to be the colt's principal food.

Such is the colt's diet for one hundred days more: during the latter of which he is permitted to feed on grass. The second period of one hundred days being elapsed, barley is given; and if camels' milk is abundant, a bucket every evening with the allowance of barley.

During the whole year, the horses stand in the open air and are rarely ill. The Arabs never clean or rub their horses, but are careful in walking them gently when they return after a ride.

For the strangles, they burn some blue linen (which has been dyed with indigo) and let the smoke ascend into the horse's nose: this occasions a copious discharge. For the pole evil, they burn the flesh all round the swelling.

The finest race may be found in Syria, and the best district is Hauram. Most of the horses purchased at Basra for the Indian market belong to the Montefyk Arab, who have not the pure breed: this accounts for the badness of the horses which are occasionally sent from India to England. Fine horses of the Khomse are more numerous than the common horses belonging to the same breeds; but still, among those fine horses there can be found only a few worthy of being entitled "first rate" in respect of size, bone, beauty, and action; perhaps not five among a whole tribe. It seems a fair and probable calculation to say, that the Syrian deserts do not furnish more than two hundred of that preeminent description, each of which may be estimated in the desert itself at from £150 to £200. The Arab horses are purchased at Bombay at an average of £70; this satisfactorily proves that they are not of the highest caste; and as almost all the Arabs which have been imported here have come from India, it will

account for the Arab blood being at such a discount. There have been some splendid exceptions. The Darley Arabian came direct from Syria, and was of the Maneykeye tribe; a century afterwards Mr. Manesty, the consul at Aleppo, sent over some, and amongst them one of the pure Maneykeye, which was purchased by Lord Dartmouth. Mr. Cole sent over a chesnut horse of great merit; Sir W. Rumbold another, which the King of Prussia bought.

The Imaum of Muscat sent to his Majesty William the Fourth two very fine horses and two mares of high castes. The highest bred mare was purchased by Sir Tatton Sykes, the other by Mr. P. Duncombe. The two horses, from their beauty and bone, would have made a valuable cross for some of our long and bad-legged thoroughbred mares, but they were unfortunately sold to go into Germany.—The King of Wurtemberg has a few Arabs of the *true* blood, and it is well worth going a long way to examine them.

[London (New) Sporting Magazine for March, 1839.]

HASSAN ABDA LLAH.

Turfiana.

No. I.

THE DEFAULTERS!

(With a bunch of mottoes).

“And grinn’d and mutter’d,—Lost,—Lost,—Lost!”
LAY* of the *Last Minstrel*.

“Master *Shallow* :—I owe you a thousand pounds!”
Shakspeare.

“*Fatima*. Sister Anne,—Sister Anne,—Do you see any body coming?—
Irene. I see them galloping,—I see them galloping!”
Blue Beard.

“All this was written whilst he was in the *Levant*.”
Preface to Lord Byron’s *Childe Harold*.

“Away!—Away!—ye notes of woe!”
Byron.

“Galloping,—Dreary,—Done!”
Old Song.

“They are gone—and for ever—the lights we saw *breaking*!”
Moore.

“Now is the hour that wakens fond desire,
In men at sea!”
Dante.

We have just turned the corner of a new year and its Derby will soon be fast approaching.—It comes round with all the certainty of a tax-gatherer, or the little wooden horse on the round-a-bout at a fair, and passes away in a like temporary obscurity.—The Derby comes! The betters who during the winter months have attended at Tatter-

*It has been mischievously and erroneously said that this line was written by a poet of the name of Cowley (Qy. the Jockey)—not so, it was clearly written by a *Better*.

sall's, have stood there like so many Banquos having "no speculation in those eyes which they do glare withal!" The first dawn of the year shewing the approach of the great race, however, brings out the old Turfite anew, and warms into life the usual swarm of moths and butterflies—things that dawn in the short brilliant beam that precedes the certain day of destruction, and then pass away.—The Thursday in Epsom week is a withering day to myriads—and still the succeeding year finds insects afresh, and great grown children mad enough to rush after the gilded wing and dazzling body,—as though the prize were as valuable as it was attractive,—not thinking that like Lord Byron's "Insect Queen of Eastern Spring,"

"The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hath lost its charms by being *caught*;
For every *touch* that wooed its stay,
Hath brush'd its brightest hues away!"

A few recollections of a few past Derby and St. Leger days, with a glance at that rare species of Turf Butterfly—the great *blue-winged Levanter*,—may not be unserviceable in guarding some, even of the experienced, from going hat in hand scampering up and down that "Emerald meadow of *Cashmere*," Tattersall's yard, catching at every gay thing that dazzles and allures. So *epidemic* is this frantic chase,

"A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears,"—

that you shall see the unaffected and well-informed Jem Bland jump about after a new fly with all a boyish eagerness; and Crockford—the learned, experienced, often-betrayed Crockford,—take off his hat and not be able to refrain from making two or three aerial sweeps, as the insect flutters by him. There are too, at this and indeed at all times, to be seen the crawling bodies of flies (who have been *caught* and despoiled of their wings)—flies that creep about still, like wingless wasps, to annoy and sting. These things should not be permitted to escape the crush of the foot, when once they are stript of their deceitful hues.—Better that they should fly away—or, *Anglice* to say it,—*levant*!—than remain to crawl and wound,—again, again, and again.

To quit our insect metaphor, we are of opinion that just at the opening of the year,—when the mind glimpses at the great races, a slight glance at the defaults and Defaulters of a few recent years will not be unserviceable to those who mean honorably,—but who by too over-weening a hope of good fortune, or from too strong a credence in the probity of human nature, may rely on a dazzling *book*—a good horse or field—and a prosperous race. We know of several excellent men and valuable sportsmen who have, with the fairest intentions on their own parts, been hurried into difficulties and losses by a reliance on men who "were going *for the gloves*" (the phrase is good as applied to those gentlemen who do not intend coming out with *clean hands*) and were keeping up high characters by a neat *surtout* or a catching cabriolet with a *tiger* hanging at its two hind loops. Remote *green* branches of our nobility have even been depended upon—until the stormy day came and snapped them—shewing to the bewildered dependants the fragile worthless sticks on which they rested. Should one honorable man be put on his guard by this timely caution,—this Magazine Review,—should one plausible plunderer be foiled in his game by this

exposure of the past—we shall be well rewarded for the disgusting task of here recalling *characterless* characters,—and referring to events which are stained with all that makes high honor blush and common honesty shrink and shudder.

How far back shall we direct our eyes?—On what point of time shall we fix our starting-post? Let us---to use a hunting phrase,—Let us “try back, try back.” We can hardly stretch our old optics beyond the day of *Memnon* for the Leger. What a race was that for sanguine hopes realized—and desperate avarice and reckless dishonesty baffled!—Mr. Ridsdale,—who left York,—giving up the musical festival to accompany that piece of perfect horse-harmony, *Memnon*, to Doncaster—having him a winner to a *sound* sum of, say £30,000 ---saw that blooming animal canter in a-head of every horse *on* the course and *in* his book. An Attache to a high house without a farthing to meet his losses, lays against the winner at any price,—and as soon as *the spasm* (for such is a St. Leger race) is over—“spreads his gay wings, and in a moment flies!”—Various were the sufferers and great was the surprise on all sides! Mr. A., fleetier than *Memnon*, fled---boring a hole in Mr. Ridsdale’s winnings like the Thames Tunnel;---Mr. Ridsdale’s book being able however, also like the Thames Tunnel, to “*liquidate* itself.”

In this year---a billiard-table maker, back-gammon player, and old shark---having gone a great stake against *Memnon* and Alderman, had the felicitous pleasure of seeing them come in first and second!—The field which would have been a small fortune to him, followed at respectful and ruinous distances!---Mr. H., the baffled one, sat in his shirt sleeves and in his bed-room in a Doncaster lodging on the settling day, exhibiting to a few of the select losers his account in which an enormous sum was debited to an *initial*!—(There was the Fallstaff allowance of the *sack* or loss---to the Fallstaff quantity of bread or *gain*!) debited to a great unknown who “depended on his father,”—and who relied on the honor of this defaulter not to breathe his name. *Honor* was never so devotedly worshipped!---The song was not then written or the billiard-man might have caught his own *cue*, and have beguiled the inactivity of his settling morning with singing

“Oh no we never mention *him*,
His name is never heard!”

These two eminent individuals—these two defaulters—whose initials of A. and H. combined, form that sigh expression which escaped so many hearts on the non-money morning,---gained credit in opposite ways. The first had a high name—associated himself with royal blood,---had naval expectations,—and it was thought whatever was gained, if not immediately forthcoming was ultimately good. He was valuable in *prospective*!---The last was so well known to be always trying at the best,—to be always (to borrow a dog-pit phrase) “fighting at the leg!”—that no one for a moment supposed *he* would “overstep the modesty,”---not of nature,---but “of art!” that his word was good for any sum. He therefore went on his *ready-money* name—the former on his *credit*!—Both Levanted.—These defaulters were talked of for a time,—but the waters of oblivion at length settled over their heads, and the gulphing ocean of Betting soon became as smooth and seductive as ever!

In 1826, little Lapdog, on a wet day and a miserable heath, won the Derby—and with *his sound legs* patched the broken fortunes of more than one of the unsound *legs*. Several minor bursts and explosions, as the gunpowder manufacturers phrase it, took place, but no regular *blow*. In the same year Tarrare won the Leger, to the utter discomfiture and dispersion, as the Irish call it, of a speculating livery-stable-keeper, who stood upon Belzoni, Bedlamite, and the favorites, and was *disappointed*. In common cases of failure we should use the word *ruined*;—but as ruin on the turf is the mere retirement from active gambling into the social quiet of domestic comfort and the regular attention to business---the utmost result,—is *disappointment*,—disappointment in instant wealth! This livery-stable man, who was not respected but handsomely *suspected*, contrived to amass a dunghill of rotten debt—and many of his creditors openly blamed their own stupidity---and acquitted him as an innocent. He, however, sat up at the house of a worthy widow (the *dam* of a well behaved *leg* in the present betting circles), and, taking a desperate leap at morality—cleared every bar,—and became a confirmed moral *Jumper*! He wrote a letter full of pious abhorrence of his own past courses, and of advice to the widow as to her son—and having finished his weak letter and two glasses of strong brandy and water, he took an early morning coach---and left the vile, immoral, lost town of Doncaster---a reclaimed *Bedlamite*,---and doomed the baffled winners to sing “Tanta—*Tarrare*—ra—Rogues all!—Rogues all!”—

Mameluke appeared in 1827. The splendid blood-like Mameluke! and in beating his showy but heartless colleague, Glenartney, he played old gooseberry with some of the books of the dashing and desperate betting men. More gentlemen *scored* up this year than on several former occasions—and posting the books was by far more the order of the day than *posting* the *coal*. It was more like a *Leger* account than that of a Derby! Matilda won the Leger, defeating Mameluke, by the aid of a good deal of north country manœuvring as to starting, and by steady admirable riding. She sent one or two, as usual, to the wall—amongst whom were more than one of noble blood,—and a hazarding, riggling, half-titled Irish money-hunter. Little was said and little thought of the absentees,—in the surprise at a paltry scratching mare beating a true race-horse, and in one unexpected Scotch winner of a fortune presenting James Robinson with a thousand pounds for his riding. What a lavish reward to successful yellow leathers!

Cadland and the gallant Colonel ran a dead heat in 1828, for the Derby---and a dead heat it was to an *ungallant* Captain who stood desperately against both horses. A now ex-member of parliament was about to hedge one of the two horses for the party—but a half conscience whispered the Levanter to spare his friend—and after an exclamation of “No, no. Do nothing—one is as bad as the other”—the ruin was abided by! The Captain retired *not* upon half-pay,---for he paid not a *sous*,—but with all he could rap and rend, to dash away in Italy with undiminished glory—leaving the gentlemen at Tattersall’s wondering that so quiet and lucky a person should have acted in so extraordinary a manner, particularly as he was a member of Crockford’s---kept his cabriolet and groom,---and never was indebted a far-

thing until he plunged over head and heels into a default of thousands ! One gentleman, a sufferer, followed the wanderer to Paris and procured something like a security, which, however, we believe, never paid more than two duels and a law suit in the pound ! Members of an Irish noble family also became *Impossible*s, though not *Levantes*—and cheerfully contributed to the revenue of the country by spoiling two or three heavy *ad valorem* stamps---which are to this hour *bonded* in the irredeemable darkness of a lawyer's iron cellar. This was a rare year for ruin. But the game of reckless betting went on,---and Velocipede, a second Eclipse, carried all before him on the wings of Hope ! He was a wonder of the world. All "Europe, Asia, Africa, and America---and Jermyn-street, St. James's," stood upon him. He was tried to be a Flyer---and pulled up,---lame ! His leg was bandaged---he was walked about---he even cantered ! he was backed at 2 1-2 to 1 to win upon three legs---and the Colonel was first at the winning post. Belinda (a mare to whom one of Newman's posters could give 20lbs.) second !---Books wrong again !---The *chance* here which attended upon *certainities* in this dear breathing, anxious, working-day world---ought never to be forgotten. Velocipede *was* really a wonderful horse---and in a memorable trial ran a strange second to Mameluke, The Colonel, decidedly beat, third---and something else fourth ! The four ran two miles at least, and round a flock of sheep---and fate decided that Velocipede should pull up a *Greenwich pensioner* ! He recovered, however, so far as to have been able even to have won, if John Scott had given him one long gentle sweat at Doncaster---but we have reason to believe that, first the absence and then the nervous objection of Mr. Armitage, the owner, to this only course,---prevented it. Velocipede ought to have been the hero of Doncaster---but he was, by mischance and mismanagement, reserved

—"to point a moral and adorn a tale."

The year of 1829 was extraordinary in its *outsiders*, in horses and men. Frederick, with a venerable old gentleman in a silk jacket on his back, won the Derby,---doing good to few beyond Mr. Forth and his confiding friends. A little shattered speculator on the Stock Exchange, an outsider, with the help of Green Mantle, the winner of the Oaks, had the firmness to keep away from Tattersall's inviting yard on the settling day---stating to his friends in his circular "that, owing to the unexpected result of the late race, he should be unable to *meet his differences*." This quiet and *retired* young gentleman occasionally "revisited the glimpses" of honest John Collins, at Limmers,---but never more indulged his Monday and Thursday lounge at "the corner,"---his previous "custom always of an afternoon." At this time also, one of Mr. Dilley's friends---and Dilley,---like the hare, is proverbial for having "many friends,"---took to *Flight*,---and cleared every thing---*Barr* nothing ! He was a quiet substantial looking man,---with a look of something between the buck and haw-buck. He was not a person of very refined feeling, or he would not have risked a stain upon the reputation of the name which his respectable father bore. He was not made of what Lord Byron calls "the precious *porcelain* of human clay,"---although of such was he esteemed by the wise men at Tattersall's,---who found out, however, finally, to their dismay, that their

precious china-ornament---would crack at a touch,—and was mere “delph,---you deceiver! Delph!”

Rowton wound up the year and the St. Leger, by defeating Voltaire—and settling the fate of a few who would not themselves settle,—one of these was a bankrupt wine-merchant, who was in strong credit in the betting ring and in immeasurable discredit in the city. A comely young gaming-house-keeper also “threw out,” and drove about town immediately afterwards in considerable trouble and a tilbury. The wine-merchant, a mere Wheeler in the racing machine, shewed himself and a sovereign at the rooms, at Doncaster, on the morning after the race,—and endeavored to glean what he could from the few on whom he had claims. But he ingeniously contrived to avoid paying a single farthing to a single creditor. He was, strange to say, not kicked out, though so many active *legs* were present. The capitalists grumbled—talked of the want of principle in gentlemen,—of the decay of the Turf,—the decline of betting,---and within a month,---a little month,---betook themselves ardently to---

“trust again—and be again deceived!”

The year 1830 was not so gloomy a one as its predecessors. It was destined to piece the damaged fortunes of some, who knew what great success and great depression meant. Priam won the Derby, to the great joy of the two Chifneys, the one Dilly, Sam Day, and various others,---Little Red Rover a pony---Eclipse was second. Mr. Justice, ---who has now declined the Turf,---was well in on this occasion, and most of the heavy betters contributed to his gains. Variation won the Oaks,—convulsing no one, we believe, but her owner, Mr. Scott Stonehewer. And the year finished with the true race horse, Priam, being beaten by the Brummagem one, belonging to Beardsworth, to the severe discomfiture of those who had lost the long odds on Priam, for the Derby, and were seeking to redeem them by taking the short ones on him for the Leger. One man’s face looked pale enough upon the event,—

“Just such a man, so wan, so woe-begone,
Drew *Priam’s* curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt,
But,—

—He went off by the Highflyer, from the Black Boy, at an earlier hour,—and did not stay to croak on the subject,—or to pass the goodly visage of Mr. Goodered, or the honest eye of Mr. Bluck—each of which stands “Sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy,” at the threshold of Luck’s splendid temple at Doncaster. At this period some gentleman made free with the assets of the betting room firm, and during the Cup race unbolted the iron safe and bolted with the contents. This was a Levanter that drew iron tears down *Plutus’s* cheek. The proprietors cried—Heavy Tims, the Doncaster constable, was on the alert,—Mister Cauty thought it was a cruel robbery,—and in spite of *Smart* money, spent in useless prosecutions,—the truth was found to exist in the announcement at the foot of the London play-bills,—“*Vivant Rex et Regina,—no money returned!*”

Spaniel,—the little dog,—Spaniel skipped away with the Derby in 1831,—conquering that *certainly* Lord Jersey’s Riddlesworth, with all

the ease imaginable. Mr. Greatrex, who is a great man in a little compass, shewed his supreme luck and good judgment in Turf matters, by following Mr. Ridsdale's casual advice, and loading his pocket with money like a market gardener's turnip waggon. A few of the croupiers and share-holders in the silver hells, as Lord Byron terms them, postponed payment on demand—and postponed it *sine die*. No surprise was felt or expressed. It was thought they would pay some day or other,—and when that day arrives we intend to publish an extraordinary gazette, for the purpose of announcing the advent of such a wonder. A sporting lawyer,—the alleged owner of Prince Llewellyn,—was a large winner on the Derby and Oaks ;—and it is pleasant to think that the money should get into hands which were sure to lay it out to advantage !

The St. Leger of this year was *rather* a quiet one. Chorister won the race, being the non-favorite in the Duke of Cleveland's stable. Marcus, the great Newmarket Pet, and, owing to the Chifney patronage, a great favorite—was,—nowhere. Crutch's fancy-nag, Liverpool, under the tutelage of Scott, was to win, and did *not* win---and Creole, was as Creoles generally are, a *dark one*. The betting was not heavy and the crashes were not very alarming. It was an odd thing that on this *Creole* day---the son of an ostler at the *Black Boy*, *emancipated* himself. There was clearly some *color* for his retirement.

The year of our Lord 1832, was memorable for the opening of the great Reform measure and the winning of the Derby by Mr. Ridsdale. St. Giles, about whom there was some ridiculous question respecting his nomination,---won the race gallantly, with his two stable companions, Trustee and Margrave, close at his heels. Beiram, Perion, Spencer, Mixbury and others,---all with the exception of the two first, quite second rate animals,---were favorites in their turns. Mr. Ridsdale won a rare stake,---and his then confederate Mr. Gully was also a considerable winner. Amongst the losers there were some splendid Levanters. One of these, and the most conspicuous wrangler, was a wine and liquor merchant, who paid not a dump to any one. He blustered and placarded the town on the Monday and absented on the Tuesday—declaring there was so much of roguery and deception practised on the Turf—that he would no longer countenance it by his presence. He retired therefore to his books and his bottles,—a rigid creditor over legal debtors,—and a well dressed defaulter in the public streets. So determined a Levanter never speculated on a race-horse ! His partner with more honor but less money, wished to settle and did settle to the best of his ability---But still he was in a state to guarantee his Noyau-Brother against all accusation and remonstrance from *him*. The infirm firm---infirm as far as the Turf-Trade is concerned,---is therefore silently broken up,---A dividend of nothing in the pound having been declared upon the joint and separate sporting estate of the worthy pair---and which may be received every day by the numerous creditors, between twelve and one.

Margrave, the fourth for the Derby, came in first for the St. Leger. Few persons stood to win money on this horse, as it was notorious that he was not fit to run on the day of the race. What the nature of the accident was—if accident it really was,—we never rightly understood.—But there was a sudden bad leg—a few days before the

day,—the effects of which nothing but active measures on Mr. Gully's part and the good riding of James Robinson counteracted. Margrave had the singular honor of making few if any serious defaulters.—But some gentlemen were rendered scarce, in order to preserve the charter of the Turf from being affected.

This year closed with the memorable *Ludlow* trick, in which the brittle characters of several well known Turfites were dolefully chipped and cracked. Milton's celebrated *Mask at Ludlow*, was nothing to this fine dramatic mystery. The accused *white-washed* themselves (we believe we use the *very* phrase) in the most extraordinary manner. There were three acknowledged proprietors of this horse.—There was a dark fourth, which, like the fourth-estate, was the most powerful but the most corrupt and least understood. Honor would not permit the great unknown's name to be divulged, lest it should be dishonored,—not an improbable result. The horse, like Dickon, of Norfolk, “was bought and sold.” Much wrangling—much discussion took place both before and after the race,—in which the quiet reasoning powers of honest Frank Richardson—now unhappily a Levanter from the face of the earth,—was heard to advantage,—and in which Mr. Wagstaff's voice, starting at first from a high vent, occasionally arose somewhat above concert-pitch. The bubble burst, but like every other bubble,—left nothing behind. The Turf was again vehemently declared to be in a degenerating state—and several noblemen protested they could place no faith in men, and that they would not bet again,—until the Second October Meeting! Some great moral losers retired at once and for ever from the Turf in disgust.

We shall not proceed with the disasters of the year just closed. The wounds are too fresh,—the sorrows too green to allow of our touching upon them even with the delicate and impartial hand of an historian. The group of sequent years which we have taken, is enough for the object we have in view. Here endeth our first lesson. What a picture does this record present of a hope deferred that *never* maketh the heart sick;—of eternal betrayers never dispiriting the betrayed;—of the proneness of those who are embarked in excessive speculation, to put credence, for the sake of mere gain, in any the veriest impostor,—so long as there is a pencil, a book, a decent coat and a guinea to subscribe to the room of speculation. The system of betting is a false one. Men risk thousands upon a farthing capital;—if the event comes favorably off, the fortunate youth is a substantial man in the eyes of his companions.—If the thing goes wrong, the victim makes victims, and like Prospero—or rather *Unprospero*—“buries his book.” Our sporting readers will do well to reflect upon our details, and to make such wise deductions from them as will lead to safety and success in the dangerous days of the races to come.

[London (New) Sporting Magazine for January, 1834.]

CONTINENTAL SPORTING.*

I now pass on to Boulogne, St. Omer, and Brussels, which may be reckoned amongst the leading places of continental racing, in this part of Europe at least. At the first named places, I have attended two meetings, and occasionally performed the office of judging the various races at each. In the year 1836, those of Boulogne and St. Omer went off with much *éclat*. If the sport were not generally good, it was good enough to afford satisfaction; and the assemblage of company was great beyond expectation. Neither was it confined to the inhabitants of, or visitors to, the neighboring towns; the farmers and peasants, and even priests, appeared to be highly interested in the proceedings, and especially so because some of the riders (amateurs) were of their own country, and known to them. One French gentleman, indeed, M. D'Herlan, had his stables and his apartments at a farm house, near to the Boulogne course, where he had three horses in training under his own sole management; even riding them in their exercise himself, as well as in their races. This circumstance, added to the numerous private matches ridden by French gentlemen (in the Bois de Boulogne of Paris,) speaks more for the eventual progress of the French turf, than any other that I can produce. I remember, that, when tracing the progress of an English gentleman on the turf, who became one of the highest bettors at Newmarket, as well as owner of a large stud, I stated the fact of his beginning by riding a match against myself, in his own park, for five pounds; the two horses not being worth much more than double that sum.

At the Boulogne and St. Omer races of 1836, quite a new feature in the racing world presented itself, although it became familiar to us before the conclusion of the meetings. A mare, called Lady Albert, by Langar, out of Evens, was landed from a London Steamboat at midnight, and started for and won the principal prize on the following day, ridden by Mr. Molony, her owner. This mare was afterwards purchased by the Prince of Moskowa, who with his brother, Count Edgar Ney,† honored both these meetings with his presence; and a mare of his, called Zitella, ran and won only a few days after she arrived, by a similar conveyance. Still, a more novel case than either remains to be detailed. A half-bred horse, called Leary Cove, the property of a gentleman of the name of Munro, living near Newmarket, travelled from Canterbury to St. Omer—distance by sea and land sixty-seven miles—one day, and started for and won his race (the hurdle race ridden by Capt. Beecher) on the next, beating a fair field of horses!

The St. Omer races of 1836 were also extremely well attended, not only by the *élite* of Boulogne, but all the principal families in the town itself and its neighborhood, and the Stewards' dinners, or "Ordinaries," as we call them in England, were of the very best description. But there is here something more than the term "Stewards' dinner" or "Ordinary," generally implies. The fact is, no one dines, who is not

* Concluded from page 60.

† Count Edgar Ney is one of the best gentlemen jockies in France, and rode at this meeting.

invited by the Stewards; the consequence of which is, covers are laid for merely the number invited—which generally amounted to about forty—and thus comfort is secured. Indeed it is due to the Stewards, both of Boulogne and St. Omer, to say, that nothing is left undone by them to contribute to the pleasure of their respective races.

I am sorry it is not in my power to extend my commendation of these two meetings beyond the doings of last year. The present year produced a failure at each place, in spite of the beautiful new course at Boulogne, and no lack of money to be run for at both. Circumstances, however, which will, I believe, be in future remedied, were the cause of this falling off. In the first place, there were not more than four reputed race-horses for both meetings, and not one arrival of horse-flesh from England. This, I believe, was occasioned by some person having reported that Lord Henry Seymour intended sending some of his best horses from Paris, which deterred English trainers from sending theirs. I have reason to believe, from a letter I received from him, his Lordship contemplated honoring the meetings with his own presence; but as to his horses, it was never intended that they should travel so far. All the principal prizes, then, were carried off by three mares of the Prince of Moskowa—namely, Lady Albert, Zitella, and Zerlinda, a French bred mare—and a mare called Miss Canarine, the property of Carter, Lord Henry Seymour's trainer; *producing only one good race*. In the second place, these races were fixed for a period which must operate against them—namely, the month of August, when gentlemen are engaged on the moors: and there are some minor objections as to weights, distance, and entrance-money, which must also be prejudicial to them, but which will be obviated against another year. For example, including passage-money, entrance, and riding, independent of other charges, a person sending a race-horse from England must disburse about £25 before he can win a heat; which, considering the amount of the prizes, is too hazardous a speculation to be very often indulged in. Then, again, the failure of the last St. Omer Meeting arose, in part, from its having taken the precedence of Boulogne, which it will not in future do;—also from the absence of that fine sportsman, the Hon. Martin Hawke, with his horses, who reserved himself this year for Dieppe, being nearer to his present residence. He may be styled the life and soul of meetings of this description, and certainly proved to be such at those of the preceding year.

Compared with that of 1836, the town of St. Omer, during the meeting of the present year, presented a sombre appearance. On the former occasion it exhibited every appearance of a race week. The streets were crowded with carriages, and trainers and stable boys were to be seen in groups; Lords, Honorables, Baronets, and Generals, mixed with the throng; and lodgings were as dear as at Doncaster. But not so in the present year, although on the first day the assemblage on the course was considerable. The ball, however, was a brilliant one, and I must own I was surprised at the number and fine show of my country-women, whose presence contributed to its brilliancy.

But let not what I say discourage persons who may be residing at, or visiting Boulogne, or Calais, from attending St. Omer races.—

Should the sport be indifferent, they will see a fine country, and a still finer old town—one, indeed, which may be said to be built for ages yet to come. It is likewise the residence of many of the ancient *noblesse* of France, and has altogether a most respectable appearance. Then the drive thither from Boulogne will allow for some disappointment on the race course. The country through which the road passes is beautifully picturesque, wanting nothing but the presence of gentlemen's seats, neat farm houses, and home-steads, such as abound in England, but which all other parts of Europe that I have hitherto visited, are deficient in. I often wished, during a long journey through the German States—in the course of which I saw one good looking country house in the space of seventy miles—that the *vectigalia urbana*, which Cicero speaks of, had been then in force, to have driven the people out of the towns, and induced them to build themselves houses in the country.

Having mentioned Germany, it may not be amiss to observe, when on the subject of Continental Sports, that that country now has its Stud Book and its Racing Calendar; and in the stables of Baron Biel, Counts Hahn, Bassewitz, Plessen, and others, are to be seen studs that would do credit to the best days of the English Turf. I cannot this moment lay my hand on the last letter I received from Baron Biel, within the course of the last twelve months; but the details of his stud both in the paddocks and in training, surprised me. There were at least six stud-horses, and about a score brood mares, all of the best English blood; and hence the amount of the young stock may be imagined. In fact, it is to this worthy Baron—whose horses I was so fortunate with when riding them for the royal prizes at Dobberan—that the German turf is indebted, not only for its commencement, but its success. In Holstein, Augustenburgh, likewise, racing is making great progress, under the patronage, and by the example of the reigning Duke, and his brother, Prince Frederick, whose acquaintance I had the honor to make during my German tour; and a more zealous sportsman the world has never yet seen.

That a national prejudice—a virtue, I admit, for it reconciles the Laplander to his freezing snow, and the African to his scorching sun; and were it not for this predilection for the *natale solum*, a great part of the habitable world would be a scene of either envy or discontent—that a national predilection, I say, is a blessing, all persons must admit; but it too often opposes the introduction of systems and the march of improvement, how obvious soever may be their results.—The following article, however, which appeared a few weeks back in the German Periodical, Hippologische Blatter, and thus translated into English, from the pen of Baron de Maltzahn Cammeron, (confederate with Baron Biel on the German turf,) on “The Influence of the Introduction of Races on Continental Horses,” is peculiarly worthy of perusal, not only as regards the excellence of its remarks, but from its entire freedom from the thralldom of national feeling, on a subject on which, as a German sportsman—which the Baron is*—he might have felt it difficult to divest himself of it.

* The Baron has lately been in England, and visited Mr. Beilby Thompson, at his seat in Yorkshire, previously to the last Doncaster Meeting.

“Many years having passed since the introduction of races on the Continent, the examination and the resolution of this question must be more useful and interesting than that of a thing of yesterday. There are some persons who object to the establishment of these races, and deny the good qualities and the ameliorating faculty, of the horse of pure blood, to which we are indebted for their value. Words and writings are now of little value, if they are not accompanied by facts and proofs; and I demand of the opponents of English horses of pure blood, to show us, or to mention one good horse, which has not some of that blood in his veins. If they think that they possess such a horse, we are ready to oppose to him horses bred by ourselves, either on the course, or in the chase, or in any contest, for any distance, and with any weight.

“In the solution of this question is involved, not only a few thousand crowns that may be gained or lost in Paris, but the determination of a most important point,—whether he is blinded by prejudice and party spirit, who introduces into his stud one breed, the proofs of whose superiority are every day before us—or another, whose incomparable excellence exists only in the phantasies of his own imagination, or the vague and fabulous traditions of the East. The *beau-ideal* of which these gentlemen dream, is, happily, only a chimera; I say *happily*, for I am assured that, by pursuing the means recommended by them, and adopting all their unfounded notions, we should obtain horses that would be truly execrable.

“Some persons pretend that the English horse is much deteriorated from what it was forty years ago. This assertion is not true: for every one knows that the half-bred horses are far better than they used to be; that the hunter is much fleetier, and that the public carriages of every description travel twice as rapidly as they did forty years ago; and yet the coachman now rarely uses his whip, while at that time the poor horses were so shamefully punished, that one whip scarcely lasted through a single stage.

“After this comparative statement of facts, I do not hesitate to acknowledge, that he who is not satisfied with the service rendered by the English horse at the present moment, does not know either that which he ought to exact or does obtain from him, or, in fact, does not know any thing about horses. I abstain from long reasonings on this subject, and will not enter into any useless theoretical discussion: I will content myself with stating a few facts in reply to the question with which I started, and leave it to better exercised pens to draw the legitimate inferences.

“I say, then, that since the introduction of races on the Continent, all our studs possess far more valuable stallions and mares than they did before, and it is since the establishment of these contests of strength and speed, that horse knowledge has been based on positive facts, and not on vain theories.

“The experience and the trials of the horse, that have been made in consequence of these races, have caused us to know and to recognise the best breeds. We have searched into the history of past ages—we have examined the annals of each successive race of horses—and we have discarded the prejudice by which we, among others, were once led astray; we no longer judge of a horse by his exterior appear-

ance alone, but by the quality of his blood, the fame of his ancestors, and his own inherent qualities.

"These races have made us adopt a better system of training the colt. He has more abundant food and of a better kind. He is more regularly and strongly exercised, and his education is far more simple in its objects, and much better followed up. Formerly horses were kept to the age of five years without being scarcely employed, they were enervated by our care; at present they are taken into exercise at two years old; and that favors the development of their muscles and tendons, and gives previously unknown vigor to every native faculty of the animal. The races which have the additional advantage of making good riders, have shown the inutility, and even the evil, of employing the Oriental horse in our studs. The number of these contests increasing every year, proof has also been given that the Continental states were not so unfit and unprepared as many persons thought; for private individuals have found means to create and to continue these exhibitions, with very little assistance from the government studs."

I have reason to believe the *Haras du Pin*, in France, about thirty leagues from Paris, is a very fine establishment, but I had not an opportunity of visiting it. It is entirely in the hands of government, and has this year made a noble *debut*, in sending forth no less than twelve colts and fillies. Some of them have already come to the post, and did not disgrace themselves on the *Champ de Mars* this summer, notwithstanding they fell to pieces in their training, which may have been caused by their not having been perfectly prepared, previously to going into strong work.* They are in the hands of a clever trainer of the name of Hurst, who trained for Col. Rieussec, (the best French judge of racing of his day, but who was unfortunately slain by the side of his King, by the regicide Fieschi) and his success with his stud was great. The Colonel was the founder of the stud of Viroflaz, and imported that excellent stallion, Rainbow, into France.

By the way, an anecdote of Hurst, illustrative of the infancy and consequent proceedings, of infant racing countries, may not be ill introduced here. "In 1817, when a lad, he rode a race of heats, in Normandy, for a M. Leconte, making one of eleven that started. His horse bolted with him into a wood, which formed a boundary to the course, and there remained till the others came round the second time past the spot, when he joined the throng and won the heat, *not having been missed by either the jockies or the judge*. He started again, and again won; and although, some months afterwards, the municipality of the town were made acquainted with the fact, they refused to acknowledge the disqualification, and the horse remained the winner.

The next meeting I have to notice is that of Brussels, which I attended in September, 1836, and where I saw two days' racing, the principal supporter of which is the Count Duval de Beaulieu, a nobleman of very large possessions in Belgium, zealously devoted to agricultural pursuits, as well as to those of the field, and the race course. His stud amounts to upwards of a hundred and fifty horses,

* The treatment of young racing stock, *previously* to going into training, is one of vast importance as to their future success, and, as such, is treated of at some length in my forthcoming work, now in the Paris press.

the greater part of which are of pure blood ; and so zealous is he in his endeavors to promote racing, and so convinced of the benefits arising from the legitimate end of the pursuit, that, on the 16th of February, 1835, he addressed the Belgic Senate at great length, and with much ability, on the subject ; and a correct report of his speech is given, for the benefit of Continental sportsmen, in the French Racing Calendar for 1834 and 1835, page 129.

The King of the Belgians, though no practical sportsman, encourages racing, and gives a gold Cup. It was for this Cup, at the Spring Meeting of 1835, that the grand struggle took place between two horses of great repute on the Continent, in which it appeared that the national characters of France and Belgium, as regarded the honors of the turf, were in some measure at stake. Those steeds were, Lord Henry Seymour's grey horse, Morotto, by Gustavus—out of Marrowfat, by Orville—considered but a second-rate racer in England ; and Waverer, from Col. Peel's stud, much on a par with him, belonging to the Horse-breeding Society at Verriers, in Belgium—ridden by the Belgic jockey Oliver, considered the best in his calling of all the Continental-born jockies, if such an expression may be allowed me. Both were English horses, but victory was awarded to Belgium. The enjoyment of it, however, was short-lived. Lord Henry was resolved, not only on beating Waverer, but on winning the Cup the following year ; and this was the only race which created interest amongst us Englishmen during the meeting, at which I was present. With the true spirit of an Englishman, his Lordship sent his trainer to Newmarket to purchase a horse for the purpose ; and a four-year colt, called Elizondo, by Camel, out of Leopoldine, at the price of 400 guineas, was the nag that did the business. Four other horses started, and amongst them Waverer, ridden by Oliver ; but Elizondo, mounted by Robinson, beat them all easily, Waverer being third.

I was, after what I had heard of him, a good deal disappointed at the jockeyship displayed by Oliver in this race, as well as at the condition of his horse, which had been trained under his directions. In the first place, he ran with Morotto, who was started only to make play for Elizondo, which he should not by any means have done ; and in the next, he did not ease his horse when he found him distressed, which he very soon was by his imprudently running with Morotto.

The royal family of Belgium attended the course each day, and were very well received by the people, although a noisy ebullition of feeling is not the custom of the country. We passed their beautiful palace of Lacken on our road to the course. The pleasure grounds, gardens, and park, extend over two hundred acres of land, the timber is highly ornamental, and the *toute ensemble* delightful, still, although it is their Majesties favorite retreat in the summer, they were at this time residing in their palace in the beautiful town of Brussels, on account of the military reviews that were taking place. Of the three handsome stands erected on the course, one was reserved for their Majesties and their suite,—amongst which were the two young Princes of Saxe Coburg, nephews to the King. We Englishmen were struck with the little alteration that time had effected on the appearance of the King, who wears his years surprisingly. The Queen looked like a queen ; combining great elegance of person with becoming dignity of deportment ;

but although the lily was there, the *couleur de rose* was wanting to heighten the expression of her features, which appeared regular and good. Its absence, however, has been accounted for by an event which afterwards occurred. Her Majesty was *enciente*, and suffering in the good cause from which even queens are not exempt.

May I be permitted to give the following extracts from my French Tour, published in the "New Sporting Magazine," descriptive of the town of Brussels?

"It would not be in character with the professed object of my visit, were I to say much of Brussels, although respect for so splendid a city compels me not to pass it over without remark. This much, then, I will say—that, were I to spend the rest of my life on the Continent, and compelled to live in a city, Brussels should be the one I would fix upon. In the first place, it is greatly indebted to physical causes, such as fine air, good water, &c.; and the beauties of nature accompany the magnificence of art; for nothing that I have hitherto seen in a town, equals the beauty of the park, which has more the appearance of a wood than a promenade in a great city; and the views from it of the Palace and the Senate-house, are extremely pleasing to the eye. Then the Grande Place, here called La Place Royale, is said to be one of the finest in Europe, and well may it be so called. It is a regular parallelogram, richly ornamented on all sides with fine buildings, amongst the finest of which is the superb (public) hotel, La Belle Vue, and the Mansion de Ville, the splendid tower of which struck Sir Walter Scott so forcibly."

Again: "There is one circumstance connected with the internal polity of this city which I could not myself find a reason for, neither could any of my acquaintance furnish it to me. The clocks strike the hour that is approaching, half an hour before it arrives, so that every hour is twice struck; which occasions great confusion in time with such persons as have no watches in their pockets. I liked the dress of the women of the middling and lower orders much. There is something classical as well as becoming, in the long handsome veils they wear, giving a sort of Madonna appearance to the head."

Again: "I have reason to believe the Belgians are a sober people, although they may be, I should think, classed at the head of all the beer-drinkers in the world. It is with them,—beer, beer, beer, throughout the entire day, but, although I ventured not to taste it, I was given to understand, it possessed the simple and prophylactic quality of making the drinker sick before it makes him drunk, and is, thus far, harmless in its effects."

As relates to the race-course at Brussels, I have nothing more to say, unless it be to notice the fact of the entire failure of the hurdle race, a horse called *Lucifer*, being the only one of four who had enough of the *devil* in him to take the leaps at all. He was ridden—and well ridden too—by a Belgic Count, in black cloth trousers and white top boots! These extravaganzas should be avoided; and if the noblemen and gentlemen of the Continent condescend to imitate us Englishmen by riding their own horses in public, they should imitate us to the full extent, and endeavor, as we do, to look the character they assume.

On the evening of the second day a ball was given at his hotel in Brussels, by the Count Duval de Beaulieu, [who, by-the-by, did dress

himself in character when performing the office of jockey, and had the best hand on his horse of any of his competitors]—to which, I had the honor of an invitation; and a grand affair it was. Seven rooms were thrown open, in which the *elite* of the town were assembled, including a considerable portion of English. And it was, in one respect, the best “affair” for a looker-on that I ever made a part of; for you could turn your head neither to the right, nor to the left, but something *recherche* was presented to you; and the well-iced champagne, with the thermometer at 90 degrees, slipped down most agreeably. In short, I never saw more care taken to keep body and soul in good humor with each other, than during this very well conducted *fete*. Neither did I ever before see so splendid an array of gold cups—not even at the Duke of Cleveland’s, nor the late Mr. Mytton’s—as I witnessed in these rooms. In short, wherever there was a mirror to reflect them, two and three were placed; and being multiplied by reflection, they made a doubly enchanting display.

The Count’s chateau (a la Campagne) is at the distance of thirty English miles from Brussels, which the Countess (an excellent Englishwoman in speech) thinks little of cantering over, on a thoroughbred nag, to see how things go on during their absence from it in the city; and I believe she takes nearly as much interest in the stud as the Count himself does. It was not my fault that I did not see both chateau and stud, having received a most pressing invitation to meet a very large party during the feast of St. Hubert, which, I was told, is kept in great magnificence, and for many days in succession, by this hospitable nobleman; but my engagements prevented my availing myself of the intended honor. Fox-hunting formed part of the amusements of the *fete*, for the enjoyment of which the Count promised me horses, and from the account I read in the newspapers, it appears I should have witnessed a particularly fine run with the Versailles fox hounds; which, by a mutual agreement between the parties are in future to commence the season in this part of Belgium, where a hunting club is formed, the Count Duval de Beaulieu being president of it.

I now come to the mention of the last Continental race-meeting on which it is in my power to offer any remarks—I mean that of Dieppe, of which the present year was the first; and a grand affair was I led to believe it would be;—in fact, not a bed was to be had for love or money, at least for such money as I felt disposed to give for one,—which deterred me from even thinking seriously of attending it. The walls of all France were *affiches* with the programme; all the Paris Jockey Club were to be there, and the best horses of course; and the 22d of September was to have been the day. Now what will be my reader’s astonishment, when he finds that the Mayor of the town suddenly as unexpectedly, altered the day to the 27th,—in other words, postponed the meeting just one week!! The reason for this it is not in my power to divine; but if the Mayor of Dieppe looks on racing as a mere holiday amusement, that may be fixed or postponed as the sun may shine or not shine, or be governed by any trivial circumstances, he had better have saved his fellow citizens and others the expense of making a new race-course. The arrangements of race-horses (to say nothing of their owners) will not allow of such vagaries. Horses are prepared for certain days,—I had nearly said hours, and neither they nor their

owners will be found at places where a regular system is not pursued. And this assertion has been verified in the instance before us. A great many of the Jockey Club, including Lord Henry Seymour, declined attending, or sending their horses to, Dieppe races, which may this year be pronounced a failure, as far as its sporting character is at stake; and in these matters a regard to *characteristic* must be observed. There was, nevertheless, a fair amount of money to be run for,—about 10,000 francs in all; 3000 of which were given by the Duke of Orleans, and 1200 by Lord Henry Seymour; and the horses of his Royal Highness were the greatest winners.

But we must go farther a-field,—to the New World, indeed,—for a young racing country, and one in which it would appear, by the encouragement given to its growth, that the system will soon arrive at maturity. “It is lucky,” says Baron Biel, in one of his letters to me, in the course of the present year, “That we Continental people do not come into competition with the Americans; for unless they do neglect their breeding studs, they must soon be on a par with England, as they get your best stallions; the spirit with which these people enter upon the pursuit of racing, is certainly not only astonishing, but very much to their credit; for, as Dr. Johnson said, “whatever is worthy of being done at all, is worthy of being done well.” Think of the prices they give! three thousand five hundred guineas for a stallion, that might die on his passage! why, it is unprecedented in the annals of the mother country, and is likely to remain so. Dr. Merritt will be immortalized in the annals of Tattersall’s yard.*

As for myself, I was, in part prepared for the persevering spirit which American sportsmen have shown, by the perusal of a number of the “American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,” put into my hands by a son of the proprietor of it (Mr. Skinner), and bearing date September, 1830, being the first of Vol. II. It contained the details of the great contest between the gentlemen of New York and Virginia, for 20,000 dollars, in the best of three four-mile heats; the horses fixed upon to decide it, being Eclipse on the part of the former, and Sir Henry on that of the latter; and Eclipse proved the winner. But we must not stop here. The time in which the three four-mile heats were run, was only twenty-three minutes fifty and a half seconds, or on an average of seven minutes fifty-seven seconds, each heat; and although the Virginian gentlemen are stated to have lost 200,000 dollars on their horse, the following highly spirited challenge was sent by his owner, to the owner of Eclipse, whose excellent, whose humane, whose gentlemanlike answer to it, induces me to transcribe both letters on the subject.

TO JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq.

Long Island, May 28th, 1823.

“Sir—I will run the horse Henry against the horse Eclipse at Washington City, next fall, the day before the Jockey Club purse is run for, for any sum from twenty to fifty thousand dollars; forfeit, ten thousand dollars. The forfeit and stake to be deposited in the Branch Bank of the United States at Washington, at any nameable time, to be appointed by you. Although this is addressed to you individually, it

* The Doctor is the great purchaser for the Americans.

is intended for all the betters on Eclipse; and if agreeable to you, and them, you may have the liberty of substituting at the starting post, in the place of Eclipse, any horse, mare or gelding, foaled and owned on the northern and eastern side of the North River; provided, I have the liberty of substituting in the place of Henry, at the starting post, any horse, mare or gelding, foaled and owned on the south side of the Potomac. As we propose running at Washington City, the rules of that Jockey Club must govern, of course.

I am respectfully yours,

WILLIAM R. JOHNSON.

(ANSWER.)

“DEAR SIR,—The bet just decided, was made under circumstances of excitement, which might, in some measure, apologise for its rashness, but would scarcely justify it as an example; and I trust the part I took in it will not be considered as a proof of my intention to become a patron of sporting on so extensive a scale. For myself, then, I must decline the offer. For the gentlemen who, with me, backed Eclipse, their confidence in his superiority, I may safely say, is not, in the least, impaired. But even they do not hesitate to believe, that old age and hard service may, one day, accomplish what strength and fleetness, directed by consummate skill, has hitherto failed to accomplish.

“For Mr. Van Ranst I answer, that he owes it to the Association, who have so confidently supported him,—to the State at large, who have felt and expressed so much interest in his success,—and to himself as a man, not totally divested of feeling, never, on any consideration, to risk the life or reputation of the noble animal, whose generous and almost incredible exertions, have gained for the North so signal a victory, and for himself such well earned and never failing renown.

“I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“JOHN C. STEVENS.”

“Wm. R. Johnson, Esq.”

PEDIGREE OF ECLIPSE :—He was sired by Duroc, a Virginia horse, bred by Wade Moseby, Esq., and got by imp. Chesnut Diomed, out of Amanda, by Grey Diomed, a son of Old Medley. His (Eclipse's) dam was the noted grey mare Miller's Damsel, got by imp. Messenger. His g. dam, an English mare, imp. when three years old, in 1795, by William Constable, Esq. of New York, bred by Lord Grosvenor, and sired by Pot-8-o's, son of English Eclipse. His g. g. dam by Gimcrack, Gimcrack by Cripple, and Cripple by the Godolphin Arabian. He was bred by Gen. Nathaniel Coles, of Queen's County, Long Island, and foaled on the 25th May, 1814.

PEDIGREE OF SIR HENRY.—He was bred by Mr. Lemuel Long, near Halifax, in the State of North Carolina, and foaled on the 17th day of June, 1819. He was sired by Sir Archy, (son of imp. Chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, g. dam by Belle-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger; which four last named are imported horses, and are to be found in the English Stud Book.

Now after what has been said of the progress of racing in America, it is scarcely fair to turn any of their proceedings into ridicule. The

following description, however, of a would-be racing Yankee sportsman, as well as the moral drawn from the event, are given with infinite humor.

“A TRICK IN HORSE RACING—THE VALUE OF POPULARITY.”

“I raised a four-year old colt once, half blood, a perfect picture of a horse, and a genuine clipper ; could gallop like the wind ; a real daisy, a perfect doll ; had an eye like a weasel, and nostrils like Commodore Rodger’s Speaking Trumpet. Well, I took it down to the races at New York, and Father he went along with me ; ‘For,’ says he, ‘Sam you don’t know every thing, I guess ; you hain’t cut your wisdom teeth yet, and you are going among them that’s had ’em through their gums this while past.’ Well, when we sets to the races, Father he gets colt, and puts him in an old waggon, with a worn out Dutch harness ; and he looked like Old Nick, that’s a fact. Then he fastened a head martingale on, and buckled it to the girth a’twixt his fore legs,—says I, ‘Father, what in airth are you got ? I vow I feel ashamed to be seen with such a catamaran as that ; and colt looks like old Satan himself ; no soul would know him.’ ‘I guess I warn’t born yesterday,’ says he, ‘let me be, I know what I am at. I guess I’ll slip it into ’em before I’ve done, as slick as a whistle. I can see as far into a mill-stone as the best on ’em.’ Well, Father never entered the horse at all ; but stood by and seed the races, and the winnin’ horse was followed about by the matter of two or three thousand people, a-praisin’ of him, and admirin’ him. They seemed as if they never had seen a horse afore. ‘The owner of him was all up on eend, a-boastin’ of him, and a stumpin’ the course to produce a horse to run agin’ him for \$400. Father goes up to him lookin’ as soft as dough and as meechin as you please, and says he, ‘Friend, it an’t every one that has four hundred dollars—its a plaguy sight of money. I tell you ; would you run for 100 dollars and give me a little start ? If you would, I’d try my colt out of my old waggon agin you I vow ?’ ‘Let’s look at your horse,’ says he. So away they went, and a proper sight of people arter them, to look at the colt ; and when they seed him, they sot up such a larf, I felt een-a-most ready to cry for spite. Says I to myself, what can possess the old man to act arter that fashion ? I do believe he has taken leave of his senses. ‘You needn’t larf,’ says Father, ‘he’s smaller than he looks. Our Minister’s horse, Captain Jack, is reckoned as quick a beast of his age as any in our location, and that ere colt can beat him for a lick of a quarter-a-mile easy—I seed it myself.’ Well, they larfed louder than before ; and, says Father, ‘if you dispute me, what odds will you give ?’ ‘Two to one,’ says the owner ; ‘eight hundred to four hundred dollars.’ ‘Well, that’s a great deal of money, an’t it ?’ says Father, ‘if I was to lose it I’d look pretty foolish, wouldn’t I ? How folks would pass their jokes upon me when I went home again ! You wouldn’t take that ere waggon and harness for fifty dollars of it, would you ?’ says he. ‘Well,’ says the other, ‘sooner than disappoint you, as you seem to have set your mind on losing your money, I don’t care if I do.’ As soon as it was settled, Father drives off to the stables, and then returns mounted, with a red silk pocket handkerchief tied round his head, and colt a-looking like himself, as proud as a Nabob, chock full of spring, like the wire eend of a bran new pair of trouser gallus-

ses. One said, 'that's a plaguy nice-looking colt that old feller has, arter all.' 'That horse will show fair play for it,' says a third: and I heard one feller say, 'I guess that's a reglar Yankee trick, a complete take-in.' They had a fair start of it, and off they set: Father took the lead, and kept it, and won the race; though it was a pretty tight scratch, for Father was too old to ride colt,—he was about the matter of seventy years old. Well, when the colt was walked round after the race, there was an amazin' crowd arter him, and several wanted to buy him. But, says Father, 'How am I to get home without him? and what shall I do with that ere waggon and harness, so far as I be from Slickville?' So he kept them in talk, till he felt their pulses pretty well, and at last he closed with a Southerner for 700 dollars; and we returned, having made a considerable spec of a colt. Says Father to me, 'Sam,' says he, 'you seed the crowd follerin' the wiinin' horse when we came there, didn't you?' 'Yes, Sir,' says I, 'I did.' 'Well, when colt beat him no one follered him at all, but come a crowdin' about *him*:—that's popularity,' said he, 'soon won, soon lost—cried up sky high one minute, and run down the next: colt will share the same fate. He'll get beat afore long, then he's done for. The multitude are always fickle minded. Our great Washington found that out, and the British officer that beat Bonaparte; the bread they gave him turned sour afore he got half through the loaf. His soap had hardly stiffened afore it ran right back into lye and grease again.'

THE CLOCKMAKER.

Somewhat connected with Continental racing is the present much talked of subject—the sale of the late King's stud. As far as I am able to judge of the effect of this step—although I could wish that England should always have a royal horse breeding establishment, and moreover think she ought to have one—it will not be felt to the injury of the breed of English horses. That country racing is rapidly declining, is too evident to admit a doubt; and *the cause* of its decline is equally apparent. The stabs and blows it has received in the various flagrant robberies of the last twenty years, and *the countenance given to the robbers*, were sufficient of themselves to produce it: but the grand blow was given by country gentlemen themselves, in suffering trainers to run horses, and themselves and jockies to bet upon them, and thus to elbow them fairly off their own ground,—for their own ground it decidedly was previous to this abuse. So long, however, as there are a Derby and an Oaks Stakes, and Newmarket stands its ground, there will be no lack of good horse-blood in England, in spite of the drain the Continent requires. But the extent of this drain is much overrated, in comparison with our immense quantity of thorough-bred stock. Look, for example, at the fears expressed by the Times paper, in an article relating to the sale of the Hampton Court stud, "That the best lots may find their way to the establishments of Chantilly and Muedon, at which last place so many English racers are to be found." Now, it happens, that at Chantilly there are no thorough-bred horses of any sort kept; and when I was at Muedon last May twelve-month, there were only eight brood mares; which is the amount of the breeding establishments of both the Duke of Orleans and Lord Henry Seymour; and with very few

exceptions, the "many English racers" the writer of this article speaks of, are but the produce of those mares, bred in France, and not imported from our own stock. So far, indeed, am I from having fears that the purchases made by foreigners will operate to the deterioration of the English race-horse, I augur from it quite a different result. They are become good judges of the animal, horse; they will consequently only give good prices for good horses; but as it is a well established fact, that they will give *very good* prices for sound, powerful, well-bred stallions and mares, it will be a strong incentive to our breeders to furnish them with such animals, of which there will always be enough left for our use, as stock to perpetuate the breed. Besides, fox hunting will be a security against our breed of horses being allowed to dwindle. More than half the hunters that now appear at the cover side in our best countries, are quite thorough-bred; and this is the sort of thorough-bred horse that it is to the interest of England to possess; one that has substance, with limbs and power to carry something more than his own weight, and this over every description of ground; and not your light-bodied, spindle-shanked, soft-hearted weeds, that have the speed of the wind for a mile, but would drop down dead at the end of four, if weighted, and rated, as their sturdy forefathers were wont to be.

ENGLISH POPULAR RACING STALLIONS.

FOR the last ten or dozen years Emilius and Sultan have been all the rage as fashionable racing stallions; indeed, in several Newmarket sweepstakes of late years a proviso has been made for colts or fillies, got by either of the above horses, to carry *five pounds extra*—a pretty good proof of the estimation in which they are held by breeders of running horses. An old sporting acquaintance of mine now residing at Birmingham, in giving his opinion the other day respecting our racing stallions said—"that no two horses since the days of Sir Peter Teazle and Waxy have had such a run of popularity as Sultan and Emilius, or deserved it more." Sultan was foaled in 1816, and is consequently 23 years old. After running second to Tiresias for the Derby in 1819, he won several races and received in matches, but cannot be looked upon as anything at all superior as a running horse. Speed was unquestionably his *forte*, and this qualification has descended, with scarcely an exception, to all his get—I mean of course all those that have aspired to anything like racing pretensions. It was in 1828 that Sultan rose to the pinnacle of fame as a stallion, by the very superior running of his two daughters, Green Mantle and Varna, who at two years old carried off all the rich Newmarket stakes, from the July stakes to the great stakes in the three October meetings; and in the following year (1829) were *first* and *second* for the Oaks. Since the period named above, the Sultan stock have gradually risen to the first rank, in point of *favoritism*, with the *knowing* trainers. It was not

until 1836, however, that a son of Sultan won the Derby, although many had figured as great favorites for this tempting prize; amongst many others, Mahmoud, Augustus, Beiram, Spencer, Cactus, and Sir Robert.

When, however, Bay Middleton *did* win it there was no *mistake* about the thing. Mr. Edwards told me that in his opinion he could have won with another stone upon him, and Robinson's opinion coincided with the late lamented trainer's. Bay Middleton was certainly the most superb three-year-old that ever won the Derby. He won upwards of 10,000*l.* for his noble owner in one short year, and *fetched* him a snug 4,000*l.* when he sold him to Lord George Bentinck. Perhaps the next speediest descendant of Sultan was Galata, who won the Oaks hard held. When I last saw Sultan (in October) he looked blooming and well. His price of serving mares is 50*l.* and I believe his list is full. A cross with the Comus, Tramp, or Filho-da-Putamares could scarce fail to *nick*. I may add here that the present first favorite for the Derby is by Sultan and a brother to Bay Middleton, and that several others of his get have been rather strongly fancied for that race.

Emilius was foaled in 1820, and is therefore 19 years old. As a racer he was greatly superior to Sultan. With a fair turn of speed he possessed the grand qualification for a running horse, viz. *stoutness*. Perhaps no horse has more aristocratic blood flowing in his veins than Emilius has, he being got by Orville, out of Emily by Stamford. The blood on both sides being so good and so well known among all gentlemen connected with racing affairs, that other mention would be deemed superfluous. Besides winning the Derby in 1823, and beating a smart field of ten others, at very little odds against him, Emilius was many times a victor on the "slippery course," beating all the best horses of his time. As a stallion, perhaps, Emilius has experienced more encouragement than Sultan, and this no doubt he deserved from his superior honesty; in the spring of 1832, many hundreds were sported at evens on the get of the two against the field for the Derby; which race was won by St. Giles, Perion being second, Trustee third, and Margrave fourth. All the *crack* blood being at the fag end at the run in. Decidedly the two best Emilius colts up to the time I am writing were Priam, and Plenipotentiary, both of which were cruelly used. Priam was bred by that excellent judge of live stock in all its branches, Sir John Shelley, Bart. who sold him when a yearling to John Dilly the trainer for 500 *gs.* When Priam was two years old William Chifney gave Dilly 1000 *gs.* for him, and won with him at three years old the Riddlesworth and the Column stakes at Newmarket, the Derby stakes at Epsom, a sweepstakes at Ascot Heath, and by bad management *only* ran second for the Doncaster St. Leger stakes, won by Birmingham. The running of Priam was, taking it all in all, superior to that of any other horse within my recollection. At all weights and distances he bore off the palm of victory, putting all comparison with any other horse of his time out of the question. Of Plenipotentiary I need scarcely say he was the best horse of his day (1834) and *ought never to have been defeated*. Besides the two horses above mentioned, a score others could be named to prove that Emilius is deserving his fame as a popular stallion, amongst them Riddlesworth, Re-

covery, Oxygen, Preserve, and Mango. Emilius and Velocipede are the only two stallions whose stock have won the three great races, viz. Emilius :—Derby with Priam and Plenipo, the Oaks with Oxygen, and the Leger with Mango. Velocipede :—Derby with Amato, the Oaks with the Queen of Trumps, and the Leger with the Queen of Trumps. I saw Emilius in July last, and he appeared hearty and well. His price, like Sultan's, for serving mares, is 50*l*. The Blacklock or Sultan mares would cross well with the Emilius blood. Mr. Thornhill has a nice lot of yearlings and two-year-olds by his valuable horse Emilius.

Langar has become a stallion of some importance. Langar is got by the same sire as Sultan, and like that horse throws his stock more remarkable for speed than stoutness. He is 22 years old. Elis's career on the turf stamped Langar's fame as a fashionable stallion. Besides many others noted for their speedy yet short stay on the course, Langar was the sire of Jupiter, Felt, Stockport, and Vulture—the latter unquestionably the quickest animal at the present time at Newmarket. Langar is a remarkably fine grown horse, and his list I understand is full.

We have no less than ten favorite stallions of Blacklock's get, viz. Brutandorf, Belzoni, Buzzard, Laurel, Velocipede, Voltaire, Belshazzar, Malek, Robin Hood, and Tranby. In selecting two from so large a number of this truly fashionable blood I believe I do not go far wrong by naming Velocipede and Voltaire.

Velocipede, when three years old, showed such good speed and vast superiority in a trial with some of Scott's best horses, that they have often said he was the fleetest horse they ever trained, yet his legs were so doubtful that the Scotts preferred standing their money on a *sound* horse, with much less speed, namely, The Colonel, who won the St. Leger of 1828 cleverly. Velocipede with his legs bound up making all the running. By the greatest care the Scotts kept Velocipede round the major part of his fourth year; when, after winning a match or two, he at 8st. 8lb. won the Liverpool Trade Cup, beating all the best horses in that part of the kingdom—Doctor Faustus being a good second. Velocipede broke down after this race. The stock of this favorite north country stallion is so well known and appreciated, that any further comment would be looked upon as unnecessary; it must, however, be stated that the Velocipede get, unless from very stout and good legged mares, seldom run on after three years old. Hornsea was one of these exceptions. Velocipede serves mares at half the sum of the two *crack* southern stallions Emilius and Sultan, and is quite as fortunate in meeting with subscriptions.

Scarcely inferior in point of speed stands Velocipede's half brother Voltaire. Voltaire is now twelve years old; he proved himself a runner of the first class, even at the tender age of two years old. At three, however, he was in the zenith of his popularity, and during the autumn of 1829, he settled down as the first favorite for the sporting St. Leger of that year, for which race he ran, ridden by Sam Chifney, a good second. On the Thursday following, Voltaire won the Gold Cup after making all the running. Tommy Lye "threw in" on it for something like 800*l*. Voltaire is one of the most magnificent horses that ever came under my observation, and his stock have been run-

ning well, and are in all respects, fine specimens of the English blood horse. Slashing Harry, Henriade, Alzira, Cowboy, The Dean, and Picaroon, with many others, speak much in Voltaire's favor as a first-rate stallion. Mr. Kirby of York, the respected purchaser of blood horses for the foreigners, once said that he thought Voltaire was as perfect a racing stallion as he ever clapped his eyes upon. Such mares as those noted in any degree for stoutness, would cross favorably with the Blacklock blood—to wit, The Lamplighter, Emilius, or Comus, mares.

Of the favorites, descendants of that good and honest runner Whalebone, we have a choice of three, viz. Camel, Defence, and Cetus; all of which are serving mares at a high rate. Camel, during the short period he figured on the turf, held the character of being the fleetest horse at Newmarket; at first as a stallion he held but a secondary place amongst the "fashionables." When, however, Touchstone turned out such a trump card in 1834 and 1835, Camel rose high in the opinion of his owner and the public in general, and he has maintained his reputation as a first rater, by being the sire of Wintonian, Caravan, Westonian, Reel, Camellino, and Wapiti (a great favorite for the Derby and Oaks of the coming year). It may not be out of place here to mention the great attention paid to the frequenters of the Stockwell establishment. Gardiner is extremely attentive to any observations put to him by any party. Camel, as well as all the stud at Stockwell, are looking in excellent health. Defence, the property of Mr. I. Sadler, has been a popular stallion, since the appearance of Defensive, who won a two-year-old stake at Goodwood in 1833, in a capital manner, yet unfortunately for Mr. Sadler his colt turned out a roarer in the following year. Defender, Bulwark, Deception, and the two half bred ones, Victoria and Combat, prove that Defence inherits the true blood of old Whalebone; indeed the running of the two latter horses these two last seasons has been superior to most of the country thorough-breds. Defence raced well and his owner made up his mind to win the Derby with him, but there were three better on the day than worthy Isaac's horse. Defence serves mares at Stockbridge at 20 gs. each mare, and is looked upon as a very superior stallion by all *connoisseurs* of racing. Cetus has had but a limited quantity of mares, yet some of his stock are promising. The Blacklock or Selim blood would *mix* well.

Physician by Brutandorf has certainly made the greatest *hit* as a sire of the last year's two-year-old winners. Physician was foaled in 1829, and started *fourteen times at three years old*, winning six races; he was fourth to Margrave for the Leger, after being knocked about all over the country, running at all distances against horses of all ages and denominations. In the two following years he was without doubt the best Gold Cup horse in the north of England, take him all in all. Out of about twenty two-year-olds, most of which are amazingly promising, Physician is the sire of the Apothecary, Bolus, Eliza, The Cripple, (all winners,) Charlatan, Prescription, and Streatlam Sprite. Physician from such mares as the Comus's, Whalebone's, or Woful's, must get runners.

UNCLE TOBY.

FAMILIAR ANATOMY OF THE HORSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE title which I have given to this little treatise hardly conveys its purpose, and yet I could not find one more convenient. Without staying, however, to construct a more appropriate sentence, or fitter figure of speech, it may be enough to say, that my object is to make obvious, to the least scientific in horse-flesh, the anatomy of the animal which *should* be familiar; that knowledge of its outward and visible signs, lacking which he becomes a helpless victim, should he essay to dabble in that genus of mammalia. Of all the subjects of which all men pretend to know much,—and most really understand nothing,—are the properties and proportions of the horse. Upon that great and still undiscovered riddle, soundness, I am not going to observe, save to hint that the safest, or, rather, the least dangerous course, is for a purchaser to call to his assistance the opinion of a veterinary surgeon of character. To point out the service his eye may render him in selecting an animal whose external formation gives best promise of excellence, is the limit of my present design, and to that we will proceed without further preface.

The head should be considered with reference to the neck by which it is supported. A high crest carries off much of the inconvenience, as well as the unsymmetrical effect of size; still, of course, any disproportionate weight at the end of a horse's neck must interfere with that buoyancy of carriage forward, which is inseparable from safety, more especially if he be intended for the saddle. Look well to the junction of the neck with the shoulders. The union should take place almost on a line with the withers at the top, the lower portion entering the chest above the point of the shoulder. His windpipe should be roomy and detached, as it were, from the under flesh of the neck.

Although the shoulders have no influence upon the progressive action of the horse, it must be borne in mind that they supply motion to the fore part of the body, and that upon their conformation it depends whether his carriage be light and elastic, or heavy and constrained. The principal wear and tear of the animal is thrown upon his fore-quarters; and to provide an elasticity by which the shock of exertion might be broken, Nature has joined the shoulder with the body by means of muscles alone. How great the influence of their position upon his action must be, is of very simple demonstration. Suppose two horses; one with a straight, the other with an oblique shoulder,—that is to say, with the blade-bone slanting well back. Now, the centre of motion by the scapula is in the middle; consequently, in the same degree that it is perpendicular, or oblique, will be decreased or increased the effect produced by the muscles which put it in motion. The muscles of each admit of extension to a certain limit; hence it must, of necessity, follow, that the perpendicular shoulder, requiring to be extended to a less or greater degree before it acquires the natural position of the oblique shoulder, must precisely in the same ratio become divested of its property of projection. The scapulæ, in their movements, describe as much of a circle as their muscles permit. The

perpendicular and oblique differ, say ten degrees, in their natural position; they will vary the same when in action, the latter having by so much the advantage over the former in the faculties of elevation and projection.

It is not so easy to lay down a rule as to another characteristic of the shoulder,—I mean whether it should be lean or fleshy. Of course I do not intend to say, that great beefy withers are matters of questionable import (though Eclipse, to the present day, probably, the best horse England ever produced, had them almost to a deformity); all I would convey is, that the substance of the shoulder should be considered in reference to the general anatomy. If overloaded, it will want liberty; if too lean, it will fail to furnish muscle adequate to the purposes required of it. Avoid either of these; and for the rest, if it appear in harmony with the frame, it will probably possess every requisite quality.

Place yourself before the horse you are examining, and look well at his chest. Regard with suspicion one that is narrow and confined. It is the repository of much of the machinery that regulates the lower portion of the shoulder. Returning to a side view, see whether his fore-legs are perpendicular from shoulder to foot, or whether they incline under him: if the latter, be sure his action is faulty. Cause him next to be put in motion in a walk, and observe how he sets his feet to the ground: the uniformity with which they find the centre of gravity is one of the surest tests of his safety as a roadster. The position of the elbows, indeed, even when he stands still, will enable you to judge upon this point. If it turn out or in, the result will be to prejudice the foot in finding the centre of gravity, produce a “dishing” of the legs, and consequent unsafety of action. Let his pasterns be moderately lengthy and oblique. When upright, they are necessarily deficient in elasticity; their most important quality, and prone to induce contracted feet, as, by throwing the weight forward on the toe, they deprive the heel of that which causes it to expand. In all cases, it is essential to safety that a horse bring his feet flat to the ground. Lift his legs, and if you find the shoes unevenly worn, you may be certain that his action is neither firm nor secure.

A great deal of nonsense is perpetrated about the want of power below the knee: give your consideration to its appearance upwards. All the levers exist near the shoulder: there let it exhibit muscular force, and that will be enough for your purpose. Ask yourself, where fatigue acts upon your own powers of progression; on your shin-bones or the muscles of your thighs. With a due obliquity and muscularity of shoulder, you must have good and liberal action. In passing your hand below the knee, feel that the tendons stand out boldly, clear of the bone. That portion of the leg should present to the eye a flat surface: to be perfect, it should alone exhibit bone and tendon; any rotundity proclaims disease. A broad and flat knee is favorable to the freedom of that joint.

Do not allow a horse that you are examining to be placed, as the common practice is, upon a surface sloping from the fore to the hind quarters. Let him stand perfectly horizontal, and observe whether his shape accommodates itself to the straight line. I am aware that many horses, whose hind quarters have been out of proportion to the

fore, have been remarkable for their speed ; but for ordinary purposes, I would by no means recommend such a conformation. Let the stifle and elbow be on a line, and you will have that conformity of motion, which, giving to every portion of the animal machinery equality of labor, alone secures the harmony and perfection of the whole.

Having carefully examined, then, the relation of the two points of action, you will give your attention to the great main-spring which connects and sets them going. A good middle-piece is a point essential to excellence. The chest, which contains the heart and lungs, should be deep and roomy, allowing a free action to those important organs. Well-arched ribs are great auxiliaries. A flat-sided horse, from a greater pressure of the atmosphere, has a less facility of breathing, and, consequently, becomes so much the less suited to fast work, where wind is, in a great measure, strength : or, at all events, the quality without which muscular force is useless.

I would recommend to your selection a horse short in his carcase. A very absurd opinion prevails, that such as are close-ribb'd-up, as the professional term is, are, consequently, slow. What on earth has the trunk to do with motion ? A short back is almost always accompanied by width of loin, and these are the points which enable him to carry weight, and endure prolonged exertion. Still I do not say you are to eschew a lengthy horse : where his length is produced by width of shoulder and quarter, it is so much added to power ; where it proceeds from space between the ribs and hip-bone, it is so much taken from it. A back gracefully falling in a slight degree from the withers, then straight to the loins, and so falling gradually to the tail, will be long enough for every purpose if it afford room for your saddle.

We now come to a consideration of the hind-quarters, which are, in fact, the great moving principle of the whole machine. How well Nature has suited them for their office we see in the angular form of the thigh-bones, and the powerful muscles with which they are furnished. Like many other fallacies, the improved state of science has banished that which once regarded the source of motion as existing in the fore-quarters. The hind-quarters, being destined to propel the animal forward, are powerfully connected with the frame by joints of extraordinary strength ; while the fore-quarters having only to sustain the equilibrium, are attached to it by muscles merely. The most essential features in the hind-quarters of a horse are his gaskins, giving, as they do, character to the whole of his exertions. Viewed inside, they should curve from the stifle down to the hock, while, outside, a great prominence of muscle should be developed. Length of thigh and angularity of hock are points that indicate speed and activity in the ratio in which they prevail. Upon this principle the hind-legs of the hare are constructed ; an animal, probably, of unequalled speed, if we estimate the velocity she is capable of exerting by the space she is fitted to cover at a stride.

When once the eye becomes accustomed to the general anatomy of the horse, it detects, without an effort, all the ordinary points, an understanding of which makes what is called "a good judge." But a much closer scrutiny is necessary to avoid the dangers that await the

most treacherous of all dealing, the purchase of horse-flesh. I am not going to insist upon the absence of all defect in the animal that you purpose transferring to your stable. A perfect horse, like a perfect man, is "a faultless monster that the world ne'er saw." Still there are ills that you must guard against, or you may calculate upon a patient nine months out of the twelve. First, then, let no human sophistry ever prevail upon you to tolerate a questionable hock. There is only this difference between a dead horse and one with diseased hocks, that the former has the advantage of costing nothing for keep: in point of service they are equally useful. When there is youth, little is to be apprehended about the eyes; should they look healthy, in all probability they are so. In the same way young horses are but rarely subject to diseases of the feet; but many a two-year-old has hocks whose best office would be to bear him from your stable to the boiler.

Lastly, as to symmetry and beauty of form, as matter of course the buyer will minister to himself. That eye must be indeed unscientific that needs a tutor to teach it the line of beauty. All men may not agree in the items; but, where the whole are found to harmonize, the result is commonly a general verdict of approval. If the slight code of rules I have here thrown together be adhered to in the selection, it will, unless more than ordinary ill luck intervene, insure such as are guided by it, a sound and clever performer. In the affair of shape and mien let them please themselves; and, though others may cavil at their taste, they will have the consolation of reflecting, that to no animal so much as the horse does the axiom apply, "Handsome is that handsome does."

[London Sporting Review for February, 1839.]

A GROOM AND HIS DUTIES.—A groom is a chap that a gentleman keeps to clean his 'osses, and be blown up when things go wrong. They are generally very conceited consequential beggars, and as they never knows nothing, why the best way is to take them so young that they can't pretend to any knowledge. I always gets mine from the charity schools, and you'll find it very good economy to apply to those that give the boys leather breeches, as it will save you the trouble of finding him a pair. The first thing to do is to teach him to get up early, and to hiss at every thing he brushes, rubs, or touches. As the leather breeches should be kept for Sundays, you must get him a pair of corduroys, and mind, order them of large size, and baggy behind, for many 'osses have a trick of biting at chaps when they are cleaning them; and it is better for them to have a mouthful of corduroy than a mouthful of the lad, to say nothing of the loss of the boy's services during the time he is laid up.

[Notes by a Rough Rider.]

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES; 1838.

[Concluded from page 106.]

Yrs. old in Jan.	BY LONGWAIST.	No. of Prizes.
2	Bay Filly, Capt. Minor's, \$700 S., mile heats, at Natchez, Miss.....	1
	LUZBOROUGH (IMPORTED).	
3	Brocklesby, Mr. E. Townes', \$1125 S., mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va....	1
4	Chevalier, Mr. Hurt's, \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at Jackson, Tenn.....	1
4	Cornwall, Mr. Hellings', \$100 P., at Trenton, N. J., and Mr. Frazer's, \$100 P., at Camden, N. J., both mile heats	2
4	Drumgoole, Dr. Lewis's, 200 P., 2 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, both at Lawrenceville, Va.....	2
4	Eloise, Mr. Williamson's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Mecklenburg, Va., and \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Danville, Va.....	2
3	Emmet, Mr. Williamson's, \$450 S., mile heats, at Southampton, Va.....	1
4	Harbinger, Mr. A. Taylor's, \$500 P., 2 mile heats, at Washington, D. C....	1
3	John Linton, Col. Wynn's, \$800 S., at Kendall Course, and \$2100 S., at Central Course, Md., both mile heats.....	2
4	Jubal, Dr. Semple's, \$500 P., 3 mile heats, at Norfolk, Va.....	1
3	Portsmouth, Mr. E. J. Wilson's, \$3500 S., at Broad Rock, Va., and \$900 S., at Washington, D. C., both 2 mile heats; \$700 S., at Belfield Va., \$700 S. at Petersburg, Va., and \$250 S., at Tarboro', N. C., all mile heats.....	5
4	Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Ragland's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn., and \$300, mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn.....	2
3	Virginia Robinson, Mr. Morgan's, \$400 S., at Broad Rock, Va., \$400 S., at Petersburg, Va., and \$400 S. at Fairfield, Va., all mile heats.....	3
2	Bay Colt, Capt. Corbin's, \$650 S., 2 mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va.....	1
3	Bay Colt, Mr. Puckett's, \$1100 S., mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va.....	1
4	Bay Colt, Mr. W. L. White's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va....	1
3	Bay Filly, Mr. McCargo's, \$450 S., mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va....	1
2	Chestnut Filly, Mr. J. F. Miller's, \$500 S., mile heats, at New Orleans, La..	1
	MACEDONIAN.	
3	Bay Filly, Mr. A. Long's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Sulphur Springs, Ky.....	1
	MARMION.	
3	Cyrus, Mr. Maclin's, \$600 S., 2 mile heats, at Upper Marlboro', Md., and \$250 S., mile heats, at Southampton, Va.....	2
3	Eliza Ross, Capt. Tunstall's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Little Rock, Arks., and \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks.....	2
3	Rob Roy, Mr. Mathews', \$100 P., mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo.....	1
5	Susan Lindsay, Mr. Meares', \$200 P., mile heats, at Raleigh, N. C.....	1
3	Bay Filly, Capt. Tunstall's, \$235 P., mile heats, at Van Buren, Arks.....	1
	MARYLAND ECLIPSE.	
3	Arietta, Mr. E. O. Martin's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Kendall Course, Md....	1
	MARYLANDER.	
4	Tom Walker, Mr. E. J. Wilson's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Norfolk, Va.....	1
	MEDLEY.	
5	Bergen, Capt. Stockton's, \$1000 S., 4 mile heats, at Camden, N. J., \$500 P. at Trenton, and \$500 P., at Beacon Course, N. J., both 3 mile heats, and \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Camden, N. J.....	4
5	Champagne, Mr. Van Mater's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Philadelphia, Pa....	1
a	Dandy, Maj. Doswell's, \$350 P., at Charlestown, Va., and \$500 P., at Fre- dericksburg, Va., both 3 mile heats, and Mr. J. Taylor's, a saddle, mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va.....	3
5	David H. Branch, Mr. P. C. Bush's, a Purse, mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo...	1

5	Jane Yeatman, Mr. Frost's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Fayette, Mo.	1
4	Joe Kearney, Col. Oliver's, \$465 P., mile heats, at Alexandria, La.	1
4	Louisa Lee, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$350 P., 2 mile heats, at Kendall Course, Md., and \$100 P. and a Match, mile heats, at Trenton, N. J.	3
5	Manalopan, Mr. D. Abbott's, a Purse, 4 mile heats, at Lacaster, Pa., \$300 P., at Philadelphia, Pa., and \$300 P. at Beacon Course, N. J., both 2 mile heats	3
5	Molinera, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$100 P., at Frederick, Md., and \$200 S. at Fredericksburg, Va., both 2 mile heats, \$200 P. at Charlestown, Va., and \$500 S. at Fredericksburg, Va., both mile heats.	4
5	Walter Livingston, Mr. Rutledge's, \$225 P. and \$75 P., both mile heats, at Bean's Station, Tenn.	2

MEDLEY (CHAMBERS')

2	Joe Medley, Mr. Surget's, \$500 S., mile heats, at Natchez, Miss.	1
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MEDOC.

3	Curculia, Mr. C. Buford's, \$2300 S., 2 mile heats, at Lexington, Ky.	1
3	George Kenner, Mr. M. Thompson's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Louisville, Kentucky.	1
2	James F. Robinson, Mr. Snell's, \$400 S., mile heats, at Georgetown, Ky. ...	1
3	Jenny Willing, Mr. S. Downing's, \$50 P., mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky.	1
3	Margaret Carter, Maj. Revill's, a Purse, at Carrollton, Ky., and Mr. G. N. Sanders', \$300 P., at Cincinnati, Ohio, both mile heats.	2
3	Maria Duke, Mr. Haralson's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Cincinnati, O., and \$250 P., mile heats, at Louisville, Ky.	2
2	Mary Morris, Mr. J. F. Harris's, \$400 S., mile heats, at Franklin Co., Ky. ...	1
3	Medoca, Mr. Leavel's, \$170 P., 2 mile heats, at Red River, Ky., \$810 S. at Lexington, Ky., and \$120 P. at Trenton, Ky., both mile heats.	3
2	Nolachucky, Capt. Scruggs', \$300 S., mile heats, at Bean's Station, Tenn. ...	1
3	Picayune, Mr. Jenkins', \$550 S., mile heats, and Mr. Boswell's, \$300 P., 3 mile heats, both at Crab Orchard, Ky.	2
3	Sthreshley, Mr. W. Buford Jr.'s, \$600 S., mile heats, at Lexington, Ky.	1
3	Bay Colt, Mr. W. I. Buford's, \$300 S., 2 mile heats, at Louisville, Ky.	1
3	Chestnut Colt, Mr. J. Lewis's, \$400 S., mile heats, at Kanawha, Va.	1

MERCURY.

5	Coahoma, Mr. Henderson's, \$500 S., mile heats, at Alexandria, La.	1
a	Hard Heart, Mr. Newby's, \$65 P. and \$60 P. at Charleston, S. C., \$100 P. at Mecklenburg, Va., \$150 P. at Tarboro', N. C., and \$145 P. at Greenville, C. H., S. C., all mile heats.	5

MERLIN.

a	Harkaway, Col. Wynn's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Franklin, Tenn.	1
4	Mary Mott, Messrs. Longs', \$100 P., at Hopkinsville, Ky., \$150 P. at Sulphur Springs, Ky., and \$200 P. at Paris, Tenn., all mile heats.	3
4	Roderick Dhu, Mr. Duplantier's, \$300 P. at Plaquemine, La., and \$400 P. at St. Francisville, La., both 2 mile heats, and \$700 P., mile heats, at New Orleans, La.	3

MESSENGER DUROC.

5	Fanny, Mr. Dexter's, £21 P. and £21 P., both mile heats, at Toronto, U. C. ...	2
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MOCCASSIN.

a	Copperas, Mr. Fox's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Maysville, Ky.	1
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MONMOUTH ECLIPSE.

3	Clarion, Mr. Van Mater's, \$300 S., 2 mile heats, at Beacon Course, N. J., and \$2200 S., mile heats, at Union Course, L. I.	2
3	Elliptic, Mr. Van Mater's, \$300 S., at Philadelphia, Pa., and \$100 P. at Beacon Course, N. J., both mile heats.	2
3	Hornblower, Mr. Van Mater's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Union Course, L. I., \$600 S. at Trenton, N. J., and \$100 S. at Freehold, N. J., both mile heats	3
5	Lady Hope, Mr. Anderson's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Cincinnati, O., and Mr. Weatherby's, \$100 P., 3 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio.	3
5	Mortimer, Mr. Shacklett's, \$150 P., and another Purse, mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo.	2

MONSIEUR TONSON.

4	Ely, Mr. McDaniel's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va.	1
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4	Glenvallick, Mr. McDaniel's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va., \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Warrenton, N. C., \$210 P. and \$200 P., both mile heats, at Newbern, N. C.	4
4	Jane Hilliard, Mr. McCargo's, \$200 P. at Lynchburg, Va., and \$300 P. at Mecklenburg, Va., both 2 mile heats.	2
a	Sir Kenneth, Mr. Amis's, \$2000 S., 4 mile heats, at Columbus, Ga.	1
a	Tuskeno, Mr. Puryear's, \$125 P., 2 mile heats, at Christianville, Va.	1
3	Bay Filly, Mr. Shackelford's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va.	1
a	Bay Horse, Mr. Norment's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Salisbury, N. C.	1
3	Brown Colt, Mr. A. Taylor's, \$100 P. mile heats, at Camden, N. J.	1
3	Chestnut Colt, Mr. Harris's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va.	1
3	Filly, Gen. Hawkins's, \$350 S., mile heats, at Petersburg, Va.	1

MUCKLEJOHN.

4	Blue Jim, Mr. J. C. Mason's, a Purse, 2 mile heats, at Olympian Springs, Ky.	1
3	Deborah Jackson, Mr. Turner's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Olympian Springs, Kentucky.	1
5	Jackall, Mr. T. L. Young's, a Purse, 2 mile heats, at Olympian Springs, Ky.	1
4	Queen Dido, Mr. J. Jones's, a Purse, mile heats, at Olympian Springs, Ky.	1

MUCKLEJOHN (BULLOCK'S).

4	Southerner, Mr. Edmonson's, \$300 P., \$150 S., and \$130 S., all mile heats, at Columbus, Ga.	3
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MULEY.

4	Britannia (Imported), Capt. Minor's, \$1200 P., 3 mile heats, \$1000 P., 2 mile heats, and \$4000 S., mile heats, all at New Orleans, La., and \$775 P., mile heats, at St. Francisville, La.	4
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NAPOLEON.

2	Lord-of-the-Isles, Mr. J. F. Miller's, \$500 P. at New Orleans, La., and \$250 P. at Opelousas, La., both mile heats.	2
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NULLIFIER.

4	Jane Rowlett, Capt. Branch's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Camden, N. J., and \$100 P., mile heats, at Beacon Course, N. J.	2
3	Maria Edgeworth, Col. Pickens', \$300 S., mile heats, at Edgefield C. H., S. C.	1

O'KELLY.

2	Lafitte, Mr. J. Clark's, \$175 S., mile heats, at Bean's Station, Tenn.	1
2	Sally Hilliard, Mr. Hardeman's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn.	1
3	Sarctus, Mr. J. Goode's, \$500 S., 2 mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va.	1
3	Grey Filly, Mr. I. H. Oliver's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va.	1

ORPHAN BOY.

3	Esther Cooper, Mr. McCumsey's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Louisville, Ky.	1
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OSCAR JUNIOR.

4	Duchess of Carlisle, Gen. Gibson's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Washington, D. C.	1
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PACIFIC.

4	Balie Peyton, Mr. Leavel's, \$120 P., mile heats, at Red River, Ky.	1
5	Bernardo, Mr. Verell's, \$800 P., 4 mile heats, and \$1000 S., mile heats, at Columbus, Miss.	2
5	Charline, Col. Noland's, \$225 P., 3 mile heats, at Batesville, Arks., and Capt. Tunstall's, \$250 P., 2 mile heats, at Little Rock, Arks.	2
5	Duke Sumner, Mr. D. S. Cooper's, \$1000 S., 3 mile heats, at Fayette Mo.	1
3	Henry Bynum, Greer & Simmons', \$2500 S., 4 mile heats, at New Orleans, La.	1
6	Hortense, Tayloe & Johnson's, \$500 P., 2 mile heats, at Montgomery, Ala., and \$300 P., mile heats, at Mobile, Ala.	2
3	Orange Boy, Mr. J. F. Miller's, \$1000 S., 2 mile heats, at Opelousas, La.	1
4	Pactolus, Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$800 P. and \$800 P., 4 mile heats, at Greensboro', Ala., and \$200 P., 3 mile heats, at Livingston, Ala.	3
4	Sheridan, Mr. T. Watson's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Gallatin, Tenn.	1
3	Telie Doe, Capt. Minor's, \$600 P. and \$500 P. at New Orleans, La., and a Purse, at Grand Gulf, Miss., all mile heats.	3
3	Bay Colt, Mr. G. W. Cheatham's, \$250 P., 2 mile heats, at Paris, Tenn.	1
3	Bay Filly, Mr. Irvine's, \$150 S., mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn.	1
3	Chestnut Filly, Mr. Bullock's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Nashville, N. C.	1

PAMUNKY.

4	Maid of Southanna, Mr. Winston's, \$500 S., 4 mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va.	1
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3	Bay Filly, Maj. Doswell's, \$350 S., mile heats, at Culpeper C. H., Va.	1
	PAUL CLIFFORD.	
5	Rienzi, Mr. Fenner's \$100 P., at Union Course, L. I., and \$100 P. at Beacon Course, N. J., both mile heats.	2
	PHENOMENON.	
5	Turnbull, Mr. Edmonson's, \$750 P., 4 mile heats, at Macon, Ga., \$700 P. at Columbus, Ga., and \$500 P. at Milledgeville, Ga., both 3 mile heats, and \$400 P., mile heats, at Columbus, Ga.	4
	PIRATE.	
6	Crowder, Mr. D. Stockton's, \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo.	1
	POTOMAC.	
4	Bay Filly, Mr. Safford's, \$125 P., mile heats, at Frederickton, Mo.	1
	POTOMAC (MITCHELL'S).	
6	Nullifier, Mr. S. W. Thompson's, \$200 S., 2 mile heats, at Greensburg, Ky.	1
	PRIAM.	
4	Monarch (Imported), Col. Hampton's, \$700 P. at Columbia, S. C., and \$1500 P. at Augusta, Ga., both 4 mile heats, and \$600 P., 3 mile heats, at Augusta, Ga.	3
3	The Queen (Imported), Dr. Merritt's, \$700 S. at Broad Rock, Va., \$1100 S. at Camden, S. C., and \$300 S. at Augusta, Ga., all 2 mile heats.	3
	PULASKI.	
6	Alice Grey, Mr. J. S. Jackson's, \$190 P., mile heats, at Livingston, Ala.	1
2	Chestnut Filly, Dr. Withers', \$300 S., mile heats, at Springfield, Ala.	1
	RANDOLPH.	
4	Jack Street, Mr. J. Lewis's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio.	1
	RATTLER.	
	Little Red, Mr. K. Morgan's, \$25 S., mile heats, at Murfreesboro', Tenn. ...	1
a	Rattler, Mr. Loudenslager's, \$150 P., 3 mile heats, at Frederick, Md.	1
3	Bay Filly, Mr. Buckley's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Louisville, Ky.	1
	REDGAUNTLET.	
3	Elvira, Mr. M. R. Smith's, \$250 S. and a Purse, both mile heats, at Newberry, S. C.	2
5	Hard Times, Mr. Maxwell's, \$145 P. at Greenville C. H., S. C., and a Purse at Pendleton, S. C., both mile heats.	2
	RED ROVER.	
5	Leesburg, Maj. Doswell's, \$150 P., mile heats, at Charlestown, Va.	1
	REGULUS.	
a	Tip Top, Mr. Doggett's, \$250 S., mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio.	1
	RICHARD SINGLETON.	
3	Mary Brennan, Mr. J. R. Ward's, \$750 S. and \$200 P. at Lexington, Ky., \$100 P. at Georgetown, Ky., and Mr. Burbridge's, \$200 P. and \$300 P. at Cincinnati, Ohio, all mile heats.	5
	RIEGO.	
5	David Bailey, Capt. Harrison's, \$85 P., mile heats, at Milledgeville, Ga. ...	1
	RIOT.	
4	Bay Filly, Mr. Perkins's, \$150 P., mile heats, at Salisbury, N. C.	1
	ROANOKE.	
4	Pocahontas, Mr. Vaughan's, \$30 P. at Carrolton, Ky., and Mr. Gates', \$200 P. at Cincinnati, Ohio, both mile heats.	2
	ROBERT BURNS.	
4	Sally Burns, Mr. G. H. Sinclair's, \$50 P. at Newport, Ky., \$100 P. and \$55 P. at Cincinnati, Ohio, all mile heats.	3
	ROCHESTER.	
2	Grey Colt, Mr. Herr's, \$87 S., mile heats, at Louisville, Ky.	1
	SARPEDON (IMPORTED).	
2	Camden, Mr. T. J. Young's, \$60 S. at Cynthia, Ky., \$100 S. at Olympian Springs, Ky., and \$300 S. at Mount Sterling, Ky., all mile heats.	3
3	Fleta, Dr. Goodwyn's, \$155 P. at Greenwood, N. C., and \$400 S. at Tree Hill, Va., both mile heats.	2
3	Grace, Mr. E. Townes', \$1600 S., mile heats, at Fairfield, Va.	1
3	Bay Filly, Mr. Newsom's, \$1075 S., mile heats, at Belfield, Va.	1
	SAXE WEIMAR.	
4	Saxony, Capt. Crow's, \$75 S., mile heats, at Murfreesboro', Tenn.	1

SEAGULL.

- 5 Chilton, Maj. Luckett's, \$500 P., 2 mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio. 1

SHAKSPEARE.

- 6 Red Wasp, Mr. McDaniel's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Raleigh, N. C. 1
a Shakspeare Jr., Ellis & Noell's, a Purse, 2 mile heats, at Frederickton, Mo.. 1

SIR ARCHY.

- a Mohican, Mr. Reams', \$50 S., mile heats, at Plaquemine, La. 1

SIR CHARLES.

- 6 Canary, Mr. Hare's, \$100 P. at Culpeper C. H., Va., and \$200 P. at Nashville, N. C., both 2 mile heats. 2
5 Charles Magic, Mr. Garrison's, \$500 P., 2 mile heats, and \$300 P., mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. 2
5 Charlotte Russe, Col. Hampton's, \$750 P., 4 mile heats, at Beacon Course, N. J., \$400 P. at Central Course, Md., \$500 P. at Union Course, L. I., and \$500 P. at Camden, N. J., all 3 mile heats. 4
4 Chifney, Mr. Hare's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Petersburg, Va., and \$180 P., mile heats, at Raleigh, N. C. 2
5 Fanny Wyatt, Mr. Hare's, \$500 P., 3 mile heats, at Raleigh, N. C., and \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Tarboro', N. C. 2
5 Mediator, Mr. E. J. Wilson's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Belfield, Va. 1
6 Pioneer, Mr. McDaniel's, \$200 P. at Lynchburg, Va., and \$200 P. at Newbern, N. C., both 2 mile heats. 2
4 Polly Green, Dr. Goodwyn's, \$200 P. at Southampton, Va., \$400 P. at Columbia, S. C., and Lovell & Hammond's, \$400 P. at Augusta, Ga., all 2 mile heats. 3
5 Rhoda Crump, Mr. Shegog's, \$400 P., 4 mile heats, at Jackson, Tenn. 1
a Sir Charles, Mr. Baird's, £30 P., mile heats, at Montreal, L. C. 1
6 Sir Charles, Mr. Boarman's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Manchester, Miss. 1
4 Wagner, Mr. Garrison's, \$2500 P. and \$2000 P. at New Orleans, La., and \$1000 P. at Mobile, Ala., all 4 mile heats, \$1750 S. at New Orleans, La., and a Stake at Mobile, Ala., both 2 mile heats. 5
4 Willis, Mr. Hare's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Petersburg, Va. 1
4 Chestnut Filly, Mr. Meyers', \$300 S., mile heats, at Columbus, Miss. 1

SIR KIRKLAND.

- 3 Susan, Mr. Beach's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Newport, Ky. 1
3 Victoria, Mr. Sinclair's, \$600 P., 3 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio. 2

SIR LESLIE.

- 4 Celestion, Dr. Warfield's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. 1

SIR LOVEL.

- 4 Gracehus, Maj. Jones's, \$200 S., 2 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at Beacon Course, N. J. 2
3 Hawk-Eye, Mr. Bradley's, \$700 P., 3 mile heats, at Louisville, Ky., and Mr. McKinney's, \$2000 S., 2 mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. 2

SIR PETER LELY.

- 4 Likeness (Imported), Phelps & Davie's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Warrenton, N. C. 1

SIR RICHARD.

- 4 Uncas, Mr. Farrar's, \$1000 S., mile heats, at St. Francisville, La. 1
6 Van Buren, Mr. Marigny's, \$200 P., mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 1

SIR WILLIAM.

- 3 Betsey Fisher, Mr. Weisager's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Terre Haute, Ind. 1

SIR WILLIAM OF TRANSPORT.

- 4 Old Balls, Mr. Potts', \$200 S., mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. 1

SNOW-STORM.

- 4 Guinea Pig, Mr. Hansbrough's, \$70 P., mile heats, at Culpeper C. H., Va. 1
5 Tickle Toby, Dr. Slaughter's, \$75 S., mile heats, at Culpeper C. H., Va. 1

SPLENDOR.

- 5 Polly Hopkins, Mr. Cunningham's, \$250 P. at Terre Haute, Ind., and \$150 P. at La Fayette, Ind., both 3 mile heats. 2

STAR.

- 4 Elvira, Mr. Verell's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Columbus, Miss. 1
4 Richard of York, Mr. Kenner's, \$1200 P., 2 mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 1

- 5 Roley Porter, Mr. Phelps's, \$100 P., 2 mile heats, at Rocky Mount, Va. . . . 1
 Yahoo, Mr. G. D. Moore's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Charlestown, Va. 1

STARCH.

- 5 Langford (Imported), Capt. Stockton's, \$300 P. at Trenton, N. J., \$300 P.
 at Beacon Course, N. J., and \$2500 S. at Camden, N. J., all 2 mile heats. 3

STOCKHOLDER.

- 2 Allegra, Mr. Whitesides', \$100 S., mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. . . . 1
 2 Allen Brown, Mr. H. Smith's, \$1050 S., mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. 1
 3 Betsey Boston, Mr. H. Smith's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. 1
 Crook Shanks, Mr. Dillard's, \$500 S., 3 mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks. . . . 1
 5 Hardy M. Cryer, Messrs. Long's, \$500 P., 4 mile heats, at Sulphur Springs,
 Ky., and \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at Hopkinsville, Ky. 2
 3 Joe Mabry, Mr. French's, \$1000 S., mile heats, at Jackson, Tenn. 1
 4 Maria Miller, Mr. Henry's \$250 P., 3 mile heats, and \$500 S., 2 mile heats,
 at Somerville, Tenn. 2
 6 Mary Davis, Mr. G. W. Cheatham's, \$150 P., mile heats, at Paris, Tenn. . . . 1
 3 Miss Meadows, Col. Long's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. 1
 4 Narcissa Parish, Mr. Kirk's, \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at Columbus, Miss., and
 \$250 P., 2 mile heats, at Natchez, Miss. 2
 3 Sarah Winston, Mr. W. E. Long's, \$150 P., mile heats, at Livingston, Ala. 1
 3 Stockton, Mr. L. J. Polk's, \$150 P., mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. . . 1
 4 Widow Cheerly, Mr. Dillard's, \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks. . 1
 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Zollicoffer's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. . 1
 2 Bay Filly, Mr. Zollicoffer's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. . 1
 STOCKHOLDER (BERRY'S or LA FAYETTE.)

- 2 Echo, Mr. J. S. Berry's, \$550 S., mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. 1
 5 Great Mogul, Col. Bingham's, \$700 P., mile heats, at New Orleans, La. . . 1
 5 Martin Van Buren, Mr. Peters', \$200 P., 4 mile heats, at La Fayette, Ind.,
 \$100 P. at Terre Haute, Ind., and a Purse at Carrollton, Ky., both mile
 heats. 3

ST. NICHOLAS.

- 4 Yorkshire (Imported), Mr. Morgan's, \$500 P., 3 mile heats, and \$400 P., 2
 mile heats, at Maysville, Ky. 2
 3 Bay Filly (Imported), Mr. H. Shepherd's, \$175 S. and \$200 S., both mile
 heats, at Charlestown, Va. 2

ST. TAMMANY.

- 5 Mary Hutton, Mr. Duvall's, \$500 P., 3 mile heats, at Warrenton Springs, Va. 1

SUMPTER.

- 5 Dick Chinn, Mr. T. J. Wells's, \$1200 P. at New Orleans, La., and \$450 P.
 at Opelousas, La., both 3 mile heats. 2

SUSSEX.

- 5 Mary Selden, Dr. Stockett's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Camden, N. J., and
 \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Upper Marlboro', Md. 2
 3 Sam Brown, Mr. Stockett's, \$1700 S., mile heats, at Central Course, Md. . . 1

TARIFF.

- 4 Black Beggar, Mr. J. Davis's, \$450 S., 2 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats,
 at Chillicothe, Ohio. 2

TELEGRAPH.

- 3 Tom Benton, Mr. Henry's, \$400 S., mile heats, at Somerville, Tenn. 1

TENNESSEE.

- 3 Miss Tennessee, Mr. J. Y. Sanders', \$150 P., mile heats, at Franklin, La. . 1

THE COLONEL.

- 4 Lily (Imported), Col. Flud's, \$500 P., 4 mile heats, at Camden, S. C., \$260
 P. at Charlston, S. C., and \$280 P. at Fulton, S. C., both 2 mile heats. . 3

TIGER.

- Brown Filly, Mr. Eidson's, \$125 P., mile heats, at Frederickton, Mo. 1

TIMOLEON.

- 5 Boston, Col. Johnson's, \$1000 P., \$1000 P., and \$750 P. at Beacon Course,
 N. J., \$1000 P. and \$1000 P. at Union Course, L. I., \$1000 P. at Cam-
 den, N. J., \$700 P. at Petersburg, Va., \$700 P. at Central Course, Md.,
 and \$500 P. at Kendall Course, Md., all 4 mile heats, and \$500 P., 3 mile
 heats, at Union Course, L. I. 10

- 4 Corsair, Mr. W. H. Tayloc's \$200 P. 2 mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va. 1
 4 Helen Mar, Mr. Fisher's, £35 S., mile heats, at Montreal, L. C. 1
 6 John Lindsay, Gen. Harvey's, \$500 P. at Broad Rock, Va., and \$500 P. at
 Fairfield, Va., both 3 mile heats. 2
 4 Omega, Col. Thompson's, \$800 P., 4 mile heats, at Washington, D. C., and
 Mr. E. J. Wilson's, \$350 P., 3 mile heats, at Tarboro', N. C. 2
 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Norment's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Salisbury, N. C. 1
 3 Grey Colt, Mr. J. P. White's, \$450 S., mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va. . . 1

TOM FLETCHER.

- 4 American Bottom, Mr. Judy's, \$150 P., 2 mile heats, \$150 P. and \$100 P.,
 mile heats, all at St. Louis, Mo. 3
 5 Independence, Capt. Tunstall's, \$200 P. at Batesville, Arks., and \$200 S. at
 Little Rock, Arks., both mile heats. 2

TRAMP.

- 3 Florida Hepburn (Imported), Mr. Winter's, \$300 P., mile heats, at Colum-
 bus, Ga. 1
 Susan Dodge (Imported), Mr. Winter's, \$500 P., 3 mile heats, and \$500 P.,
 2 mile heats, both at Columbus, Ga. 2

TRAVELLER.

- 3 Vanity, Mr. W. Palmer's, \$50 S. at Cynthiana, Ky., and \$71 P. at Chilli-
 cothe, Ohio, both mile heats. 2

TRUFFLE (IMPORTED).

- 3 Black Colt, Mr. J. Willis's, \$50 P., mile heats, at Culpeper C. H., Va. . . . 1

TRUMPATOR.

- a Jim Williams, Mr. Norris's, \$500 S., mile heats, at Jefferson Co., Miss. . . . 1
 4 Orient, Mr. S. Smith's, a Purse, 3 mile heats, at Carrollton, Ky. 1
 4 Pressure, Mr. W. R. Barrow's, \$800 P., 4 mile heats, at Plaquemine, La.,
 \$1800 P. and \$1500 P., 3 mile heats, and \$750 P., 2 mile heats, at New
 Orleans, La. 4
 4 Sir Ariss, Capt. Minor's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Grand Gulf, Miss., and
 \$100 P., mile heats, at Jefferson Co., Miss. 2
 6 Splendor, Maj. Farris's, \$700 P., 3 mile heats, and \$1000 S., 2 mile heats, at
 Lexington, Ky. 2

TYCHICUS.

- 3 Anticipator, Col. Thompson's, \$950 S., mile heats, at Kendall Course, Md. . . 1
 3 Lily, Col. Stoncstreet's, \$800 S., 2 mile heats, and \$200 S., mile heats, at
 Kendall Course, Md., and \$1500 S., mile heats, at Washington, D. C. . . . 3
 3 Wonder, Mr. Burch's, \$450 S. and \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Upper Marl-
 boro', Md. 2

ULYSSES.

- 3 Oscar, Mr. Chambers', \$400 P., mile heats, at Alexandria, La. 1

UNCAS.

- 4 Kangaroo, Mr. D. F. Cooper's, \$100 P., mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. 1

UNCLE SAM.

- 3 Sam Croaker, Mr. Raisen's, \$100 S., 2 mile heats, at Kendall Course, Md. . . 1

VALENTINE (IMPORTED).

- 5 African, Mr. Shacklett's, \$500 P. and \$700 P., 4 mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. . 2
 5 Bonny Black, Mr. Shacklett's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. . . . 1

VICTORY (IMPORTED).

- 3 Bay Colt, Mr. Bathgate's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Union Course, L. I. 1

VOLCANO.

- 3 Bob Crittenden, Capt. Tunstall's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Batesville, Arks. . 1
 2 Hetty McIntosh, Capt. Tunstall's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Batesville, Arks. . 1

WAXY.

- 2 Alice Grey, Mr. Ward's, \$60 S., mile heats, at Marion, Mo. 1
 4 America, Mr. Dillard's, \$400 P., 2 mile heats, at Van Buren, Arks., and
 \$500 S., mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks. 2
 3 Josephine, Mr. Herr's, \$250 S. and \$450 S., mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. . . 2
 4 Mary Vaughan, Mr. W. T. Ward's, \$1200 P., 4 mile heats, at Louisville, Ky.,
 \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky., \$120 P. at Greensburg, Ky.,
 and \$500 P. at Louisville, Ky, both mile heats. 4
 3 Othello, Mr. Winston's, \$40 S., mile heats, at Marion, Mo. 1

3	Paroquet, Mr. A. Anderson's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Greensburg, Ky.	1
3	Sally Ward, Mr. Barrett's, \$100 P., 2 mile heats, at Greensburg, Ky.	1
5	Scarlet, Col. Bingaman's, \$700 P., 3 mile heats, at Natchez, Miss.	1
4	Waxetta, Mr. W. T. Ward's, \$150 P., 2 mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky., and \$50 P., mile heats, at Greensburg, Ky.	2

WEEHAWK.

4	Black Maria, Mr. Harley's, \$100 P., 2 mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio.	1
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WHALEBONE.

3	Bustamente, Mr. Camp's, \$400 S., at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., and \$400 S. at Huntsville, Ala., both mile heats.	2
3	Louisianese, Mr. Duplantier's, \$1000 P. at New Orleans, La., and \$500 S. at St. Francisville, La., both mile heats.	2

WHIPSTER.

	Binney, Capt. Noc's, a Purse, mile heats, at Clifton, Miss.	1
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WILD BILL.

4	Gander, Mr. Conally's, \$900 P., 4 mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala.	1
4	Pollard Brown, Mr. R. B. Harrison's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Mobile, Ala., \$1000 P., 3 mile heats, at New Orleans, La., \$350 P. at Selma, Ala., and \$500 P. at Mobile, Ala., both 2 mile heats.	4
4	Rhinodino, Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, and \$200 P., mile heats, at Greensboro', Ala., and \$200 P., mile heats, at Livingston, Ala.	3
4	Talladega, Col. Long's, \$400 P., 2 mile heats, at Livingston, Ala.	1
4	Van Buren, Mr. Gee's, \$290 P., 2 mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala.	1
3	Chestnut Colt, Mr. Fleming's, \$500 S., mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala.	1

WOODPECKER.

4	Beans, Mr. G. E. Blackburn's, a Purse, mile heats, at Carrolton, Ky.	1
3	Ben Franklin, Mr. Prior's, \$300 S., \$100 P., and \$100 P., all mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio.	3
3	Grey Eagle, Mr. Dickey's, \$2600 S. and \$1400 S., 2 mile heats, at Louisville, Ky.	2
4	Jemima Burbridge, Mr. Dowling's, \$200 P. at Terre Haute, Ind., and \$100 P. at La Fayette, Ind., both 2 mile heats.	2
4	Little Red, Mr. Welch's, \$200 P., 3 mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky.	1
3	Mary Cruisman, Mr. G. W. Cheatham's, \$400 P., 4 mile heats, at Paris, Tenn., and \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Clarksville, Tenn.	2
3	Ralph, Mr. Mosby's, \$350 S., 2 mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky.	1
3	Willina Herndon, Greer & Head's, \$100 P., mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo.	1
4	Woodpecker, Mr. Keene's, \$250 P., 3 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at Boonville, Mo.	2
3	Bay Colt, Mr. W. Palmer's, \$50 S., 2 mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky.	1

YOUNG VIRGINIAN.

a	Don Pedro, Mr. Duncan's, \$290 P. at Greenville C. H., S. C., and a Purse at Pendleton, S. C., both 3 mile heats, a Purse, 2 mile heats, at Newberry, S. C., and a Purse, mile heats, at Greenville C. H., S. C.	4
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ZINGANEE.

4	Scipio, Mr. Garrison's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Norfolk, Va.	1
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COCK-OF-THE-ROCK. (Omitted in its order.)

	Ann Barrow, Col. McGhee's, \$1000 S., mile heats, at Bean's Station, Tenn.	1
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HORSES WHOSE SIRES ARE UNKNOWN.

5	Bay gelding, Maj. Richards', \$300 S., 2 mile heats, at Bean's Station, Tenn.	1
6	Black Prince, Capt. Conroy's, £10 S. at Montreal, L. C., and £100 P. at Quebec, L. C., both mile heats.	2
a	Cheroot (Imported), Col. Whyte's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Quebec, L. C.	1
6	Clodhopper, Dr. Guignard's, \$1000 P. at Charleston, S. C., and \$400 P. at Camden, S. C., both 3 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at St. Mathews, S. C.	3
	Cowdriver, Mr. C. Swan's, \$500 S. at Augusta, Ga., and \$100 S. at Macon, Ga., both mile heats.	2
a	Huron, Mr. Motley's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Quebec, L. C.	1
6	Jim-the-Butcher, Mr. Laughman's, \$300 P. and \$400 P., mile heats, at Jefferson Co., Miss.	2
3	John C. Stevens, Mr. Leavel's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Trenton, Ky.	1

	Peggy Stride, Mr. Reeve's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Peoria, Ill.	1
a	Ratcatcher, Col. Sloan's, \$250 P., mile heats, at Salisbury, N. C.	1
4	Red Rover, Mr. J. W. Williams', \$200 S., 2 mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va. .	1
	Romp, Mr. S. Smith's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Houston, Texas.	1
	Snatchit, Mr. Crane's, \$40 S., mile heats, at Charlestown, Va.	1
	Tom Thumb, Mr. W. Duvall's, \$50 S., mile heats, at Van Buren, Arks.	1
4	Warning, Mr. G. H. Sinclair's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio.	1

MEMOIR OF PHILIP.

PHILIP, a brown horse, sixteen hands high, with a small star, was bred by Thomas Houlsworth, Esq., of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire; he was foaled in 1828—was continued on the turf till nine years old, and then purchased for a Company in Tennessee. He was shipped from Liverpool to New Orleans in the ship "Kensington," Capt. Curtis, and arrived 4th of February, 1838. He made his first season at Franklin, at \$75, and, as was reasonably expected from his own worth and the high claims of his family, received a liberal patronage. It might suffice to say to those intimately conversant with the Stud Book and Racing Calendars, that Philip was got by old Filho da Puta, out of Garforth's Treasure, by Camillus, and that he won twenty-three races; but for breeders and amateurs generally, a more extended account may be deemed proper; we therefore add that Treasure's dam was by Hyacinthus out of Flora by King Fergus—Atalanta by Matchem—Lass of the Mill by Oronoko—Old Traveller (sister to Clarke's Lass of the Mill)—Holmes' Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock (dam of Lambton's Miss Doe)—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless (Desdemona's dam)—Brimmer—Dicky Pearson (son of Dodsworth)—Burton's Barb Mare, &c.

Such a pedigree would naturally induce us to expect extraordinary performances, and in the present instance those expectations have been fully realized; Christiana was three times a winner, once at four miles; Leda was nine times a winner, twice at three miles, and once at four miles; Fanny Davis was eight times a winner; Arachne won twenty-seven races, three times at three miles, once at three miles and a distance, and twice at three mile heats; Palatine won twenty-two times, winning nine races of two mile heats, one of three mile heats at three heats, and one four mile race.

Philip appeared forty times in public, and was twenty-three times a winner—several times at broken heats—was several times second, and on one important occasion he ran four miles carrying 130 lbs. losing by a head only. His thirty-second race was a most desperate contest of four heats—Philip winning the 2d, and running a dead heat with Retainer for the 3d, by whom he was beat a little the 4th—and pronounced a capital race.

In conclusion, it may be added, he won his 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th and 38th races, three of them at three heats each; so that the truth of "The Old Forester's" assertion is fully demonstrated by the produce of Treasure from old Filho da Puta, that *his stock train on and are winners at long distances and particularly at heats.* Treasure was in

truth a Treasure indeed, for besides the above (all by Filho da Puta, and she seems to have shown great aptitude to breed good stock from him) she also bred Vanish by Phantom, who won twenty-eight times, carrying on some occasions as high as 182 lbs. and beating some of the stoutest runners in the kingdom, such as Lady Elizabeth, Jocko, Euxton, Fylde, two, three, and four miles. Vanish has been purchased for Russia.

Philip's sisters were in the king's and other studs equally distinguished for breeding; from them, and from Philip especially, we look for the propagation of good stock and long runners, as that is the sort of racing most in repute here, and for which his long shoulder blades, strong back and hips, his clean limbs, are so well fitted; and as stoutness on both sides is the family trait, it may be presumed to descend to Philip's posterity in an ample degree.

T. A.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 5, 1839.

CIGAR SMOKING.

MR. EDITOR,—The following brochure was found inserted in a box of Havannah Cigars, and is apparently intended as one of the many puffs put out as inducements to the purchasers of the fragrant weed. As most of the maxims are good, and worthy of being recorded, I have pleasure in transmitting them to you, for insertion in your *Sporting Magazine*. But hark! do I not hear some of your readers exclaiming, "What *can* a cigar have to do with sporting?" Gentle reader, sporting reader, every day reader, I reply that it has, that it forms one item of the grand contingent whole. Who is there, who, when riding to cover, or when the dogs are at fault, does not refresh himself with a cigar? Who, when toiling with his gun in *search* of game, does not regale himself with a cigar? I affirm, therefore, that the cigar *is* virtually a portion of our sporting apparatus; and as such is entitled to our consideration, and I shall therefore, without further circumlocution, proceed to endeavor to ameliorate the art of *puffing*, which every one knows, ends and begins in *smoke*.

Ninety-nine gentlemen out of a hundred are even now in a state of most lamentable ignorance of the true mode of enjoying the exquisite luxury! Scarcely one man in twenty knows how to even *spell* the word *tobacco*, in the graceful and convenient form, which modern genius has conferred upon it. *Segar* was the horrid orthography throughout the British dominions. This, thanks to the patriotic exertions of Lord Byron, Professor Wilson, and the real author of these pages, is now no longer to be met with. Then, how savagely—how ignorantly, how improperly were cigars used. Cigar-smoking seemed to be a new faculty to man, which, he neither knew how to appreciate or to enjoy. Pitying your condition, ye smoky mortals, I shall proceed to tell you how to enjoy the blessing you have hitherto abused. Oh *ye* juniors and tyros in the art! *Ye* who know not a good cigar

from a bad one! *Ye* who *paw* the beauties in a box, as though *ye* have not the use of your eyes! *Ye* who bruise, crush, squeeze, pinch, crack, tumble, and toss about, and otherwise grievously maltreat, that which ought to be touched with as much delicacy of hand, as a waxen rose-bud! *Ye* spoons, who light the wrong end! *Ye* Vandals, who impiously *bite* off the twist! And *ye* and all such, as would smoke two-thirds of the right side of a cigar, before your obnubilated optics could discover that no spark of fire has touched the left! To *ye* and such as *ye*, I address myself; and if the smoking generation do not take advantage of the precepts I shall proceed to lay down for their especial behoof and benefit, why, I cannot help it, and things must take their own course. And now my very good friends, believe me always,

Your's, In a cloud!

THE SHADE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Neemuch, May 10, 1838.

CHOICE.

In choosing your cigars, try their flavor on the palate of your nasal feature.

A box of good Havannahs is a most delicious nosegay.

Reject all such as are ragged in outer appearance.

Above all, beware of purchasing a cigar that has lost his nose, the little twist at the taper end.

Avoid the soft yielding ones, they have not a bellyful; there is no substance in them, they will not outlive above a dozen hearty puffs.

Meddle not with those which seem to have hard, stubby knots beneath their outer skins—there are stalks in them, which, if you be young in the craft, will impede your smoking.

Choose a neat, sound article, that is neither so hard as a stick, nor soft as the pith of a rush; but moderately firm, tight, and elastic, yielding a little to a moderate pressure, from the thumb, but stoutly resisting your attempts to flatten it.

SIZE.

Small, well-made cigars contain a greater portion of leaf, and smoke more pleasantly, than many of their big-bellied brethren.

We have generally found the dwarf to contain "that within" which the giant usually lacks.

The real foreign made cigars are frequently but little thicker than the stem of a large rush; yet they are so well rolled, that they live long in the lips, if properly treated.

TEXTURE.

The finer the leaf is in texture, the milder it will be found, generally speaking, to the palate.

The dark, rough cigar, that feels as though it had been buried in a sepulchre of sand, is usually of a stronger flavor.

You must not judge of a cigar entirely by its coat: pearls of small price are sometimes locked in golden caskets; the most beautiful broadcloth often covers a ragged shirt, and trashy tobacco is not unfrequently found folded in a most dainty outer leaf. The respectable manufacturers, who have a credit to lose, of course, are not guilty of this trick, but there are rascals, you know, in all trades.

Veterans in the smoky craft, unless sure of their man, always either smoke a sample before they buy a lot, or anatomize one to see if any perilous stuff should lurk about its heart.

The alledged superiority of speckled cigars, is all nonsense.

CONDITION.

Do not be persuaded by any man to buy *wet* cigars; they will assuredly, or at least in nine cases out of ten, prove very offensive in smoking.

The wrapping leaf should be just bedewed by your tongue, but the heart of a cigar ought to be dry as well as sound. Age, its great improver, mellows and dries, without withering it.

IMPORTANT PRELIMINARIES.

Supposing ye now to have "*caught your fish*," we will endeavor to give you a few plain and easy directions "*how to cook it*."

In the first place, moisten the cigar lightly and delicately with your tongue; pass your finger gently around it.

A cigar should be used tenderly—with a soft, lady-like touch close up its seams.

If, in case you have purchased a quantity, you meet with one now and then, which has a hole in its coat, first wet, and then remove a sufficient portion from another part, with which you may mend the rent by the aid of your tongue.

But beware that, in attempting to cover one gap, you do not make two: with caution you may easily detach enough of the outer leaf, at the thicker end, to plaster up a hole, which, if left open, would mar your smoking.

IGNITION.

Your cigar being thus prepared for your lips, let us say a word or two about lighting it.

A flame ought never to be used for this purpose.

We do not mean that you should poke your weed into the flame of the candle, and so scorch half its vitality out of its body; but we strongly recommend you, if you would smoke luxuriously, to light your cigar with tobacco tinder, charcoal, or any of the usual flameless, steady-burning materials, which are sold at the cigar shops, under a dozen different names for the purpose.

In this country, however, these are not procurable; the best substitute, therefore, is a silver tube with a stopper, which contains some common cotton or lampwick in colored calico; this may be lighted by a flint and steel, or by a burning glass, or by a Lucifer match, which does not flame. The latter are procurable at the chemist's shops in this country.

If you put a cigar to the flame, it often lights raggedly, and is liable to smoke uneven, which is by no means pleasant.

A good cigar dies away to ashes in beautiful regularity: the progress of the fire is equal, from its skin to its core, and the tip of pale blue ashes, breaks out from the exterior leaf at an equal distance from the mouth all round; so, that the space betwixt the living and the consumed parts, is a well-defined circle.

A bad smoker on the contrary, often burns the heart of his cigar,

without consuming the skin ; or draws the fire up one-half of the cigar, leaving the other side unsmoked, dry, and useless.

In ordinary cases, people care but little how they light their cigar. We however are here addressing those who are in their novitiate ; still, the most accomplished of whiffers, when luxuriating, prefer a piece of China Jostic, with which to ignite their weed.

Be it remembered that when we speak of the beautiful regularity with which a proficient smokes his cigar, (we allude to smoking in a room, out of doors,) the best of glow-worms cannot become a regular fireworker, nor serve his artillery properly, for it *will* obey the wind, and swerve.

TUBES.

Be assured of this—namely, that a cigar can never be thoroughly enjoyed through a straw, quill, or tube of any description : a genuine smoker despises such things, *ergo* use neither.

If you cannot bear—aye, and enjoy, the rich smack of a cigar in your mouth, rely upon it, you have no business with cigars *yet* ; you may practise upon a piece of cane !

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE TWIST.

It is a common, a vulgar, a mighty foolish, and a very droll and ridiculous custom, to bite off the end of a cigar ; the nose, or twist, to which we have alluded. For my own part, I would not give the fifth part of the smallest copper coin, for fifty cigars, if their twists were destroyed.

The curl, at the end of a cigar, is its nucleus, a vital part which was never intended to be destroyed. Without it, your cigar loses its charms, smoking is no felicity ; the outer leaf becomes untwisted long before the article is half consumed. Instead of having a tight, firm, comfortable peak between your lips, you hold a foul, ragged, washy, sucked, disgusting little bunch of leaves, and the smoke rises to your mouth in huge billows, frequently bearing with it the finer particles of the ashes, instead of gliding, in pure slender streams, upon the delighted palate.

All this is avoided by retaining the twist on the end of your cigar.

“ But how do you make it draw ? ” is a question which the young in the craft will ask. “ Do you prick it with a knife ? ” asks another, We reply—“ By no means ; that would be as bad as biting the nose off.” We therefore do no such thing. We neither puncture, tear, or scarify our cigars ; we twist their noses as tight as possible ; we inhale the odorous and palatable vapor, filtrated from impurities, as it were, through the leaves, and we have rarely met with a cigar which would not draw.

UPON THE HONOR OF A GOOD CIGAR, WE DECLARE THIS !!!

Aye, and we declare more, that it draws pleasantly. Some smokers, and even some tobacconists, will tell you it is impossible to smoke a cigar without taking off its twist. Don't believe them, they know nothing about it, attend to us, and we engage that you shall smoke in this manner, and enjoy smoking more than ever you did previously to your adopting our mode.

Our disciples in the whiffing art have all been at first astonished

at this system, but after one or two trials, they have not only admitted its feasibility, but lauded it for its excellence. Try it, but first hoard up in your brain the following, which we lay down as

CIGAR LAW.

When you begin to draw your cigar, do not stick a mere barley-corn's length of the end of it between your lips, as if you were afraid of the taste of it : put full one-half or two-thirds of it into your mouth : suck it lustily for a few seconds, to open its pores, and it will afterwards draw delightfully.

As soon as you find you can work it with ease, thrust it out from the interior of your mouth, and suffer about an inch of it only to repose lightly between your lips, and then puff away with comfort.

But, beware, don't suffocate the babe ; don't squeeze it so tightly, in its infant state, that no breath from its living fire can pass upwards : stick not your teeth in it, but kiss it without tightly pressing its throat.

Smoking a cigar, and strangling a cigar, are acts widely different. You should just keep your lips close enough, to prevent any air from entering your mouth, but through its fuzed end, and no more.

CLASPS, AND OTHER INUTILITIES.

Some smokers make use of a neat little silver instrument, instead of the hand, to remove the cigar from the lips ; we find but little fault with the fashion, but that it looks coxcombical, and decidedly is unnecessary.

For our own part, we scarcely ever take the weed out of our mouth ; until its fire approaches close enough to almost singe our mustaches—that is, when we wore them !

We never drink or expectorate while smoking, and have therefore neither of the two usual motives for removing the cigar from our mouth.

Should you, however, be otherwise, and have occasion to take the delicate luxury from your lips, for the purpose of speaking, dallying with your stock of smoke, drinking, or doing any thing else, use your fingers, for they are far better than the best of instruments for the purpose.

But mind my words ! do not thumb the darling as the uninitiated do ; but with your palm towards your face, take her lightly round the waist, between your fore and middle finger, and replace her in the same manner ; this is more orthodox, more graceful, and more convenient than the thumb and fore-finger fashion.

RE-IGNITION.

A cigar should never be lighted twice.

If properly smoked, it will retain its vitality without a puff, for upwards of a minute : you have no excuse, therefore, for abbreviating its existence—for suffering it to expire.

But should the berry-tinted love, the ladye-love of your lips, accidentally breathe her last breath, unnoticed, meddle not with her beloved corse ; do not be a vampire.

FINAL EXHORTATION, AND ON BEVERAGE.

You can never be looked upon as an accomplished glow-worm,—you will never enjoy a cigar in perfection, if you adulterate its flavor by uncongenial potations.

Strictly speaking, a smoker should never taste any liquid while inhaling the precious weed, but if you are such a proficient as to consume a dozen cigars at one sitting, some refreshment becomes necessary.

In this case, allow a tolerable interval to elapse between your third and fourth, or between your sixth and seventh, when a cup of Mocha coffee is pleasant.

Should you be unable to smoke without drinking, take claret ; brandy and water, gin, beer, and such like potations, are fit only for those who nocturnally “do themselves up,” with a vile shag in a yard of clay.

On re-perusing what I have written, I find I have given seven maxims which (it did not occur to me at the time) do not exactly apply to this country, where Havannah Cigars are not so easily procured as Manillas which have not a twisted end, both being the same.

And now, my smoky, puffy, friends, wishing you a good cigar, and a jovial companion to enjoy it with, Vale, vale, vale.

THE SHADE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

[Bengal Sporting Magazine.]

NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS.

Mr. Editor.—It has long been my opinion that no horse can succeed as a stallion, unless early withdrawn from the Turf ; and with me it is a recommendation that he should break down young. The first, many will admit, may be true, as in this country, Sir Archy, confessedly our best stallion, was withdrawn from the Turf at four-years-old ; but that a horse breaking down at 3 or 4 years, can be no recommendation, let me request those gentlemen to look into the facts of the case, and consider my views of the matter, and I am persuaded they will arrive at almost similar conclusions.

In England, Highflyer and Sir Peter Teazle, were the most successful stallions of their day ; yet each of them gave way at four-years-old. At a still later period, Emilius and Velocipede are, perhaps, equally celebrated ; the first of these broke down at 4, and the latter gave way at 3 years-old. These circumstances at no time affected the reputation of these horses, nor did it impair the powers of their stock ; at least such is the opinion in England, and John Bull is no bad judge of horse-flesh.

Among the sons of Sir Archy, Charles and Virginian are unquestionably entitled to the first rank as stallions. They both gave way

early ; one at 4, the other at 5 years-old. The stock of Charles ran fast and long, and none complained that he entailed a want of durability on his stock. Virginian was but a few years in the breeding stud, but in that time he got as many racers as any horse of his day, and in the immediate vicinity of his sire.

This, it must be granted, is high evidence in favor of my *theory*, that an early abandonment of the Turf is a recommendation of a stallion, and that breaking down young does not, in the least, detract from his value. And here I might rest its defence, but out of respect to your readers, I will attempt to give some reasons in support of my opinion.

The character and style of racing, both in this country and England, has undergone an entire change in the last fifty years, and a similar change in the rearing of the stud horse. In the olden times horses were seldom broken till four-years-old, at which time they started for some few Colt Stakes, and never ran for Purses or King's Plates till five. About the year 1770 it became fashionable to open three-year-old stakes, and shortly after, the great St. Leger and Derby Stakes were established ; it then became necessary to break and train the colts at two-years-old, if expected to contend successfully for those high prizes. It was also soon apparent that the colts must be raised on the forcing system to acquire *size*, *stride*, and *speed* ; then two-year-old stakes were opened, and at this day some horses do more hard running at two and three-years-old, than in the days of Childers and Eclipse they were called on to perform in a life-time.

We find most of the horses in England are full size at two-years-old ; many of them as high as they should be at three ; under these circumstances it is impossible their bones and tendons should be matured in strength and tenacity, while the great size up to which blood horses are now bred, the stride and speed which the good ones must possess, puts the limbs of the race-horse to a test it is impossible to sustain ; hence horses of great size, muscular power, and speed, if raced young, must break down.

For the same reasons they are the most successful stallions. I have yet seen no horse that deserved a high reputation in the stud, that was not himself a horse of great substance and strength, *not mere bulk*, but that happy union of form, blood, and finish, which bestows power.

There is a sort of horse that has been brought to this country, (in by-gone days) that ran for years long repeating races, of fine blood too, that came sound from the Turf. These, though highly patronized, have not been successful stallions. Such were Citizen and Chariott. I hear some one say, what, Citizen ! Yes, sir ; he was a failure ; he left from six to seven hundred colts, many from the best mares of the *Race-horse Region* ; of these some half-dozen were just fair runners ; not one reached the head of the Turf. Was not this a failure ?

If I am to choose a stud, let him be of great form, pure blood, and racing family, that has run enough to show he inherits the running qualities of his family ; and with power sufficient to break himself down. Such was Highflyer, and such is Velocipede, and for myself, I ask no better.

A.

A MARYLAND FOX-HUNT.

You must know, Mr. Editor, that among the people of our country there is a great attachment to the joys and sports of the fox-hunt. Great care is taken by them to raise a good strain of dogs, and I think we have now among our different packs, some that can victoriously compete with the best dogs of the Union in all the qualities of a good fox-hound. For the purpose of testing the speed of the different packs, the 14th of March was selected as the day for "a great hunt." Fifteen dogs were chosen from the three packs of Messrs. H., G. & Y.,—five from each, and about forty gentlemen, young and old, were to be present on the day of trial. Great interest was excited. The dogs were known to be good, and all were certain that "sly Reynard" would be put to his best tricks and turns.—The time was looked to with the most anxious expectation. As it approached, the weather was most glorious; but on the previous evening some clouds were seen flitting before the wind, and soon the horizon was darkened, and the sky grew black and gloomy. Every thing, then, foreboded that the 14th would be a rainy and inauspicious day. The huntsmen, assembled in the little village of Port Tobacco and its immediate vicinity, were up long before the dawn of the following morning; but how sadly were they disappointed to find that it was damp, wet, and raining without? Notwithstanding, they decided to go out at all events; and soon the loud blasts of the "mellow horn," echoing with their cheering sound from hill to hill, summoned the true and deep-mouthed hound. All now being ready, we start for the cover. The rain, however, still continues to descend, and the weather-wise see no prospect of its stopping. The cover is soon reached,—the dogs spread out and eagerly seek for the trail. They are cheered on by the voice of the huntsmen, but no trail is touched,—the cover is beaten, but no fox is found. It begins to grow late, and the rain, which before had fallen in showers, now increases and holds on steadily. Many grow weary and propose that the hunt be postponed until to-morrow. The huntsmen, finding there is no chance of putting up a fox, readily accede, and the sound of the horn again collects the dogs at our sides. We all then moved off in the direction of Port Tobacco, where a fox-hunting dinner, as had been previously arranged, was to be served up by a worthy landlord, Mr. D——. At half-past 2 o'clock, upwards of forty gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous dinner,—one that reflected much credit, I assure you, upon "mine host." Mr. Editor, if you could but have been present to have seen the joyous faces, and to have heard the many jokes, and sallies of wit that passed so good humouredly from mouth to mouth, I am sure you would say it was one of the most pleasant days you had ever spent, and that it did your heart good to see "men so merry."

After the cloth was removed, the following toasts were offered and drank to with the warmest applause.

1st. Harry Dent of old, the Nimrod of Charles County—A full bumper to his memory.

2d. The Judges of the Hunt—May they long live to enjoy sport and pleasure.

3d. The death of two red foxes in one day—A feat worthy of *Diana*,* achieved by *Medora*, and her *Famous* compeers.

4th. The Turf and the Chase—Alike gentlemanly sports, when under the direction of gentlemen-sportsmen.

5th. The coming Hunt—May its pleasures doubly compensate us for the disappointments of to-day.

6th. The best dog of the coming Hunt—May he have a bard to chant his praises, and an historian to hand his memory down to posterity.

7th. The fifteen dogs of the Hunt—May they, like the dogs of Crete and Sparta, have another Shakspeare to sing their praises.

8th. Old *Nestor*—Not of Pylos, but of Charles County.

9th. The veteran *Warrior*—Though old and disabled, we shall long remember his services.

10th. *Mingo*, a dog that knows no flinching—May Pomphret Forest oft ring with his merry note.

11th. *Nimrod*, a dog of well earned reputation—May the laurels he has won flourish green in the memories of Sportsmen.

12th. The imported *Champion*—May he prove a champion worthy of the chase, and his descendants worthy of their sire.

13th. The red foxes of Panguya—Too cunning to be tricked on a rainy day.

14th. The horse, the horn, the hound, the merry chace—When Washington and Macon patronised them, who cares for fanatics.

15th. The fair Diana Vernons' of our land—May they often gladden with their smiles the votaries of the chase.

Many volunteer toasts were also given complimentary to the President of the day. Mr. F., the old Huntsmen of the State, and to dogs that at different periods had distinguished themselves. We adjourned late in the evening, well satisfied with our enjoyments, and gladdened with the prospect of a fine chase on the morrow; for the clouds had disappeared and all was clear, mild, and tranquil. We separated that night, Mr. Editor, fully satisfied we should meet the next morning under a clear and auspicious sky. Nor were we mistaken, for it was one of the most beautiful mornings I have ever seen. Every thing was silvered over with the thick white frost of the early morn. Nature seemed to be still slumbering, for not a breath of air was stirring, nor a sound to be heard. But list! The stillness is soon broken. The merry halloo of huntsmen, the winding of horns, and the baying of dogs, are borne to our ears. We eagerly leap upon our horses, and are soon carried to the cover of Panguya. Heavens! what an array of men,—at least fifty. A wag observed—but stop, I've no time to tell it. Old *Warrior* touches a trail. That's right my dog! How soon the others hearken to him. But how is this?—They separate. Twelve of the dogs take one course, and Mr. Y's. Diana, Driver, and Flora another. They all trail well, and there must be two foxes. No, says a huntsman, the twelve are upon the back trail, and the three are right. Bless my soul, 'tis so! The twelve have come to an out; the trail is cold. We then listened for the three, and soon heard their merry notes. *They* are right, and *the fox*

* Those names printed in italics are the names of favorite dogs.

s up! It was not the work of many minutes to get the other dogs in, for they showed as much eagerness and anxiety as the huntsmen themselves. They soon pack, and

“Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry.”

He's fairly up, and the dogs are running hard. They push him closely, and he will soon make a double—He has *doubled*, and will cross an open field to our right—We hasten there and take our stand in silence. The cry approaches nearer and nearer. *There he is*, just running from the cover!—The field is more than four hundred yards in length, and he is crossing close by us—He is running at the top of his speed, and is one of the largest red foxes I have ever seen.—“Now we shall see what dog is leading,” cry many voices—Here they come! Nimrod is a-head!—Medora, Warrior, and Rover, are pushing him hard, and the others are all up. Here they go! *Warrior* is locking Nimrod; he winds the fox and takes the lead. They ascend a small hill, and Nimrod is running with tremendous strides. The halloos of many are pushing them on, and Nimrod shows a-head when they enter the cover! Did you ever hear such a cry?—not a moment's cessation! No out, no loss, and the fox not more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards a-head.—He can't hold to it long! The burrows are stopped, and they will kill him on the ground! They are running at a rattling speed, and turn towards an open field by Mrs. S's.—We hasten there; the fox has passed, but the dogs are just in sight—Nimrod shows a-head, but see Medora locks him! She is running and opening, as if she had the fox in view. They enter the cover neck and neck. Mr. Reynard, finding he couldn't do much by short doubles, now takes a course of six or eight miles. The morning was so calm, however, that we did not lose for a single instant, the “gallant chidings” of our gallant dogs. The distant cry seemed more tunable than ever! They follow him up and force him to turn again.—He is running directly towards us, and the quick openings of the dogs show he has no time to spare. He again changes his course and runs, evidently, for his burrow. The dogs pass near us—We do not see them but we hear their many mouths, and so loud is the cry, that it seems as if every leaf is gifted with a tongue. He passes his burrow, takes another stretch, and circles again towards the open field by Mrs. S's. We ride in that direction to see him cross—We just reach it in time, and he is running with tongue out and tail down. He comes up to the fence, and goes down several panels before he jumps it—He is at last over, and before he fairly reaches the cover, the dogs are in sight. They have gained upon him and are following close at his heels—They approach the fence, and for a few moments are at an out; but Rover has leaped it and touches the trail—They rush to him, and soon they take it off most gallantly. Hark! hark! *Nimrod* and *Medora* have outstripped *Rover*, and are running side by side—Now *Medora* leads, now *Nimrod*—Then again *Medora*, and then again *Nimrod*. How nobly do they contest with each other!—They again run in the direction of the burrow. It is evident the fox will soon be killed, if he does not reach some hole; for he cannot be more than fifty or a

hundred yards ahead—The dogs are running hard and give mouth freely and quickly. Hill and dale are echoing and re-echoing the merry peals!—but the cry suddenly ceases. They have caught him!—No, no! I hear the baying of Warrior and Diana: they are true at a burrow, and he is burrowed! We ride quickly in that direction, and find that he is, indeed, *burrowed*. Tarquin, Diana, and Warrior, are at the burrow's mouth, furious at being foiled in their efforts to kill him upon the ground. He had rushed into a hole, which it was not thought necessary to stop, as it was old and covered with leaves. Thus in the short space of an hour and a half we forced Mr. Reynard to seek refuge and safety in the “bowels of the earth.” We then commenced the operation of digging, but the cliff was so steep, that our efforts of more than five hours proved entirely unavailing. We at last concluded to kindle a fire in the mouth of the burrow; we did so, and left it in a full blaze. We then remounted our horses and slowly and leisurely pursued our way towards Port Tobacco. The dogs spread out in the covers around us, and we had scarcely gone two miles before a full cry was heard, “that fairly made the woodlands ring.” We knew our dogs and felt certain it must be a fox. We dashed at full speed in that direction, and soon found that they were running furiously upon the track of a *gray*. They had *bounced* him, and he was not many yards ahead. Soon they get him by *sight*, and onward they rush as quick as the lightning's flash—Every leap brings them nearer to him, and soon they have fastened their teeth upon him—He gives one last squeal, and the next moment is lifeless and limbless.

Thus, Mr. Editor, ended, with a *short* chase of not more than five minutes, the sports of the day, and we returned to our little County-town pleased and satisfied. Here a consultation was held to decide what dog should bear off the palm of victory. Nimrod was the favorite, and all decided for him. But I must add, in justice to all, that never in my life have I seen dogs that ran so well and so nobly. We separated in good cheer, and I trust we may all long live to see often and often the pleasures of that fox-hunt renewed. G.

CHARLES COUNTY, April 7th, 1839.

SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.—No. I.

“—— But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, and pretty devices which our Anglers have invented; peculiar lines, *false flies*, several sleights and ingenious deceptions, &c., will say that it deserveth like commendation and requireth as much study and perspicacity as the rest (field sports) and is to be preferred before many of them. Because Hunting and Hawking are very laborious; much riding and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet, and if so be that the Angler catch no fish, yet hath he a wholesome walk to the brook side, and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air and sweet smiles of fine fresh meadow flowers; he heareth the melodious harmony of birds; he seeth the swans, herons, ducks, water hens, cootes, and many other fowl with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds or blast of horns, than all the sports that they can make.”—*Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Most eloquent and philosophic Burton! how sweetly run thy mel-

low sentences of "Old English undefiled" in laudation of the mysteries and delights of Angling—imperfectly as that science was known in thy day.

Most sour and cynical Samuel Johnson! who didst dare to define the main implement of the Angler "a long, tapering, flexible rod, with a *Fly* at one end and a *Fool* at the other"—Poet, Moralist, Philosopher, and Lexicographer as thou wert, who couldst

" —————trace
A panting syllable through Time and Space ;
Start it at home and hunt it in the dark
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark."

yet with regard to the knowledge of aught respecting Angling, or its cognate science Ichthyology, thou wert altogether ignorant. Content if thou couldst *eat* them *both*, thou caredst not to distinguish a trout from a tench.

Yet the satiric bolt was not without merit, for there was antithetic point and wit in it. How the colossal Houynhym must have chuckled when he shot it; and how busily must Boswell have been employed the same evening in circulating his master's *mot* through half the clubs and coteries in town.

Now, in defiance of the despot of literature, and of all puling sentimentalists, I am not ashamed to acknowledge myself an angler. I am an angler, but of a genus unknown to Dr. Johnson, and even to Patriarch Izaak Walton. I eschew and abominate all the rudimental, inane, and childish part of the sport—watching a floating cork, or bobbing from a chair in a punt, or tossing out minnows or gudgeons, or even basketing little finger trout. No—no,

"Around my steel no tortured worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line,"——

mine is scientific, exciting, absorbing, glorious, imperial salmocide! I am a *Salmon Fisher*.

And is not the *Salmo salar* a princely fish? View his symmetrical mould, uniting the utmost lightness of outline with great muscular strength. Behold his pearly tunic of rich silver tissue, shaded along the back, as it ought to be; with both cut and color beautiful and in the chastest taste. See his rapid but graceful movements in his own element, and consider how well his moral qualities harmonize with his physical advantages. He is, *par excellence*, a gentlemanly fish. How courageous—how adventurous—how abstinent—how faithful to his mate—how reckless of fatigue, and how persevering. He ascends the longest and most turbulent rivers to their distant sources—overleaping dams and weirs, and shooting up formidable rapids and cataracts to fulfil the instincts of his nature. When deceived by the craft of man he is tempted to seize the simulated fly—poor fellow, he has tasted nothing stronger than water for a fortnight—with what velocity he darts across the stream, and what magnificent leaps he makes to get rid of the barbed torment within his jaws. Hark, how his fins whirr in air like the wings of a whole covey just flushed. What desperate efforts to escape. At length, when wearied and exhausted he is dragged to the shore, observe with what fortitude and resignation he meets his fate—noble-minded and gentle to the last—not fiercely

squinting at his captor with diabolic leer, nor biting his fingers in the last agony, like that finny blackguard—the Pike. Last, not least, consider, O consider the exquisite firmness and flavor of his pink and delicious flesh !

I am a Salmocide of old standing, for even when a little boy I was initiated, and before my second lustre had caught fish longer than myself. Vividly do I recollect the sensation that swelled my young heart when I beheld my first salmon gasping on the green sward.—Napoleon's feelings the morning after Austerlitz were as inferior to mine in point of ecstasy as of purity—Nor could Wellington's rival them on the evening of Waterloo. For a proper parallel we shall search through modern history in vain, and must go back to the heroic times. As I bestrode my shining prize the triumph was that of Achilles surveying the bleeding corpse of Hector !

Since that period, forty eventful years have elapsed, passed amid stirring scenes in all quarters, and many subdivisions of the globe. During this time I have had no lack of miscellaneous sensations. I have had the tea-cup, just raised to my lips, thrown down by one earthquake, and been awaked by the drumming of the bed-posts against the floor, as a civil warning from another. Half a dozen storms at sea have pitched the ship under me from one mountain wave to another like a football, and I have run the gauntlet (without running away), of some seven or eight terra firma engagements. Queer, in sober truth, was the virgin whistle of a musket-ball grazing my nose, and rather alarming the booming of a first cannon ball taking the same liberty with my head. Many a feast have I enjoyed, and, though never intemperate, have helped to finish some exquisite Magnums in my time. I have conversed with Napoleon and Wellington—though never yet with *Governor Fairfield* ; kicked a bully, relieved a friend in distress, and saved some lives—I have confronted a buffalo, a bear, and a furious bull, and trod on a Cobra de Capello. I have hunted—positively, comparatively and superlatively—hares—jackals—foxes, and stags—shot grouse, partridge, pheasants, wild peacocks, and even a tiger—caught minnows, gudgeons, perch, pike, dace, bass, barbel, tench, carp, trout—mackerel, bonitos, cod-fish, dolphins, flying-fish, and sharks—and once bumped against a sleeping whale. But above each and all of the multifarious moods of mind, or delight of the senses, or agitation of the nerves, or effect in any way on the sensorium, agreeable or terrible, painful or pleasant, I have ever experienced—

“More than this, than these, than all,”

is beyond any comparison, the transporting thrill excited by the first rush of a thirty-pound salmon, when firmly hooked, and the hollows of the neighboring bank are busy in echoing the music of the “many sounding” reel !

I pray thee, most delectable reader, not to consider me, after the above confession, a fish of the most extraordinary oddity myself. Lest thou shouldst, I must now give thee a small spice of Natural History, and then go on steadily with my theme.

The *salmo salar* or common salmon, is found only in the northern hemisphere, and generally in the cold latitudes. In Europe the fish is not seen, I believe, south of the 45th degree ; consequently never in

the Mediterranean nor any of its rivers. The North Polar regions abound with salmon. Commander Ross, on one occasion obtained a ton weight from the Esquimaux in exchange for a sailor's knife; and his men afterwards caught 3300 fish at one haul of the seine.

The shipping and steamboats have almost entirely banished these fish from the Hudson, as they had, long before, from the Thames. The same causes operate to a certain extent in the St. Lawrence; but the waters of that vast stream afford much more space for their movements; and when they meet an impediment of the above description they are not frightened so much as to turn back, but only swerve to one side and then proceed in their course.

Salmon begin to run up the St. Lawrence in April and May, but not in any considerable numbers till the middle of June; coasting along both shores on the look out for the mouths of the rivers where they have been bred, to which they almost invariably return. This remarkable local instinct has been lately satisfactorily established by actual experiment in some of the Duke of Sutherland's rivers in Scotland. A storm, or the pursuit of some of their natural enemies, may sometimes drive them into a strange river—like a ship forced into a hostile port by stress of weather—but, under ordinary circumstances they always return to their parent streams.

The majority of the St. Lawrence fish ascend the rivers of the north shore, which, in consequence of their mountain sources, are cooler, clearer, and more rapid than those on the south side. The deep and extraordinary Saguenay absorbs a great proportion of the largest salmon; but immense numbers pass Quebec annually on their way to the Ottawa and Lake Ontario.

The North shore of the great Canadian Estuary is in some places an interesting field for the researches of the Geologist as well as the Fisherman. At the falls of the Montmorenci, a little below Quebec, the river has cut through the junction of the Sienite with the superincumbent Limestone, and developed or illustrated not a few of the recondite secrets of the early history of Rocks. At Beauport, in the same neighborhood, enormous quantities of marine shells, in a state of remarkable preservation, the colors even yet perfect, are found imbedded in blue clay. Further down the North shore the country becomes more purely granitic and mountainous to the very edge of the St. Lawrence; the bold capes and headlands increasing in wildness and altitude until they are interrupted by the singular and enormous fissure through which the Saguenay runs. The waters of this great tributary, beneath a perpendicular bank from 6 to 900 feet high, and only a foot or two from the shore, are more than 1000 feet deep, and in some places unfathomable.

There are a number of good Salmon rivers below the Saguenay, but with them I am not acquainted. I have only fished the Malbaie River and another stream twenty miles lower down.

SALMON FISHING IN THE MALBAIE RIVER.

Ninety miles below Quebec, and nearly opposite Kamaraska on the South shore, the *Malbaie* river enters the St. Lawrence. After an impetuous mountain course of 200 miles it escapes through a gorge; tumbles down a granite rock, and then winds very prettily along a

cultivated valley, six or seven miles, until it meets the tide. There is a tolerable wooden bridge at its mouth, whose large abutments loaded with great boulders tell of the formidable floods that sometimes sweep down the valley. A respectable Church with its long tin roof, glittering spire, and at all elm or two, stands on an elevated point near the junction of the river with the St. Lawrence.

A quiet and moral population of 7 or 800 people inhabit this valley. Shortly after the conquest a number of Scotch soldiers obtained land and settled here; intermarrying with the Canadians, and leaving traces of their larger stature, and peculiar lineaments, which are still visible. In fact the cross seems to have improved the breed considerably; but the language of the military settlers have yielded to that of the more numerous class, and the whole community now speak French.

Notwithstanding several fish-traps and stake nets at the mouth of the river, a considerable number of salmon make their way up the stream, and as there is no obstacle of any consequence for the first six miles, they run at once to the Chute. Here they are generally obliged to make a halt; and if the water is high, to wait until it subsides; when they can leap up. Consequently at this point, and for two or three hundred yards below, the angler finds his principal sport.

In the latter end of June 183— my friend Major W——d of the 66th and myself set out from Montreal on a fishing expedition to the Malbaie river. We embarked in buoyant spirits, well provided with choice angling apparatus; and taking with us *matériel* for preserving the fish we anticipated catching,—spices, fine salt, and a large cask of vinegar; not forgetting an ample stock of provisions. A good natured American General with his Aid de Camp were our fellow passengers in the steamboat to Quebec. They were heretics of the utilitarian-school, and thought it not a little extraordinary that we should make so long a journey to catch fish that might be so easily obtained in the market.

On reaching Quebec we found to our great mortification the wind blowing up the river strong against us, and no steamboat running whither we were bound. We were, therefore, obliged to wait there three days, and then to take our passage in a miserable schooner from Kamaraska, the captain engaging to land us at our destination on the opposite shore. The voyage was extremely tedious and disagreeable, lasting four interminable days and nights, though the distance was only ninety miles. Moreover our lubberly skipper very nearly upset us half a dozen times by bad management, during the gale from the eastward that lasted the whole voyage. To add to our misfortunes, we were nearly starved as well as foundered; for our sea stock was laid in under the anticipation of a few hours voyage, and consisted only of a loaf, a quarter of cold lamb, and a bottle of wine. Thirty or forty dirty habitants from Kamaraska were on board, and occupied the limited space below; we were, therefore, obliged to wrap ourselves in our cloaks and bivouack under the “grande voile” on deck. This was all very well as long as the weather continued dry; but on the third day the rain came down in torrents—often extinguishing our cigars; but we took fresh ones, still maintained our ground on deck, and puffed away in hope of better times. Towards the end of our wretched voyage sheer hunger made us purchase some bad salt pork and sausages,

crammed with garlic, as our own barrels of provisions were hooped up, and if we broke bulk there might be a sorry account of them. At length, with beards like Jews, cold, wet, half-starved, and every way miserable, we reached the mouth of the Malbaie river, where we had bespoke lodgings at the house of a Canadian named Chaperon.

By a beneficent ordination our sense of present enjoyment is keen in proportion to the recollection of recent discomfort or distress: but I shall say nothing of the converse of this; having little to do with that branch of the subject at present. Dryden has condensed the idea into five words—

“Sweet is pleasure after pain.”

Indeed the sensations of my friend and myself, when at length we found ourselves clean and comfortable in M. Chaperon's pleasant parlor, were much to be envied. Sweet, very sweet was our shave, and our bath, and the feel of cool linen, and the sense of total renovation pervading our whole persons—but, shade of Apicius! how exquisite the Gunpowder and Pekoe tasted after rancid pork and garlic!

On our way from the shore we cast our hungry eyes on a salmon, just come in with the tide, that was floundering in a net. We incontinently licked our lips and purchased him. When we reached the house our servant handed the fish over to Madame Chaperon with instructions to broil it for our breakfast—not alive, but as near as might be. Our toilet being finished we drew the table to the window, into which a rose bush in full bloom was peering from a flower garden underneath. There, amidst the mixt aromata of flowers and fish, we commenced an attack on a pyramid of toast fit to form a new apex to that of Cheops—numerous dainty prints of fresh butter, some half gallon of thick cream, and a half a bushel of new laid eggs, which was kept up vigorously for a couple of hours.

On Monday morning, July 5th, we engaged a caleche with a good looking Canadian boy, named Louis Panet, to attend us on our daily visits to the *Chute*, about six miles distant. The road up the valley is very good, following the winding course of the river, and overhung on the other side by green globular hills, very steep in many places. These are covered with a thin soil which often after rain, peels off in large patches, carrying down trees, fences, flocks, and even the houses, in “hideous ruin and combustion” to the bottom. One of these *ebonlements* had fallen across our road lately, and the country people were still busy in clearing away the rubbish.

Having been on fishing trips here before two or three times, the first glance at the river assured me we should have good sport. Instantly our fishing rods were got ready, and taking old Jean Gross with us, an old habitan who had accompanied me on former occasions, we descended the steep bank, got into his crazy canoe, and were ferried across to the best part of the stream.

There was a huge granite boulder in the river as large as a middling house, in the wake of which I had formerly hooked many a fine fish. At the very first throw here I rose a large salmon; but although he appeared greedy enough he missed the fly. On these occasions—particularly so early in the season—the most experienced and best anglers will feel a slight palpitation arising from a struggle of opposite emotions—hope of success—doubt of failure, and uncertainty and

curiosity as to the size of the fish. Giving my friend time to resume the position at the bottom he had quitted, and to compose himself, I then threw the fly lightly over him, communicating to it that slight motion which imitates life. He instantly darted at the glittering deception, and I found him fast on my line. After half a moment's wonderment he dashed madly across the river, spinning out the line merrily and making the reel "discourse eloquent music." This fine fish did not stop in his career until nearly touching the opposite bank, when he turned, made another run for the middle, and then commenced a course of ten leaps a yard or two out of the water. This is a dangerous time, and here unskilful anglers most frequently lose their fish: for each leap requires a corresponding movement of the arms and body to preserve the proper tension of the line. In fact on these occasions a good angler should make a low *courtesy* to his fish. I played this active gentleman fully three quarters of an hour, when he gave up the contest and I gaffed and secured my prize—a beautiful male fish in fine season, weighing twenty-five pounds.

We continued our sport till mid-day, when it became too hot and clear. By this time my companion had caught a number of large salmon trout, and I had secured two more good salmon and several trout of the same description with most brilliant colors. We then crossed to the shady side and reposed ourselves. Having discovered a copious spring bubbling through the gravel, we enlarged it into a little well, into which we plumped our fish and some Hodson's Pale Ale; covering it with green boughs. We then picked strawberries for a dessert to our lunch, and afterwards enjoyed our cigars and talked over our morning exploits—

"Fronde sub arborea ferventia temperans astra."

When the shade of the high bank began to stretch across the river we resumed our sport, and returned to a late dinner, with our caleche literally full of fish. A goodly show they made as they covered two of Madame Chaperon's tables; the sum total being five salmon weighing 105 pounds, and 48 trout averaging three pounds a-piece.

Next morning after an early breakfast we started for the Chute; taking a tent with us, which we pitched on a knoll overlooking our fishing ground. It proved, however, more ornamental than useful; the banks being so umbrageous that we did not require it by day, and we always returned to our lodgings in the evening.

Nothing mundane is without its alloy. Our enjoyments were great, with one considerable drawback—the flies, those volar leeches that surrounded us; and notwithstanding our defence of camphorated oil smeared over our hands and faces, sucked our blood without compunction. A fly is considered a stupid creature notwithstanding his powers of observation; but our Malbaie mosquitoes were insects of great sagacity, for they appeared to watch their opportunity to take us at a disadvantage, and when they saw us occupied in playing a fish they made play too, and had fifty spears in our skins in half a minute. The little insidious black wretches also, who gave no warning, like the more honest mosquito, these crawled about our necks and up our sleeves, tracking their way with blood.

Another plague that annoyed us not a little, was the ill-manners of the dogs along the road from M. Chaperon's to the scene of our sport.

Twice a day had we to sustain a continued attack, each cur when he had barked himself hoarse handing us over to his neighbor. Horses in Canada are so accustomed to this that they pay little attention to yelping, unless some brute more savage than the rest attempts to seize them by the nose, when they get frightened and may run away. Once or twice we observed our sagacious little horse looking a little bothered at the assaults of one fierce brute, who must have had a cross of the bull-dog in him.

This was a black and shaggy cur of great size, whose wont was to dart at once at the poor horse's mouth. We had often flogged him severely, but he did not mind it the least, being protected by his thick woolly hair. One day I put a long handle in my salmon gaff for his express use, and when the savage darted at us, I watched my opportunity and hooked him by the side. Louis whipped his horse, who by his movements appeared to enjoy the punishment of his enemy. Away we went at a rapid rate, the dog yelling hideously, and the *habitans* running out of their houses at the noise, and holding up their hands in astonishment. After a little we stopped and I shook him off, apparently not much the worse for the discipline he had received. Next morning in going to our sport we saw him at the door of his own house; and certainly no punishment could ever have a better effect. As soon as the brute recognized us he put his long tail between his legs and limped into the house, as mute as a fish, and never annoyed us again.

During our second day's fishing I had a little adventure which was not unattended with danger, though such was the excitement of the moment that I was scarcely conscious of it. Having observed a large salmon rising at a fly in the middle of the river, I got into the canoe and made old Jean Gross pole me out to the spot, kneeling, as we both always were obliged to do, for fear of upsetting the little unmanageable craft. I soon hooked the fish, and making my Charon stick his pole firmly into the bottom we brought our tiny vessel athwart it, kept our position against the force of the current which here ran very strong, and having a fine range of the open stream, I played the fish for half an hour until quite reduced to subjection. I then desired M. Jean to weigh anchor and push for a shelving sandy bank where we had been accustomed to gaff our salmon. In pulling up the pole, which was shod with iron, the old man by some inexplicable awkwardness lost his hold of it—away the rapid stream bore us, whilst the long pole was left standing perpendicularly out of the water, shaking its head at us still very ominously.

Jean Gross' shoulders elevated themselves to his ears instantly, and his wizened and corrugated face was elongated some three or four inches to the obliteration of manifold wrinkles that adorned it. It was irresistibly comic, and I could not help a loud laugh, though it was no joke. We had no paddle nor any thing else to assist us on board, and were running at six knots an hour towards the very jaws of a very dangerous rapid. My old friend after his first astonishment uttered an indecent oath like a veritable French Colonist; then apparently resigning himself to his fate, became paralyzed with fear and began to mumble a prayer to some favorite Saint. In the meantime some good-natured *habitans* who had been watching us playing the

salmon, ran down the shore parallel with us when they saw us drifting down, flinging out to us every stick they met for the chance of our catching it and using it as a paddle. All this time the salmon remained on the line, and my large rod occupied one hand entirely and prevented much exertion in stretching for the floating timber. As for abandoning either fish or rod it was not to be thought of for a moment. Once the canoe and all were nearly over in a great effort I made to get hold of a piece of board. At last success attended my endeavours, and the first employment of the prize was the conferring a good sound thwack on Jean Gross' shoulders, accompanied with—"Ramez !—s——e ! ramez !" The effect was electrical—the old fellow seized the board and began to paddle vigorously, steering, as we approached an island, down the smaller branch where the rapid could be passed with safety. By great good luck our co-voyageur in the water took the same channel ; and down the stream we all three went merrily for half a mile. The rapid ended at a deep and quiet hole where the fish was soon gaffed ; and after a little rest, and a *coup* of brandy to the old man notwithstanding his delinquencies, he placed the canoe on his shoulders, I carried the fish, and we returned by the bank.

The practicability of passing the smaller rapid being thus established, W——d, two or three days after, having hooked a large salmon, and not being able to prevent it from going down, guided it in the canoe through the same branch of the river ; but, unfortunately the line caught in a large rock near the bottom, and the fish broke off.

We spent a delightful fortnight at Malbaie—killing many fine salmon and a great number of magnificent trout, whilst we employed our servant when we were fishing in pickling, smoking, or salting them. But the season became dry—the river fell, and the fish ceased to run in any considerable numbers. Towards the end of July we struck our tent, embarked in a large boat and proceeded twenty miles down the north shore of the St. Lawrence, with the intention of exploring a small salmon stream called "*Riviere Noire*," which it was said had never been fished.

It was a fine afternoon when we left Malbaie—the river was calm, and the white porpoises, those unwieldy looking creatures, were tumbling about in all directions. We had guns, and tried a few shots without effect—the balls *ricocheting* off their smooth and oily skins whenever they struck them. As it approached sunset our boatmen, who were French Canadians, began a quartetto—by no means inharmonious, though the voices were rough enough—and kept it up with great spirit nearly all the rest of the voyage. At midnight we arrived at the mouth of the river, where we found a fine dry sandy beach, with a line of creamy surf rippling gently against it, in a wild and uninhabited country. We landed, found plenty of wood to kindle a large fire ; ate our supper, which we shared with our voyageurs, for which they gave us another song under the exhilarating effect of a *coup* or two of brandy. We then wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, looked out for a soft stone for a pillow, placed our guns by our sides, put our feet to the fire, and soon fell asleep.

The morning sun awoke us : we started up, and took a refreshing swim in the salt water, whilst our attendants were getting breakfast ready. When the meal was over we prepared our rods and set out to

reconnoitre the stream, the banks of which were covered with almost impenetrable jungle, but after great exertions we explored to the distance of three or four miles, but got little for our pains. The river, as far as we could reach, was a continuous succession of rapids and falls from one enormous granite rock to another. We saw some fish in the holes, but the water being too low we only caught two small ones.

On our return we disturbed a huge bear, who was busily employed in tearing up a large rotten pine to get at a colony of ants that inhabited it. We stopped, and so did he, looking as sulky as any Christian at being interrupted in his meal. Having rather unwisely left our guns in the boat, and our fishing rods not being adapted to make much impression on this veritable *Ursa major*, we could only stare and shout at him and bid him go about his business, trusting to the well-known effect of the human voice and eye on the inferior creation. Probably our shaggy friend would have been proof against their power if he had not tolerably satisfied his hunger: however, he looked at us savagely enough for a minute or so, and then turned away with a growl, leaving us to follow our course.

Next day we returned to Chaperon's, and the following morning revisited the Chute. We found that a fresh batch of fine trout had made their way up the river, low as it was, which afforded us capital sport, rising greedily at our salmon flies, and very lively and strong on the line, but we could see no salmon until late in the evening, when we noticed a very large one sucking in some small flies in the middle of the stream. We both covered him, endeavoring to tempt his palate by various flies resembling those on the water, using at the same time a single gut casting line, but all in vain. At last, just before starting for home, I tried one more cast over him—he rose like a young whale, and I found myself fast, and, considering the slender tackle, I much feared that he would prove a Tartar. Great was the—

“———— certaminis gaudium”

of my contest with that fish, and many, many apprehensions had we of the result. But the staunch O'Shaughnessy kept its hold, and the tenacious gut, assisted by an admirable rod, failed not. Finally, after a glorious struggle for an hour and a quarter, this magnificent fish lay gasping on the sand. It weighed 28 French pounds, or about 31 English.

On the 3d of August we returned to Quebec with two large barrels of fish for distribution amongst our friends; and I guess, if our utilitarian Yankee acquaintances had met us then we should have been less the objects of their derision.

[The Albion.]

PISCATOR.

FOOD FOR HORSES.—A practice is becoming general in Silesia of feeding horses with bread, made by taking equal quantities of oat and rye meal, mixing it with leaven or yeast, and adding one-third of the quantity of boiled potatoes. To each horse is given 12lbs. per day, in rations of 4lbs. each. The bread is cut into small pieces, and mixed with a little moistened cut straw. It is stated, that by this means there is a saving in feeding 7 horses of 49 bushels of oats in 24 days, while the horses perform their common labor, and are much better in look, health, and disposition.

THE LATE MATCH IN VIRGINIA.

We give place to the annexed letter of a Correspondent, referring to the great match between Boston and Portsmouth, instead of some remarks of our own. It is undoubtedly the most important event that has occurred in the Atlantic States, since John Bascombe and Post Boy ran on Long Island,—if we regard the character of the competitors, the amount risked upon the result, or the interest excited by the race. Our Correspondent writes warmly, but expresses the feelings of a good number of gentlemen, by whom we have heard the match discussed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TURF REGISTER :

Sir:—My heart is so full of the subject that I can but exclaim—"How has the campaign opened in Virginia?" *Boston*, the victor in countless fields, the winner of laurels on every course from Newmarket to Long Island, yields at last on his own ground to the young *Luzborough*! Who dared to anticipate this result? Surely not I, Mr. Editor, for though I have not been without my doubts as to the unflinching game of *Boston* since I have heard of his great struggle with *Duane*, on the *Hoboken Course*, yet, sir, I did believe him too fleet for the fleetest.

I cannot forbear expressing my feelings, if you will allow me, as to the propriety of matching this horse in a race at any distance save his own four miles. The character of my horse I would watch over with as much solicitude as my own,—after he had once achieved a reputation, he should not be allowed to start in a race in which the honor of victory, should he win, would not be as ample, as would defeat be humiliating. Now, what had *Boston* to gain in a contest with *Portsmouth*, at two miles, or in a contest with any horse at that distance? Were there any doubts as to the speed of this worthy son of a noble sire? Had any question been raised as to the fact, whether he had run four miles on Long Island in 7:40,—three miles in 5:36, and the first and third miles of that four mile race in 3:42½? Had that rate of speed been paralleled in America in fifteen years, and if not, why risk the reputation of a horse that had never started but he won,* and that at distances which with us stamp the character of a race-horse? Why risk his hard won honors by running him two mile heats? Had *Boston* beaten *Portsmouth* out of sight at Newmarket, it would not have added a cent to his value in my estimation, while the prestige of his great name, the invincible four miler, is now gone.—"His best play was his speed, and yet *Portsmouth* has fairly out-footed him,"—this is what will now be said of the champion of 1838.

I write warmly, because I write for the honor of a worthy champion of the South—a worthy champion of our Native stock. It is too late to deny to the Imported stock and the get of Imported stock, extraordinary success as sweepstake colts. The names of *Portsmouth*, of *Altorf*, of *Picton*, of *Steel*, of *Bee's-wing*, and of a host of others, are familiar in all mouths; but I am yet sceptical as to their ability to cope with our Native stock at the long distances. True, there

* *Boston* lost his first race—a colt's stake—by bolting when a-head, since which he has never been ridden with spurs.—*Editor A. T. R.*

have been many winners of four mile purses in the South and West, got by Imported horses ; but I fearlessly assert that from the choice of mares which these horses have now so long had, they have made no corresponding show on the Turf. Look to the time made the three past years at four miles, and tell me if the get of Timoleon, of Sir Charles, of Andrew, of Henry, of Eclipse, and of old Bertrand, suffer when compared in the mere point of speed, with the fast Leviathans and Luzboroughs, the Fyldes and Hedgefords ? Why, Sir, I can name four mares who have appeared of late years on the Virginia and Northern Courses, all the get of Sir Charles, whose performances for speed and stoutness please me more than the record of all the races of all the Imported stock. I allude to Trifle, and her sister, Charlotte Russe, Mary Blunt, and Fanny Wyatt. Seven forty-nine in a second heat was a pastime for the first-named mare, the nonpareil of the Turf, and Fanny Wyatt contested every heat of the great race on Long Island, in which the brag of the Imported horses won the first heat, though he lost the race. I name these mares because they have been especial favorites of mine in their running, and because I admire the noble but unfortunate courser from whose loins they sprung, and not because I find in their performances proofs of a greater speed than have been afforded by the get of others of the Native stock which I have named.

But I have allowed myself to digress from the point on which alone I thought of writing you—the race of Boston and Portsmouth, which has just terminated. Though I have reason to regret the result of that race, and though I have all along believed that the match was injudicious on the part of the owners of Boston, and hazardous to the reputation of the horse, yet I trust I am cool enough to discuss the race with temper, and with justice to Portsmouth, who so fully justified the expectation and confidence of his friends. And can you for a moment believe, Mr. Editor, that Boston was himself in this race ? Three fifty and three forty-eight is certainly fast time for the course, but that the condition of the track was surpassingly fine I think is shown by the race that *Rocker* made over the same track the day afterwards, when he ran the second heat in 3:46½, beating Willis and Tom Walker, who were both well up. This convinces me that the track was in the best possible condition for quick time ; the day itself was most propitious, and I will not then believe that Boston had his foot, when he could not get up to the colt in a race several seconds slower than he had before ran in his four mile races.

If my notions should agree with yours, Mr. Editor, I hope you will write one line to stay the exultation of the Luzborough party, and the tide of public sentiment which, strangely enough, has caught the infection from this defeat, and seems to overlook a long career of brilliant races in contemplating the result of this one.

Yours,

LOUDON.

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK.

In placing upon record in the pages of this Magazine, the following sales of stock, within the last few months, it is proper to state that the Editor has not, in all cases, been apprised of the facts by the parties to the transactions themselves, and therefore it is not impossible that an inconsiderable error may have occasionally crept in. He has the authority, however, of gentlemen of responsibility, in every case, and so general a desire has been expressed that these sales should be published in this work, that he trusts, should any inaccuracies occur, they will be attributed to the proper cause—the want of accurate information by correspondents. The prices at which fashionably bred running stock has sold recently, affords to breeders the most gratifying inducement to persevere in the good work; and when the fact is considered that new race courses are being established in every direction, it must be perceptible that the demand for thorough bred must continue to increase; as the country is recovering from the monetary difficulties which have depressed its energies so long, it is fair to suppose that there will be a corresponding increase in the prices of stock, and it is well known that the supply is quite inadequate to the demand.

J. C. Rogers, Esq. of Raleigh, N. C., has sold a b. f. by Mons. Tonson out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 2 yrs. to Col. Johnson and Williamson & Townes, of Va., for \$3000, retaining an interest of one-fourth in her engagements.

Maj. N. T. Green, of Warrenton, N. C., has sold his brood mare *Aggy-down* by Timoleon, dam by Janus, to P. A. PRINDLE, Esq., of Va., for \$1500, retaining an interest of one-fourth in her produce this season, which is nominated in the Peyton Stake.

James C. McKinney, Esq. of Lexington, Ky., has sold *Hawk-eye* by Sir Love, out of Pressure's dam by Sir William, 3 yrs. to Messrs. Bradley & Steele, for \$3000.

Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, of Hicksford, Va., who paid Col. Hampton of S. C., \$6000 for his imported filly *The Queen*, at 2 yrs. old, recently sold her for \$8000 to a gentleman of Columbia, but subsequently repurchased her, and refused that amount in cash. It is now understood that Messrs. J. C. Rogers and Dr. Geo. Goodwyn, have an interest in her: she is 3 yrs. old, by Priam out of Delphine by Whisker, and own sister to *Monarch*, for whom Col. Hampton refused \$20,000 at the late Charleston races; Col. H. has also imported Delphine, who recently dropped a filly by the great Henipo, which is nominated in the Peyton Stake. Dr. Merritt has refused \$5,600 for his colt *Chevalier* by imp; Luzborough out of Lady Lagrange.

G. Tarry, Esq. of Mecklenburg Co., Va., has sold *Attaghan* by imp. Fylde dam by Washington, 4 yrs. for \$1000.

James Jackson, Esq. of Florence, Ala., has sold a sucking colt by imp. Glencoe out of Pickle, (own sister to Mango, Preserve, etc.) by Emilius out of Mustard, to Mr. C. C. S. Farrar, of St. Francisville, La., for \$3000!

Dr. Robt. Wm. Withers has sold *Henrietta*, by Bertrand dam by Whip, 4 yrs. to Gen. Green of Texas, for \$2000.

Mr. R. H. Long, of Columbus, Miss., has sold *Likeness*, (imported by A. J. Davie, Esq.) by Sir Peter Lely dam by Worthless, 4 yrs., to Thomas Reeve, Esq. of Miss., for \$6,500.

Col. W. C. Beatty, of Yorkville, S. C., has sold *Almyra*, by Eclipse dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs., to Major John Gist, of Union, S. C., for \$4,800.

Dr. George Goodwyn, of Belfield, Va., has sold *Polly Green*, by Sir Charles out of Polly Peachem, (the dam of Portsmouth) by John Richards, 4 yrs., to Mr. Lewis Lovell, (Hammond's partner) of Augusta, Ga., for \$2000.

Wm. L. Alexander, of Hartsville, Tenn., has sold *Betsey Alexander*, by Jefferson dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 5 yrs., to Tunstall & Noland, of Batesville, Arks., for \$1500.

The same gentleman has sold the following stock to Messrs. Hugh Blevins and Samuel Gray, of Hempstead Co., Arks., for \$4000 cash;—*Eudora*, by Jefferson dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.—B. c. by Jefferson out of Old Git, 3 yrs.—B. c. by Jefferson, dam by Champion, 2 yrs, and B. c. by Jefferson dam by Bagdad, 2 yrs.

Duke W. Sumner, Esq. of near Nashville, Tenn., has sold *John Howard* by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail Florizel, 2 yrs. for \$2,000, and *Cinderella*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet, 2 yrs, for \$1500—both to Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., of Macon, Marenco Co., Ala.

Y. N. Oliver & Co. of New Orleans and Louisville, have sold an interest of one-half in the young stallion *Birmingham*, by Stockholder out of Black Sophia (Bee's-wing's dam,) by Topgallart, to Messrs. Throckmorton and Prestbury, of the latter city, for \$4000.

Gen. C. Irvine of Philadelphia, is understood to have sold an interest of one half in his splendid stallion, *Mingo*, by Eclipse out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, to Mr. George E. Blackburn, of Versailles, Ky. for \$12,000. It is within the Editor's knowledge that an offer from another gentleman of Ky. of \$5000 for an interest of one-fourth was declined.

Hon. Balie Peyton, of New Orleans, has sold a bay filly by Henry [query, Sir Henry Tonson ?] out of Lady Burton by Sir Archy, to Charles Lewis, Esq. of Gallatin, Tenn., at a high figure. Lady B. died recently at Mr. P.'s farm in Tenn., at the advanced age of 25 years; she produced nineteen foals.

Capt. John Eubank, of Stonesville, Va., has sold an interest of one-third in *Steel*, by imp. Fylde out of the dam of Sally Eubank, by Constitution, 5 yrs., to Messrs. Townes and Williamson, of Va.

Mr. Thomas A. Pankey, of Franklin, Tenn., has sold the following lot to Mr. Geo. B. Long of Hopkinsville, Ky.,—Br. c. by Pacific, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs.—Br. c. by Stockholder, out of the same mare, 3 yrs., and *Mary Mott* by Merlin, out of Pae Whetstone's dam, 4 yrs.

John L. & G. B. Long, of Ky., have sold old *Stockholder* for \$4,000.

W. Ruffin Barrow, Esq., of St. Francisville, La., has sold *Dick Haile*, by Sir Charles, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs., to Maurice E. Boyles, of Lagrange, Tenn., for \$600. Boyles has also purchased old *Rattler*, by Sir Archy, dam by imp. Robin Redbreast, of Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn, of Mobile, have sold an interest of one-half in their five imp. fillies, all 3 yr. olds, to Capt. D. Stephenson of that city. Messrs. Duncan & Withers of Ala., have sold the same gentleman an interest of one-half in *Object*, (the dam of Linnet, Wren, Thrush, etc.), and her two youngest foals. Mr. Bosley, of Nashville, also sold Capt. S. a b. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, 2 yrs. for \$1,000.

Thomas Flintoff, of Tenn., has sold *Partridge*, an imp. yearling filly, by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton, to Minor Kenner, Esq., of New Orleans, for \$1,000 cash.

Messrs. Greer & Simmons have sold *Henry Bynum* by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles, 3 years old, to Mr. Smith of Texas, for \$1,500.

James K. Duke, Esq., of Scott Co., Ky., has sold the following stock to Messrs. Isaac M. Dawson and Thomas Dowling, of Vigo Co., Indiana :—B. m. by Doublehead, dam by imp. Buzzard, and a 3 yr. old filly by Singleton, a 2 yr. old filly by imp. Sarpedon, and a yearling filly by John Richards, all out of the same mare.

Col. George Elliott, of Gallatin, Tenn., has sold an interest of one-half in a b. c. by Birmingham, dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 2 yrs., to Mr. Simpson of that place for \$900.

Mr. Liles E. Abernathy, of Pulaski, Tenn., has sold his brood mare *Caty Louis* (by Constitution, dam by Shylock), and her yearling colt, to Mr. John J. Davis, of Maury Co., for \$1,000.

Messrs. Wm. McCargo and John S. Corbin, of Va., have sold *Altorf*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Countess Plater, by Virginian, 4 yrs. to John Campbell & Co., of New Orleans, for \$10,000. Mr. Cheatham has since sold his interest (one-half) in him to Mr. Abner Robinson, of that city for \$3,000.

Josias Chambers, Esq., of Alexandria, La., has sold *Billy Read*, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Dare-devil, 4 yrs., to Ed. V. Davis, Esq., of Opelousas, La., for \$800.

Francis Henderson, Esq., of Alexandria, La., has sold *Seagul*, by Seagul, dam by Moses, 6 yrs., to J. White, Esq. of the same place, for \$1000. Mr. H. has also sold *Saladin*, by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs., to Mr. F. Mitchell, of Natchitoches, La., for \$1000.

J. W. T. Lorimer, Esq., of Tallahassee, Flo., has sold *Jumper*, by Timoleon, dam by Herod, 6 yrs., to Messrs. Hawse & Wilder, of Quincy, in the same Territory

John Morrison, Esq. of Augusta, Ga., has sold *Maj. Jones*, by Andrew out of the dam of Vertumnus, 4 yrs., and *Jim Kearney*, by Medley out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs., both geldings, to Col. James J. Pittman, of Marianna, Flo., for \$2,200. Mr. M. has also sold *Pennoyer*, by Henry out of Ariel by Eclipse, 5 yrs., to Dr. James Leveritch, of Augusta, Ga., for \$3000, and *Gano*, by Eclipse out of Betsey Richards by Sir Archy, 3 yrs., to Mr. James W. Palmer, of the same city, for \$2000; Mr. P. has since refused \$5000 for him.

Col. Robt. Smith, of Murfreesboro', Tenn., has sold *Lavinia*, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs., and *Lizzy Diggs*, by the same horse out of an Oscar mare, 4 yrs., to Mr. B. M. Grissett, of Autauga Co., Ala., for \$6000.

Mr. Alfred Conover, of Long Island, has sold the brood mare *Grass-*

hopper, (the dam of John R.) by imp. Roman out of Garland (Post Boy's dam) by Duroc, to Josiah Wm. Ware, Esq. of Berryville, Va.

Hamilton Wilkes, Esq., of this city, has sold *Viceroy*, by Eclipse out of Saluda by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., (own brother to Dr. Syntax,) to John T. Lamar, Esq., of Macon, Ga. Mr. John McComb, of Long Island, has also sold to the same gentleman, *Reindeer* (own brother to Alice Grey,) by Henry out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, 8 yrs.

Maj. W. Hopkins, of S. C., has sold *Bel Tracy* by Crusader with a filly at her foot (called *Neva*) by imp. Rowton, and stunted to imp. Non-plus, to Messrs. R. J. & J. M. Gage, and Dr. R. A. Nott, of the same State; also, to the same gentlemen, *Amigo* by Crusader with a filly foal at foot by imp. Rowton (since dead) and stunted to imp. Emancipation.

Mr. Van Leer, the agent of the Messrs. Stevens, of this city, (now on his way to Tennessee with a long string of fashionably bred stock for sale) has sold *Seminole*, by Eclipse out of Celeste by Henry, 3 yrs., to Messrs. Palmer and Leveritch, of Augusta, Ga., for \$1500. Van Leer also sold *Equinox*, by Gohanna out of Janette, (Fordham's dam) own sister to Sir Charles, 2 yrs., to Powell McRa, Esq., of Manchester, S. C., for \$1600.

Robert Tillotson, Esq., of this city, has refused \$10,000 for *Post Boy*, by Henry out of Garland by Duroc, now standing at Murfreesboro', Tenn.

Dr. Joshua Clements, of Dayton, with a few friends, have purchased the fine young stallion *Washington*, by Timoleon out of Ariadne by Citizen, with the truly praiseworthy view of improving the breed of stock in that section of Ohio.

Mr. James M. Beall, of Russellville, Ky., has purchased *Brilliant*, by Sir Archy out of Bet Bounce, Arab's dam, 12 yrs, for \$2000.

Walker Thurston, of Ky., has sold *Maria Duke*, by Medoc out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 4 yrs., to Dr. Ira Smith, of St. Francisville, La., for \$4,000.

Mr. John G. Winter, of Augusta, Ga., has sold *Ariel*, own sister to O'Kelly and Lance, to Col. Bullock, of Tarboro', N. C., for \$1000.

J. S. Berryman, Esq., of Ky., has sold *Webster*, by Medoc out of Sthreshly's dam, by Paragon, 2 yrs., to Mr. John G. Perry, of St. Francisville, La., for \$2000. Mr. B. has also sold *Ellen Ferguson*, by Medoc out of Emily Melton by John Henry, 2 yrs., and a Ch. f. by Medoc out of Mary Sthreshly by John Henry, yearling, to Joseph W. Tucker, Esq., of Thibeaudeauxville, La.

Thos. J. Wells, Esq., of Alexandria, has sold *George Elliott*, by imp. Leviathan dam by Lawrence, 4 yrs., to Hugh Carlin, Esq., of Cheneyville, La., for \$1000.

Fergus Duplantier, Esq., of Baton Rouge, La., has sold *Dandy*, a gelding by Candidate, out of Sally Harvey, 4 yrs., to Mr. Rosseau for \$1000.

James Shy, of Ky., has sold *Curculia*, by Medoc out of a Sumpter mare, 4 yrs., to John F. Miller, Esq., for \$4000.

Mr. James B. Kendall, of Baltimore, has sold *Molinera*, by Medley out of Algerina by Jones' Arabian, 6 yrs., and a Br. c. by Sussex, out of the dam of Miss Phillips, 4 yrs., to Hon. Albert G. Harrison, of Missouri, for \$1500 each.

In our last Number, mention was made of the recent Importations from England; drafts from several of them have been sold at auction at good prices, (when the character of the horses are considered) which are annexed:—

Mr. Porcher sold on the Washington Course at Charleston, S. C., on the 22d Feb., the following lots, imported in the ship "China":—*Portland*, ch. h. by Recovery, out of Caifacaratadaddera by Walton, 5 yrs., to Col. P. Fitzsimons, of Ga., for \$850. *Bay Filly*, by Mulatto, out of Olinda, by The Colonel, 1 yr., to P. McRa, Esq., of S. C., for \$680. *Brown Filly*, by St. Nicholas out of Mysinda by Lottery, 3 yrs., to Col. Fitzsimons, for \$800. *Rosolia*, ch. g., by Vanish, out of Roseleaf by Whisker, 3 yrs., to Col. W. Hampton, for \$280. *Black Colt*, by Cain or Actæon, out of Panthea by Comus or Blacklock, yearling, to G. W. Polk, Esq., of Tenn., for \$780. *Brown Mare*, by Mambrino out of Clinkerina by Clinker, 5 yrs., to W. J. Taylor, Esq., for \$700. *Grey Mare*, by Velocipede, dam by Minos, in foal to The Saddler, to Col. Fitzsimmons, for \$725. *Brown Filly*, by Bay Walton, dam by Whisker, 2 yrs, to Col. T. Pinckney, of S. C., for \$320.

At Tattersalls, New Orleans, the following lots imported in the ship "Henrietta," were sold on the 19th April:—*Bay Filly*, by Trumpator out of Ringdove by Bobadil, yearling, to Fergus Duplantier, Esq., for \$200; *Black Mare*, by Olympus out of Proserpine by Rhadamanthus, 5 yrs., to James Porter, Esq., for \$560; *Bay Colt*, by Zinganee or Priam out of Weeper's dam by Cervantes, 3 yrs., to Richard H. Haile, Esq., for \$340; *Brown Mare*, by Revenue out of Eliza by Filho da Puta, in foal to Worlabay Baylock, to Hon. Alex. Barrow, for \$475; *Bay Filly*, by Tramp out of Petuaria (the dam of Bamfylde Carew) by Rainbow, 4 yrs., to F. Duplantier, Esq., for \$305; a *Roan Bull*, yearling, by Hector out of Avelina by Norfolk, to Minor Kenner, Esq., for \$220; a *White Bull*, 3 yrs., by Swiss out of Augusta by Ambo, to Mr. Bruce, for \$175; a *Roan Bull*, half bred, 3 yrs., to Mr. Waggaman, for \$225.

The following lots, imported into Charleston, S. C., by Mr. Fryer, of Columbia, have been disposed of at private sale:—*Bay Colt*, by Sorcerer out of Minnow by Filho da Puta, to Capt. Donald Rowe, of Orangeburgh. *Chesnut Filly* by Priam dam by Velocipede, to Gov. Butler, of Columbia. *Bay Filly*, by Emilius out of Minerva by Merlin, to Gen. Jas. H. Adams, of the same city. B. m. *Sarah*, by Sarpedon out of Frolicsome by Frolic, with a colt by Dr. Syntax, to Mr. Sutton, of Charleston.

A WORD FOR THE DUMB CREATION.—If you keep dogs, let them have free access to water, and, if practicable, take them out occasionally into the fields, and let them have an opportunity of swimming whenever you have the chance. If you keep birds, do not, as is too commonly practised, expose them in their cages to a hot sun: it is a cruel and a fatal mistake. If you do expose them out of doors, cover the top of their cages with a piece of carpet, or, which is better, a green sod, or abundance of leaves.

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

(Resumed from page 96.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA. ECLIPSE COURSE, *Concluded.*

MONDAY, Dec. 10, 1838.—Proprietor's Purse \$600, conditions as on Tuesday, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Capt. W. J. Minor's b. f. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific—Sumner's Matilda by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 y. 1 1 1
 J. S. Garrison's b. c. *Kleber*, by Bertrand—Oscarina by Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs. 2 2 2
 W. R. & B. H. Barrow's b. c. *Dick Haile*, by Sir Charles, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 1:57—1:54—1:57.

TUESDAY, Dec. 11—Proprietor's Purse \$1000, conditions as on Tuesday, Three mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs. 1 1
 W. R. Barrow's b. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs. 2 2
 James S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs. dist.
 Time, 5:55—5:59.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 12, 1838—Match, \$2500 aside, h. ft. Weight for age. Four mile heats.
 Greer & Simmons' b. c. *Henry Bynum*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. 2 1
 Maj. Thos. J. Wells' bl. f. *Extant*,* by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Refugee by Wanderer, 3 yrs. 1 dr
 Time, 8:41. * Extant let down on last quarter of 1st heat.

THURSDAY, Dec. 13—Match, \$5000 aside, h. ft. Weight for age. Four mile heats.

Maj. T. J. Wells' ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan—Black Sophia by Topgallant, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Greer & Simmons' ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 8:15—8:37.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Eight subs. at \$500 each, \$300 ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan—Techehama by Bertrand. 1 1
 W. R. Barrow's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Arthur. 3 2
 C. C. S. Farrar's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon. 2 3
 Greer & Simmons' b. c. by Pacific, dam by Clay's Sir William. dist.
 Time, 1:56—2:02.

FRIDAY, Dec. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. 10 per cent., free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.

—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.
 Capt. Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific—Matilda, by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs. 3 2
 Col. Bingaman's (J. Routh's) Imp. ch. f. *Matilda*, by Merchant, d. by Cervantes, 3 yrs. 2 3
 J. F. Miller's (Jas. Shy's) f. *Barbara Allan*, by Collier—Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 3 yrs. 4 dist.
 Time, 1:54—1:53.

SAME DAY—Second Race—J. C. Purse \$750, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
 Thos. J. Wells' Imp. ch. f. *Clunk*, by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Oiseau, 3 yrs. 3 3 2
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles—Lady Amelia by Imp. Magic, 5 y. 1 2 3
 Time, 3:57—3:53—3:58.

SATURDAY, Dec. 15—J. C. Purse \$2000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, d. by Smolensko, 4 yrs. 2 3 1 1
 D. Stephenson's br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs. 3 1 2 2
 J. S. Garrison's (Mr. Harrison's) b. c. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 1 2 3 dr
 Thos. J. Wells' ch. c. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 4 dist.
 Time, 7:52—7:55—8:04—8:27.

FIFTH DAY, Dec. 16—J. C. Purse, \$1200, conditions as before. Three mile heats

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's Imp. b. f. *Britannia*, by Muley, dam by Dick Andrew, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's b. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 5:53½—5:54.

MONDAY, Dec. 17—Proprietor's Purse \$700, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 Wm. J. Minor's (John Routh's) Imp. b. f. *Marchesa*, by Tramp, out of Marchesa (sister to My Lady, Jereed's dam), by Comus, 3 yrs. 2 2 2
 Minor Kenner's b. h. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 1:53½—1:51—1:54.

TUESDAY, Dec. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs. 1 1
 W. R. Barrow's b. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 6:03.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., LOUISIANA COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 25, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Four subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Mile heats,

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Tachehama by Bertrand. rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—Creole Purse \$500, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.,—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's ch. g. *Dandy*, by Candidate, out of Sally Harvey, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Henry A. Tayloe's ch. m. *Southerner*, by Candidate, dam by —, 5 yrs. 3 2
 J. F. Miller's gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, by Napoleon, dam by Jerry, 3 yrs. 2 3
 Time, 1:56—1:52.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse \$100, ent. \$25, free for all horses, weights as before, Mile heats.

James S. Garrison's b. c. <i>Kleber</i> , by Bertrand—Oscarina by Tenn. Oscar, 4 yrs.....	0	1	1
H. A. Tayloe's (M. E. Boyles') ch. c. <i>Dick Haile</i> , by Sir Charles, d. by Mons. Tonson, 4 y	0	2	dr.
F. Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Maid of Orleans</i> by Little Red, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	3	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 26—Proprietors' Purse \$250 ent. \$25, conditions as before, Mile heats.

F. Duplantier's ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
H. A. Tayloe's (Greer & Simmons') ch. f. <i>Willina Herndon</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 2:00—2:05.

THURSDAY, Dec. 27—J. C. Purse, \$1000, ent. \$100, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	walked over.		
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FRIDAY, Dec. 28—J. C. Purse \$1800, of which the second best will receive \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

T. J. Wells' ch. f. <i>Bee's wing</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, Black Sophia by Top-gallant, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's b. c. <i>Pollard</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	3	2
H. A. Tayloe's ch. c. <i>Pactolus</i> , by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 5:53—5:49.

SATURDAY, Dec. 29—*New Orleans Plate*, value \$1000, ent. \$200, free for all ages, 4 yr. olds and under carrying their appropriate weights, 5 yrs. and upwards, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's b. m. <i>Glorvina</i> , by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs.....	1	1
John S. Miller's (Col. Bingaman's) ch. f. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana, by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	dr.

Time, 4:19.

SIXTH DAY, Dec. 30—Proprietors' Purse \$600, ent. \$60, for all ages, weights as on Tuesday, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

T. J. Wells' ch. c. <i>The Poney</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	4	4	1	1	1
M. Keener's gr. f. <i>The Jewess</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1	0	3	2
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. <i>Charles Magic</i> , by Sir Charles—Lady Amelia, 5 yrs.....	2	2	0	2	3
F. Duplantier's ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	3	2	dist.	

Time, 2:04—2:02—1:59—2:09—1:59.

MONDAY, Dec. 31—J. C. Purse \$2500, \$500 of which is to go to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$2000; conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. <i>Zelina</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	1	2	1
J. S. Garrison's ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles—Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2

Time, 8:13—8:10—8:10.

TUESDAY, Jan. 1, 1839—Match, \$500 a-side, catch weights, Mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 2 yrs.....	1	1
G. Arnault's ch. m. by Candidate, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 2:01—2:02.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse \$200, ent. \$25, added; free for all ages; weights as on previous Tuesday. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

M. Marigny's gr. g. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Sir Richard, 6 yrs.....	1	1	1
M. Daunoy's gr. g. <i>Rolla</i> , by Pacolet, 6 yrs.....	2	2	2
F. Duplantier's ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> ,* pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 2:09—2:14—2:21. * Distanced for foul riding.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., MULBERRY COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$150 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian.....	1	1
Capt. John S. Corbin's b. c. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian.....	2	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Tariff.....	pd.	ft
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington.....	pd.	ft
Col. John P. White's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Herod.....	pd.	ft

Time, 2:03—2:03.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—1,100—5,110—6,118—and aged 12lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m's. and g's. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> , by Goliah, dam by Trafalgar, 3 yrs.....	6	1	1
Wm. McCargo's (J. M. Botts') ch. f. <i>Mary Tyler</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Playon, 4 yrs...	1	3	2
Col. John P. White's gr. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	7	4	3
James Talley's gr. c. <i>Servetus</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs.....	5	2	4
Arthur Payne's ch. c. <i>Comden</i> , by Imp. Autocrat,—Eliza White by Sir Charles, 3 yrs...	4	5	dr
W. H. Tayloe's b. h. <i>Monbodo</i> , by Imp. Apparition, out of Angeline, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	
Col. J. C. Gibson's gr. m. <i>Moliner</i> , by Medley—Algerina by Jones Arabian, 5 yrs.....	3	dr.	
Chas. Tayloe's (Mr. Guinness') ch. c. <i>Oscar Jr.</i> by Oscar—Bet. Wilkes by Sir Archie, 4 y	dist.		

Time, 4:29—4:32—4:47. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> , by Goliah, dam by Trafalgar, 3 yrs.....	rec'd	ft.
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From—Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Jackson, out of Eliza Clay, and
Col. J. P. White's ch. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Hal.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	2	1	3	1
Isham Puckett's (J. M. Botts') b. f. <i>Spindle</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, yrs.....	4	3	1	2
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. <i>Missouri</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2	3
James Talley's ch. f. by Goliah, out of Polly Snyder by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	3	4	4	*

Time, 6:50—6:40—6:43—6:40—Track very heavy. * Ruled out.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Arthur Payne's ch. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Eliza White by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.	1	1
John P. White's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	2	2
Wm. McCargo's (J. M. Botts') ch. f. <i>Mary Tyler</i> , by Gohama, dam by Playon, 4 yrs.	4	3
Chas. Tayloe's (Gen. Gibson's) b. f. <i>Duchess of Carlisle</i> , by Oscar Jr. d. by Rattler, 4 yrs.	3	4

Time, 4:20—4:21. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Match, \$500 a-side, catch weights, Two mile heats.

Col. J. C. Gibson's gr. m. <i>Molineria</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	1
Col. W. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> pedigree above, 3 yrs.	2

Time, 4:12. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a-side, 86lbs. on each, One mile.

Col. W. L. White's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	1
Col. J. C. White's b. m. <i>Ruth</i> , by Medley, aged.	2

Time, 2:02.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, \$200 a-side, catch weights, One mile.

Col. J. C. Gibson's gr. m. <i>Molineria</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	1
Col. W. L. White's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	2

Time, 1:57.

NASHVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 30, 1833—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at \$100 each, h.ft. Mile heats.

J. K. Bullock's ch. f. by Pacific, dam by Sir Archie.	1	1
A. H. Arrington's ch. c. by Escape, dam by Bagdad.	2	2

Time, 2:04½—2:06.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Canary</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs.	1	1
Mr. Battle's b. f. by Mons. Tounson, dam omitted, 4 yrs.	4	2
J. K. Bullock's gr. f. <i>American Maid</i> , by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch, 4 yrs.	3	3
J. Wynne's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs.	2	dist.
Gen. Williams' b. f. by Mons. Tounson, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 4:04—4:02.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1.—J. C. Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

D. McDaniel's b. f. <i>Vashti</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs.	1	1
O. P. Hare's bl. c. <i>Black Prince</i> , by Imp. Fylde, out of Fantail, by Sir Archie, 4 yrs.	2	dr
Dr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Cyrus</i> , by Marion, dam by Director, 4 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 6:06½.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, BUCKEYE COURSE, SECOND FALL MEETING.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Ladies' Plate (value \$200), free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m's. and g's. Mile heats.

Capt. J. D. Edmond's (S. Burbridge's) b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs.	2	1	1
H. Spencer's (T. Lynch's) ch. f. <i>Queen Dido</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.	1	2	2
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Countess Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand—Budget of Fun by Kassino, 3 y.	3	3	3
W. Thurston's (A. Haralson's) ch. f. <i>Mario Duke</i> , by Medoc—Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 y	4	4	4
Jas. Ryan's ch. g. <i>Jack Strat</i> , by Randolph, dam omitted, 4 yrs.	3	2	r.o
Maj. Jas. F. Conover's (Jas. Pryer's) ch. c. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 3 yrs.	dist.		
Wm. P. Hughes' (W. F. Hunt's) ch. h. <i>Rothsay</i> , by Archy Montorio, d. by Sweepz, 5 y	dist.		

Time, 1:59—2:00—2:07. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$55, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Geo. H. Sinclair's b. f. <i>Sally Burns</i> , by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.	1	1
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Brighton Lass</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 3 yrs.	3	2
Wesley Fisher's b. f. <i>Lady Hamilton</i> , by Boxer, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.	2	3

Time, 2:00—2:04. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Citizen's Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. Marshall Anderson's b. m. <i>Lady Hope</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.	1	1
Geo. N. Sander's (Maj. E. S. Revill's) b. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by Bertrand dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs.	2	2
H. E. Spencer's (S. Burbridge's) b. c. <i>Tarleton</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 y.	fell	

Time, 8:58—9:24. Track knee deep.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

M. W. Dickey's (Thos. Lynch's) b. f. <i>Lady Bertrand</i> , own sister to West Florida, (by Bertrand, dam by Potomac,) 3 yrs.	2	4	1	1
Maj. J. F. Conover's (W. P. Hunt's) ch. f. <i>Betty White</i> , by Alonzo, d. by Mercury, 3 y	3	1	2	2
G. Coffeen, Jr's. bl. c. <i>Orient</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.	4	3	r.o	
G. N. Sander's (Maj. E. S. Revill's) ch. c. <i>Red Hawk</i> , by Medoc, d. by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1	3	dist.	

Time, 4:31—4:31—4:33—4:37. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

M. W. Dickey's (T. J. Robinson's) b. h. <i>Jim Allan</i> , by Archy Montorio, d. by Hamiltonian, 6 y	1	1
Geo. H. Sinclair's gr. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippe Saib, 3 yrs.	2	dist.

Time, 8:48—8:38. Track very heavy.

The Secretary does not report a race, mile heats, which came off this day.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

S. Burbridge's b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	3	1	1	1
Thos. Lynch's ch. f. <i>Queen Dido</i> , " " 4 yrs.	4	2	4	2
Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , " " 4 yrs.	2	3	3	3
M. W. Dickey's ch. f. <i>Jenny Willing</i> , by Medoc, 3 yrs.	1	4	2	4

Time, 2:06—2:02—2:03—2:08. Track very heavy.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 5, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Ten subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's Imp. ch. f. <i>The Queen</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker.....	1	1
P. McRa's br. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier.....	2	2
Capt. Jas. J. Harrison's f. Own Sister to Kite.....	3	dist.

Time, 4:04—4:07 Track very heavy. Won easily.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds taking up 90lbs.—4, 102 5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards 126lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Col. A. Flud's Imp. b. f. <i>Lily</i> , by The Colonel, out of Fleur-de-Lis by Bourbon, 4 yrs....	1	1
Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. k. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Bertrand Jr.,—Carolina by Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. <i>Eliza Garrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 8:03—8:00. Track heavy. Won handily.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—J. C. Purse, \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. <i>Clodhopper</i> , pedigree unknown, 6 yrs.....	2	1
Col. J. B. Richardson's b. f. <i>Miss Clinker</i> , by Humphrey Clinker—Imp. Mania, 3 yrs.....	1	dist.

Time, 6:40—6:00. First heat won by a brush.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—J. C. Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Santa Anna</i> , by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs....	2	1	1
P. McRa's ch. f. <i>Ellen</i> by Godolphin, dam by Bedford.....	1	2	dr
Capt. J. J. Harrison's bl. f. <i>Black Cat</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam omitted.....	3	dist.	

Time, 4:04—3:52½. Track heavy and raining.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Post Stake for 3 year olds, Club weights. Three subs. at \$—each. Mile heats.

Maj. Powell McRa's br. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier.....	2	1	1
Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam omitted.....	1	2	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's br. f. by Dockon, dam by Sartorius.....	3	dist.	

Time, 2:04—1:56—1:57. Won cleverly.

SPRINGFIELD, ALABAMA.

MONDAY, Oct. 22, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds bred in Greene or an adjoining county, feather weights. Seven subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Robt. Wm. Wither's ch. f. by Pulaski, out of Sally Harwell, by Virginian	2	1	1
J. L. Wardlaw's b. f. by Sir Hancock, out of Mary Triniem*	3	2	2
Henry Hobley's ch. f. by Sir Hancock, dam unknown	1	3	dist
John Long's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Old Nell.....			dist.

Time, 2:03½—2:13—2:17.

*The name of this mare is writt en so indistinctly that the editor is not at all certain the above is correct. Too much care can hardly be exercised in writing proper names.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$375, free for all ages, 5 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; with the usual allowance to m's and g's. Three mile heats.

John Long's gr. m. <i>Merino Eve</i> , by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
Dr. W. A. Leland's ch. h. <i>Red Tom</i> , by Bertrand, out of the Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archie, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
Dr. Z. Meriwether's b. f. <i>Coquette</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Dion, 4 yrs.....	1	dist*	
W. R. Bullock's ch. h. <i>Bolivar</i> , by Eclipse.....			dist.

Time, 5:58—5:57—6:03. * Dist. by her Jockey's foul riding.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$275, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Francis Tyrel</i> , by Bertrand, out of Susan Yandell's (late Hinda) dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. E. Long's ch. f. <i>McDora</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Dr. W. A. Leland's ch. h. <i>Nullification</i> , by Caledonian, dam by Director, 6 yrs	3	dr.

Time, 4:05—4:04.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, club weights. — Subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. Robt. Wm. Wither's br. f. <i>Fyldina</i> , by Imp. Fyde, out of Moll Romp, by Frantic.....	1	1
John Long's br. f. <i>Sarah Winston</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap.....	2	2

Won handily—no time given.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Dr. Robt. Wm. Wither's, gr. m. <i>Alice Grey</i> , by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs.....	1	1
Head & Smith's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	2
John Long's b. f. <i>Talladega</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 1:55—1:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$210, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Harpalice</i> , by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Dr. R. W. Wither's b. f. <i>Henrietta</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip.....	2	3	2
Dr. Z. Meriwether's b. f. <i>Coquette</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Dion, 4 yrs.....	3	2	3

Time, 1:54—1:57—1:59.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, club weights, Mile heats. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft.

Albert Jackson's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Conqueror.....	rec'd ft.
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From the nominations of Messrs. Webster and Jones.

D. McGEHEE, Secretary.

LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE.

MONDAY, Nov. 12, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. E. Long's b. f. <i>Sarah Winston</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap.....	1	1
M. E. Gary's ro. c. <i>Sleepy Davy</i> , pedigree unknown		dist.

Time not given.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Col. John Long's (David Conner's) b. f. *Taladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs... 1 1
 Dr. Wm. A. Leland's s. h. *Oliver Twist*, by Sir Charles, dam by —, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 A. B. Newsom's b. f. *Calanthe Motley*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 3 yrs... dist.
 Dr. Z. Meriwether's ch. f. by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 4:04—4:07.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—J. C. Purse \$600, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Dr. Wm. A. Leland's b. c. *Bay Bill*, by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Wm. E. Long's gr. m. *Union*, by Jerry, dam by Josephus, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Won easily. Time not kept.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—J. C. Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Dr. Wm. A. Leland's s. h. *Red Tom*, by Bertrand—Duchess of Marlboro, by Sir Archy, 5 y. 1 1
 Col. John Long's gr. m. *Merino Eve*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Won without a struggle. Time not kept.

FRIDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 J. J. Burton's (W. E. Long's) b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.... 1 1 1
 Daniel Gray's br. h. *Cock Robin*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Edward Johnson's b. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
 R. Tarborough's gr. f. *Volant*, by Helm's Democrat, dam omitted..... dr
 Time, 2:06—2:01—2:07.

SATURDAY, Nov. 17—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$300 each, h. ft. — heats.
 B. B. Newsom's b. f. *Calanthe Motley*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... rec'd ft.

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"And first behold this cordial Julep here!
 That flames and dances in his chrystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrops mixed;
 Not that nepenthes which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena.
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this.
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst."

MILTON.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
 (And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt),
 One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
 That his last butt of nectar somehow had run out !
 But determined to send round the goblet once more,
 They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
 In composing a draught' which, till drinking were o'er,
 Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.
 Grave Ceres herself blythely yielded her corn,
 And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
 And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
 Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.*
 Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
 Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
 When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
 Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.
 The liquids were mingled while Venus looked on
 With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
 That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
 Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.
 Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
 And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
 All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
 The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.
 The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
 Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
 But JULEPS the drink of immortals became,
 When Jove himself added a handful of HAIL !

* A "spirit of balm" may, as our Southern readers know, be thus procured. But alas, for the Olympians to whom scigette and cognac were unknown, and whose nearest procured to champagne brandy had been rectified, whiskey or apple-jack made from pippins in the gardens of the Hesperides.

Notes of the Month.

MARCH AND APRIL.

THE NORTHERN TURF.—It will afford peculiar gratification to very many readers of this work to learn, that the prospects of an enduring revival of the Racing Spirit of the North is likely to be consummated beyond the most sanguine expectations of the friends of the Turf in this region. A meeting was convened on the 24th instant, at the Astor House, in this city, of gentlemen interested in the success of the Turf, and others attached to its manly sports, to hear the Report of a Committee appointed “for the purpose of devising and recommending, for general adoption, such means as should seem best calculated to effect” this object. The Committee comprised Messrs. John C. Stevens, John A. King, Commodore Ridgeley, William Gibbons, Walter Livingston, Robert L. Stevens, Asher P. Hamlin, John R. Thomson, and Charles Livingston.

The Report of the Committee was introduced by Mr. King, the presiding officer, and unanimously adopted. The following is a synopsis of its provisions :—“That a Club be formed for three years. That no subscription be less than \$20, nor more than \$50, per annum,—payable whether present or absent, and annually. That the Proprietors, for the above subscription, give two meetings per annum, the one in the Spring and the other in the Fall. That Extra Meetings, if given by the Proprietors, entitle them to make a separate charge for admission to the privileges of the Course. That the amount raised by the Club be given in Purses during the two Club Meetings, and that this amount be in such Purses as the Club may designate. That gentlemen paying \$50 per annum, have the privilege of inviting a friend (a non-resident of the State of New York) to the two Club Meetings. That the Proprietors are not expected to put up in purses more money than is raised by the Club subscription. That gentlemen joining the Club on nomination (after its organization on the 4th of May) be liable for the unexpired term of the Club, from date of such admission.

A second meeting of the Club is to be held at the Club House of Capt. Branch, at the Union Course, on Saturday, the 4th of May, with a view to its full organization, the election of officers, etc.—A large majority of the gentlemen in attendance at the meeting, on the 24th, subscribed \$50 per annum, each, and, in all likelihood, a very large addition will be made to the list of members of the Club. The business of the meeting being concluded, the company sat down to a very superb dinner, and the occasion was one of the greatest hilarity.

THE “HAMPTON” STAKES.—In the “Notes” of last month, reference was made to the splendid Produce Stake at Nashville, Tenn., which had been designated the “Peyton” Stake, in honor of the “chivalric originator”—the Hon. Balie Peyton, of New Orleans. Since January last, when that stake closed with thirty subscribers, at

\$5000 each, a second has been proposed, over the same course, by a distinguished supporter and ornament of the American Turf, and we have taken the liberty of denominating it "*The HAMPTON Stake*" in honor of Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. This second Produce Stake has also been opened for colts and fillies dropped this Spring, and will come off, over the same course, on the day previous to the first stake, being the first day of the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, in 1843; the subscription is \$2000 each, \$400 forfeit, Two mile heats. Though the programme of the stake differs in one essential particular from the original proposition of the "chivalric originator," inasmuch as he intended the nominations to comprise the foals of 1840, still the suggestion was thrown out by him, in the hope of getting up "an episode to the great drama—to enable those who have only one nomination in the large stake, to accompany it with a junior partner to run for the smaller one;" and in his communication to the Editor on the subject, he distinctly expressed the wish that the second stake might be "shaped so as to meet the views of the Western gentlemen." The stake is to close on the 1st of August, and those gentlemen who failed to make a nomination in the "Peyton" Stake, have an opportunity now presented in The "Hampton"—the Derby, and the St. Leger. We look to see every fine stallion in the country represented.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—There are two well organized Associations in this city, the members of which devote considerable time and attention in acquiring a proficiency in the use of the Rifle, and few pastimes are more interesting or manly. Of the "N. Y. Off-Hand Rifle Club" we have the honor to be a member "in regular standing," save that we find small leisure for practice; and we are glad to see that the targets of our up-town friends, under the designation of the "North River Rifle Society," are reflecting no small credit on "the crack shots of Gotham." A prize of a silver Powder-flask was recently won by Mr. Henry Dibdin, who, at a distance of 50 yards, off-hand, made two shots measuring $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Mr. W. L. Davis, at the same time and distance, off-hand, won another prize, two shots in three, measuring $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

A few weeks before the organization of the "Off-hand Club," (mentioned on page 112 of last No.), four gentlemen, now enrolled as members, had a trial of skill at Hoboken, near the Beacon Course; three practise rest shooting, while the fourth shoots off-hand. The distance agreed upon was 110 yards or 20 rods. Each put up his target, and commenced shooting in turn, ten shots each. The shortest string measured $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The off-hand shooter, at the same time and distance, made the best 9 in 17 shots, placing nine balls in his bull's eye of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter. It was then proposed that the off-hand shooter should contend with the three, ten shots each, string measure, the latter still shooting at a rest. This second match resulted in the off-hand shooter's making a string measuring $19\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and the gentleman who made the best target on the first trial reduced his string to seven inches; eight of his shots would have hit a dollar!

On the 13th of last month, the "Off-Hand Club" held its first monthly meeting for practice, at the Thatched Cottage Garden, Jersey

City; although there was a general turn out, six members only engaged. The distance first appointed was 60 yards—ten shots each; the best target measured (string measure) $13\frac{3}{8}$ inches. The second distance appointed was 100 yards—10 shots each; the best target measured $26\frac{3}{8}$ inches. The third distance was 120 yards—10 shots each; the best target measured $26\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

On the 10th instant, the Club met again at Williamsburg; the best target made was by Mr. William Watts, whose 10 shots, at 100 yards, measured $22\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

Mr. W. L. Hudson, rifle-gun maker, 467 Greenwich street, has sent us several targets, made with new rifles from his manufactory, that not only speak well for the excellence of his workmanship, but for his proficiency in the use of these beautiful weapons. Three successive shots off-hand, at 110 yards, with one of them, measures but $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This target was made with a rifle weighing $14\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; length of barrel 2 ft. 10 in.; calibre 60; patent breech; the sights are very fine, as in addition to the front, there is a very slight ball placed in the centre of the tube shade, and a centre shaded crotch on a spring, graduated by a screw; the false breech, or break-off, runs parallel with the barrel, on which rests a spring with a convex perforation for sight; this sighting is unusually distinct. With a rifle of a different pattern, on the 29th ult., Mr. H. made 10 shots at 110 yards, off-hand, which measured 25 inches.

A member of the Savannah (Ga.) Rifle Club, lately made 10 shots off-hand, at 120 yards, measuring $27\frac{5}{8}$ inches, and 20 shots at the same distance off-hand, measuring $61\frac{5}{8}$ inches. Of course, in all the targets adverted to the shots were successive.

SOMETHING *like* A COMPLIMENT.—Our neighbor of the "Literary Gazette" relates the following anecdote in illustration of the "notions" entertained by thousands of Her Majesty's subjects, of these United States:—"A cockney sportsman who had read with delight Mr. Hoffman's new work* on the Wild Sports of America, took passage in a London packet, and arrived here during the present week, in search of wild game. He brought letters to a highly respectable merchant, with whom we are well acquainted, and desired, after delivering them, to be directed to the best hunting grounds without delay, as he could only remain here a few days, purposing to return in the Great Western. He said that he came to New York principally to shoot bears. Our mercantile friend, satisfying himself that his new acquaintance was perfectly serious, informed him that the sport had been greatly *cut up* here, and recommended him to proceed to Philadelphia. He departs for that city this day: and we call upon our friends there to extend to the distinguished stranger their usual hospitality."

"THE ENTIRE SWINE."—The "Tennessean" informs us that a farmer of Henry County, in that State, about two years since, expended 35 dollars in the purchase of hogs. Since then he has not bought the first hog, pig, or shoat, or pound of pork; but has sold 9000 lbs., has now for sale 4000 lbs., and upwards of 200 head of live hogs upon his farm.

* The work referred to is "*Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie*," by CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, Esq., of this city, which has just been published in London and greatly admired. An extract from this delightful volume—"A Sacondaga Deer Hunt"—appeared in the last number of this Magazine.

MATCH FOR \$20,000 A SIDE!—We are officially informed that Mr John C. Rogers, of Raleigh, N. C., has concluded a Post-match with Mr. Charles Hatcher, of Norfolk, Va., for \$20,000 a side, Four mile heats, to come off over the Newmarket Course, near Petersburg, during the ensuing fall meeting of the Club. Mr. R. is to name at the post the choice of *Monarch* and *The Queen*, against the choice of *Portsmouth* and *Omega*, to be named by Mr. H.

In the match between *Boston* and *The Queen*, for 10,000 a-side, four mile heats, to come off at Raleigh, N. C., on the 30th instant, the former, it is understood, will receive forfeit, the latter having been for some time turned out.

CATTLE IN TENNESSEE.—A journal published in Rutherford Co., Tenn., called "The Times," relates the following singular instance of precocity:—"There is at this time on the farm of Overton W. Crockett, Esq., of this county, a milch Cow, the property of his son-in-law, Mr. Wm. G. W. Beaty, which brought a calf on the 14th February, 1838, which calf continued to suck its mother as calves usually do, until last Saturday morning, 16th March, 1839, when it refused to obey the maternal call of its mother, or the mandates of the milkmaid, and seemed disposed to withdraw itself from company. During the day it produced a fine sprightly calf of the masculine gender, all doing well. The mother having assumed all the dignity and responsibilities of a more aged matron, being only thirteen months older than the suckling. This is the most extraordinary instance of precocity within our knowledge, and, we think, on record—the truth of which, as before stated, can be established by as good witnesses as the world can afford. This calf we learn is since dead."

A NOVEL RACE.—In his report of the Fall Races of last season at Springfield, Ala., (published in this number) the Secretary furnishes the following interesting particulars of a match in which the celebrated *Pelham* ran without a rider!

"A match of a single mile was made between Mr. Wizer's old *Pelham* and Mr. Duke's chesnut gelding, for \$100 a-side—weight at the pleasure of the parties. Mr. W. started *Pelham* without a rider. The old horse showed his blood and training by his anxiety for the start, which was as conspicuous as if he had been backed by the best jockey in the country. At the tap of the drum he dashed off, evidently aiming to take the track at the first turn, but failing, he declined into a more moderate pace, till fairly entering upon the back stretch, where he made his brush, got a-head, took the track fairly, and again moderated his stride till he entered the last quarter stretch, when a second time he made a desperate brush for the distance of about two hundred yards, when, finding he had the race all to himself, he *pulled himself up*, and came in, looking to the right and left, and winning handsomely, in 1:55—passed to the judges' stand, stopped, and turning round with all the majesty of a triumphant hero, started to the stand, (*to report his weight*) and would no doubt have trotted up to it, as he had before done, but for the interference of some spectator, who caught him. The shouts and acclamations were loud, long, and rapturous, for "old *Pelham* forever."

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MAY AND JUNE, 1839.

Embellishments:

A FOREST JOUST, ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER R. A. LANDSEER.
TROUT FISHING, ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER COOPER, R. A.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

So much interest has been expressed for the success of this Magazine, and the Editor has received such substantial tokens of the favor with which it is regarded by its readers, that it may not be improper for him to state that it is "in the full tide of successful experiment." He is most proud and happy further to acknowledge, that considerable accessions to the subscription list have been received of gentlemen who are also subscribers to his weekly journal—the "Spirit of the Times." Still, in order to carry out successfully the plan laid down for the publication of the "Register"—to render it both in matter and appearance all its friends could wish it to be, an additional number of subscribers is absolutely necessary. The expense laid out upon the mere Engravings with which each number is embellished amounts to near the whole cost of the work as formerly published, and we are daily receiving assurances that the beauty of its typographical execution and the extent and variety of its contents leave little room for material improvement. Our readers must understand, however, that we know how to estimate such encomiums, which of course, are but the flattering expression of indulgent and partial friends. But we are determined to merit the good opinion of our readers, if possible, and if fairly supported, they may rely upon receiving with the utmost punctuality the most splendid Sporting Magazine in the language; our Correspondents are multiplying to such a degree that we make no doubt of being enabled in a few months to render the original contents of the work in all respects unequalled. Is it asking too much of our readers, among the breeders and turfmen, to desire them, in their intercourse with their friends, to explain the character and object of the work, and to enlist their support as subscribers and correspondents?

With the present double number we are enabled to complete the series, and with the number for July will commence the regular monthly publication of the work, which will appear punctually on the first of each month. The July number will be embellished with a superb portrait of DON JOHN, the winner of last year's St. Leger, engraved on steel by PRUD'HOMME, expressly for this work. The publication of the ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, which will be given entire, will be commenced in the July number, extracted from the London Sporting Magazines; we have delayed commencing it before, having preferred to copy from the magazines rather than the sporting journals, and in the former it is commenced in the May number. As an appropriate accompaniment to the English Calendar, costly portraits of the winners of the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, will also be given.

The match contemplated between *Vashti* and *Steel* fell through; the one made between *Willis* and *Vashti* has been drawn.

Stranger, a brown horse, 6 years old this spring, was got by Imp. Valentine out of a mare by Revenge.

"B." says, "Would it not be as well to use a different color for the cover? If you don't, I know there are people in the country with such prejudices that they cannot tolerate a close imitation of English works, however perfect or elegant they may be." We were not aware until thus apprised of the "close imitation" of the color of our cover to any English magazine; the truth is we selected the best article we could find in the market at the time; but the cover of the present number, we venture to say, is no imitation of a magazine either foreign or native, and when either the one or the other presents a more costly or tasteful one we will try again; as the devices cost us upwards of a hundred dollars, and the paper ten dollars per ream, we venture to hope our subscribers will "see nothing green" about either.

Erratum.—In an article on "Salmon Fishing in Canada" in this number, the elegant author had cited a part of the well known line

"Volvitur et volvetur in omne volubilis ævum."

In printing the article, the "Albion" proof-reader accidentally allowed *ævum* to be changed to *cerum*. Our own compositor in re-printing from that journal, being satisfied that "cerum" could not be correct changed the word to "cælum," and the error was not discovered until the form had gone to press.

Col. HETH paid \$5000 for *Jack Kremer* in his 3 yr. old form. Col H. is now abroad.

Mr. MINOR's imported *Neill Gwynn* is by Tramp, out of a Benington mare; she was imported in 1835, and is thirteen years old this spring.





FLY FISHING.

 ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL, BY DICK, AFTER COOPER, R. A.

With the disciples of Izaak Walton, the months of May and June are emphatically the most delightful of the year. The gun may now be deposited in its case, there to remain until the first of September again invites the Sportsman to his arduous but exciting pursuit; these are the months especially devoted to the "royal and aristocratical branch of the angler's craft." We had intended in this number to have accompanied Dick's beautiful engraving with an article upon our favorite pastime, but "Piscator" has one so eloquent and spirited upon the "Salmon Fishing in Canada," that we are induced to postpone it until another month. Moreover, our hale and hearty old friend "G.," with whom we have lately shaken hands for the first time, though we have long enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance as an esteemed correspondent, is now displaying his consummate skill and proficiency in the art, beside the chrystal limestone streams of Pennsylvania, and we would fain indulge the hope that a paper from his elegant pen will be forthcoming when, after casing his rod and closing his fly-book for the season, he shall resume his official station at the seat of government.

From the sources of the Delaware and the Susquehanna to those of the Kennebec, and in the thousand mountain streams flowing into the St. Lawrence, Trout-fishing may now be enjoyed in the utmost perfection. We have dreamed, or have somewhere heard say that it is not until the cowslip has shed its golden smiles over the meadows, and your ears are saluted with the vernal notes of the reed-sparrow; when the "ephemera" or May-fly is seen (courting its destruction) giddily to wanton over the surface of the stream, which only a few hours before brought it into existence; that trout are "initiated into condition," and rise freely to the fly. You may now see them lurking in every direction in the ponds of New England. While on Long Island, he that cannot kill twenty brace at the close of a summer afternoon, or before the sun gets up, should not be allowed to wet a line. The grey and green drake, which the nearest resemble the May-fly, succeed it in their season, and are equally welcomed by Johnny Trout. The *palmer* family follow in order, and may be used throughout the season with success. But there is, during the still evening of midsummer, a minute black gnat which riots in myriads over every stream, and we have seen trout in a continued state of excitement for above an hour, in carping at these gnats. We confess our entire disbelief in a doctrine considered orthodox by many—that each season and stream has its peculiar and appropriate flies; and we have arrived at this conclusion, after as much practical experience as many Waltonians who have attained the age of four-score. Since we were stout enough to wield a rod, our "constant custom of an afternoon" has been to put it to use, if, by hook or by crook, we could; for the which innate propensity many is the birchen one we have had applied to our shoulders. And we are free to say, that our experience

goes to prove, that with three flies well matched, there is very little necessity of cumbering one's hook with an infinite variety. Give us a red or brown hackle for the end of our leader, with a black midge for the first dropper, and a light salmon colored butterfly not larger than your thumb-nail, for the second, and we can raise from his cool retreat the craftiest trout that ever gorged a grasshopper, or turned up his nose in scorn at the bungling efforts of a green horn.

[For the Turf Register.]

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS ;
OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE,
BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE FIRST.

It was a fine October evening, when I was sitting on the back stoop of his cheerful little bachelor's establishment in — street, with my old friend and comrade Henry Archer—many a frown of fortune had we two weathered out together, in many of her brightest smiles had we two revelled—never was there a stauncher friend, a merrier companion, a keener sportsman, or a better fellow, than this said Harry ; and here had we two met three thousand miles from home, after almost ten years of separation, just the same careless, happy, dare-all do-no-goods as we were when we parted in St. James's street,—he for the West, I for the Eastern World—he to fell trees, and build log huts in the back-woods of Canada,—I to shoot tigers and drink arrack punch in the Carnatic. The world had wagged with us as with most others ; now up, now down, and brought us up, at last, far enough from the goal for which we started—so that, as I have said already, on landing in New York, having heard nothing of him for ten years, whom the deuce should I tumble on but that same worthy, snugly housed, with a neat bachelor's menage and every thing ship-shape about him,—and, in the natural course of things, we were at once inseparables.

Well, as I said before, it was a bright October evening, with the clear sky, rich sunshine, and brisk breezy freshness, which indicate that loveliest of the American months,—dinner was over, and with a pitcher of the liquid ruby of Latour, a brace of half-pint beakables, and a score—my contribution—of those most exquisite of smokers, the true old Manilla cheroots, we were consoling the inward man in a way that would have opened the eyes with abhorrent admiration, of any advocate of that coldest of comforts—cold water—who should have got a chance peep at our snuggery.

Suddenly after a long pause, during which he had been stimulating his ideas by assiduous fumigation, blowing off his steam in a long vapory cloud that curled a minute afterward about his temples,—“ What say you, Frank, to a start to-morrow ? ” exclaimed Harry,—“ and a week's right good shooting ? ” “ Why as for that,” said I, “ I wish for nothing better—but where the deuce would you go to get shooting ? ”





"Never fash your beard, man," he replied, "I'll find the ground and the game too, so you'll find share of the shooting!—Holloa! there—Jim, Jim Matlock"—and in brief space that worthy minister of mine host's pleasures made his appearance, smoothing down his short black hair, clipped in the orthodox bowl fashion, over his bluff good-natured visage with one hand, while he employed its fellow in hitching up a pair of most voluminous unmentionables, of thick Yorkshire cord. A character was Tim—and now I think of it, worthy of brief description. Born, I believe—bred, certainly, in a hunting stable, far more of his life passed in the saddle than elsewhere, it was not a little characteristic of my friend Harry to have selected this piece of Yorkshire oddity as his especial body servant; but if the choice were queer, it was at least successful, for an honest, more faithful, hard-working—and withal, better hearted, and more humorous varlet never drew curry-comb over horse hide, or clothes-brush over broad-cloth. His visage was, as I have said already, bluff and good-natured, with a pair of black eyes, of the smallest—but at the same time, of the very merriest—twinkling from under the thick black eye-brows, which were the only hairs suffered to grace his clean-shaved countenance,—an indescribable pug nose, and a good clean cut mouth, with a continual dimple at the left corner, made up his phiz; for the rest, four feet ten inches did Tim stand in his stockings, about two-ten of which were monopolized by his back, the shoulders of which would have done honor to a six foot pugilist,—his legs, though short and bowed a little outward, by continual horse exercise, were right tough, serviceable, members, and I have seen them bearing their owner on, through mud and mire, when straighter, longer, and more fair proportioned limbs were at an awful discount.

Depositing his hat then on the floor, smoothing his hair, and hitching up his smalls, and striving most laboriously not to grin till he should have cause, stood Tim, like "Giafar awaiting *his master's* award!"

"Tim!" said Harry Archer—

"Sur!" said Tim.

"Tim! Mr. Forester and I are talking of going up to-morrow—what do you say to it?"

"Oop yonner?" queried Tim, in his most extraordinary West-Riding Yorkshire, indicating the direction, by pointing his right thumb over his left shoulder—"Weel, Ay'se nought to say about it—not, Ay!"

"Well—then the cattle are all right, and the wagon in good trim, and the dogs in exercise, are they?"

"Ay'se warrant um!"

"Well, then, have all ready for a start at six to-morrow,—put Mr. Forester's Manton alongside my Joe Spurling in the top tray of the gun case, my single, and my double rifle in the lower,—and see the magazine well filled—the glass gunpowder, you know, from Moore and Baker's. You'll put up what Mr. Forester will want, for a week, you know—he does not know the country yet, Tim;—and hark you, what wine have I at Tom Draw's?"

"No but a case o' claret."

I thought so, then away with you! down to the Baron's, and get two baskets of the Star, and stop at Fulton Market, and get the best half

hundred round of spiced beef you can find—and then go up to Starke's at the Octagon, and get a gallon of his old Farentosh—that's all, Tim—off with you!—No! stop a minute!" and he filled up a beaker and handed it to the original, who, shutting both his eyes, suffered the fragrant claret to roll down his gullet, in the most scientific fashion, and then, with what he called a bow, turned right about, and exit.

The sun rose bright on the next morning, and half an hour before the appointed time, Tim entered my bed-chamber, with a cup of mocha, and the intelligence that "Measter had been up this hour and better, and did na like to be kept waiting!"—so up I jumped, and scarcely had got through the business of rigging myself, before the rattle of wheels announced the arrival of the wagon. And a model was that shooting wagon—a long, light-bodied box, with a low rail—a high seat and dash in front, and a low servant's seat behind, with lots of room for four men and as many dogs, with guns and luggage, and all appliances to boot, enough to last a month, stowed away out of sight, and out of reach of weather; the nags, both nearly thorough-bred, fifteen-two inches high, stout, clean-limbed, active animals; the off-side horse a gray, almost snow-white—the near, a dark, nearly black, chesnut, with square docks setting admirably off their beautiful round quarters; high crests, small blood-like heads and long thin manes, spoke volumes for Tim's stable science—for though their ribs were slightly visible, their muscles were well filled, and hard as granite; their coats glanced in the sunshine—the white's like statuary marble; the chesnut's like high polished copper—in short the whole turn out was perfect. The neat black harness, relieved merely by a crest, with every strap that could be needed, in its place, and not one buckle or one thong superfluous; the bright steel curbs, with the chains jingling as the horses tossed and pawed impatient for a start; the tapering holly whip; the bear-skins covering the seats; the top coats spread above them,—every thing, in a word, without bordering on the slang, was perfectly correct and gnostic. Four dogs—a brace of setters of the light active breed, one of which will out-work a brace of the large, lumpy, heavy-headed dogs,—one red, the other white and liver, both with black noses, legs and sterns, beautifully feathered, and their hair glossy and smooth as silk, showing their excellent condition—and a brace of short-legged, bony, liver-colored spaniels—with their heads thrust one above the other, over or through the railings, and their tails waving with impatient joy—occupied the after portion of the wagon. Tim, rigged in plain gray frock, with leathers and white tops, stood, in true tiger fashion, at their heads, with the fore-finger of his right hand resting upon the curb of the gray horse, as with his left he rubbed the nose of the chesnut, while Harry, cigar in mouth, was standing at the wheel, reviewing with a steady and experienced eye the gear, which seemed to give him perfect satisfaction. The moment I appeared on the steps, "In with you, Frank—in with you," he exclaimed, disengaging the hand-reins from the territs into which they had been thrust,—“I have been waiting here these five minutes. Jump up, Tim!”—and gathering the reins up firmly he mounted by the wheel, tucked the top-coat about his legs, shook out the long lash of his tandem whip and lapped it up in good style,—“I always drive

with one of these"—he said, half apologetically, as I thought—"they are so handy on the road for the cur dogs, when you have setters with you—they plague your life out else. Have you the pistol-case in, Tim, for I don't see it?" "All roight, Sur," answered he, not over well pleased, as it seemed, that it should even be suspected, that he could have forgotten any thing—"All roight!"

"Go along, then," cried Harry, "and at the word the high bred nags went off, and, though my friend was too good and too old a hand to worry his cattle at the beginning of a long day's journey—many minutes had not passed before we found ourselves on board the ferry-boat, steaming it merrily towards the Jersey shore!

"A quarter past six to the minute," said Harry, as we landed at Hoboken.

"Let *Shot* and *Chase* run, Tim, but keep the spaniels in till we pass Hackensack.

"Awa wi ye, ye rascals," exclaimed Tim; and out went the blooded dogs upon the instant, barking and jumping in delight about the horses—and off we went, through the long sandy street of Hoboken, leaving the private race course of that staunch sportsman, Mr. Stevens, on the left, with several powerful horses taking their walking exercise in their neat body clothes.

"That puts me in mind, Frank," said Harry, as he called my attention to the thorough-breds, "we must be back next Tuesday for the Beacon Races—the new Course up there on the hill; you can see the steps that lead to it from here—and now is not this lovely," he continued, as we mounted the first ridge of Weehawken, and looked back over the beautiful broad Hudson, gemmed with a thousand snowy sails of craft or shipping—"Is not this lovely, Frank? and, by the bye, you will say, when we get to our journey's end, you never drove through prettier scenery in your life. Get away Bob, you villain, nibbling, nibbling at your curb! get away lads!" and away we went at a right rattling pace over the hills, and past the cedar swamp; and passing through a toll-gate stopped with a sudden jerk at a long low tavern on the left-hand side.

"We must stop here, Frank; my old friend Engles, a brother trigger too, would think the world was coming to an end if I drove by—twenty-nine minutes these six miles," he added, looking at his watch, "that will do! Now, Tim, look sharp—just a sup of water! Good day, good day to you, Mr. Engles; now for a glass of your milk punch"—and mine host disappeared, and in a moment came forth with two rummers of the delicious compound, a big bright lump of ice bobbing about in each, among the nutmeg.

"What, off again for Orange county, Mr. Archer? I was telling the old woman yesterday, that we should have you by before long; well, you'll find cock pretty plenty, I expect; there was a chap by here from Ulster—let me see what day was it—Friday, I guess—with produce, and he was telling they have had no cold snap yet up there! Thank you, sir, good luck to you!" and off we went again, along a level road, crossing the broad slow river from whence it takes its name, into the town of Hackensack. "We breakfast here, Frank"—as he pulled up beneath the low Dutch shed projecting over half the road in front of the neat tavern,—“How are you, Mr. Vanderbeck—we want a beef-

steak, and a cup of tea, as quick as you can give it us : we'll make the tea ourselves ; bring in the black tea, 'Tim—the nags as usual."

"Aye! aye! sur"—"tak them out—leave t' harness on, all but their bridles"—to an old gray-headed hostler. "Whisp off their legs a bit ; I will be oot enoo !"

After as good a breakfast as fresh eggs, good country bread—worth ten times the poor trash of city bakers—prime butter, cream and a fat steak could furnish, at a cheap rate, and with a civil and obliging landlord, away we went again over the red-hills,—an infernal ugly road, sandy, and rough, and stony—for ten miles farther to New Prospect. "Now you shall see some scenery worth looking at," said Harry, as we started again, after watering the horses, and taking in a bag with a peck of oats—"to feed at three o'clock, Frank, when we stop to grub, which must do *al fresco*—"my friend explained—"for the landlord, who kept the only tavern on the road, went West this summer, bit by the land mania, and there is now no stopping place 'twixt this and—," naming the village for which we were bound. "You got that beef boiled, 'Tim ?"

"Ay'd been a fou'il else, and aye so often oop t' road too," answered he with a grin, "and t' moostard is mixed, and t' pilot biscuit in, and a good bit o' Cheshire cheese ! wee's doo, Aye reckon.—Ha ! ha ! ha !"

And now my friend's boast was indeed fulfilled ; for when we had driven a few miles farther, the country became undulating with many and bright streams of water ; the hill sides clothed with luxuriant woodlands, now in their many colored garb of autumn beauty ; the meadow-land rich in unchanged fresh greenery—for the summer had been mild and rainy—with here and there a buck-wheat stubble showing its ruddy face, replete with promise of quail in the present, and of hot cakes in future ; and the bold chain of mountains, which, under many names, but always beautiful and wild, sweeps from the highlands of the Hudson, west and southwardly, quite through New Jersey, forming a link between the white and green mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, and the more famous Alleghanies of the South.

A few miles farther yet, the road wheeled round the base of the Tourne mountain, a magnificent bold hill, with a bare craggy head, its sides and skirts thick set with cedars and hickory—entering a defile through which the Ramapo, one of the loveliest streams eye ever looked upon, comes rippling with its chrystal waters over bright pebbles on its way to join the two kindred rivulets, which form the fair Passaic ! Throughout the whole of that defile, nothing can possibly surpass the loveliness of nature ; the road hard, and smooth, and level, winding and wheeling parallel to the gurgling river, crossing it two or three times in each mile, now on one side, and now on the other—the valley now barely broad enough to permit the highway and the stream to pass between the abrupt masses of rock and forest, and now expanding into rich basins of green meadow-land, the deepest and most fertile possible—the hills of every shape and size—here bold, and bare, and rocky—there swelling up in grand round masses, pile above pile of verdure, to the blue firmament of autumn. By and bye we drove through a thriving little village, nestling in a hollow of

the hills, beside a broad bright pond, whose waters keep a dozen manufactories of cotton and of iron—with which mineral these hills abound—in constant operation; and passing by the tavern, the departure of whose owner Harry had so pathetically mourned, we wheeled again round a projecting spur of hill into a narrower defile, and reached another hamlet, but far different in its aspect from the busy bustling place we had left some five miles behind. There were some twenty houses, with two large mills of solid masonry, but of these not one building was now tenanted; the roof-trees broken, the doors and shutters either torn from their hinges, or flapping wildly to and fro; the mill wheels cumbering the stream with masses of decaying timber; and the whole presenting a most desolate and mournful aspect. "Its story is soon told," Harry said, catching my inquiring glance—"a speculating, clever, New-York merchant—a water-power—a failure—and a consequent desertion of the project; but we must find a berth among the ruins!" and as he spoke, turning a little off the road, he pulled up on the green sward; "there's an old stable here that has a manger in it yet! now Tim, look sharp!" and in a twinkling the horses were loosed from the wagon, the harness taken off and hanging on the corners of the ruined hovels, and Tim hissing and rubbing away at the gray horse, while Harry did like duty on the chesnut, in a style that would have done no shame to Melton Mowbray!

"Come, Frank, make yourself useful! get out the round of beef, and all the rest of the provant—it's on the rack behind; you'll find all right there. Spread our table-cloth on that flat stone by the waterfall, under the willow; clap a couple of bottles of the Baron's champagne into the pool there underneath the fall; let's see whether your Indian campaigning has taught you any thing worth knowing!"

To work I went at once, and by the time I had got through, "come, Tim," I heard him say, "I've got the rough dirt off this fellow, you must polish him, while I take a wash, and get a bit of dinner. Holloa! Frank, are you ready?" and he came bounding down to the water's edge, with his Newmarket coat in hand, and sleeves rolled up to the elbows, plunged his face into the cool stream, and took a good wash of his soiled hands in the same natural basin. Five minutes afterwards we were employed most pleasantly with the spiced beef, white biscuit, and good wine, which came out of the waterfall as cool as Gunter could have made it with all his icing. When we had pretty well got through, and were engaged with our cheroots, up came Tim Matlock.

T' horses have got through wi' t' corn—they have fed rarely—so I harnessed them, sur, all to the bridles—we can start when you will." "Sit down, and get your dinner then, sir—there's a heel-tap in that bottle we have left for you—and when you have done, put up the things, and we'll be off. I say Frank, let us try a shot with the pistols,—I'll get the case—stick up that fellow-commoner upon the fence there, and mark off a twenty paces."

The marking irons were produced—and loaded—"Fire—one—two—three"—bang! and the shivering of the glass announced that never more would that chap hold the generous liquor—the ball had struck it plump in the centre, and broken off the whole above the shoulder—for it was fixed neck downward on a stake.—"It is my turn now,"

said I—and more by luck, I fancy, than by skill, I took the neck off, leaving nothing but the thick ring of the mouth still sticking on the summit of the fence—“I’ll hold you a dozen of my best regalias against as many of Manillas, that I break the ring.”

“Done, Harry!”

“Done!”

Again the pistol cracked, and the unerring ball drove the small fragment into a thousand splinters.

“That’s fotted ’um!”—exclaimed Tim, who had come up to announce all ready—“Ecod, measter Frank, you munna wager i’ that gate wi’ measter, or my name beant Tim, but thou’lt be clean bamboozled.”

Well—not to make a short story long—we got under way again, and with speed unabated, spanked along at full twelve miles an hour, for five miles farther. There, down a wild looking glen, on the left hand, comes brawling, over stump and stone, a tributary streamlet—by the side of which a rough track, made by the charcoal burners and the iron miners, intersects the main road—and up this miserable looking path—for it was little more—Harry wheeled at full trot—“now for twelve miles of mountain, the roughest road and wildest country you ever saw crossed in a phaeton, good master Frank.” And wild it was, indeed, and rough enough in all conscience—narrow, unfenced, in many places, winding along the brow of precipices without rail or breast-work, encumbered with huge blocks of stone, and broken by the summer rains—an English stage coachman would have stared aghast at the steep zigzags up the hills—the awkward turns on the descents—the sudden pitches, with now an unsafe bridge, and now a strong ford at the bottom—but through all this, the delicate, quick fingers, keen eye, and cool head of Harry, assisted by the rare mouths of his exquisitely bitted cattle, piloted us at the rate of full ten miles the hour!—the scenery, through which the wild track ran, being entirely of the most grand and savage character of woodland—the bottom filled with gigantic timber trees, cedar, and pine, and hemlock, with a dense undergrowth of rhododendron, calmia, and azalia, which, as my friend informed me, made the whole mountains in the summer season one rich bed of bloom. About six miles from the point where we had entered them we scaled the highest ridge of the hills, by three almost precipitous zigzags, the topmost one paved by a stratum of broken shaley limestone; and passing at once from the forest into well cultivated fields, came on a new and lovelier prospect—a narrow deep vale scarce a mile in breadth—scooped as it were out of the mighty mountains which embosomed it on every side—in the highest state of culture, with rich orchards, and deep meadows, and brown stubbles, whereon the shocks of maize stood fair and frequent—and eastward of the road—which diving down obliquely to the bottom, loses itself in the woods of the opposite hill-side, and only becomes visible again when it emerges to cross over the next summit—the loveliest sheet of water my eye has ever seen, varying from half a mile to a mile in breadth, and about five miles long, with shores indented deeply with the capes and promontories of the wood-clothed hills, which sink abruptly to its very margin.

“That is the Greenwood Lake, Frank, called by the monsters here

Long Pond!—"the fiends receive their souls therefore," as Walter Scott says,—in my mind prettier than Lake George by far, though known to few except chance sportsmen like myself! Full of fish—perch of a pound in weight, and yellow bass in the deep waters, and a good sprinkling of trout, toward this end—Ellis Ketchum killed a five-pounder there this spring!—and heaps of summer-duck, the loveliest in plumage of the genus, and the best too, *me judice*, excepting only the inimitable canvass-back. There are a few deer, too, in the hills, though they are getting scarce of late years. There, from that headland I killed one, three summers since—I was placed at a stand by the lake's edge, and the dogs drove him right down to me; but I got too eager, and he heard or saw me, and so fetched a turn; but they were close upon him, and the day was hot, and he was forced to stet. I never saw him till he was in the act of leaping from a bluff of ten or twelve feet into the deep lake, but I pitched up my rifle at him—a snap shot,—as I would my gun at a cock in a summer brake—and by good luck sent my ball through his heart! There is a finer view yet when we cross this hill—the Bellvale mountain—look out, for we are just upon it—there! now admire!"—and on the summit he pulled up, and never did I see a landscape more extensively magnificent—Ridge after ridge the mountain sloped down from our feet into a vast rich basin ten miles at least in breadth, by thirty, if not more, in length, girdled on every side by mountains—the whole diversified with wood and water, meadow and pasture land, and corn-field—studded with small white villages—with more than one bright lakelet glittering like beaten gold in the declining sun, and several isolated hills standing up boldly from the vale!

"Glorious indeed! most glorious!" I exclaimed—

"Right, Frank," he said—"a man may travel many a day and not see any thing to beat the vale of Sugar-loaf—so named from that cone-like hill, over the pond there—that peak is eight hundred feet above tide water.—Those blue hills, to the far right, are the Hudson Highlands; that bold bluff is the far-famed Anthony's Nose—that ridge across the vale—the second ridge I mean—are the Shawangunks—and those three rounded summits, farther yet—those are the Kaatskills!—but now a truce with the romantic, for there lies — and this keen mountain air has found me a fresh appetite!"

Away we went again, rattling down the hills, nothing daunted at their steep pitches, with the nags just as fresh as when they started, champing and snapping at their curbs, till on a table-land above the brook, with the tin steeple of its church peering from out the massy foliage of sycamore and locusts, the haven of our journey lay before us. "Hilloa, hill-oa ho! whoop!—who—whoop!"—and with a cheery shout, as we clattered across the wooden bridge, he roused out half the population of the village.

"Ya ha ha!—ya yah!"—yelled a great woolly-headed coal-black negro—"Here 'm massa Archer back agin—massa ben well, I spect"—

"Well—to be sure I have, Sam"—cried Harry—"How's old Poll—bid her come up to Draw's to-morrow night—I've got a red and yellow frock for her—a h—l of a concern!"—

"Yah ha! yah ha ha yaah!" and amidst a most discordant chorus

of African merriment, we passed by a neat farm-house shaded by two glorious locusts on the right, and a new red brick mansion, the pride of the village, with a flourishing store on the left—and wheeled up to the famous Tom Draw's tavern—a long white house with a piazza six feet wide, at the top of eight steep steps—with a one story kitchen at the end of it—a pump with a gilt pine-apple at the top of it, and horse-trough—a wagon-shed and stable sixty feet long, a sign-post with an indescribable female figure swinging upon it, and an ice-house over the way!—Such was the house, before which we pulled up just as the sun was setting, amongst a gabbling of ducks, a barking of terriers, mixed with the deep bay of two or three large heavy fox-hounds which had been lounging about in the shade, and a peal of joyous welcome from all beings, quadruped or biped, within hearing—"Hulloa! Boys"—cried a deep hearty voice from within the bar-room—"Hulloa Boys—walk in! walk in!—What the eternal h—l are you about there?"—Well—we did walk into a large neat bar-room, with a bright hickory log crackling upon the hearth-stone—a large round table in one corner, covered with draught-boards, and old newspapers, among which showed pre-eminent the "Spirit of the Times"—a range of pegs well stored with great-coats, fishing-rods, whips, game-bags, spurs, and every other stray appurtenance of sporting, gracing one end, while the other was more gaily decorated by the well furnished bar, in the right-hand angle of which my eye detected in an instant, a handsome nine pound double barrel—an old six foot Queen Ann's tower-musket, and a long smooth-bored rifle—and last, not least, outstretched at easy length upon the counter of his bar, to the left hand of the gang-way—the right side being more suitably decorated with tumblers, and decanters of strange compounds—supine, with fair round belly towering upward, and head voluptuously pillowed on a heap of wagon cushions—lay in his glory—but no! hold! the end of a chapter is no place to introduce—Tom Draw!"

ON TRAINING.

ILLINOIS, MARCH, 1839.

DEAR MR. P.—I see by the writings of many of your correspondents, that there is by far too much expense attending the training of their "young things," and that many are deterred, by that cause, from doing so; and consequently sell off their colts and fillies at a very low price (although the most promising) without a trial, very much to their pecuniary disadvantage, as well as to the injury of the *business* (which has now become a very laudable one)—of training and improving that animal, which to man, is the most valuable of all others.

What else can be expected? There must be at *this day*,—first, the Gentleman Trainer (who has a "gentlemanly abhorrence of work"); second, the Rider (who must do nothing but ride and lead the horse); third, one, if not two, consequential Rubbers, who would consider it quite beneath their dignity to turn a hand to any thing else, although their services with the nag will not occupy more than two or three hours in the day; and fourth, (and perhaps not least), several supernumeraries as waiters to the Gentleman Trainer and the others.

This train must not only be fed but paid ; and thus attended, the master Trainer will swell about with all the airs of consequential authority, at the same time stating that all this is in reality necessary, and that no horse was ever in order for the turf without it ; and further, that he is in possession of secrets of training (known only to the initiated), which make common people stare and almost believe there is some witchcraft to be used to fit a nag for a race. Indeed, I once thought these fellows very "*knowin*," and commenced training on the same "enlarged views" as themselves.

Well, friend P., I have stated that I once commenced training horses for racing ; I am almost sorry I said so, but as I have "said it," I will endeavor to give you a little of "*my experience*" on the subject.

Many years back I had a stable of horses in training, in which there was one favorite ; and to that I put two rubbers. To a moderate favorite, I put but one rubber ; and to those I thought still less of, I said, let your riders rub you, or rub yourselves. At it all hands went, and it was rub ! rub ! I soon discovered that those that were rubbed the most, were those that in their strong exercises sweated the least ; and their skins were hot, and dried up too soon. For this I thought there must be a cause, but could not discover it. However, while theorizing on the subject, I recollected that when I used my saddle horse in my sulky shafts, that the hair on his back which was covered the day preceding by the saddle, would be dry, while there would be a *general* perspiration ; and vice versa, when I used him under the saddle, the collar mark would be hot and dry, while every other part of my horse would perspire freely.

From this hint I concluded that I had not only rubbed down, compacted, and almost obliterated, the pores of the skin, but perhaps had also inflamed the skin in such a manner as partially to close the mouths of the exhalent vessels, and thereby prevented a free perspiration—which opinion I still entertain. Although these days were not the time of "*certain experiments*," still I was induced to make one. I said to my rubbers, "hands off if you please, *gemmen*," and by the light use of the curry-comb and brush, (after the nags were slowly "walked cool" with thin clothing) the dandrif and dirt were extirpated from the skin and hair, and the after treatment continued as before ; the horses' skins soon became more pliant and loose, and within the space of ten days they perspired as freely and as generally as any others in the stable. This practice I have persevered in up to this time, and have never had cause to regret it. I have never since that time employed a rubber, and I do honestly believe they do more hurt than good. Neither am I alone in this belief. The most successful trainer in Kentucky kept no rubber in his stable, even when he had many horses in training at a time. One negro man did all the cleaning and brushing for the whole troop, and the riders washed and rubbed their legs.

There is no witchcraft necessary in fitting a horse for a race ; it is a plain matter-of-fact business, within the reach of any one who can tell "a hawk from a handsaw." The main indications are, to keep the bowels right—give no more work than the constitution or appetite of the horse can bear, and all exercise should be performed on soft ground. I believe no horse ever broke down *without some previous inflammation*, and that is pretty generally produced by hard tracks, perhaps only a

few days before the race, when everybody's horses have tramped the course as hard almost as a cart road, with the exception of a little light dust on the top. Hence, in my opinion, the propriety of having a training track, railed in on the inside of the running track—for it is impossible to have a track fit for training and running at the same time. Most tracks have an inside railing, and what a small piece of work it would be to form a first rate training track on the inside of this railing, and how easy it would be to keep it in complete order—But I am digressing.

I do abominate the watering of horses in a ring immediately after exercise. Last spring I was so situated that I was forced to have my horses trained from home. The last day of March was very warm—(thermometer at 87 degrees)—my horses, with others, had walked (blanketed) nearly an hour; they must have walked, say four miles—then were taken immediately to the watering ring, and although only a few swallows were allowed at a time, two of them came off stiffened and lame.

It is not so much the *quantity of grain or water*, that injures a horse, as it is the heated state he is in when he takes it. For a horse that is, from a heated state, foundered by grain, scarcely eats up his mess; so it is the first few swallows that does it. In my opinion, more than half of the stiffness of the fore legs, heat of the hoofs, and shortness of gallop, which we so often see in horses during training, is produced by this watering in the ring immediately after exercise.

No man or horse ever injured themselves by drinking when in a cool state. Mind me, I mean by drinking *water*. But perhaps you will say, old Napoleon does it; well, suppose he does—Napoleon has his Talleyrand, and he is a host, and one who well knows when to water his nags.* Not so with other trainers, who go more by *rule* than *reason*, and no one rule will answer for two horses, in every respect. Some will bear, and must have, more work, food, and drink, than others. By the bye, I think the old rule of forty swallows three times a day, the very best guide for a horse's drink. A horse that drinks a great deal of water is thereby rendered fleshy, similar to one that is kept on succulent, or too wet food. My practice is, to let a horse cool off, while led by the rider on a slow walk; then let him be taken to the stable to be curried and brushed (and nothing will keep open the pores of the skin and make a horse sweat freely, so well as the free use of the brush); then brought out and walked a little (under clothing suitable to the weather); have the legs washed, *and then give* forty swallows of water; return him to the stable, feed him, and let his rider rub his legs lightly with a soft cloth, until they are dry. I believe in rubbing legs (because the skin of a horse's leg is very little porous, as a proof of which, a horse never sweats below his houghs or knees): it keeps up the action of the absorbent vessels in the legs, prevents puffing, and keeps the skin loose over the joints and bones.

The above are a few outlines of my practice of training, (for particulars I refer to some of the first volumes of the *Turf Register*,) and I may say, in support of it, that it is not materially different to the celebrated Kentucky trainer above spoken of. And what nag ever went

* In part as a test (as far as it went) I will state that these two systems of training have several times met even with "Napoleon's" horses, and it always terminated in favor of my simple plan.

out of his hands that made so good a race as when with him? I answer, none. And more in *honor* of the above *plan* than of myself, I can say the same (without the fear of contradiction) of the horses that have passed from my hands to the hands of others. And further, have not horses of my training, on this simple plan, run some of the best horses in the United States at all distances? Now, why will not gentlemen breeders train these "young things" themselves? Divest their stables of all the common *mystery* and two-thirds of the expense, and let *the riders* do what little work there is to do. To oversee them would be a pleasant recreation and a healthful exercise, and certainly an *employment by no means beneath the character of a country gentleman breeder*: so much to the contrary, it should be considered rather an honor for a farmer or breeder to fit his produce for the market. [I hold that thus fitting a colt or filly for the Turf, and exhibiting it in a race at its best pace, is only putting it in the market for inspection, or for a premium.] Was a man so "guid" as to be termed by Burns one of the "unco righteous," and had he a horse for sale that was a fine walker, would he not exhibit him on that gait? or, if a first-rate racker, would he not show him off in his best style on that pace? or, if a good trotter, would he not be sure (even if by accident) to let him out at his utmost rally. Then why not allow others to exhibit their stock (before purchasers) on their best paces, even if it should be a run, without denouncing them as workers of iniquity, disturbers of the peace, and fitting themselves and others for the abode of Satan.

When I was a "youngster," the Agricultural Society gave a silver cup to the team that could plough a quarter acre of ground in the quickest time; and upon this the most pious could look (without any heart-burnings) as a praise-worthy action, although I saw many *bets* then lost and won on the issue, and as much distress to the beasts as ever I witnessed on a race track. And while on this subject I would call to mind the open, enlarged, and generous views of the Reverend Mr. C——, of Kentucky, and how resplendently does he shine when compared with the nervous minded fanatics of the day. He thinks it not beneath religion to praise the handy-work of his Maker, in the formation of that noble and generous animal which is second to none but man. And what a towering description does he give of him when bounding over the plain, with streaming mane and expanded nostrils, in all the conscious pride of speed and strength. How I revere that man. He is a strong pillar in society, and an honor to the country that gave him birth. But here I am again digressing. Let breeders try the "Experiment" of training, themselves.

The subject is worthy of a trial, and it is almost sure of success. Why, it is almost an insult to common sense to state that men were capable of judiciously breeding and rearing blooded colts, and could not train them. They have nothing to do but to exercise their common sense in the matter, together with their book information, to make it complete with a very little experience. And how much better is this than the common set rules of ignorance and obstinacy without one ray of *thought* or *theory*.

However, I would not wish to detract any thing from the well merit-

ed fame of many able and well informed trainers in our country ; but they are beyond the reach of any but the rich and powerful.

EXPEDITION.

DEER STALKING.

The beautiful engraving of a Forest Joust which forms one of the ornaments of this number of the Register, is from a picture of EDWIN LANDSEER, painted to illustrate an elaborate work upon "The Art of Deer Stalking" by WILLIAM SCROPE, Esq. The volume is a large royal octavo of four hundred and fifty pages, published in London, in the highest style of art. The wealth and the concentration, so to speak, of English sportsmen, are such as to encourage and reward works of this description, so that England, with the luxury of Field Sports pursued in all their variety and on the most princely scale, unites a literature devoted peculiarly to the subject, and illustrated by men of the highest note in literature and art. The work before us, and to which we are indebted for the extracts which follow, is embellished with a great number of spirited and delicious pictures, presenting the incidents of Deer Stalking (or Hunting as we should call it) in their most attractive aspects. Save the one which has been engraved for us by DICK, in a style only inferior to the original, the illustrations are upon stone, but printed in three colors, according to an improvement in the art of Lithography, recently invented by Mr. HARDING. It is not probable that the prospect of a sale of the work in America will ever authorize its publication here, whilst the high price of the English edition will keep it out of general circulation. On this account we have indulged our taste in selecting from it with more freedom than we should have done, were the book likely to be much known. So finished is the style, and so general the interest of the whole,—blending, as it does, free disquisitions upon the habits of deer and the breeds of dogs, with descriptions of scenery and full details of the actual sport the author has enjoyed,—that the reader would readily have forgiven us had we gone still further into extracts.

But to give the reader an adequate idea of the work is almost impossible by mere extracts, though we have made the attempt, assisted by a paper in the London Quarterly, which alone of English periodicals, has done it justice. With this acknowledgment we shall, without reserve, connect the extracts which we may make, with the remarks of the Reviewer where they may suit our purpose. It may be proper to satisfy the curiosity of the reader as to the author of the work, and his opportunities for pursuing the sport of Deer Stalking, before entering upon the book itself.

MR. SCROPE, to whom we owe the first satisfactory description of this noble diversion, is an English gentleman of high birth and extensive fortune, whose many amiable and elegant personal qualities have been commemorated in the diary of Sir WALTER SCOTT. MR. SCROPE, the representative and heir of the Lords SCROPE of Bolton—to whose peerage also, we believe, he is fully entitled—is well known, among other things, as an amateur painter, second only (if second) to the late Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT. Like Sir GEORGE, he has also cultivated literature throughout life with zeal and success; in some departments, indeed, especially Italian poetry, he has not many rivals. From youth upwards he has combined with these pursuits such an enthusiastic perseverance in the sports of the field, as may well entitle him to be classed with the classical prototypes of the Yorkshire graduate. Sir HUMPHREY DAVY did not go beyond him in skill as a fisher, nor does Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY as a fowler; but his circumstances have enabled him to carry on these amusements in a style of magnificence which neither of them ever dreamt of; and he has added consummate mastery in a more rare and difficult department. He is allowed, we understand, *nem. con.*, to be the first gentleman deer-stalker now extant.

It may give some notion of Mr. SCROPE's style of proceedings to state that, some ten or twelve years ago, he was tenant at one time of three noble residences and two boxes besides, in different parts of Scotland, all for sporting purposes. Yet wherever he might be found, an ample library was sure to be found under his roof, and some splendid picture was in progress. One of these fixtures was Bruar Lodge,

within the forest of Atholl, and it is to his experience, acquired there during ten successive seasons, that we owe his elegant work.

The first extract we shall make is a vivid illustration of the scene so beautifully drawn by LANDSEER, and called by Mr. SCROPE the "Forest Joust." It describes the habits of the Deer when in season.

It is remarkable for how short a time deer continue in season in the cold climate of the north, owing to the backward vegetation, and the causes already alluded to. In warmer climates they come in sooner; and we are informed by Aristotle that, in Greece, the rutting season commenced in the beginning of August, and terminated about the end of September.

In Scotland this season varies slightly, according to the weather; if mild and warm, the deer do not rut so soon; but, if the weather is cold and frosty, the harts are brought forward earlier; indeed, it is quite surprising what a few cold nights will effect in this way.

About the end of September, and the first week in October, the harts swell in their necks, have a ruff of long wiry hair about them, and are drawn up in their bodies like greyhounds. They now roll restlessly in the peat pools till they become almost black with mire, and feed chiefly on a light colored moss, that grows on the round tops of the hills, so that they do not differ so entirely from the rein-deer in their food as some naturalists have imagined.

In this state of rutting they are rank, and wholly unfit for the table. Such deer a good sportsman never fires at; but many may be found at this time, not so forward, but perfectly good; and they are, of course, easily distinguished. This is a very wild and picturesque season. The harts are heard roaring all over the forest, and are engaged in savage conflicts with each other, which sometimes terminate fatally. When a master hart has collected a number of hinds, another will endeavor to take them from him; they fight, till one of them, feeling himself worsted, will run in circles round the hinds, being unwilling to leave them; the other pursues; and, when he touches the fugitive with the points of his horns, the animal thus gored, either bounds suddenly on one side, and then turns and faces him, or will dash off to the right or the left, and then at once give up the contest. The conflict, however, generally continues a considerable time; and nothing can be more entertaining than to witness, as I have often done, the varied success and address of the combatants. It is a sort of wild joust, in the presence of the dames, who, as of old, bestow their favors on the most valiant. Sometimes it is a combat *à l'outrance*, but it often terminates with the effect of the horn of Astolfo. In solitary encounters, there being no hinds to take the alarm, the harts are so occupied, and possessed with such fury, that they may be occasionally approached in a manner that it would be vain to attempt at any other time. From the summit of a mountain, in Atholl forest, I once saw two harts in fierce contention, in a mossy part lower down the hill. I came into sight at once, not expecting to see deer in the situation in which these happened to be. I could neither advance straight forward nor retreat, without danger of giving the alarm. One possibility alone was open to me; this was to get into the glen to their right, when I should be entirely hidden from their view, and then come up, concealed by the hill, as nearly opposite to them as possible. I was certainly a very considerable

distance to the north of them, but my position was so bad that I looked upon my chance as a mere nothing. I lay down, however, flat on my back, amongst the rugged and loose stones of Cairn-marnac, with a rifle in my hand; Thomas Jamieson, with the other rifles, placed himself behind me in the same uncomfortable position. We had a full view of the deer for some time, so that with their ordinary vigilance they would undoubtedly have seen us; the stones, however, formed an uneven outline, which was in our favor, and thus we did not absolutely attract their notice. Whilst the stags were fiercely engaged, we worked our way down on our backs, looking askance: when they rested for a space—and sometimes they would do so on their knees, from mere exhaustion—we moved not a limb; and in this manner we wormed ourselves gradually into the glen, not without certain uncomfortable bruises. Then being out of sight, we sprang up, and made the best of our way to the point immediately below them; and moving cautiously up the hill, which was sufficiently steep for our purpose, we came all at once in full view of one of the combatants, who was then alone; he sprang off at full speed, but all too late for his escape, for my ball struck him dead on the spot. His antagonist, I imagine, had been beaten off. I expected to have killed them both. A conflict of this savage nature, which happened in one of the Duke of Gordon's forests, was fatal to both of the combatants. Two large harts, after a furious and deadly thrust, had entangled their horns so firmly together that they were inextricable, and the victor remained with the vanquished. In this situation they were discovered by the forester, who killed the survivor, whilst he was yet struggling to release himself from his dead antagonist. The horns remain at Gordon Castle, still locked together as they were found. Mezentius himself never attached the dead body to the living one in a firmer manner.

We have not space to go further into the habits of the Red Deer, as they are so admirably described by Mr. SCROPE, than to extract the following passage, which is a key to the whole art of Stalking.

Deer, except in certain embarrassed situations, always run up wind; and so strongly is this instinct implanted in them, that if you catch a calf, be it ever so young, and turn it down wind, it will immediately face round and go in the opposite direction. Thus they go forward over hill tops and unexplored ground in perfect security, for they can smell the taint in the air at an almost incredible distance. On this account they are fond of lying in open corries, where the swells of winds come occasionally from all quarters. I have said that deer go up the wind; but, by clever management, and employing men to give them their wind, (those men being concealed from their view,) they may be driven down it; and in certain cases, they may easily be sent, by a side wind, towards that part of the forest which they consider as their sanctuary. It is to be noted, that on the hill-side the largest harts lie at the bottom of the parcel, and the smaller ones above; indeed, these fine fellows seem to think themselves privileged to enjoy their ease, and impose the duty of keeping guard upon the hinds and upon their juniors. In the performance of this task, the hinds are always the most vigilant, and when deer are driven, they almost always take the lead. When, however, the herd is strongly beset on all sides, and great boldness and decision are required, you

shall see the master hart come forward courageously, like a great leader as he is, and, with his confiding band, force his way through all obstacles. In ordinary cases, however, he is of a most ungallant and selfish disposition; for, when he apprehends danger from the rifle, he will rake away the hinds with his horns, and get in the midst of them, keeping his antlers as low as possible. There is no animal more shy or solitary by nature than the red deer. He takes the note of alarm from every living thing on the moor,—all seem to be his sentinels. The sudden start of any animal, the springing of a moor-fowl, the complaining note of a plover, or of the smallest bird in distress, will set him off in an instant. He is always most timid when he does not see his adversary, for then he suspects an ambush. If, on the contrary, he has him full in view, he is as cool and circumspect as possible: he then watches him most acutely, endeavors to discover his intention, and takes the best possible method to defeat it. In this case he is never in a hurry or confused, but repeatedly stops and watches his disturber's motions; and when at length he does take his measure, it is a most decisive one: a whole herd will sometimes force their way at the very point where the drivers are the most numerous, and where there are no rifles; so that I have seen the hill-men fling their sticks at them, while they have raced away without a shot being fired.

When a stag is closely pursued by dogs, and feels that he cannot escape from them, he flies to the best position he can, and defends himself to the last extremity. This is called going to bay. If he is badly wounded, or very much over-matched in speed, he has little choice of ground; but if he finds himself stout in the chase, and is pursued in his native mountains, he will select the most defensible spot he has it in his power to reach; and woe be unto the dog that approaches him rashly. His instinct always leads him to the rivers, where his long legs give him a great advantage over the deer-hounds. Firmly he holds his position, while they swim powerless about him; and would die from cold and fatigue before they could make the least impression on him. Sometimes he will stand upon a rock in the midst of the river, making a most majestic appearance; and in this case, it will always be found, that the spot on which he stands is not approachable on his rear. In this situation he takes such a sweep with his antlers, that he could exterminate a whole pack of the most powerful lurchers, that were pressing too closely upon him in front. He is secure from all but man; and the rifle-shot must end him. Superior dogs may pull him down when running, but not when he stands at bay.

We must extract the pith of one day's actual operations; but we feel that the reader cannot, after all, enjoy Mr. SCROPE's text in perfection, unless he has the engravings also before him. These are done from drawings, some by the author, some by Mr. EDWIN LANDSEER, some by his brother CHARLES—which is the best it is hard to say; and Mr. HARDING's new invention of the colored lithography gives a striking richness of effect. But to our book. *Tortoise*, be it observed, is Mr. SCROPE's own *nom de chasse*—alluding, we believe, to occasional visitations of gout, against which surely no man ever struggled more gallantly:

Tortoise and Peter Fraser now laid down their rifles on the heather, put their caps in their pocket, and crept forward on their hands and knees to a large granite block; then cautiously peering over its summit, they began to examine the ground with their telescopes steadily poised upon it.—“Well, Peter, I can see nothing but those

eternal hinds on the Mealowr, and not a good hart among them ; the ground is quite bare ; so jump up, and let us get round the east of the Elrich, and see if there is any thing in the Corrie.—Maclaren, what are you glowing at ?”

“ Why, as sure as deid, I had a blink of a hart lying in the bog by the burn under the Mealowr. But my prospect is foul ; he is lying beyond that great black place in the bog, joost in a line wi’ thae hinds wha are on the scalp of the hill aboon.”

“ And a noble fellow he is, Maclaren ; I can just see his horns and the point of his shoulders. It is a glorious chance ; for, once in the burn, we can get within a hundred yards of him, and that is near enough in all conscience.—Here, Lightfoot, look at the fine fellow : pull off your cap, and rest the glass on the stone.”

“ Not the semblance of a deer can I see ; but I’ll take your word for it : I dare say he is there, since you say so. And now explain to me how you mean to get at him : communicate, my good fellow ; for it seems by all your caution, that even at this distance you dare not show a hair of your head.”

“ Creep back, then, behind the hill, whilst I mark the very spot in the burn which is opposite his lair.—Well, now I will tell you :

“ We must go all round by the east behind yon hill, and then come up at the notch between yon two hills, which will bring us into the bog ; we can then come forward up the burn under cover of its banks, and pass from thence into the bog again by a side wind, when we may take his broadside, and thus have at him. It would be quite easy to get at the hart, if it were not for the hinds on the top of the hill ; but if we start them, and they go on belling, the hart will follow them, whether he sees us or not. * * * *

“ Well, Lightfoot, you have come on capitally ; and have hitherto been able to walk like a man, with your face erect towards heaven. But now we are below the hill we must imitate quadrupeds, or even eels, for an hour or so. You have promised most faithfully to comply with my instructions ; so pray walk and creep behind me, and carry yourself precisely as I do. Be like unto the dotterel, who, according to the worthy and veracious Camden, stretches out a wing when the fowler extends his arm, and advances his leg when the said fowler puts forth his corresponding limb. Above all, be as silent as the grave ; and when you step upon stones, tread as lightly as a ghost. If your back aches insupportably, you may lie down and die ; but do not raise yourself an inch to save your life, precious as it is. Now let us put our caps in our pockets. Heaven bless me ! do not raise up your hair with your fingers in that manner. I assure you, my good fellow, that just at present it would be much more becoming to be bald, or to wear your hair like King Otho.—Maclaren, you will remain here, and watch the deer when I have fired. Sandy, follow you at a proper distance with the dogs ; and come you along with us, Peter, and take the rifles. And now, may lads, be canny.”

The party then advanced, sometimes on their hands and knees, through the deep seams of the bog, and again right up the middle of the burn, winding their cautious course according to the inequalities of the ground. Occasionally the seams led in an adverse direction, and then they were obliged to retrace their steps. This stealthy pro-

gress continued some time, till at length they came to some green sward, where the ground was not so favorable. Here was a great difficulty : it seemed barely possible to pass this small piece of ground without discovery. Fraser, aware of this, crept back, and explored the bog in a parallel direction, working his way like a mole, whilst the others remained prostrate. Returning all wet and bemired, his long serious face indicated a failure. This dangerous passage, then, was to be attempted, since there was no better means of approach. Tortoise, in low whispers, again entreated the strictest caution ; " Raise not a foot nor a hand ; let not a hair of your head be seen ; every thing depends upon this movement. This spot once passed successfully, we are safe from the hinds."

He then made a signal for Sandy to lie down with the dogs ; and placing himself flat on his stomach, began to worm his way close under the low ridge of the bog ; imitated most correctly and beautifully by the rest of the party. The burn now came sheer up to intercept the passage, and formed a pool under the bank, running deep and drumly. The leader then turned his head round slightly, and passed his hand along the grass as a sign for Lightfoot to wreath himself alongside of him. " Now, my good fellow, no remedy. If you do not like a ducking, stay here ; but for Heaven's sake, if you do remain, lie like a flounder till the shot is fired. Have no curiosity, I pray and beseech you ; and speak, as I do, in a low whisper."—" Pshaw ! I can follow wherever you go. and in the same position too." " Bravo !—here goes, then. But for Heaven's sake do not make a splash and noise in the water ; but go in as quiet as a fish, and keep under the high bank, although it is deeper there. There is a great nicety in going in properly ; that is the difficult point. I believe it must be head foremost ; but we must take care to keep our heels down as we slide in, and not to wet the rifles.—Hist ! Peter ; here lay the rifles on the bank, and give them to me when I am in the burn."

Tortoise then worked half his body over the bank, and stooping low, brought his hands up on a large granite stone in the burn, with his breast to the water, and drew the rest of his body after him as straight as he possibly could. He was then half immersed, and getting close under the bank, took the rifles. The rest followed admirably. In fact the water was not so deep as it appeared to be, being scarcely over the hips. They proceeded in this manner about twenty yards, when the ground being more favorable, they were enabled to get on dry land. " Do you think it will do ?" " Hush ! hush !—he has not seen us yet ; and yonder is my mark. The deer lies opposite it to the south : he is almost within gun-shot even now."

A sign was given to Peter Fraser to come alongside, for they were arrived at the spot from which it was necessary to diverge into the moss. In breathless expectation they now turned to the eastward, and crept forward through the bog, to enable them to come in upon the flank of the hart, who was lying with his head up wind, and would thus present his broadside to the rifle when he started ; whereas, if they had gone in straight behind him, his haunches would have been the only mark, and the shot would have been a disgraceful one. Now came the anxious moment. Every thing hitherto had succeeded ;

much valuable time had been spent ; they had gone forward in every possible position ; their hands and knees buried in bogs, wreathing on their stomachs through the mire, or wading up the burns ; and all this one brief moment might render futile, either by means of a single throb of the pulse in the act of firing, or a sudden rush of the deer, which would take him instantly out of sight. Tortoise raised his head slowly, slowly, but saw not the quarry. By degrees he looked an inch higher, when Peter plucked him suddenly by the arm, and pointed. The tops of his horns alone were to be seen above the hole in the bog ; no more. Fraser looked anxious, for well he knew that the first spring would take the deer out of sight. A moment's pause, when the sportsman held up his rifle steadily above the position of the hart's body ; then, making a slight ticking noise, up sprang the deer ; as instantly the shot was fired, and crack went the ball right against his ribs, as he was making his rush. Sandy now ran forward with the dogs, but still as well concealed by the ground as he could manage. "By heavens he is off, and you have missed him ; and here am I, wet, tarred, and feathered, and all for nothing ; and I suppose you call this sport."

Fraser now went on with the hounds in the leash, sinking, and recovering himself, and springing from the moss-hags, till the dogs caught sight of the hart, and they were slipped ; but the fine fellow was soon out of the bog, and went over the top of the Mealowr. All went forward their best pace, plunging in and out of the black mire, till they came to the foot of the hill, and then with slackened pace went panting up its steep acclivity.—"Hark ! I thought I heard the bay under the hill.—No ; 'twas the eagle ; it may be he is watching for his prey. Hark again : do you hear them, Peter ?"—"I didna hear naething but the pleva ; sure he canna win farther forrat than auld Heclan ; he was sair donnered at first, but he skelped it brawly afterwards : we shall see them at the downcome."

True enough they did ; for when they passed over the hill to the south, the voice of the hounds broke full upon them, and they saw the magnificent creature standing on a narrow projecting ledge of rock within the cleft, and in the mid course of a mountain cataract ; the upper fall plunged down behind him, and the water, coursing through his legs, dashed the spray and mist around him, and then at one leap went plumb down to the abyss below ; the rocks closed in upon his flanks, and there he stood, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold.

Just at the edge of the precipice, and as it seemed on the very brink of eternity, the dogs were baying him furiously ; one rush of the stag would have sent them down into the chasm ; and in their fury they seemed wholly unconscious of their danger. All drew in their breath and shuddered at the fatal chance that seemed momentarily about to take place.—"For Heaven's sake, Lightfoot, stay quietly behind this knoll, whilst I creep in and finish him. A moment's delay may be fatal ; I must make sure work, for if he is not killed outright, deer, dogs, and all, will inevitably roll over the horrid precipice together. Ah, my poor, gallant Derig !"—"May your hand be steady, and your aim true, for my nerves are on the rack, and yet I must own that it is the most magnificent sight I ever beheld ; bayed by two furious animals, and with the death shot in his fair body, the noble—

the mighty-hearted animal still bears up undaunted."—Tortoise listened not, waited not for these remarks, but crept round cannily, cannily, towards the fatal spot, looking with extreme agitation at every motion of the dogs and deer; still he dared not hurry, though the moments were so precious.

Of the two dogs that were at bay, Derig was the most fierce and persevering; the younger one had seen but little sport, and waited at first upon the motions of the older, nay, the better soldier; but his spirit being at length thoroughly roused, he fought at last fearlessly and independently. Whenever the deer turned his antlers aside to gore Tarff, Derig seized the moment to fly at his throat, but the motions of the hart were so rapid that the hound was ever compelled to draw back, which retrograde motion brought him frequently to the very verge of the precipice, and it was probable, that as he always fronted the enemy, he knew not, or, in the heat of the combat, had forgotten the danger of his situation.

The stag at length, being maddened with these vexatious attacks, made a desperate stab at Derig, and, in avoiding it, the poor dog at length lost his footing,—his hind legs passed over the ledge of rock, and it now seemed impossible for him to recover himself.

His life hung in the balance, and the fatal scale appeared to preponderate. Still his fore legs bore upon the ledge, and he scraped and strove with them to the utmost; but, as he had little or no support behind, he was in the position of a drowning man, who attempts to get into a boat, and, being also, like him, exhausted, the chances were considerably against him. In struggling with his fore legs he appeared to advance a little and then to slip back again, gasping painfully in the exertion; at length he probably found some slight bearing for the claws of his hind feet, and to the inexpressible relief of every one, he once more recovered his footing, and sprang forward at the deer as rash and wrathful as ever.

Tortoise had at length gained the proper spot,—the rifle was then raised,—but when all hearts were beating high in sudden and nervous expectation of a happy issue, the dogs were unfortunately in such a position that a shot could not be fired from above without risk to one of them, and the danger was fearful as ever.

Three times was the aim thus taken and abandoned. At length an opening; the crack of the gun was heard faintly in the din of the waterfall;—the ball passed through the back of the deer's head, and down he dropped on the spot without a struggle.

The representation of this noble stag at bay on the brink of the cataract, with one dog hanging to the rim of rock by its fore legs, is certainly as good as any thing that LANDSEER ever gave us. We presume he was the tyro *Lightfoot* of the day's sport, which we shall now extract entire. Though long, it is interesting and characteristic of the style in which Mr. SCROPE has executed his task, mingling his instructions with the practice of the sport. It likewise contains a scene which would seem to be the identical original of LANDSEER's picture.

The lord of the forest had now determined upon having a grand deer-drive to Glen Tilt, and *Lightfoot* was invited to make one of the party; thus, in a short time, this fortunate sportsman had an opportunity of seeing every variety and description of this interesting chase. That the show of deer might be as ample as possible, Tortoise had

instructions to commence his cast at the remote parts of the forest, kill what he could, and get forward as many deer as he was able : he therefore dispatched all his men to Bruar Lodge over night, that they might be fresh and ready for the morrow's sport ; a time was fixed for his meeting the foresters from Glen Tilt on Scroin-a-cro, when he and his men were to take the command of the right wing of the drive.

This animating sport was always enjoyed by anticipation ; and you might easily read in the happy countenances of the guests at Blair, that something highly pleasurable and exciting was now about to take place. When John Crerar and the foresters were summoned to the corridor over-night, curiosity rose to the highest pitch. Something positively awful was going on—was Glen Croinie to be driven, and would any one be suffered to go with the drivers ? This great mystery was seldom solved over night ; nor could it be so with certainty, as a change of wind must necessarily cause a change of operations. But on the destined morning each sportsman had clear and distinct instructions, and his proper station allotted to him ; some of the old ones, however, who were knowing as to the currents of the air, and acquainted with the passes, were apt to finesse a little, and ingratiate themselves into the most favorable positions. These gentlemen might be seen, at the dawn of day, walking about the castle, and noting the precise direction of the clouds.

Modern hunting-parties in Glen Tilt, although not on so extensive a scale as those in days of yore, when nobles went forth with all their retinue, and the whole scene had as much the appearance of a military display as of a hunting excursion, were yet of a liberal, exciting, and lordly character. Parties of hill-men were sent forth, at a stated time, to form a semicircular line on the mountains, and press the deer down the crags into Glen Tilt, which they usually crossed, and then went forward, reeking and steaming, up the heights of Ben-y-gloe.

There were several stations in the glen, in which the various sportsmen were concealed, and from these no one was permitted to stir till the deer had fairly passed them. These drives took place only when the wind was favorable, and, at such a time it was pretty easy to calculate at what hour the deer would come in sight.

It was not unusual for the drivers to collect a herd of five or six hundred head ; and, occasionally, when they came down into the glen, broke into parcels, and turned back upon the drivers, the scene was splendid and animated, and the firing became very general ; after the shots, dogs were turned loose, for the chance of bringing some of the fat sluggards to bay, and an excellent one it was.

Sportsmen, whose discretion and forbearance could be relied upon, were occasionally sent with the drivers, one at each wing, but it was their duty to consult the general sport, and not to get forward and fire, unless deer broke fairly out, lest they should turn the whole herd.

A scene so full of novel interest caused many a fluttering heart on the previous day, and many a feverish dream at night. Visions of deer, perhaps, came and vanished amidst broken slumbers ; then the restless sleeper was lost and bewildered amongst mountains and torrents ; then came a sudden start, as if falling from a precipice ; lastly, and, oh, worst of all ! an attempt to pull the trigger at a monstrous hart, without being able to effect the explosion of the rifle.

At length the shades of night pass away, and the morning breaks forth fair and beautiful.

The first who started for the sport were Tortoise and his men, of whom Jamieson was the chief—a fine, straight, sinewy, well-favored man he was, with as good wind, as cool judgment, and as quick an eye for deer as any man on the hills. They had slept, as has been noted, at Bruer Lodge, about nine miles north of Blair, that they might begin at the outskirts of the preserved part of the forest. As soon as the morning mist was dispersed, they were breathing the fresh air on the summit of Ben Daigr, sitting upon the red stones, and prying with their glasses into every part of the vast forest that lay expanded before them,—more especially and minutely examining those places that were under the wind, the warm corries, and the best pastures. They had hitherto seen nothing but hinds; but, as such gear only spoil sport, they took care to give them their wind, and send them out north, that they might at once get rid of them.

It was now far on towards the rutting season; and, as the party advanced, and looked over the Elrich, they saw a parcel of hinds with a master hart, who had made this very Turkish collection for his sole individual gratification; these were to be kept, as they were obtained, by the strong antler. Like the Athenians in their prosperity, these martial fellows acknowledged no law but that of force.

Whilst the hart was walking proudly with the hinds, a hoarse roar comes over the ridge of the hill; it is the menace of war—nearer and louder it falls upon the ear; and, lo! the angry rival appears on the sky-line. He halts upon a projecting crag, swelling, jutting out his neck, and drawing himself up to his full proportions. Having now screwed up his courage to the sticking-place, he turns aside, and winds down the moss, bellowing and tossing abroad the heather with his antlers, his wrath seeming to increase as he moves onwards; his dauntless adversary sends back a loud defiance, and rushes forth to meet him in fair combat. The hinds wheel their ranks, and stand, with curious gaze and erect ears, to witness the joust,—and now the combatants meet brow to brow, butting and goring each other with great fury, till at length their antlers are fairly locked together. After some violent struggles they extricate themselves; and, being well matched, and quite exhausted, both sink upon their knees, and rest a space in that posture, still antler to antler. Somewhat revived by this brief cessation, they set to again, till the intruder, being at length forced backwards to the edge of the precipice, and feeling himself worsted, turns quickly aside, and fairly takes to flight, but runs in circles round the hinds, as reluctant to leave them. The victor follows close at his heels, goring him in the haunches; ever as he is touched he starts aside, till at length, beaten and jaded, he fairly gives up the contest, and gallops away, still hotly pursued.

Whilst this chase after the fugitive was continuing, in comes another hart from the opposite quarter; but no sooner had the victor heard his bellowing, than he returned to secure his hinds, and quickly drove this gay gentleman away, who took to his heels incontinently, being a beast of no mark or likelihood.*

* This law of "*deus fortiori*" is an admirable provision of nature for keeping the stock from degenerating

After this amusing spectacle was over, these deer, being of no service to the drive, were suffered to go into Glen Dirie.

The party, now having ascended to the summit of Coir-na-miseach, crept forward cautiously behind a ridge of ground, and got a view of that immense basin called the Culreach. Instantly, as they looked below, there was a whisper of caution; they crawled back on their hands and knees, sunk the hill again, and posted themselves on safe ground. They had seen the deer, which were scattered up and down the hill sides, some grazing, others basking in the morning sunbeam, fat and lazy, whilst the jealous hinds were so disposed as to prevent any sudden inroad upon their position. Some of them kept to the wind, and others were continually looking towards those points from which they could not profit by it.

Jamieson now went back to take a minute inspection of the whole herd. He soon returned with an expression of eager excitement,—“‘There are several good harts,” he said, “in the herd on the eastern face of the hill;” but (added he,) “there is a small parcel below us, and, as sure as deid, the great Braemar hart is among them—there is him and a small hart and five hinds a’ thegither. and I’m thinking that he is so high up on the face o’ the hill, that he may be pit over, and ye may hae a chance at him at last.”

“Capital news, Thomas, and a glorious thing it will be if it should turn out so, for he is a hart of a thousand; but are you sure it is the muckle deer after all? The Braemar hart, who has foiled us twice, has a very sleek body, with high horns, not widely spread, and only eight points. You should know him well—are you sure it is him?”

“I could pick him out from aw the harts in the forest, and gie evidence against him, for he is a wary beast, and we have had sair work wi’ him, he has led us mony a mile!”

Dispositions were now made for getting the herd forward into Glen Croinie; this was easily done, though it took up some time, for it was necessary to place a man towards the east, and another to the north, the sportsmen remaining on the western hill. These men soon arrived at their stations, and came forward at the concerted moment, working well together. So distant were they, that they could scarcely be discerned through the telescope. The herd soon took the alarm, and began to put themselves in motion. They drew closer together, the hinds gazed around them, and the harts, rising up from their lair, tossed up their antlers, and stood erect in their full proportion. As the hill-men advanced slowly and cautiously, the deer closed, and went forward leisurely; they then made a halt on the face of the hill, and formed into a beautiful group; but, as the drivers persevered, they drew out into a long string, and went at an easy pace up the steep towards Glen Croinie; arrived at the summit, they mended their pace, and each deer galloped over the scalp of the hill as if all the rifles of Atholl were at his heels, so that, in a few moments more, the whole herd were fairly in the glen.

There never had been the slightest doubt of the success of this operation: all Tortoise’s anxiety leaned towards the small parcel which contained the great Braemar deer. When the general alarm took place, these stood and gazed like the rest, and advanced some way, as if to join them; till at length, when they made off, the proud

leader stopped for a space, tossed up his antlers, and, disdaining to follow the servile herd, turned up the western face of the hill where Tortoise was lying: as he went forward, the rifle-man advanced also, preserving the wind, and just keeping sight of the points of his horns from over the brow of the hill.

The hill-men, seeing the favorable course he was likely to take, did their utmost to make him persevere in it. Every thing looked propitious; but still it was uncertain whether he would come out from the hollow at a favorable point of the hill, or go over the easy swell, where it would be impossible, from the nature of the ground, to come within distance of him; indeed, he seemed inclined to do the latter. What an anxious moment was this for the rifleman! who can tell what hopes, and what dire apprehensions shot rapidly across his mind, when he saw the pride of the forest almost within his reach? forward he came, bounding and pitching up the hill, casting his broad shadow on the green-sward, and followed closely by his companions. As yet, his course is dubious;—now he bears more to the west, and races along, as it seems, rather in sport than in fear;—by heavens! he nears the rifleman:—on for your life and make your push! With bent body, but with rapid steps, Tortoise ducked down, slipped suddenly back behind the eminence, and then went forward at the top of his speed. The horns, which he never lost sight of, are seen approaching the hill-top—down again crouched the rifleman for a moment, till the course of the deer was decided; then another swift movement below the hill brought him within distance, just as the magnificent fellow had passed the summit, and was descending into the opposite glen.

Tortoise's breast had been in a tumult, but it was lulled in a moment—

“Che sue virtuti accolse,
Tutte in quel punto, ed in guardia al cor le mise.”

He stopped suddenly, like a bolt that had hit the mark;—stood firm—clapped his rifle rapidly to his shoulder, and fired just as the hart was disappearing from his view.

“Habet,—he has it—he has it, Jamieson; I heard the smack of the ball true enough.”

“Hurra, he lags behind! Now then, let go Tarff: quick—quick, Sandy; lose not a moment; quick, for your life, man; we cannot wait till he falls out: come here, Jamieson; I, and my men must join the general drive, or the deer will break out; so take you one of the rifles, and finish that fine fellow as he goes to bay in Glen Mark: you will have no time to return, so do not attempt to come back up Sroin-a-cro or Cairn-Marnoch; you will be more useful in the glen by keeping the deer in on that side. You can come in at Auk-mark-moor. Away with you.”

And away went the stout hill-man, bounding over moss and hillock, till in a few minutes he sunk down from the view.

“Hark! I hear the baying of the hound: now it dies away:—Do you hear it now, Sandy?”

“No, I did not; I heard naething but the corbie.”

“Look with your glass, then, whilst I load.”

“Hey! what a sight; I never kent the like o’ it afore.”

“Why, what do you see, man?”

"Why, sure the deer is chasing Tarff all ower the moss, and Tarff is rinnin awa joost a-head o' him;—I never kent the like. Now the hart stops—now Tarff is at him again: ah, take care, Tarff!—Now the deer has beaten him aff, and is rinnin after him again."

"I see it all myself, Sandy, with the glass; and I see, too, that one dog, be he what he may, can never manage that deer; so let go Derig, for he has heard the bay, and will soon be up with him." And so, indeed, he was: glen and mountain now resounded with the raging of the deep-mouthed hounds, till at length the vexed quarry broke down the river Mark, and then, turning aside and skirting the Brae, stood before a huge mass of rock that was anchored on the mountain side: thus posted, he boldly faced his antagonists. Thrice did the ferocious Derig spring aloft in the air, and fly ravenously at his throat, and thrice was he driven back with unmitigated fury. Maddening with rage, the fine animal rushed forward, raking and stabbing with his antlers, and gave chase, in his turn, to his enemies. It was a novel sight to see the noble beast act on the offensive. The war, when it ceased on the side of the stag, was again renewed by the hounds, who, although wounded and bleeding, ever returned stoutly to the charge. In vain was the rifle at hand, for the dogs were ever springing at the throat, in the way of the ball. And now, see, the bay is again broken, and away they go, right up the steeps of Ben-y-venie.

"Here we can tarry no longer, for the Duke's men are approaching; but it matters not, for Jamieson will inevitably bring that noble fellow down, though he will give him some trouble, and perhaps occasion the death of my good hounds.

"Well, Peter Fraser, here you are at last: when are we to start the deer?"

"At one o'clock exactly; and aw the men are round towards the east, under Charlie Crerer's command: then there's George Ritchie the fiddler at Cairn-y-chlamain; and Macpherson will gang doon Glen Croinie. The Duke trusts to you and yer men to pit ower the deer from the wast."

And now the stately herd began to crown the summits, and were soon descried from the glen, hanging on the sky-line in long array. Those in the van, gaze steadily on all sides,—onward move the others in succession, their horns and bodies looming large against the sky. Heavens! what a noble sight; how beautiful, how picturesque! See how they wind down the crags, with slow, and measured steps; now hidden, and now re-appearing from behind impending masses of rock: now the prudent leader halts his forces, and closes up his files; those in advance are scrutinizing the glen, whilst the rear-guard, wary and circumspect, are watching the motions of the persevering drivers. As the men come forward in a vast semicircle, the herd begin to mend their pace,—calves, hinds, and harts, come belling along, and wind down the oblique paths of the steep, putting in motion innumerable loose stones, that fall clattering over the crags.

The glen wore the appearance of utter solitude; but the sportsmen were lying in ambush in various parts of it, under the impending banks of the Tilt, behind fragments of rock, or in some cleft or position which screened them from the gaze of the deer.

And now how many bosoms were throbbing at this splendid spec-

tacle, and what fitful changes from hope to despair, agitated individual sportsmen, as the herd approached, or deviated from their particular position.

Beset upon their flanks and upon their rear, and seeing no obstruction in the wild forest before them, after long and deep misgivings, they take their desperate resolution: down they sweep in gallant array,—dash furiously across the meadow, and plunge right into the flashing waters of the Tilt. Hark how their hoofs clatter on its stony channel! Onward they rush,—the moss-stained waters flying around them, and are fast gaining the opposite bank.

Their course being thus decidedly taken, the lurking riflemen spring up at once, like Clan Alpine's warriors, and rush forward on all sides.

Those who were fortunate enough to be near the spot of crossing, had fair chances; for though some of the herd were cut off and turned back to the west, yet so long a string passed across the glen, that they had time to fire, and load, and fire again.

Many rifle-men came in, breathless, from more distant stations; some in time, and others all too late. Several shots were fired in distance, and out of distance, with various success; and the skirmish for a short space was pretty brisk on all sides. The herd, having fairly crossed the rocky channel of the Tilt, scampered away at a prodigious rate, and went forward, reeking and steaming, right up the face of the great mountain.

“Quick, quick, uncouple the lurchers.”

The dogs spring from the leash, strive and press forwards; but are half blown before they come up with them. The herd now collect into a dense mass, each deer wedging himself into it as he finds he is the particular object of attack. Not a single hart fell out; and the hounds at length returned, with slinking countenances and drooping stems,—lolling out their tongues, they lie panting on the green-sward.

The sport however had been excellent; the Duke of Atholl (always the most skilful and successful of the party) killed three first-rate harts; our friend Lightfoot two, decidedly: two more were killed, as your rustic grammarian has it, somewhat promiscuously; and the old sportsmen also did considerable execution, selecting their harts with great tact. Moreover there were slain three hinds, that nobody would own to, and an exceedingly promising young fawn, repudiated also by all.*

And now let us go back to Tortoise, and see if he was idle all this time. No, not so; for a few harts and hinds broke over to the west, and, as the general sport was already secured, he used his pleasure with them. He had only two rifles, the third having been given to Jamieson to kill the deer at bay; he came well in to them, and, at the first shot, slew a noble hart; but there was another in the parcel still superior, which had been running on the opposite side: as the men got forward, the little herd came sweeping round over the open ground, towards Clashtyne, describing the segment of a circle.

*It was considered a disgrace, as has been elsewhere intimated, to kill hinds and fawns; a stranger, not aware of this, wrote to thank the late Duke of Gordon, for a day's deer-shooting in Gawick; intimating how happy his Grace would be to hear of his success, for that he had wounded a hind, and killed an exceedingly promising young fawn.

"Lord! Lord! that black deer*: hey what a deer! There, there, that black deer! Ou, he is ower far."

The words were scarcely out of Peter Fraser's mouth, ere the shot resounded in the hills. The hart was running swiftly, at about one hundred and fifty yards distance, or "by'r Lady," somewhat more, but quite clear, and the ball seemed to smack against the centre of his body.

"Sandy, Sandy, the doegs, the doegs,—quick, quick, mon! Lord, will ye never come forrat? Let go Shuloch. Here, Shuloch, Shuloch."

Away went the gallant old hound, upon his traces.

"And now he is safe enough; and we will leave him to Jamieson, who will meet him at bay, as he comes down Glen Mark, where he will assuredly go. So leave Sandy to Gralloch, and bleed the other deer; and let us keep on down the hill, in case the great herd should be turned, and endeavor to come back over Auk-mark moor. They went over the ridge, however, in beautiful style, their backs all reddening in the sunshine; and they must, and will, cross the glen if every one keeps concealed till the right moment. Hark, I hear a shot?—Another, and another,—glorious! Come along, Peter, skim down the mountain like a swallow: surely some of the herd will turn back upon us. There, there—Charlie Crerer is running like an ostrich. Ah, Charlie, Charlie, it wonna do; they are fairly past you, and will pass us too, but not without a shot."

One rifle, in fact, was discharged by Tortoise as they swept by, and one more hart lay plunging in the heather.

"Now, then, let go Percy and Douglas after the others; and we shall send down a deer or two to the Tilt, which will make a noble day's sport.

"Bravo, Percy, bravo! See, he has taken out one hart, and Douglas another; they are sinking the hill, right down to the Tilt. Sit down whilst I load, and listen to the bay. I hear it sure enough now—it is Percy's bay.† How he makes the valley ring; I should know his deep tongue from a thousand. He must be just above the marble quarry. Hark! that is his death-shot, and from the Duke: for no one else would fire at a deer at bay whilst his Grace was in the glen. We shall soon know this, for a few minutes will bring us within sight."

And now, as they bounded down the brae, the whole line of carriages, gillies, and sportsmen, broke full upon their view. That glen heretofore so still and silent, awoke at once into life and animation. A large party had collected round Marble Lodge, and made a most picturesque appearance. Here a successful sportsman came, triumphantly galloping upon a mountain pony; and, far in his rear, riding at a dejected pace, loitered some unhappy wight, whose balls had been somewhat too busy with the heather. The wild gillies, soiled and heated with toil, were running to and fro in their blue bonnets and plaided kilts, some leading the good deer-hounds in the leash, with panting sides and flagging sterns; others, with fresh dogs, trotting lightly along, and looking up the mountain to the right and left, with keen gaze and half elevated ears. Nobles and kerns were mixed, and talking together with that good fellowship and equality, which a com-

* Black from rolling in the mire.

† Percy and Douglas are at present in the possession of the Marquis of Bredalbane.

mon interest in an animated pursuit so generally and so happily occasions. Or, if there was any ascendancy (always setting aside the Lord of the Forest), it was vested in John Crerer; so true it is, that "it is place that lessens and sets off." He was the Belarius, to whom the noble sportsmen looked up with deference and respect.

Three stout ponies, with redundant manes and shaggy coats, came slowly winding down the glen, each with a magnificent deer corded on his back. Tortoise had gone rapidly forward, with a fresh dog and a hill-man, in quest of Douglas, and the deer: faintly he has heard the bay; now it peals louder and louder, as he rounds the wooded promontory.

"Now, speed thee, speed thee, Sandy; quick to the Duke, and tell him we have a noble hart at bay; this torrent and these cliffs he himself cannot gain, but say I will break the bay, and get him down to the Tilt, where he shall surely die the death. Lose not a moment, for time presses. Nay, never go round by the bridge, man,—the river, though swollen, is still fordable here, and will not wet you above your waist; plunge through at once. Well done, stout Sandy, you bear yourself like a true man."

Time, indeed, was waning fast, for it was long since the birchen-leaves had trembled and glittered in the sunbeams, and the golden splendor, which so lately slept upon the mountain-top, had already died away, consigning it to its own stern and rugged nature. The air was coming up the glen, dank and chill; hill, brae, wood, and precipice, were beginning to mingle in one universal melancholy mass.

The hart had got into the river Mark, just above the spot where it comes brawling into the Tilt; it was one of those deep chasms where the sunbeam never enters; in most places the rocks dropped steep, smooth, and shelving down to the flood. There were huge blocks of granite in the channel, and it seemed wonderful how the vexed animal could have got into the dark chasm in which he stood. But there he was—the torrent at his feet, and the long bony arm of a blasted birch stretched over him. Douglas stood baying at the point of a rock above, venting his vain wrath, and making stoops as if he would plunge down from that "bad eminence," but sensible of his danger, he as often drew back; various were the attempts he made to come in at some other place, but still he was obliged to return to his first position. Tortoise now came up with Croinie;—she was a most sagacious animal, and it was her custom to do the thing as coolly as possible, always running before the deer till she came to a convenient part of the river, when she turned in and headed him. This method she took in the present instance, and was soon swimming before his antlers.

But the stout animal would probably have remained immoveable in his position till the hound perished with cold and fatigue, had he seen no other enemies. Indeed, he seemed to hold both dogs in thorough contempt; but when Tortoise stood before him, for a moment he raised up his stately crest, and waved his broad antlers to the right and left, gazing restlessly around him, then plunged at once down the torrent, trampled upon the hound, and bounded out far below, gaining the open birch-copse that skirted the banks of the Tilt. The hounds kept on their course, following him through all his windings: arrived, at length at the steep banks of the river, with one brave bound he

gains the centre of the stream ; and there he stands majestic and firm, and in ready act to do battle. The hounds dash after him as best they may ; fain would they attack him, but in vain they stretch their powerless limbs : lightly does the hart regard them, as they are swept to and fro by the rapids, and can scarcely hold their own. But when he finds the taint in the air, and discovers sterner foes, he looks forward to the free mountains before him, and again, breasting the flood, strives every nerve to gain the heights of Ben-y-gloe. But, alas, it may not be, Douglas and Croinie gain fast upon his traces ; and, after a rapid wheel, he plunges again into the Tilt, and stops not, rests not, but down, down he goes, through pool, and over cataract, swimming, wading and rushing onward through the divided waters.—The dogs, close upon him, are borne down at times by the weight of the flood, but rise up again to the surface, undaunted and eager in the pursuit.

At length, and almost at the departure of daylight, the Duke comes forward with his good rifle ; one shot from that unerring hand, an echo dying away through the mountains, and see the fleet limbs fall powerless, and the dun carcass goes floating down the stream welling out the life-blood. The current bears it onward rapidly, jostling against the rocks, and wheeling in the eddies. In dash the kilted foresters in gallant style, stemming the flood, and stretching forth their arms in vain ; their daring was perilous, girt round and opprest as they were with the waters ; but still the deer bore past them, always just beyond their reach.

But at last McMillan came forward with the ropes and grappling hooks, and as the body of the hart swept round into an eddy of the stream, they were securely attached to it.

Out he was taken triumphantly, and there he lay on the greensward, bausy and sleek, the “ admired of all admirers.” Some praised his beautiful form, and held up his wide-spreading antlers ; whilst others (not oblivious of currant-jelly) began to handle him after the fashion of Parson Trulliber. Certain it is he enjoyed great posthumous fame.

But here comes Jamieson, hurried and heated with toil,—“ Well, Thomas*, have you finished that great devil ?” †

“ Yes, I got him on Ben-y-venie, where he went last to bay. But both dogs are wounded: Tarff not much ; but Derig, you see, is stabbed badly in four places ; and I doubt he may not recover.”

“ Ah, poor fellow, what terrible wounds he has in his chest and loins ; that in his side is not so bad, for I see the horn has only passed between his skin and his ribs. Well, my brave Derig, you shall go home in the cart, and be carefully looked after. And the great black deer, Jamieson, that Shuloch took into Glen Mark ; did you get him ?”

“ Quite easy ; he was shot through the body, and made but a poor bay.”

“ Capital ; we have made clean work of it, then, at last.”

* Thomas Jamieson lived formerly at Abbotsford, and came into the author's service many years ago with Sir Walter Scott's permission : he now acts as principal game-keeper ; and is in every way a most valuable servant.

† The author has kept the horns of this deer, which are splintered at the points by coming in contact with the rocks when the dogs escaped from the thrust.

Turfiana.

No II.

“Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his *legs*!”—ROMEO AND JULIET.

“Use every man after his desert and who shall ’scape whipping! Use them after your own honor and dignity! The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty: *Take them in*!”—HAMLET.

“’Tis not a year or two shows us a man;
They’re all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly!”—OTHELLO.

* * * * *

Where are my friends?—And Echo answers where!—BYRON.

IN the thirty-third No. of our Magazine (for January, 1834) will be found an article headed TURFIANA, the conclusion of which contained these words: “We shall not proceed with the disasters of the year just closed; the wounds are too fresh,—the sorrows too green, to allow of our touching upon them even with the delicate and impartial hand of an Historian.” Time, has now, however, winged his way not only over 1834, but is, in this eternal flight, already waving his never-folded pinions over 1839. The fresh wounds, therefore, to which we so piteously alluded, are dried into scars; and the sorrows then so green, are now, after being turned over and over, verdant no longer, but are stacked away! We propose to take up our goodly history of the great events on the Turf, at the very point at which our gentle natures shrunk from the detail; and to give a rapid review of successful horses—successful and unsuccessful men, and measures,—as closely and faithfully, up to the present period,—as our respect for feelings will allow, and our memories enable us to do.

The St. Leger of 1833, was won by a fine sound horse,—Rockingham; Mussulman (own elder brother to that subsequent *rascal* Mahometan) second. This event was a more than usually disastrous one, as the winner came out of a stable that had *two strings* to its bow. Mr. Watt had Belshazzar and Rockingham, both in the slips; the latter purchased at the recommendation of poor, dear, polished, candid, dead, Dick Shepherd the trainer, from Mr. Allen*. Belshazzar was a beautiful bloodlike animal, but Rockingham could *just* beat him in trials. No wonder ever filled human minds like that which occupied those of all betting men, as to which was the best horse. Mr. Ridsdale was certain, from what he considered “The Master’s Report,” that it was Belshazzar,—and he therefore took *that* line of country; followed of course by a select field of imitators, who conceived that this *Memnon-made* man could not be wrong about Mr. Watt’s two. A few *pedestrians* in this desperate chace, “had it from

* The manœuvring of the dear departed Dick in the purchase of this horse—the haggling about the price,—the vendor elevating the figure at every visit from the crafty trainer, would amuse our readers; but “this eternal blazon,” of equestrian auctioneering, “must not be, to ears of flesh and blood.”

Dick," that the brown colt was the one : and some, and amongst these "sound men and true," entertained a well-grounded opinion that both had a chance in a race like the St. Leger, where the trifle of superiority between them might be useless or foiled. Mr. Osbaldeston possessed a Lottery colt, called Tutor, in the race, which Robinson had long promised to ride ; the Belshazzar party thought that by getting this cool, ready, and eminent artist upon their favorite, they might obtain the advantage by a *head* ; and numerous, and ridiculously fussy, were the negotiations the night before, and the morning of, the race, between the party and the *Squire*, and the Jockey, to invite Jem Robinson to Belshazzar's Feast. But up to the eleventh hour, the Squire was irresolute, and at length, Jem, after putting on the diamond dress, abandoned it, and, in disgust, went all abroad with his private Tutor—and Tom Nicholson played *Harlequin*, with an activity of arms and legs, that quite bewildered the breath out of the splendid body of the mighty king of Babylon. Then, say you, "came the time of reckoning when the feast was o'er!"—not it!—Some dirty Doncaster notes went the usual rounds, from hand to hand, on the Wednesday morning ; and certainly an occasional handsome crisp *Threadneedle-streeter*, with what Theodore Hook calls, "the *Raspberry-tart mark*," in the lower left-hand corner, made its transit ; but generally payment, like hope, was quite sufficiently deferred to make the heart sick,—and transfers *by* the pennyless, *from* the pennyless, *to* the pennyless, was completed by dissatisfied whisperers—and the promise to "settle in town," or "at the October Meeting," or at the period when two "Sundays come together," was audible, in various groups, and in various parts of the room. Mr. Ridsdale was a wrathful loser,—having persevered, in spite of a message from *Richard*, "not to quit sight of the brown horse," and notwithstanding the same hint from his old colleague, Mr. Gully, and from the quiet, friendly owner, Mr. Watt. Several outsiders were rendered more perfect outsiders—a little Oxford-street Horse-dealer, quitted "the gay throng for the shade," as the song says,—to come out again when the sun shone, and again to retire when the weather became cloudy. A speculating clergyman too, who lent his too ready ear to a cunning *Young* man, put the saddle (with panniers) on the wrong horse—and was compelled to get into bill transactions, which must have cost him a pretty penny in the long run. Mr. Gill, Mr. Slater, and a small select circle of those who treat *Touts*, and have a friendly intimacy with those short-abortions in long gaiters, yclept stable-lads, *threw in*—but we rather apprehend that although the field promised well,—the harvest was miserably got in.

The year 1834, introduced to the turf one of the most splendid specimens of the English race-horse (when fit) that has carried a silk jacket triumphantly before the eye of that best of bricklayers and judges, Mr. Clarke, for years! Plenipotentiary had the powers of a dray-horse, with the speed of a Velocipede ; but, as if nature were determined ever to taint her fairest works with some infirmity, it was difficult, from some constitutional delicacy, to bring him clean through the perils and hardships of training. In the Spring Meetings he showed a touch of his quality by defeating Glencoe, (who subsequently won the 2000 guineas,) and fortunately he came well to the post on the

Derby day. Never was a race won with less difficulty, although there were some horses of a first-rate character to contend against. We have heard James Robinson say, that he, on Glencoe, tried Plenipo for speed twice in the race, and found it labor in vain. *Shillelah*, the crack of the Chifneys, who was, according to private trials, an Eclipse-and-a-half, good weight, managed to get second,—but we presume Robinson did not consider the £100 an inducement sufficient to weigh against the extra weight to be carried at Goodwood, for such an honor. Glencoe could have given Shillelah half a stone and beaten him. At Goodwood, Plenipo's character was still further raised by Glencoe winning the Cup easily, to the convulsive delight of Lord Jersey, who agonized a poor gentleman that was standing below him with a lame arm, which his lordship clutched so energetically at the *coming in*, that there were *two* lusty shouters at once!—Well.—The St. Leger approached,—arrived!—Plenipo had been trained in a park,—spikes in the ground were apprehended in the usual training grounds! Shots from rifles,—perforated roofs,—endangered pails,—fatal racks,—infected mangers and troughs,—all were talked of and guarded against—as though poor Plenipo were a *Louis Philippe* on four legs; and all the Betting Men and *Touts* were so many *Fieschis* and *Meuniers*, ready at every tree or bush to pour out the contents of an *infernal machine* upon a first favorite! Persons were only permitted, we understood, to see him by means of tickets; and these ticketed inspectors gave such an account of his manner of going, that losing was a word that, with reference to him, might be struck out of the Dictionary; and he rose to be the favorite, at 11 and 12 to 10 on him! The result of the race was; Touchstone, first; Bran, second; General Chasse, third; and Shillelah, fourth: and the *bullock*, as the favorite was now termed by some,—and the *robber* by others,—was no where! Mr. Batson, who, after the Derby, was one of the honored and honorable substantial old English supporters of the Turf, was now compelled, in the language of Iago, “to wear his heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at.”—His trainer, too, whose zeal and care were so distinguished and belauded at Epsom, was now found out to be addicted to drink and bad company; and it was impossible to surmise how much was realised by the loss. The fact was, we believe, that the horse could not, after the Derby, take the sound work necessary; and that hence arose the park and ticket mummery,—and hence it was, that he was consequently on the St. Leger day, fitter for an exhibition at Sadler's Repository, at Christmas, or to be hung up at Giblett's, with a rail between ribs and ribs, than to be used at Doncaster Race Course. It is most possible that the animal might have been drugged, “for where's that palace, whereinto foul things sometimes intrude not?” but if he had been untouched—untainted by human vice,—he could not on that day have “gone like the wind,” from the want of it. To add to the disasters of this day, the Scotts were wrong about their stable. *Lady De Gros* was to “be called to the chair,” and she found many friends; and Touchstone therefore stood untouched, at 40 to 1. The end of this memorable year, therefore, was strewn with wrecks,—of small craft generally, we believe,—but still many books “went down,” and without our being able to report, “crew saved.”

The year 1835, was remarkable for the appearance of the Queen of Trumps at Epsom, occasioning the disappearance of several customary attendants at Tattersall's on the awful day, when a whole year's obstinacy or bad judgment undergoes a pocket punishment. Preserve had proved herself to be a real racing filly,—and was it to be conceived, that a Welch gentleman could breed an animal in Flintshire, of superior form and speed ;—train her “far, far away” from that Wantage “Epsom in England,”—possess in John Bleukhorne, a careful trainer and honest servant, to travel four questionable legs and bring them safely under Tommy Lye's saddle on *the* Friday. Preserve's winning, admitted of no doubt ; and, perhaps, Mr. Greville never looked at a race with greater confidence. Her Majesty of Trumps, however, found that there was a tide in the affairs of animals as well as men ; and those who saw the easy, full, agreeable flow of her action, at once saw that she took that tide “at the flood that leads on to fortune.” Her jockey appeared to ride well, for he had nothing to do but to keep his seat and pull ; so that we had none of his usual antics of flinging himself on the neck, or spurring the hips, or *setting-to* at the finish, which is nothing more than one foot of colored silk, and two of yellow leather, in convulsions ! We have placed the Oaks, however, before the Derby here, which was won by a clumsy horse called Mundig, in as clumsy a style as his form and action promised ; Lord Orford just escaping luck by a head, with Ascot ; a peril that he rarely draws so fine. Had the Queen of Trumps been in the race, she would have been undergoing the ungirthing at the judge's box, and snatching with her hind-leg at the gaping circle, when Mundig and Ascot were laboring up the straight run in, and ploughing past the plover's eggs, bottles of sherry, and Barouches ! In the St. Leger, the three were to meet ; and could it be supposed that Mundig or Ascot would have a friend, if the Queen remained in force ? Mundig, for a time, was first favorite ; and then it was found that Ascot, having James Robinson called to the judgment seat of the saddle,—would become a miracle or perform one. The running too of Preserve at Goodwood was first-rate, and ought to have determined every man of discretion and credit to write down no name but “Queen of Trumps” in his book, with the best figures he could invest it with. The Scotts nursed a good dark horse, “Hornsea,” for this event ; for, although he was in the Derby, he was not brought up from the north for that contest, and odds of all sorts and sizes were got on him, until he settled down at 2 to 1. Mr. Gully backed him cleverly in one bet, to the soreness of William Scott, who ever likes new men to work his mystery. The “Queen of Trumps” won the race easily, having been most carefully worked on loosened ground near Liverpool, and being brought to the post well and not weary. One or two tolerably-dressed intruders on the betting circles ;—permitted there on the strength of ringed-fingers, a crimson-backed book with gilt leaves, and a lead-pencil, aided too, as it was whispered, by the sanction of a gentleman who has long occupied the debateable ground of *hell-mobbism* and *swell-mobbism* ;—went against the favorite, and the race being “*unexpected*,” as the little levanter, Mr. Ripley, phrased it, took leave so hastily that they had not time to wish Lord George Bentinck, and a few of the select, good bye ! All bets on the great events are, as we all know, “play or pay,” so as they could not *pay*, they, as a matter of course

(race-course), took to *play*, and the retired force became haunters of all the doors in Leicester-square, the Quadrant, and Piccadilly, that stand ajar under very bright lanterns, with extremely forcible numbers painted on them. One brothel-keeper lost more than he thought it prudent to part with, and he therefore declaimed against the immorality and dishonesty of the turf and all its tribes, and having a family, he thought, as a husband and a father, that he was imperatively called upon to *stick to his business*. He now sends his daughters to school, minds the establishment and its dress-boarders, takes his wife to a meeting-house on Sundays, and is become "a thriving man!" The departure of a Finsbury attorney, originally from the north of England, for his *miss-deeds*, to America, was the only event that I remember as closing this year. He was devoted to the turf, and always had so much private information that he seemed to have windows in the breasts of John Scott, John Smith, and all the stable kings, by which "he could see their hearts!" Poor deluded Gentleman one, &c. He is now in a strange land, and, as Helen Macgregor says of her Rob-Roy, "has taken to the woods, and become a broken man!" We will however warrant us, that often in hours when he is hunting the "possum up a gum tree," or seeking the "raccoon in the hollow!" he is thinking of the *practical* phiz of Jem Bland, the pencillings of Justice, or the *debonating* offers of the lucky little Greatorex! What bliss it would be to him if one of those "airy voices that syllable men's names," would waft into his ear "1000 to 15 against Chimborazo!" or "7 to 1 against Lord Jersey's two." Would he were here, if it were only to tell us that annual secret, "which is the best of John Scott's lot!"

It would have been as well, perhaps, in the course of these pages, if we had, in each year, chronicled the deaths, and touched upon the characters, of those who have earned a notoriety through a connection either honorably, artfully, or disreputably, with racing. But as our limits will not allow us to bring our hasty sketch of the first branch of the subject to a conclusion in the present number, we will devote the short space which remains to us to a glance at one or two of those who are now *under* that which they were so long distinguished *upon*. The turf has its reverses with all grades of men, as well as its *betters*! The first that presents himself to our memory is Robert Stewart; as bold a speculator—as bad-tempered a whist-player,—as heart-created a gambler—and as honorable a man; as ever backed the Queen of Trumps in the morning, or turned her up at night. Rugged, absent, and uncouth, at the tables of others, he was, we have heard from indisputable authority, the most generous, hospitable and kind, at his own board.* His occasional incoherence, and abstraction of manner, arose from his brain being occupied with one all-engrossing subject. He thought only of the Turf; if he did not agree in opinion

* We have been credibly informed that at Mr. Stewart's table were often assembled many men that loved the pleasures of life, many that gave life and manliness to life, and many that made life pleasant! There might be seen Mr. Gully, the quiet, sensible, and natural gentleman. Mr. Harley, the actor in public and private. Capt. Barclay, who drove the Edinburgh Mail *clean* through from London, and *really* walked the 1000 miles in the 1000 hours; James Wallace, the enterprising and successful manager at the New York National. Mr. John Jackson, who, in the palmy days of his *calf*, "walked gaitered," and carried Herculean symmetry up the Strand: These, and others, who were good in various ways, congregated together, and squandered away the little hours. Well might they have exclaimed:

"What nights have we not
Seen at the Mermaid!"

with you, he did not try to convince you by argument, but he would "bet you £50 to £5 you were wrong." You were not *defeated* too, if such were your fate in a conversation—you were *distanced*. All his metaphors,—all his observations, smelt of the Racing Calendar. The works of Mr. Weatherby, were the only works he cared to read. The fat vellum leaves of the betting-book were those upon which he only cared to write; it is a literal fact, that, in his head there was a course longer than the *Ditch In*, or the *Beacon*, or any of the severer distances in elder racing days; for race-horses were unceasingly *running* in his head, from the first of January to the thirty-first of December! In early life he held a government situation in Somerset House, and some of his coadjutors there, have reason to speak highly of him. He was a liberal supporter of Tom Belcher and others of the prize-ring,—and hence, we apprehend, a friendship arose between him and Mr. Gully, which led to a long connection between them on the Turf, and which terminated but with Mr. Stewart's death.

In the year 1822, long remembered by Turf-men, as *Theodore's year*, Mr. Stewart was subjected to a severe and almost ruinous hoax of having a forged letter sent to him, as from authority, commissioning him to lay against *Swap*. He *got on* with courage and vigor; and oh, how different to the present *levanting* days, when he found that he was imposed upon, was his alarm, his agony, as to the consequences. He did not think of weathering out the storm, and reaping the advantages which, as the race turned out, he would have reaped; he manfully stated, and with tears in his eyes, that as the commission was an imposture, and he alone was answerable for the bets, he should, in case *Swap* won, be unable to pay. Many bets were cancelled, many hedged, and *Swap*, who was stated to have run in *too* tight shoes, was beaten early in the race. Mr. Stewart, then, and ever after, was the promptest to pay as a losing man, and the most considerate in relaxing the hours of payment in others, when himself a winner. From *Theodore's year*, he, for some time had races of wonderful prosperity. Barefoot's success, when *of course* Sherwood was defeated, was to him what George Robins calls, "a mine of wealth," and that little wiry son of Whalebone,—*Lap-dog*, greatly increased his wealth. Latterly he took *savagely* to play; and we should apprehend that thousands, were in the two or three last years of his life, lost "by the hazard of the die." He might truly have applied to himself the words of *Gay*,—"The *Road* hath done me justice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin!" The perpetual wear of the brain—the fever of the spirits, inseparable from the life of such a man as Mr. Stewart, clouded his last days, and he might be said to have broken up, more rapidly and painfully, than could have been expected. Poor Stewart! with all his faults of temper and manner, he has left a gap in the betting circles amongst men of honor, truth, and straight-forwardness, that will not easily be filled up!

In the year 1833, on the 23d of April, the day upon which Shakspeare died, also died another *Genius*, distinguished by sporting men, as "honest Frank Richardson." We noticed his death in the number for June of that year. Frank began life as a blacksmith, and ended it as a *blackleg*. He had a desperate bad year with Jack Spiggot, but he took time, and fortune permitted him to raise the wind. He was

a *leetle* awkwardly mixed up in the affair of Bessy Bedlam,—and we rather think Velocipede's lameness was a God-send to him. He was slightly suspected too of having something to do with *Gcloni*, and the lad in gaiters, started to make the false starts in Mameluke's race for the Leger; and he was also a *leetle* blended with the notorious Ludlow affair, when the famous *white-washing* inquiry went on at Doncaster. In fact, some of poor Frank's turf incidents, are almost melo-dramatic in their mystery. When *Green Mantle* won the Oaks, he denounced Charles Marson, the trainer, as the most perfidious of men; for that *Varna*, that ran second, was *arranged to have been the first*. Frank looked unutterable things, with those bleak moist grey eyes of his;—hitched and husked more than usual; and *threatened* letters! However, he is gone to his repose,—and unlike the character upon which we have previously dwelt,—he has left abundance of parties, ready,—and capable of taking his place.

We do not know the year, when the “smaller fry that swim in shoals”—of humble, industrious, travelling, betting men,—lost from their esteemed circle, old Billy Yeasley, who once *underwent* a fortnight's illness, or rather *physicking*, near Scarborough,—for the sake of being under the *care* of a medical man, who was passionately fond of back gammon. As the sick man felt getting better, he proposed to the medical man to play a *hit* for amusement: The latter, like Ollapod, “jumped at the offer!”—And, by the time Yeasley was convalescent, had lost two hundred pounds to his *patient*!—Long Tommy Swann also, a penurious old methodist,—who always brought his own brown bread with him when he came up for the Derby from the north;—never failed taking an advantage of a *green-horn* in the day,—nor of saying his prayers on his bony knees by the bed-side every night, is gone;—and old Jack Wray, the cocker,—who went the circuit as regularly as any barrister or judge of the land, is under the *sod*. These men never betted largely or openly in the ring; they were always for shooting “out-lying deer;”—at Newmarket they were infallibly waiting for “the young gentlemen from Cambridge;”—in London, they had a connexion amongst small law students and upper servants out of place,—and a lame or a dead horse was used by these old sharks with a pertinacious and profitable industry. With an anecdote respecting that religious daddy-long-legs, Tommy Swann, we must bring this paper to a close.* It ran, as we heard it, something in this fashion; but thoroughly to relish it, all our readers should convene a great public meeting at Exeter Hall, and invite our pleasant friend Wagstaff to *tell* the story; for, as George Colman says,—

“Sir Thomas's own sonnet,
Beats all that we can say upon it!”

Tommy one night—Tommy Swann,—one *Sunday* night at one of the meetings at Newmarket, slept in a double-bedded room with Wagstaff. Wagstaff saw Tommy *break down* upon his old knees and offer up his prayers. As soon as the latter got into his bed, Wagstaff began

* In our next number, we shall consecrate a few pages, as the old Unitarian John Bunce said, to the memoirs of Mr. Holliday, Mr. Jerry Cloves, Timmy O'Maher, Joe Bland, Andrew Simpson, &c.—All men, figuring, in their respective classes, conspicuously. O'Maher's life, from the *Vinegar-hill* time, when he was a Catholic priest, down to his last hours, would be the essence of incident and interest. Much is pressing forward for Turfiana!

to ask him how he betted on the morrow's race—"Come, lay me the odds, Tommy, against Ajax, (a horse in a stake the next day), lay me 60 to 10" (the real odds against the horse). Tommy replied, "Na! Na! Let be, lad,—gang to sleep Waggy! its Soonday noight,—gang to sleep!" Wagstaff pressed him.—Tommy appealed to the Sabbath, to his not wishing to bet.—"Gang to sleep, Waggy, I dunna want to lay:—where do you expect to ga?" At length, hard pressed, and apparently no rest being allowed him for the night, by his *Leg* in the other bed.—Tommy said, "Well, Waggy, and it moost be, it moost—I'll lay thee 50 to 20 again Ajax (the horse named) and Baby," (another animal named in the same stake). Wagstaff haggled at first, and subsequently closed with him, by taking the bet—and *he found in the morning that Baby was DEAD!*

London (New) Sporting Magazine.

THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. XI.

CAPTAIN DOLEFUL, ever anxious for the prosperity of the town, and for his own especial emolument, conceived that a hunt dinner on the night of his ball might have the effect of drawing divers rural parties to the town who would not otherwise honor him with their presence. No sooner was the project conceived than he hastened to communicate it to the worthy master of the hounds, Mr. Jorrocks. Of course, the eclat it would give to the hunt, and the brilliancy it would reflect on his mastership, were the main points Captain Doleful urged in favor of his proposal, and Mr. Jorrocks, nothing loath to indulge in a good dinner, especially where he was to play "first fiddle," readily came into the proposition, and accordingly the following advertisement was prepared for immediate insertion in the Handley-cross Paul Pry:—

"HANDLEY-CROSS FOX-HOUNDS!

"There will be a HUNT DINNER, at the Dragon Hotel, on the night of the Master of the Ceremonies' Ball, at which Members of the Hunt and the Public in general, are invited to attend.

"MR. JORROCKS IN THE CHAIR.

"Tickets, twelve shillings each, to be had at the bar of the Dragon Hotel up to five o'clock on Monday evening, after which none can possibly be issued."

Never was a happier device, or one more eminently successful. Not only did all the visitors of the place hasten to secure tickets, but people from great distances, Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Maidstone, Tunbridge, and even Rye, showered in their orders by the Post, and it soon became apparent that an overflowing bumper would be the result. The longest long room at the Dragon was soon declared inefficient for the accommodation of the party, and the masons and joiners were summoned to lay the adjoining bed-room to the end, which would afterwards be restored to privacy by the means of folding-doors. Then came the usual joining and fitting of tables, the measuring of table-cloths, the borrowing of knives, forks, glasses, salt-sellers, decanters, and waiters. Captain Doleful flew about the town like a lost

dog in search of its master. When Mr. Snubbins, the landlord of the Dragon failed in accomplishing a loan, the Captain exerted his authority in compelling one. What with his ball and the dinner he scarcely had time for his meals.

On the Monday he bespoke an audience with Mr. Jorrocks to put the finishing stroke to his arrangements. He was duly received in the dining-room of Diana Villa, where pens, ink, and paper, were laid for his coming. The dinner, he assured the worthy master, was calculated to make him eminent in the eyes of all men, and most materially to aid the financial department of the hunt. "There will be," said he, "a gathering from all quarters. Men from every point—sportsmen of every shade and grade are about to assemble, and if you can manage to tickle the fancy of each with a speech, so as to make him believe his favorite sport is the best, there is no saying but in the happy mood most men are when pleased and half drunk, you may draw a good many into becoming members or subscribing."

"There can be no difficulty whatsoever at all," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "in making them a werry 'andsome speech—beautiful speech, I may say, but in course they can't expect me to tell them that I think any sport better than 'unting."

"Why as to that," rejoined Captain Doleful, "it makes little odds what a man says on an occasion of this sort, especially a chairman, whose first care should be to put every one in good humor with himself; and if you were to outstep the real facts a little for once, no one would ever think of throwing it in your teeth on a future occasion;—for instance now, Captain Lengthways, the great courser from the Isle of Thanet, has written for tickets for three,—himself, his son, and a friend,—in order that he may have the honor of making your acquaintance, and then of presenting his son in due form. Of course you will take an early opportunity during the evening of buttering him, by introducing as a toast the beautiful sport of coursing, which you may say is one of the most classical and elegant of field sports, and say that it is one which you feel a peculiar pleasure in proposing, inasmuch as you have been given to understand that one of the most distinguished patrons of the leash has honored the Handley-cross Hunt dinner with his presence, which affords you an opportunity of coupling with the sport the name of the gallant Captain Lengthways, and of course the toast will be responded to with a heavy round of good Kentish fire, which will lay the Captain open to the insinuating applications of Mr. Fleeceall, and you may reckon him, if not his son also, a member of your hunt for a year at all events, especially if you get him to pay the money down on the nail."

"Humph!" said Mr. Jorrocks, turning it over in his mind whether he could do such violence to his feelings as to praise the sport of coursing, or call it *sport* at all, for the sake of the three sovereigns he would get by Captain Lengthways becoming a member of the hunt. Nothing daunted, Captain Doleful proceeded with his enumeration and recommendations. Mr. Trippitt and the famous cricketer from Winchelsea will most likely come. He was the founder of the Winchelsea Cricket Club, which beat John Bailey's club at Lord's the year but one before last—you should toast him and his club together, and of course you would string a lot of sentences together in praise of the

game of cricket, which you are doubtless aware is becoming a most popular game all over England. There is Mr. Ringmore, the quoit player from Lewes, and loads of people who have some hobby or other for their private riding, who should all be toasted in turn."

"Werry well," said Mr. Jorrocks, "there cannot be not never no objection whatsoever at all, to saying something pleasant and soapy of all the various amusements, but it is werry difficult and inconvenient to have so many cut and dried speeches, as well as one's dinner, aboard at the same time. If I could manage to couple two or three of them together—such as coursing, fishing and fiddling, for instance—it would suit my constitution better."

"That would not do," replied Captain Doleful, "because one of the objects in singling out a sport or diversion to give as a toast is the circumstance of some patron or follower being at table, who will make a speech in reply; but if you club two or three together, not only will you fail in getting any one to consider the toast as a compliment, but no one will rise to acknowledge it; because, though he may be a keen follower of one branch of sport, he may care nothing about the thing you couple with it—You understand?"

"Then we must jest dot down wot we think should be given," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "and also wot I should say, for it is far more than probable, indeed I should say it is most likely, that in the heat and noise, and lush and flush, and one thing and another, I shall forget one half of the toast, and possibly give the coursing man to the fiddling feller, or the cricketer instead of the quoit-player." Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks took pen and paper, and proceeded to draw out his list of toasts.

"In course, 'the Queen, and her stag 'ounds,' will come first," observed he, writing the words at the head of a long slip of paper—adding "bumper toast, Kentish fire." "Do you think there will be any staggering sinner there to acknowledge the toast?"

"Probably there will," replied the Captain, "at all events, if there isn't, I would say a few words in return, as it would not look well to let the toast pass without saying something on behalf of our young and virtuous Queen. I can acknowledge it, as vice-president, and also as holding her Majesty's commission."

"Well, then," said Mr. Jorrocks, "let's see what should come next? Should n't it be the 'Andley-cross Fox-'ounds, and my werry good health?"

"No—that will be too soon. The chairman's health should never be given until the company have had a few glasses of wine to elate them for shouting. Besides, your health will be the toast of the evening, and things always become flat after that is given, and perhaps the company will begin to disperse."

"Werry well—any thing for a quiet life—what shall we put then?"

"Why, Mr. Strider, the great racing man of these parts, will most likely come; and if so, you should give the 'Turf. Besides, he is a very likely man to become a member of the hunt, if not to subscribe, now that there is a regular master, his only excuse for not doing so when the committee had the hounds being that he did n't like partnership concerns in any thing but race horses."

"The 'Turf, and Mr. Strider's good health!" Mr. Jorrocks wrote

down—adding the words—“improve breed of ’osses—promote sport—lower orders—mount cavalry—lick the world,” as the headings for his speech.

“Come now, jog on,” said Mr. Jorrocks, looking at the nib of his pen, “we’ve only got two toasts ready as yet—should n’t we give Fox-’unting?”

“Oh, certainly,” replied Captain Doleful, “that is a general toast, and acceptable to all; besides, Mr. Yarnley will be at the dinner,” observed Captain Doleful. “He has two capital covers, and one capital speech, which he likes letting off. Write down ‘Mr. Yarnley, and Promoters of Fox-hunting!’ for he does n’t hunt himself, and only preserves foxes in order that he may have his health drank at ordinaries and public dinners, when he tells the company how he always has preserved foxes, and does preserve foxes, and will preserve foxes, and so forth.”

Mr. Jorrocks then added Mr. Yarnley’s name to the list of toasts, adding the words, “proprietors of covers and promoters of fox-’unting,” and the following headings for a speech—“Considerate gentleman—free from selfishness—good example.” “We should fire this toast, I think,” added Mr. Jorrocks, “especially as I suppose the gemman takes no rent for his covers.”

“I believe not,” replied Captain Doleful, upon which Mr. Jorrocks put the word “fire” after “good example.”

“Now coursing should come, I think,” remarked Captain Doleful, “and Captain Lengthway’s health. He’s a great man at the Deptford meeting, and thinks coursing the only sport worth following.”

“He must be a werry big blockhead then,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, laying down his pen and stretching out his legs as though he were going to take “the rest.” “A werry remarkable Jackass indeed, I should say. Now of all slow, starvation, great coat, comforter, worsted stocking, dirty nose sort of amusement, that same melancholy coursing is to me the most miserably contemptible. It’s a satire upon racing.”

“Never mind,” said Captain Doleful, “Lengthway’s guinea will be as good as any other man’s; and, as I said before, a chairman is not expected to swear to all he says—your business is to endeavor to please every one, so that they may all tell their wives and daughters what a most delightful, amiable, all in the ring sort of gentleman Mr. Jorrocks is.”

“Aye, that’s all werry good, but conscience is conscience after all, and coursing is coursing. It’s as bad as drinking the ’Andley-cross waters to have to praise wot one does n’t like. I’ll give the merry ’arriers, before coursing, howsomever,” said Mr. Jorrocks, putting down the words hare ’unting, “will there be any currant-jelly boy to return thanks? I’m sure there will, indeed, for I never knew a mixed party yet without a master of muggers among them.”

To this toast Mr. Jorrocks added the words—“nose—fine music—pleasant—soup. Now,” said he, “we’ve got the Queen and the staggers—Strider and the turf—fox-’unting—Yarnley and proprietors of covers—the merry ’arriers.”

“Put ‘coursing’ next, then,” said Doleful, “it will follow hare-hunting very well and be all in the soup line.”

“Well if you must have it, you must,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, writing

down the word "coursing—who acknowledges the toast—ah, Lengthways—*Captain*, I think you said he is? *Captain Lengthways*—a werry good man to return thanks for the long dogs—blow me if I knows what to say though in giving it." "Oh! say it's classical, and a fine bracing amusement." Mr. Jorrocks added the words "fine amusement."

"Well, that's five bumpers from the chair," observed *Captain Doleful*, "and now we'll let you take your breath a little—unless Mr. *Snapper* comes, when you must give pigeon-shooting and the triggers generally. I'll now toast the chair."

"The chair," wrote Mr. Jorrocks, "that's me. Kentish fire in course."

"Of course," replied *Captain Doleful*, "I shall butter you uncommonly."

"With all my 'eart—I can stand a wast of praise—not easily choaked I assure you."

"Well then, after that, and after your speech, which of course will be highly complimentary to the company, and full of promises of what you will do, you must propose my health—as master of the ceremonies of *Handley-cross Spa*."

"And as a great sportsman!" added Mr. Jorrocks.

"No, I'd rather not—the fact is, I only hunt on the sly. If the *Dowagers* thought I did not devote my whole time and energies to the town amusements, they would grumble, and say I was always out hunting instead of attending to the important duties of my post. No; just confine yourself to the M. C. department, not forgetting to insinuate that it is my ball night, and to express a hope that all the company will honor it with their presence; you might say something, apparently facetious, in the way of a hint about giving guineas for their tickets."

"Werry good," said Mr. Jorrocks, writing down "*Captain Doleful*, M. C., not sportsman—pleasant feller—nice ball—pumps in pocket—tickets at bar—guinea." "You'll be 'fired,' I suppose?"

"Of course," said the *Captain*—"all the honors—one cheer more if you can get it."

Cricketing, quoit-playing, shooting, badger-baiting, steeple-chasing, hurdle-racing, crow-shooting, and divers other sporting, extraordinary, and extravagant toasts were then added; some to fit people that were known to be coming, others put down to take the chance of any amateur of the amusement presenting himself unexpectedly at the table.

"Werry well now," said Mr. Jorrocks at last, dotting up the column of toasts with his pen, "that is two, four, six, seven, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen. Sixteen bumper toasts, with speeches both going and returning, to say nothing of shouting, which always tells on weak 'eads. Wot shall we say next?"

"Oh?" said *Captain Doleful*, in an indifferent sort of way, as much as to say the important business of the evening would be finished on drinking his health "why just pass the bottle a few times, or if you see a gentleman with a singing face call on him for a song; or address your neighbor right or left, and say you'll trouble him to give a gentleman and his hounds."

"A gentleman and his 'ounds," said Mr. Jorrocks, "but they'll have had a gentleman and his 'ounds when they've had me."

"Ah but that's nothing—'a gentleman and his hounds,' is a fine serviceable toast at a hunt dinner. I've known a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—serve chairman, vice-chairman, and company, throughout the live long evening, without the slightest assistance from any other source. Fox-hunters are easily pleased, if you do but give them plenty to drink. Let me, however, intreat of you above all things to remember my ball, and do not let them oversit the thing, so as not to get to it."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "I'll vip them off to you when I think they've had enough."

No. XII.

THE important night drew on, and with it came all the concomitant cares, excitements, and difficulties of a double-event. The interests of all hearts and minds were centred in that day. None looked beyond. The dinner and dance formed the boundary of their mental horizon. At an early hour in the afternoon numerous rural vehicles came jingling and dribbling into Handley-cross, with the mud of many countries on their wheels. Here was Squire Jorum's, the chairman of quarter sessions, green chariot, with fat Mrs. Jorum and three fat little Miss Jorums crammed inside, young Mr. Jorum having established himself alongside a very antediluvian-looking coachman, in dark drab, with a tarnished gold band on a new hat, who vainly plyed the thong and crop of a substantial half pig-driver, half horse-breaker's whip along the ribs and hind quarters of a pair of very fat square-tailed, heavy, rough-coated, coarse-headed, lumbering nags, to induce them to trot becomingly into the town. Imperials, a cap box, a maid in the rumble, all ensconced in band boxes, proclaim their destiny for that day. Captain Slasher from "Chatham, Stroud, and Rochester," with a hired barouche and four hack screws, all jibbing and pulling different ways—the barouche full of miscellaneous foot cornets in plain clothes (full of creases of course), dashes down East-street, and nearly scatters his cargo over the road, by cutting it fine between Squire Jorum's carriage and the post. A yellow dennet passes by, picked out with chalk, mud, and black stripes—two polar bear-looking gentlemen, in enormous pea-jackets, plentifully be-pocketted, with large wooden buttons, are smoking cigars and driving with a cane-handled hunting whip. Then a "yellow," with the driver sitting on the cross-bar, whose contents, beyond a bonnet and a hat, are invisible, in consequence of the window having more wood than glass in its composition, works its way up, and in its turn is succeeded by another private carriage with a pair of posters.

Then there was such a ringing of bells, a calling of waiters, a cursing of chambermaids, and blasting of boots, at the various hotels, in consequence of the inability of the houses to swell themselves out to three times their ordinary size, and accommodate the extraordinary influx of guests. "Very sorry, indeed," said Mr. Snubbins, the landlord of the Dragon, twisting a dirty duster round his thumb, "very sorry indeed, sir," speaking to a red-faced big-whiskered head, thrust out of a carriage window, "we are full up to the attics—not a shake down or sofa unoccupied; can get you a nice lodging out, if you like

—very comfortable.”—“D—n your comfortables, you lying thief—do you suppose I can’t do that for myself. Well, by gum, if ever you catch me coming to your house again I hope I may be ——.” The wish was lost by some one pulling the irate gentleman back into the chaise ; and after a short parley inside, during which three single gentlemen applied to Mr. Snubbins for the accommodation of a room amongst them to dress in for dinner ; the boy was ordered to drive on, and make the grand tour of the inns.

Weary, most weary were the doings at the Dragon. *Ring a ding, ding a ding, ding*, went the ostler’s bell at the gate—“room for a carriage and pair ?” “Whose is it ?” “Mrs. Grout’s !” “No, quite full !” The ostler muttering to himself, “Mrs. Grouts and two feeds—sixpence for ostler.” *Ring a ding, ding a ding, ding a ding, dong*—Ostler again—“coming out !” “Who now ?” “Squire Goose-ander ! four posters, piping hot, white lather, boys beer’y, four on to Hollins-hall, bait there, back to ball—sixpence a mile for good driving—out they come—there’s your ticket—pay back and away.”

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, went a little bell, as though it would never stop.

“WAITER !” roared a voice from the top of the house, that came like a crash of thunder after the insignificant precursor, “am I to ring here all day ? Where’s the boots ? I sent him for a barber an hour ago, and here I’ve been starving in my shirt-sleeves ever since.” “Now Jane, Miss Tramp wants her shoes.” “Where’s the chambermaid ?” exclaimed a gentleman, rushing half frantic down stairs, “here’s a man got into my room, and swears he will dress in it.” “Oh ! I begs pardon, sir,” replied the chambermaid, trying to smooth him over, “we really are *so full*, and I didn’t think you’d be coming in so soon.”

“Waiter ! somebody has changed my place at dinner ! I was next Mr. Walter Dale, and now they’ve put me below Mr. Barker’s—between him and Mr. Alcock—who the devil’s done it ?” “Boots ! Porter ! Boots ! run down to Mr. Ingledew the tailor’s—you know him, don’t you ? Corner of Hill-street—just as you turn off the esplanade—and tell him he’s sent me the wrong coat. Not half the size of my own—more like a strait-jacket than any thing else—and here ! desire Mrs. Kirtton to send some ball gloves for me to try on—lemon color or white—three and sixpenny ones.” “Lauk, I’ve come away and left Miss Eliza’s stockings, I do declare !” exclaims Jemima Thirlwell, Miss Eliza Rippon’s ladies-maid, pale with fear,—“what *shall* I do ? Never was any thing so unlucky—just took them to run my hand through and see they were all right, and left them hanging over the back of the chair. Know as well where they are as possible—but what’s the use of that when they are ten miles off ?” “Waiter, what time’s dinner ?” “Five o’clock, sir, and no waiting—Mr. Jorrocks swears he’ll take the chair at five precisely, whether its served or not,” adds the waiter, with a grin.

Then there was such work in the kitchen—Susan Straker, the cook, like all the sisterhood, was short in her temper, and severe and endless were the trials it underwent in consequence of the jingling and tinkling of the bells calling away the chambermaids who were to have assisted her in the kitchen. Then Mr. Jorrocks deranged her whole

system by insisting upon having a sucking pig and roast goose that she intended for centre dishes, right under his nose at the top of the table ; added to which, the fish were late in coming, and there wasn't half enough macaroni in the town as would make an inn dish.

"Now, Jun," said Mrs. Jorrocks to her loving spouse, taking a finishing look of our hero as he emerged from his bed-room, in the full dress uniform of his hunt, "see and conduct yourself like a gentleman and with dignity, and above all, keep *sobber*—nothing so vulgar or ungenteel as getting intosticated. Belinda and I will call for you at ten minutes past ten, to take you on to the ball ; for, in course, it can't commence till we come, and it wont be politeful to keep people waiting too long."

"Jest so," replied Mr. Jorrocks, adjusting a capacious shirt frill in the glass ; "Binjamin ! Benjamin, I say ! run and fatch the fly."

Mr. Jorrocks was uncommonly smart, all spic and span new. New sky-blue coat, lined with pink satin, finely starched white waistcoat, new canary-colored shorts, below which appeared a pair of splendid calves, encased in gauze white silk stockings, and his feet appeared in shining shoes with silver buckles. At either knee a profusion of white ribbon dangled in graceful elegance, looking for all the world like wedding favors. Benjamin, notwithstanding his boasting and taunting of Samuel Strong, knew his master too well, and the taste of his whip also, to attempt any of the exclusive tricks in the way of service, he gave himself credit for acting, and settling himself into his frock coat, and drawing on a pair of clean white Berlins, sufficiently long at the fingers to allow the ends to dribble in the soup plates, he wiped his nose across the left-hand one, and running away down to the stand, very soon had a fly at the door. Jorrocks stepped in, and Benjamin mounted behind with all the dignity of a seven-foot figure footman. Away they dash to the Dragon.

Notwithstanding the descent of a drizzling rain, and the "inclement season of the year," as newspapers phrase it, there was a crowd of servants, post-boys, beggars, and loiterers hanging about the arched gate-way of the Dragon to get a sight of our renowned hero alighting from his fly ; and great was the rushing and jostling to the door as it drew up. Mr. Snubbins the landlord, a choleric little man, with snub nose and a pimple on the end of it, had put himself into a white waistcoat, with his best blue coat and black kerseymere shorts, to officiate behind Mr. Jorrocks's chair, and hearing his name bandied about on his arrival, met him at the foot of the stairs with all-becoming respect, and proceeded to conduct him into the waiting-room. There was a strongish muster, but two melancholy mould candles, in kitchen candlesticks, placed on the centre of a large table, shed such a dismal ray about the room, that little was distinguishable, save a considerable mass of white, and an equally large portion of a darker color. Some thirty or forty members of the hunt, strangers and others, were clustered about, and there was a dull funeral-sort of hum of a conversation, interrupted every now and then by the recognition of friends, and the entrance of another arrival into the dingy apartment. Then there was the usual hiding of hats and cloaks—the secretion of umbrellas, goloshes, and sticks, and the expression of hopes that they might be forthcoming when wanted.

Meanwhile the savory smell of dinner fighting its way up the crowded staircase, in the custody of divers very long-coated postboys turned waiters, and a most heterogenous lot of private servants, some in top-boots, some in gaiters, some few in white cotton stockings, and the most out of the way misfitting liveries, entered the waiting-room, and the company began to prepare for the rush. All things, soup, fish, joints, vegetables, poultry, pastry, and game, being at length adjusted, and the covers taken off to allow them to get nicely cooled, Mr. Snubbins borrowed a candle from the lower end of the table, and forthwith proceeded to inform Mr. Jorrocks that dinner was served.

Great was the rush ! The worthy citizen was carried out of the waiting-room across the landing, and half way up the dining-room, before he could recover his legs, and he scrambled to his seat at the head of the table, amidst loud cries of " Sir, this is my seat ! waiter, take this person out."—" Who are you ?"—" You'r another !"—" Mind your eye !"—" I *will* be here !"—" I say you wont though !"—" That's my bread." Parties at length get wedged in. The clamor gradually subsides into an universal clatter of plates, knives, and forks, occasionally diversified with the exclamation of "*waiter!*" or " Sir, I'll be happy to take wine with you." Harmony gradually returns, as the dinner progresses, and ere the chopped cheese makes its appearance, the whole party is in excellent humor. Grace follows cheese, and the " feast of reason" being over, the table is cleared for the " flow of soul."

A long web of green baize, occasionally interrupted by the inequalities of the various tables, succeeds, and clean glasses with replenished decanters, and biscuit plates, for they do not sport dessert, are scattered at intervals along the surface. The last waiter at length takes his departure, and eyes begin to turn towards the chair.

" Mr. Wice !" roars Mr. Jorrocks, rising and hitting the table with an auctioneer's hammer, " Mr. Wice President, I say !" he repeats in a louder and more athoritative tone, amid cries of " Chair ! chair ! order ! order ! silence ! silence !" " I rises," says he, looking especially important, " to propose a toast, a bumper toast in fact, that I feels convinced you will all drink with werry 'earty satisfaction—it is the 'ealth of our young, virtuous, and amiable Queen (applause), a werry proper toast to give at a great sporting dinner like this, seeing as how she is a werry nice little 'ooman, and keeps a pack of stag-'ounds. Gentlemen, I need not tell you that stag-'unting is a sport of great h'antiquity, as the curiosity shopkeepers say ; but they couldn't do it in nothing like the style in former days that they do now, so in that respects we have the better of the old h'ancients. Who hasn't seen Frank Grant's grand pictor of the meet of the stag-'ounds on H'ascot 'eath ? That will tell you how its done now—French polish, blue satin ties, such as Esau never could sport. That's a pictor my bouys, and when I've 'unted your country to the satisfaction of you all, as I've no manner of doubt at all that I shall, then you subscribe and get Frank to paint me and my 'ounds. And now for the toast," added Mr. Jorrocks, raising a brimming bumper high in hand—" The Queen and her Stag-'ounds !" drank with a full and heavy round of Kentish fire. After resuming his seat a few seconds, during which

time he conned the next toast in his mind, Mr. Jorrocks rose and called for another bumper, just as Captain Doleful was rising to return thanks on behalf of Her Majesty.

"Mr. Wice," he roared out, "I rise to propose another bumper toast, and one that I feel convinced you will all be most 'appy to drink—We have just had the honor of drinking the health of the Queen, and that great national branch of sporting called 'stag'-unting; I now have to propose to your favorable consideration another and an equally important branch of British diversion, and one for which this country long has, and ever will, stand most preeminently conspicuous—I allude to the noble sport of racing (*hear, hear, hear*, from Mr. Strider, and a slight jingling of glasses from friends in his neighborhood)—Gentlemen, racing is a sport of great h'antiquity, so old, in fact, that I can't go back to the time when it commenced. It is owing to racing and the turf, that we now possess our superior breed of 'osses, who not only amuse the poor people wot can't afford to 'ut, by their running, but so improve our breed of cavalry, as enables us to lick the world (cheers). I am sure, gentlemen, you will all agree that racing is one of the noblest and most delightful sports going, and honored as we are, this evening, by the presence of one of the highest h'ornaments of the British turf," (Mr. Jorrocks looking most insinuatingly down the table at Strider, as much as to say, "that will do you, my boy.") "I feels assured I need only couple with the turf the popular name of Strider (loud cheers), to insure a burst of hearty and enthusiastic applause." Jorrocks was right in his surmise, for no sooner was the name pronounced, than there was such a thumping of the baize-covered tables, such a kicking of the floor, and such a shouting and clapping of hands, that the concluding words of his speech were audible only to our reporter, who was accommodated with a small round table and a large bottle of port, immediately behind the chair.

Captain Strider was rightly named Strider, for he was an immensely tall man, and drew himself out from under the table as though he was never going to end. He had a frightful squint, so that when he meant to look at the chair, one eye appeared settled half way down the table, and the other seemed to rest upon the ceiling. He was dressed in a round racing cut-away-coat, with basket buttons, drab trousers, and a buff waistcoat, with a striped neckcloth—He had made money by racing, and if he had done it honestly, he was a much belied man on the turf, but as he spent it freely, and not one man in a hundred cares to ask how it comes, he was popular in his neighborhood.

"He felt deeply sensible of the honor that had been done him by their distinguished chairman and that great meeting, not only by the manner in which his health had been proposed, but for the handsome compliment that had been paid to the great national and all enjoyable sport of racing, which he felt assured required no recommendation from him, as no one could partake of it once without being fully convinced of its infinite superiority and worth. He was happy to see that his humble exertions in the great and good cause had not been altogether thrown away, for in the list of races for next year, he saw many names that had never been put down before, and having now got a master of hounds, whose name was closely associated with every thing that was sporting and popular, he made no doubt things would

proceed in a true rail-way style of progression, and the name of Mr. Jorrocks would be followed by every well-wisher to that noble animal, the horse. 'The list of Chatham races for next year, he would take the liberty of handing up to the chair," producing, as he spoke, a long half-printed, half-manuscript sheet from his coat pocket, "and, in conclusion, he had only to repeat his most grateful thanks for the very distinguished honor they had done him."

Thereupon three-quarters of the orator disappeared under the table. The list passed quickly up, for no one ventured to look at it, lest a subscription should be inferred, and on its reaching the president, he very deliberately folded it up, and put it into his pocket. Mr. Strider looked all manner of ways except straight, at Mr. Jorrocks, who very complacently proceeded with his list of toasts. "Gentlemen," cried he, getting up again, "Mr. Vice-President and gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "the next toast is one that I feel assured you will drink with werry great satisfaction, and in a full bumper, with real Kentish fire.—It is the health of a gentleman now present, who though no fox-'unter himself, the more's the pity, is nevertheless a real friend to the sport, and not one of your nasty selfish warmints, who destroys foxes because he does not care about 'Tallihoing himself, but with most trumpish consideration, does his best to promote the sport of his friends and neighbors, thereby setting an example werry worthy of imitation by all, both great and small (cheers).—When I say it's the health of a gentleman wot gives a brace of covers, free gratis, all for nothing, to the 'Andley-cross 'Unt, your percussion imaginations will readily supply the name of Yarnley (loud applause), and I propose we drink in a full bumper, the health of Mr. Yarnley and all proprietors of covers and promoters of fox-'unting." This toast was drunk with very great applause, and some seconds elapsed before silence was restored—Mr. Yarnley then rose,—

He too, was a tallish man, but coming after Strider he looked less than he really was, added to which, a frock coat (sky blue, with pink lining), rather detracted from his height—His face was long and red, his nose very short and thick, and his hair very straight—"Mr. President and gentlemen," said he, very slowly, fixing his eyes steadily on a biscuit plate before him, "for the honor you have done me—hem—in drinking my health—hem—I beg—hem—to return you—hem—my most sincere thanks—hem—and gentlemen, I can only say—hem—that I have always been a friend—hem—to fox-'unting—hem (cheers)—and I always shall be a friend to fox-hunting, gentlemen (cheers)—which I am sure is a most agreeable sport (cheers)—hem, hem—and, gentlemen, I hope you will always find foxes in my covers,—hem (applause), for I can only say, gentlemen, that I do preserve foxes, gentlemen—hem (renewed applause)—and I always have preserved foxes, gentlemen,"—hem, hem—when Yarnley, seeming about brought up, the company cheered, and drinking off his heel taps, he concluded with saying, "and gentlemen, I always *will* preserve foxes!"

"Mr. Vice-President," roared Mr. Jorrocks, above the clamor that now began to prevail, as tongues became loosened with the juice of the grape, "Mr. Vice-President, having drank the first of all sports, let us not forget another werry pleasant branch of 'unting that many delight in who cannot partake of the other, and which is useful as well as

pleasant, I mean 'are 'unting—It is wot I call a werry nice lady-like amusement, and though we had no 'are soup at dinner, I makes no doubt we have some werry keen 'are 'unters at table for all that.—I begs to give you 'are 'unting and the merry 'arriers."

While Mr. Jorrocks was delivering himself of this eloquence, an evident uneasiness prevailed among divers fat, ruddy-faced gentlemen, chiefly dressed in single-breasted green coats, with bright buttons, and drab breeches, with woollen stockings, who were scattered among the company, as to who should acknowledge the honor that was done their calling, and gradually they turned to one sportsman near Mr. Jorrocks, who, bolder than the rest, returned thanks in a dribbling cold-hunting sort of speech, while some dozen stood up to signify their approbation of the sentiments of the speaker, and their sense of the honor that had been individually done them.

Coursing followed hare-hunting, according to previous arrangement, which Mr. Jorrocks described as a fine useful sport, and expatiated largely on the merits of "'are soup," and "jugged 'are."

Captain Lengthways briefly acknowledged the honor.

Doleful now began twisting his face into a variety of contortions, as the time approached for him to let off his cut and dried speech—He had it in notes under his biscuit plate, at least all the long words he was likely to forget, and now was the time for pouring them upon the company—"Gentlemen!" said he, in a shrill penny-trumpet sort of voice, hitting the table with his knuckles, "Gentlemen!" he repeated, without drawing the attention of the company to his upright position—

"SILENCE," roared Mr. Jorrocks, like Jupiter himself, and the noise was quelled on the instant:

"Gentlemen," repeated Captain Doleful, for the third time, "often as it has fallen to my lot to address meetings of my friends and fellow-citizens, never, no never, did I rise with feelings of such unmitigated embarrassment and trepidation, as I do upon the present occasion, for I rise to take upon myself the high and important honor of offering to one of the most distinguished and enlightened assemblies human being ever addressed, (loud cheers) a toast that no tongue can do justice in proposing, for it is the health of a man whose worth is superior to any form of words the English language is capable of supplying (immense cheers). "'Ookey Valker," said Mr. Jorrocks in an under tone,— "Gentlemen," continued Captain Doleful, "deeply conscious as I am of my own unworthiness and incapacity, I would infinitely prefer comprising the toast in the magic name of the gentleman whose health it is, were it not for the honorable and important office of master of the ceremonies of this unrivalled town, which renders it imperative upon me to attempt, however feebly and defectively, a slight portraiture of his unrivalled and surpassing worth. (cheers)—Gentlemen, whether I regard our great master in his private relation as a friend and companion, or look at him in that resplendent cynosure, formed by the mastership of the Handley-cross fox-hounds. I know not in which character I feel the greatest difficulty and barrenness of expression—the greatest paucity of words—of similitude—of fitting comparison (loud cheers). In the one, our estimable chairman is all mildness and beauty, like the blessed evening star; and in the other, all manly energy, boldness, daring, and determination, like the lion lord of the

forest, rampant for his prey!" (renewed cheers.) "'Ookey Valker," again said Mr. Jorrocks, blowing his nose—"Unbounded in his liberality—unbounded in his hospitality—unbounded in his urbanity, his private character is equalled only by his public one (loud cheers). They are like rival moons! opposition suns! (immense cheers). But, gentlemen, what boots it for a humble, unworthy individual like myself, to occupy your valuable time (cries of 'go on,' 'go on,') in attempting to do justice to a subject that, as I have already said, is above the reach of praise, above the power of words to accomplish; let me rather resume the place I humbly occupy at this festive board—resume it at least until my important avocations call me, and *you*, I hope I may add," grinning like a death's head upon the company, "to another, and equally enchanting scene; but, before I sit down, let me utter the magic words, 'health and long life to John Jorrocks!'"

The latter words were delivered in something between a screech and a yell, but, fortunately, the unearthly sound was immediately quelled by the instantaneous rising of the company, who, in the most uproarious manner—some standing on their chairs, others with one leg on a chair and another on the table—roared forth the most deafening discharge of Kentish fire that ever was discharged in the Dragon, while Mr. Jorrocks sat wondering how long it would last. After a lapse of some minutes, order began to be restored—the company gradually got shuffled into their seats, and filling himself a bumper of port, Mr. Jorrocks at length rose to return thanks.

"Well, now, dash my vig," said he, sticking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, "but my friend Miserrimus has buttered me uncommon (laughter and cheers). Never was so regularly soaped in my life (renewed laughter). A werry little more might have made one doubt his sincerity. I'm the man for all sorts of lark, and no mistake—one that goes the *extreme* animal—the entire pig—without a doubt. 'Unting is the foremost passion of my 'eart! compared with it all others are flat, tame, and unprofitable (cheers and laughter). It's not never of no manner of use 'unbugging about the matter, but there's no sport fit to hold a candle to fox-'unting (cheers from the blue-coated party). Talk of stag 'unting! might as well 'unt a h'ass—see a great lollopping beggar blobbing about the market-gardens near London, with a pack of 'ounds at his 'eels, and call that diwersion! My vig, wot a go (laughter). Puss 'unting is werry well for cripples, and those that keep donkeys (renewed cheers from the blues, with angry looks from the green-coated gentry)—Blow me tight, but I never sees a chap a trudging along the turnpike, with a thick stick in his 'and, and a pipe in his mouth, but I says to myself, there goes a man well-mounted for 'arriers! (immense laughter and uproar, in the midst of which the green party left the room)—I wouldn't be a master of muggers for no manner of money! (renewed laughter). Coursing should be made felony!—(Captain Lengthways looked unutterable things). Racing is only for rogues!—(Strider squinted frightfully). I never goes into Tat.'s on a betting-day, but I says to myself as I looks at the crowd by the subscription-room door, there's a nice lot o' petty larceny lads!"

Strider drew himself from under the table, and shaking a fist towards Mr. Jorrocks, while his eyes looked across, and down, and

round the room, every where but at the chairman, he stalked off, followed by Lengthways, and Lengthways's son, and a gentleman for whom Lengthways had paid, and brought Bodkin in the chaise, amid ironical cheers from the blues, who encouraged Mr. Jorrocks by the most vociferous applause.—“Believe me, my beloved bouys,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, perfectly unconscious of the movement, or the mischief he was doing, “that ’unting, ’unting, ’unting, is the sport! Oh,” said he, with up-turned eyes, “vot a martyr I am to the chase! It makes me perfectly mad—I dreams about it night after night, and every night—sometimes I’m tormented with foxes—I fancy I sees them grinning at me from all parts of the bed-curtains, and even sitting upon the counterpane. Then I kicks them off, and away we all go to the tune of ’eads up and sterns down. Presently I sees Binjimin a riding on a whirlwind, and directing the chase—Next minute I fancies myself on a pumped out ’oss, a heaving and sobbing in the heavy, not a soul with the ’ounds, who are going away with a fresh fox, I jest sees the ’unted one dead beat, a crawling down an ’edge-row—I outs with my ’orn, and blow me tight I can’t sound it! At another time, a butcher’s bouy without an ’at, comes tearing on a runaway tit right among the ’ounds who have thrown up in a lane, and the crashing and yelling is hawful. Again, I dreams, that jest as the darlings are running into the warmint all savage and bristling for blood, a flock of sheep cross their line, when every ’ound seizes his mutton, and then I sees a man with a long bill in his ’and, with a lawyer in the distance, making towards me, and then I avakes. Gentlemen; none but an ’untsman knows an ’untsman’s cares! But come, never mind! care killed the cat! vot’s the toast?” said he, stooping and looking at his list. “Ah! I sees,” reading to himself,—“Doleful, M. C., great sportsman, pleasant feller—Gentlemen,” he roared out, resuming an erect position, “pray charge your glasses—bumper-toast—no ’eel-taps, no sky-lights, but reg’lar downright brimming bumpers to the ’ealth of a man that shall be immortal—Gentlemen, if ever it was utterly impossible to do the right measure of genteel by any one, it is upon the present momentous crisis, when I rises to butter a man that is superior to butter—to oil a man that is Macassar itself. Oh! surely Doleful there,” looking at the vice-chairman, “is a trump and no mistake (laughter). Whether I looks at him as chief of the fantastic toers, or a leading sportsman of our brilliant ’unt, I doesn’t know which character is the brightest (immense laughter for all who knew Doleful, knew how perfectly innocent he was of sporting—Doleful himself began to make wry faces)—I loves him as a sportsman, though we all know he only ’unts on the sly; but then what a brilliant boy he is in a ball-room! Talking of that, gentlemen, this is his benefit ball night, and after we have had our twelve shillings-worth of liquor, I vote we should each spend a guinea with Miserimus. No one will grudge that trifle for a ticket to so valuable a trump—such a werry pleasant feller, and though guineas don’t grow upon gooseberry bushes, still you must all fork one to-night, for nobody goes in for less.” Doleful, on hearing Jorrocks put this finishing stroke to his hash, wrung his hands, and rushed out of the room, vowing as he went down stairs, that Jorrocks was the d—dest fool—the biggest ass—the greatest idiot—the stupidest sinner that ever came to Hand-

ley-cross Spa—"TALLIHO! gone away!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, as he saw Doleful bolt. "Hark back! hark back!" cried the company, but Doleful was deaf to the rate, and cut away home half frantic with rage.

Mr. Jorrocks resumed his seat, without finishing his speech, after which the bottles circulated freely among the blues, the only party remaining, to the stock toast of a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—until every man had given his sportsman. All these were getting very drunk, and Binjamin came to announce, for the third time within half an hour, that Mrs. Jorrocks was waiting in a fly to go to the ball and wouldn't stay any longer. "Then tell her to go," said Mr. Jorrocks, hiccuping, and you fatch the big bowl of punch that I told Snubbins to have ready. Gentlemen," roared he, "I'll sing you a song I made this morning for our 'unt, but first of all, one of you must take the vice-chair, and act Captain Doleful, because as how he's introduced in the song, and it von't run right without him." After some demur to personating such a humbug, the junior member of the hunt was installed in the vice-chair, and Benjamin making his appearance with a large well-scented, smoking bowl of punch, Mr. Jorrocks produced a sheet of foolscap from his pocket, and recited the following verses, some to one tune, some to another, taking care, however, to suit the action to the word, by dealing out the punch with a most liberal hand.

"Here, Binjamin, hand up the punch,
Bring us a jolly good bowl full—
I see by the way that you crunch,
Your throat must be dry Captain Doleful.

"Come, Binjamin, hand round the bowl,
The 'Handley-cross 'unt' is our toast of,
Though I say it myself, by my soul,
A better all England can't boast of.

"We'll drink it my lads, three times three,
So up on your pins my fine fellows,
And toss off your bumpers like me,
The moment that Binjamin bellows.

"Now, Binjamin, out with your voice,
Like the man you've heard "fine lobsters" selling,
'Twixt his and your own there's no choice,
When both are melodiously swelling.

(Benjamin gives out the toast with a stentorian voice.)

"The 'ANDLEY-CROSS 'UNT—*three times three!*
The 'ANDLEY-CROSS 'UNT, hip! hip! hip! sirs,
The 'ANDLEY-CROSS 'UNT!!! hark at me,
'Tis the best of all toasts that we tip, sirs.

"Tallyho! hoop! hoop! hoop and away,
Take the 'unts of all England around, boys,
A stouter or better I'll say,
Than the "'Andley-cross 'Unt' can't be found, boys

"Then, Binjamin, hand round the punch-bowl
Till the gentlemen-sportsmen are bowl full,
I see by the way that they munch,
That their throats are like yourn, Captain Doleful!"

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.—No. I.

BY AN AMATEUR.

THERE is probably no subject of more exciting interest to an Englishman than that which treats of any thing pertaining to the horse.—In this country you will meet but very few men who are not, in a greater or less degree, imbued with the love of field sports : and even those, who, from habits of business, accident, or any other cause, have not acquired that keen relish for these pleasures which men not bred in London or its vicinity usually display, will still, on beholding a fine horse, or in listening to the account of some brilliant run with hounds, and the feats of their followers, betray sufficient signs of animation to give sure token of a spirit lurking within which nothing, but circumstance has been wanting to bring to maturity.

We are essentially a nation of horsemen, and decidedly take the lead of all others in whatever relates to the breeding, management, and training of horses, either for the road, the field, or the turf. The love of horses pervades all ranks, from the Nobleman to the costermonger, and with very many of us is an inborn passion, which clearly manifests itself even in infancy, continuing to augment with our increasing years. It is this very ardor of attachment to our favorite animal that leads many a man to purchase what he considers a good-looking nag, without being in the slightest degree capable of forming a correct judgment either as to his appearance, action, soundness, or value.—The cock of the tail is with many the criterion of beauty, and, provided this be carried high, something after the fashion of a neatly-docked terrier, or nearly so, all imperfections are cast into the shade. Should a horse at the same time hold his head well up, the affair of purchasing him is that of a few minutes : and thus it happens that a jerk with a sharp curb-bit, and a small piece of ginger produce more money in the course of a year than any two little nostrums with which I am acquainted.

The object of the following pages is to put the novice in horse-flesh on his guard against the tricks of dealers of a low class, and to teach him all that is necessary for a man to know who wishes to be able to form an opinion of the soundness and value of a horse, without being forced to credit the *ipse-dixit* of the seller, or to rely on the judgment of others.

Many very useful books have doubtless been published on this subject ; but some are too scientific, others too prolix, and few, if any, of them teach the mode of detecting the tricks that are too frequently resorted to for the purpose of concealing defects and entrapping the unwary. A very few chapters will suffice to reveal the artifices of the lower class of horse-dealers ; and, with a little study and some practical experience, any man may soon acquire sufficient knowledge to prevent his being grossly imposed on by them. Every one must, however, expect to pay for experience, and it is wonderful how the loss of a few pounds in the purchase of screws serves to open a man's eyes to his want of discrimination.

I must beg it to be understood that what I shall write for the edifi-

cation of the unlearned in the ills of horse-flesh is not to be received in the light of a treatise on the diseases of the horse ; for as I am not a veterinary surgeon, and moreover have never studied more of the veterinary art than was sufficient, combined with my own experience in purchasing such horses as I have thought would suit me, to enable me to pay no more for a horse than, barring accidents, I could get back for him, I rest my claims to the character of instructor in the art and mystery of purchasing a horse, simply on the basis of experience, the best of all guides on every occasion. And here I may add, that, with the exception of horses that have been ill, or have met with accidents, although in my day I have been possessed of many, and scarcely ever of a bad one, I believe I should have considerable difficulty in making myself out a loser of ten pounds by all the horses put together which I have at any time lost money by—a pretty convincing proof that my judgment of the value of a horse very rarely leads me into error.—My plan is invariably, when I find that I have been deceived in the powers and performance of a horse, and that he does not suit my purpose, to get rid of him to the best bidder, hoping to have better luck with my next purchase ; and I have very seldom lost more than two or three pounds in this way. A bad horse is never worth keeping, for he will eat as much as a good one, without your deriving the smallest satisfaction from using him. Indeed, to ride or drive a bad and sluggish animal is an affair far too trying for my disposition, and I therefore take good care that such brutes shall never have an opportunity of disturbing the equanimity of my temper long.

I shall begin by endeavoring to point out the proper shape of a horse, and shall then proceed to notice his defects, whether constituting unsoundness or not, together with the tricks which are resorted to for the purpose of concealing them ; after which I may possibly make a few remarks upon the action of the horse, and the best method of managing him in the stable—a point upon which I am exceedingly particular. Many men have by nature a very correct eye for the proper shape of a nag, and of animals in general, but by far the greater part are taken with the general bearing and spirit evinced by a horse, without observing that perhaps many of his points may be decidedly bad ; as hollowness of the back, bad and weak hocks, small feet, groggy legs, &c. These faults, be the horse's courage and *tout ensemble* what they may, detract materially from his value, and therefore require considerable attention in estimating his worth. In order to determine the absolute value of horses for every species of work, you should, when thoroughly grounded in the knowledge of their proper form and their defects, frequent the public sales at Tattersall's, Allen's, Dixon's, and other places, and you will soon acquire the knack of putting a just price, or very nearly so, on most horses that you may see.

ON SHAPE.

The first thing to be looked to in a horse is his shape. Of this it is quite impossible to give a very luminous description, as many horses very differently shaped may each still be well made, although adapted for different work. Thus, a horse with rather an upright shoulder may nevertheless be extremely well proportioned, although this very conformation would tend to mark him as more fitted for a harness than

a saddle horse. Generally speaking, however, a horse's head should be fine, broad between the eyes, and tapering towards the nose ; the jaws should be clean and unencumbered with flesh ; the eye full, bright, and lively ; the nostrils open and of a bright red internally (which generally denotes breeding and courage) ; the space between the jaws underneath should be roomy and void of lumps or glandular swellings ; the ears should be well set into the head and pointed forwards. A heavy lop-eared horse is always an unsightly animal, and frequently a slug : a long ear, well carried, is not uncommonly a characteristic of good blood. A horse's neck should be light, airy, well curved, and having a considerable sweep underneath at its junction with the jaws. When the neck joins the head at a sharp angle, the latter always seems as though Nature had tired of her work, and had stuck it on any how just to get it out of the way. Moreover, horses whose windpipe is curved where it is set into the jaw have generally better wind than others, inasmuch as the air in expiration has not to encounter the obstruction caused by the angle above-mentioned, and consequently during violent exertion rushes out without difficulty. Most people admire a long neck, but this is certainly a fault. A long-necked horse is generally weak and washy, and the rest of his shape commonly partakes of the same type, his body being long, and his legs none of the shortest. I have heard veterinary surgeons say, that for clearness of wind a horse's neck cannot be too short ; but a very short neck is unsightly, nor has it in my opinion any advantage over a neck of medium proportion—

“Medio tutissimus ibis.”

We now come to the shoulder. I have already said that an upright shoulder generally marks the harness-horse ; a sloping shoulder may therefore be supposed as requisite in a horse destined for saddle-work. This is truly the case. A horse with a shoulder well inclining forward has less of his own weight to carry directly on his fore-legs, and is therefore safer on them than the horse whose shoulder is scarcely out of the line of his fore-legs : in harness the latter may do, as he has his collar to lean against, and has no weight to carry on his back, but he must ever be an unsafe and an unpleasant hack. Much dispute has arisen as to whether a horse's withers should be narrow, or the reverse. This is a point of no consequence, as many very excellent horses may be found whose withers are made in either way, a horse with a high wither being mostly narrow in that part, and *vice versa*. Provided he carry a saddle well, the wither may be either broad or otherwise. The high-withered horse, however, is not unfrequently narrow-chested, which is a bad point, as that part should be well expanded in order to allow plenty of room for the lungs : nevertheless, many a narrow-chested horse has performed wonders, they being for the most part well bred : but be this as it may, as a general rule plenty of room in the chest is a desideratum. At the same time it must be remembered that the more a horse's breed approaches to that of the cart-horse, the greater will, in most cases, be the breadth of the fore-hand. Thus in this, as in most other things, the golden medium is the grand desideratum.

We now come to the back. This should be short, and rather arched over the loins, having the tail set in rather high. The body

should be deep, and well ribbed up ; that is, between the last rib and the huckle-bone or hip the distance should not be such as to allow of any great *hollow*, which ordinarily denotes a horse of no great power. Some horses with this defect will often do a great deal of work, but they never look well, and are a source of disappointment to those who take pains to bring their horses out in good form. Many of them, after being nursed for a week, will in the course of a few hour's work void a quantity of sloppy loose dung, and look as though they had been starved for a month : such brutes are not worth their keep, much less the trouble of nursing. It is a good plan, when examining a horse of this shape, to watch him for some time, and if he be constantly cocking his tail and venting a little wind, you may be sure that his bowels are weak and irritable, and that he is not worth the trouble he will occasion you. Now with respect to a horse's rump and hind-quarters, it is generally remarked that the Irish horses have very low rumps—in other words, they are goose-rumped, and very great numbers of our blood-stock incline to this formation. Do not therefore reject a horse on this account, but give him a trial, and if he carries you well, get something taken off the price he is worth *if you can*, on account of his anserine shape, and think yourself lucky. A low rumped horse generally puts his hind legs well under him when at work, and this is a rare quality. You will commonly hear a horse praised for the length of his quarter, and a dealer will not fail to make you remark the distance from the hip-bone to the point of the quarter, and also to the hock ; but experience shows that a horse with a short quarter is for the most part particularly strengthly, and a good jumper ; for short muscles are, *cæteris paribus*, the strongest. A horse's thighs should be well clothed with muscle down to the hock ; there and thence to the hoof, all should be clean, flat, and sinewy.—There should be a considerable bend in the back part of the thigh, as a horse with very straight hind-legs has seldom much action in them. Some of them, however, are exceptions to this rule, and Laurestina, the steeple-chase mare, is, I think, as straight in the hind-legs as any horse I ever saw. Horses that are cat-hammed, as it is called—or, in other words, that stand with the caps of the hocks nearly touching each other—are seldom thought much of, and yet most of the Welch ponies, that travel such extraordinary distances with very little preparation, are thus made. Here again, give a horse of this description a trial, and judge him by his deeds, not by his looks. The fore-legs should be muscular down to the knee, and thence, like the hind-legs, flat and sinewy. With respect to the foot, it should be nearly circular, gradually increasing in size as it proceeds downwards. Its inclination outwards should not be so great as that of the pastern ; if it slope very much forwards, it is a chance if it be not in a state bordering upon disease, and its obliquity, throwing the horse too much on his heel, produces tenderness of the part and straining of the back sinew of the leg.

These are then some of the most important points to be attended to in a first view of a horse, but there are also many others, equally requiring inspection, which are not to be lightly passed over. Among these, perhaps the most important, after the shape of the leg and foot, is their *position*.—(And here I may as well mention that I am speak-

ing of a horse that has not been strained by work, of which I shall take notice hereafter.)—On standing in front of a horse, his legs should be straight, or very nearly so, and the feet should neither be turned inwards nor outwards. A horse whose feet turn outward is liable both to cut and trip, and very rarely has really good action, throwing his legs rather wide of each other, and thereby losing ground in his stride; and a *pin-toe'd* or *pigeon-toe'd* horse, as dealers term those whose hoofs turn inward, usually, on bending the knee, *dishes*, or throws the foot outward, while under the belly, showing the sole of the hoof in his action to those who stand on one side of him. Now this is not only very unsightly, but horses with this awkward mode of going generally labor in their action, and do as much work in one mile as a clean stepper does in two. The legs should be set well under the muscles of the fore part of the shoulder, not as though they were dropping out of the chest, and had been clapped on there until a better place could be found for them. In viewing the leg sideways (making due allowance for the bulging of muscles) it should be nearly straight, though many people prefer what they term an *arch-knee'd* horse—that is, a horse whose knees bow out forwards—and will tell you that they are far the best legs for work. This may be all very true, provided there be not an equivalent hollow about the knee behind; but where this is the case, it is a sure sign of weakness; on the contrary, a horse will sometimes be found *calf-knee'd*, which is the opposite of the former shape, the knee perhaps inclining a trifle inwards, and the shank always sloping forwards. Such animals are seldom good goers, and their legs are rarely found to stand hard work for any length of time.

The position of the hind-legs should be either straight from the hock downwards, or a little inclining under the belly. Horses of this latter formation are commonly low-rumped, and throw their hind-legs well under them when at work. The toe of the cat-hammed horse will naturally turn a little outwards. Such horses, as I have already said, provided they have no other serious faults, are to be tried. A horse that *paddles* with his hind-legs, throwing them away from him like a duck, in his trot, is usually weak behind, and moreover feels so to his rider, than which nothing can be more disagreeable. If a horse stand with his hind-legs much under him, dropping his hind-quarters at the same time, care must be taken to examine if he have any disease of the back or kidneys, which may occasion him to assume this posture. Many a horse that throws his hind-legs perfectly well under him in his trot while being run in hand, will lose this action when saddled and ridden, provided he have a sore back; therefore a cure for the back will prove a cure for his bad style of going.—*Sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus*.

In examining these points, more particularly those which relate to the legs, never allow the horse to be held up by the bridle or to stand on rising ground. A dealer's man, when shewing a horse, invariably throws the snaffle and curb reins over his head, and holding him back with the latter, while with a long whip he touches him up behind according to his mettle, causes him to hold his head so high that he scarcely perceives where he shall place his feet; the consequence is, that he both bends the knee more and throws the foot farther than he

will do in his usual style of going ; and when brought to a stand on rising ground, his head, still carried high, makes him advance the fore-legs so as to conceal any knuckling of the knees or pastern-joints, and gives many a perfectly groggy beast an appearance of freshness to which his legs have long been strangers. I shall have occasion to speak of the practices of the lower class of dealers in horses in a future paper, when these and many other tricks calculated to take in the unwary shall be exposed. In the meantime I may state, that, when an examination of a horse's leg is to be made, he should be placed on perfectly level ground, with his head loose, and his feet should be picked clean, for if much dirt be collected within the shoe, it may cause a sound horse to stand upon the toe more than the heel, and give him an appearance of weakness about the pasterns and knees which he does not really possess.

ON THE DEFECTS OF HORSES.

The defects of horses are so very numerous that it would be almost a hopeless task to endeavor to enumerate them all ; nevertheless those which are most commonly met with shall receive due consideration from me ; and I hope to be able to point out to those about to purchase a horse, such as immediately interfere with his work, or are likely to render him comparatively useless. There are many very serious defects in horses which unfortunately are only discovered after considerable trial, and are therefore generally detected too late to save the pocket from depletion. It is a very usual custom with dealers to allow a purchaser to ride a horse only a few times up and down a livery-yard prior to buying him, or, if he be intended for harness, to send a man to drive him up and down two or three streets, after which he is returned to his stable as quickly as possible, and the dealer's oratory completes the business in a short time if he have to do with a novice.

Considering the risks which dealers themselves run in buying horses, we can be very little surprised that they should give no greater trial to another than is allowed to themselves. "Buy the devil and sell him again," is the dealer's adage, and he who is unlucky enough to obtain his Satanic Majesty gets rid of him in the best way he can, and leaves the new possessor to shift for himself. A man who is in the habit of purchasing horses will very soon, and with a very moderate trial, acquire knowledge and tact sufficient to estimate in almost all cases, the real value of a horse, provided he be neither a racer nor a steeple-chaser. Nevertheless the very best judges may sometimes be imposed on, if not with regard to the soundness, at least with respect to the powers and constitution of a horse.

In enumerating the defects to which the horse is liable, I shall begin with those which constitute unsoundness, and shall afterwards proceed to examine those, which, although detracting certainly from his value, are not of sufficient magnitude to allow a purchaser to return him as diseased.

The first part to be examined in a horse is the top of the head ; for in this part there occasionally exists a disease called *Poll Evil*, which is generally occasioned by blows, either received from a brutal rider in the constant habit of striking his horse over the head, or from hitting this part against the roof of a low stable or the top of a stable door.

In the first stage there may be swelling, tenderness, and perhaps a collection of matter, but at a more advanced period of the disease there are seen sores, from which exudes a fetid discharge. These sores not unfrequently are connected with disease of some portion of bone, in which case they are exceedingly troublesome and tedious of cure.

The next part to be examined with regard to soundness is the eye. For this purpose let the horse be led just within the stable door, where there is not too strong a light, but still sufficient to allow a perfect view of the organ without causing the pupil to contract. Approach your finger gently towards each eye in succession, and mark if the horse close his eyelid on your nearly touching his eye; if so, it is at least clear that he is capable of distinguishing your finger; but this is by no means sufficient to warrant a conclusion that the eye is sound. The pupil of the eye is that dark-colored central portion, of an oval shape, through which the rays of light are admitted. The remaining external portion (called the *cornea*) is opaque, and consequently need not be examined with the same scrupulous attention that is requisite on inspecting the pupil. It is of very great importance to acquire an accurate knowledge of the natural state of a horse's eye, more especially if he be intended for saddle-work, since it is obvious that, however sound he may be in every other respect, and however good his action, he never can be trusted to himself on the road if his eyes be defective to any great extent, and of course must be useless as a hunter. Moreover, if ever destined for harness, for which alone a horse with bad eyes can be used with any degree of safety, it is of consequence to be able to detect disease of those organs in order not to be imposed on in price. Stand, therefore, before the horse after testing his eyes with your finger, and look narrowly whether the size of both pupils be alike. If there is any difference, be sure that there is a defect in his sight. The form of the healthy pupil is a rather-flattened oval, and appears of a deep blue color, but at the same time bright and free from specks. When it is of a milky hue, it is a sign that inflammation of the membrane of the eye is going on; and although this in very many instances may arise from some trifling cause, and may be easily cured by depletion, still never purchase a horse with this appearance of the pupil without previous knowledge of him, or a certainty of the cause of opacity or cloudy state of the eye, and of its likelihood of removal. Many horses are *periodically* subject to this attack of inflammation of the *conjunctiva*, or membrane covering the eye, and commonly, even while the eye is free from any visible complaint, have a drooping of the upper eyelid, which should always put a purchaser on his guard. In this disease there are generally to be found marks of bleeding in the vein under the eye. The eyelids are sometimes nearly closed during this milky appearance of the pupil, and tears trickle profusely from it, so that it must be evident to the greatest novice in horse-dealing that something is wrong: but the stableman and his master are never at fault for an excuse: "A bit of hay got in his eye last night, Sir;" or "D—n your eyes, Bill, I knew you'd hit that horse's eye when you were brushing his head this morning—I *told* you so:" after which follows, as a matter of course, "It is of no consequence, Sir, it will be well enough to-morrow." Now it is of no use to argue with a horse-

dealer, and you will gain little by asking many questions ; therefore either make up your mind to have nothing whatever to do with the animal, or else say you will call and see him another day. And here I may as well say, that a man who is a good judge of horse-flesh should always make up his mind not to pay the slightest attention to the encomiums which every dealer will pass upon his stock. Let all his eloquence, if it must be heard, make no more impression on your mind than do the tunes which you are in the daily habit of hearing ground upon all the organs in London. Form your own opinion by what you see and feel, and let no persuasion tempt you to disbelieve the evidences of your own senses. This by way of episode.

Now to return to the eye of the horse. Having satisfied yourself that the pupils are alike in form and size, and unclouded, look if there be any specks visible upon either. Some horses will be found to have several dark and irregularly-shaped spots upon the pupil, which are the product of disease, impede vision, and render a horse unsafe to ride. Others again will be found to have perhaps one little whitish spot *on the membrane* of the pupil, and this is probably the effect of a blow received at some period or another ; if very small it will seldom prove of much consequence. But this whitish spot on the *surface* of the pupil must be carefully distinguished from a similar appearance, in its commencement very minute, which is not unfrequently found to occupy the internal part of the pupil. Where this exists, it indicates that change in the lens of the eye termed *cataract*, and is an incurable disease. Take care, however, that you be not deceived with regard to this white spot by the reflection of your shirt in the horse's eye—a mistake I have seen occur more than once, and which may be avoided by moving from side to side, and watching if the supposed cataract follow the motions of your body.

There is yet another disease of the eye which produces no perceptible outward change in its appearance, but which nevertheless is both an incurable complaint and one that renders a horse totally useless for the saddle : it is called *moon-blindness*, and generally depends on disease of the optic nerve, although I am by no means sure that it may not be occasioned by the same causes that produce *short-sightedness* in the human eye. To detect this, observe if the horse, on being ridden, turn suddenly round from any object which is approaching him, and appear constantly on the alert to find some subject for fright. A horse that has long been shut up in a stable, particularly if it be dark, or that has for some time been only exercised in a livery-yard, may do this on being taken into the streets ; and a young horse from the country will also see much to alarm him in London, especially if he be naturally timid ; therefore some allowance must be made for these circumstances : but if a horse, on being led out of or into a livery-yard where the entrance is lofty, appear to stop and hesitate in passing the gate, and then go through it with a sort of plunge ; and if in the streets he stretch his neck from side to side, poking his nose out, and seeming, like a purblind man, to be endeavoring to make out the nature of objects at a short distance from him, let your suspicions of the state of his eyes be immediately aroused, and be sure to have a very sufficient trial before you become the purchaser of such an animal.

The common name among dealers for horses with any complaint

whatever of the eyes is *buck-eyed*, and this convenient term embraces the whole range of diseases of which the eye is susceptible. It is as well that the novice should be made acquainted with the terms in common use among the dealing fraternity, otherwise such a one as *buck-eyed* might very probably be supposed to be employed as implying a good rather than a bad quality.

A yellowish hue of the cornea indicates disease of the liver. Where this is remarked, the lips should be turned up, and their internal structure examined. Where they are found of a similar tinge, you will incur a great risk in buying the horse, as these symptoms are sure proofs of internal disease, the extent of which you are not capable of determining. Dealers term these horses *rotten*. Their coats are generally staring, and they have also the other usual appearances of want of condition. The dung of such horses is either unusually slimy and fetid, or it is loose and washy, like that of a cow. They are languid and sleepy if left to themselves, but are of course, through the influence of ginger administered *à la mode*, salt put into their mouths, and the liberal application of the whip whenever the master enters the stable, made to cock their tails, champ their bit, and exhibit as much animation for a short time as the soundest and best-constituted horse in the world. "He is the best horse in England, Sir, an unkimmon jumper, and as fast as a rally-road: his master would not take any money for him, Sir, but he is obliged to go abroad, and will almost *give* him away," should bring to mind the old line,

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

Ere I conclude the subject of the eye of a horse, I should remark that the fringe-like substance which hangs from the upper part of the pupil is a natural appearance common to every sound eye, and must not be confounded with the spots or specks of which I have made mention.

Too great caution cannot be used in inspecting a horse's eye previously to purchasing him, for without good sight he is worth but very little money, and the sooner he is got rid of the better for his owner. I once purchased a very fine grey horse of a dealer, and the only fault I could find with him was his unwillingness to pass through the gateway of his yard, which was in Tottenham Court Road. However, he was ridden up and down a little street at the back of his stables, and went extremely well, his action being remarkable showy, as it usually is with horses who have defective vision. I expressed my conviction that his eyes were bad, although to appearance they were perfectly sound. However, as I had paid money for another horse which turned out lame, and wanted to get something else for my bad bargain, I allowed the swearing of the dealer and his men as to his soundness to prevail, and rode him away. I went no farther with him, however, than the Regent's Park, he having in that short distance turned round with me about twenty times on the approach of a carriage or chaise, and made me fight as many battles with him before I could make him go the way I wished. I kept the horse in my possession altogether about a quarter of an hour; for, being thoroughly convinced of his unsoundness, I rode him immediately back, and exchanged him for a little weedy four-year-old filly, worth about one-fourth of the horse's value had his eyes been good, but much more serviceable than he was

in his moon-blind state. As this was the fourth horse I had had in exchange of the same man, and had found myself a loser by every dealing I had with him, I determined to do the best I could with the filly, instead of losing any more money by bargaining with a rogue. A horse-dealer who has once fingered your cash will never refund; and depend on it you may exchange with him a dozen times, and each time you will pay money for a fresh horse, without finding yourself a bit better suited than at first, unless the sum you pay be considerable. Thus, a gentleman who makes up his mind to give £40 for a nag, *and no more*, goes to one of these tricky dealers, buys a horse worth perhaps £20, finds it does not suit him, and gives £5 more for another to which he takes a fancy. Discovering after a short trial that his last purchase is something worse than the first, he returns, expostulates, pays more money, and is as badly mounted as ever. At length, wearied by successive impositions, he is contented to put up with a screw of little value, and finds that he has been gradually led on to pay £15 or £20 more than the sum he had first resolved on giving, for a horse with which he is, after all, far from being pleased; and, worse than all, there is no remedy for his disappointment but patience and the exercise of his philosophy, if he have any.

[London Sporting Magazine.]

SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.—No. II.

SALMON FISHING IN THE JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.

A GOOD deal of rain having fallen lately, we judged the time favorable for a trip to Dayree's bridge, a celebrated fishing ground on the Jacques Cartier. Accordingly, early on a beautiful morning, the 5th of August, my friend and I set off from Quebec for that pretty spot, distant nine leagues up the left bank of the St. Lawrence.

There are three roads to the place—that along the shore of the great river affords one of the finest drives in the whole Province; and I particularly recommend this route to strangers who like picturesque and panoramic views, and who will not shy at some tremendous hills they may meet, particularly one at Carouge, which is like mounting the Simplon, only the road is not half so good. We chose the St. Foy road, which runs along the north slope of the elevated plateau between Quebec and Carouge, from whence the prospect is singularly fine. The Isle of Orleans—the north channel—the amphitheatre of the grand mountain boundary to the St. Lawrence Valley, with nests of small conical mountains, here and there, clustered in its bosom; and the populous country to an extent of forty or fifty miles, lies under the eye like a map: whilst in the fore ground and nearest corner, the sweet little river St. Charles winds away from Lorette, its meanders glistening in the morning sun like one of my fishing lines.

I care not for *bathos*, and especially for that professional one with which I have *wound up* the last sentence.

At the church of St. Foy the road we took quits the high ground and descends into the fertile vale of La Suede, through which it pro-

ceeds for nine or ten miles, as level as a bowling-green, dotted on each side every thirty or forty yards by a white-washed cottage, with its little garden, both often overshadowed by the pensile branches of the beautiful Canadian elm. We then ascended a spur of the mountain, from which huge boulders, probably of diluvian origin, had been detached and scattered over the fields adjoining the road in great numbers. At the top, we baited at a small inn, kept by an Irish emigrant, who has been pushing his fortune here for nine or ten years. He, like most of his class in the Province, is very industrious and hard-working, and moreover generous and warm-hearted—possessing the most valuable elements of a good member of society, and loyal subject of the British Crown—with one small drawback—alas! that I should have to add, that Mr. D——, when he sees his customers and friends happy over a bottle, feels a strange and unaccountable, but irresistible desire to join them.

From this eminence the eye takes in a long reach of the St. Lawrence's fertile banks, studded here and there with glittering church spires, and of the whole country as far as Quebec. After admiring the extensive and variegated prospect a little, we pursued our way, and in less than four hours drive, from Quebec the voice of the turbulent river welcomed us at Dayree's bridge.

The Jacques Cartier takes its name from the celebrated French navigator who once wintered at its mouth. It is as large as the Thames above the tide, but of a very different character. Like most of the northern tributaries of the Lower St. Lawrence, which take their sources from the wild regions running several hundred miles to the North, N. East and N. West of Quebec, it runs for a long way through the mountain defiles, impeded every where by chrotic rocks whose primitive hardness almost defies its power. At length, escaping from the mountains, it subsides into a tranquil stream, flowing through considerable tracts of alluvial soil, for nearly twenty miles, where lately established colonies, mostly of Irish emigrants, are now thriving. Shortly before the river reaches Dayree's bridge it becomes extremely rapid, descending 300 feet in the course of about a mile. But it has no longer the sienite or granite to deal with, and has scooped out for itself a wide, deep, and altogether, most singular bed in the softer limestone, half a mile in length, through which, at all seasons, especially after wet weather, a most formidable torrent tumbles and rages with the most picturesque impetuosity.

A handsome wooden bridge, thirty feet above the water, crosses the stream a little below the commencement of this extraordinary natural canal. This forms a striking feature in this secluded spot, from its height and position, as well as its perpendicular supporting beams like a huge portcullis and the characteristic salmon vanes at the top. The lessee of the fishery, civil Louis Dayree, resides in a white cottage at one end of the bridge, and his house is the chief resort of sportsmen during the fishing season.

This very pretty glen is bounded by high banks, but whose slope affords soil for a great variety of umbrageous forest trees, with here and there a tall pine rising above the thick mass of foliage. The mountain ash grows in abundance. Part of the rock, to the extent of twenty yards from the river, is only covered with dwarf trees and

shrubs, and along its surface innumerable little streamlets of the purest spring water, each in its tiny channel, runs sparkling from the bank. On one side of the most rapid part, huge cedars, growing out of the fissures of the edge of the canal, fling their grotesque arms quite across it. Nor are floral ornaments wanting in this scene of sylvan wildness and beauty. Wild flowers are found in great variety and profusion.

Dayree's bridge is six miles from the St. Lawrence, and the Jacques Cartier continues a most rapid stream all the way. The poor fish consequently have a rough journey, and when they are caught here, we constantly find the skin of their snouts white and excoriated, and their fins and tail more or less split and injured, from being driven against the rocks in the course of their toilsome voyage. But when they reach the lower end of the canal cut in the rock, their troubles are only beginning, for they there meet a torrent of such magnitude and force as no piscine power can surmount, unless when the water is low, and even then with great difficulty. They are therefore obliged to wait, as at the Malbaic Chute, until a more favorable state of the river may permit them to pass.

Alas, poor salmon kind! Like the hapless flying fish which escapes the albatross and gull only to fall into the jaws of the bonito and albacore—when they have evaded the tempting snares of the angler, surmounted the lower rapids, and worked themselves with immense labor through the terrible canal up to the very top, they find there is still an absolute cataract to leap up, worse than all the past. Here there is a circular and lateral recess at the bottom, worn out by an eddy, and forming a comparatively quiet hole, where they are forced to stop for breath before attempting to overcome the last grand impediment. Whilst quietly reposing at this place, dreaming of no evil, and only occupied with their fluvial difficulties, they are mercilessly scooped out by Louis Dayree with a poie net, carried alive and with care to a reservoir of water, fed by a copious spring from the bank, only a few paces distant; into this they are plumped, and left to moralize over their hard fate with their companions in misfortune.

Here the captives remain for a week or two, until a sufficient number are collected to be sent to the Quebec market. Although they have nothing to eat, and would not if they had, there is no perceptible loss of flesh during the time above mentioned; for, like generous animals, they bear their imprisonment with philosophic fortitude, and never repine. Yet captivity to them, accustomed to roam through the vast deep, and make an annual migratory tour into the interior of every continent, must be a dreadful calamity. If cautiously approached whilst swimming about in the reservoir, and then gently handled, they will permit many liberties to be taken with them. They like to have their skin rubbed or scratched, inclining their bodies to the hand as a cat does; and I have frequently availed myself of this penchant—scratching them smartly, bringing away even their scales, playing with their tails and fins, or putting my fingers under their gill-covers (where they are most sensitive) and into their mouths, without disturbing them. Considering that I have been all my life one of their greatest enemies, it argues no little magnanimity to have forborne on these occasions from giving me a snap.

The Canadians have given odd names to different holes, or *remoux*

formed by the eddies of this powerful stream. Immediately under the bank of Dayree's garden is a recess, worn deep in the rocky bank, and generally shaded by the impending precipice, called the "Trou noir." This is close to the bridge, from whence the fish in it may be distinctly seen. A little lower down, on the opposite side, the bank slopes at about an angle of 45 degrees to within eight or nine feet of the water; and there the fish lie in a tolerably quiet eddy, where you may hook them, sitting on a ledge immediately over their heads. This is called the "Grand Rets." Lower down is the "Petit Rets;" and at the lower end of the canal, where the river expands, is a famous fishing hole called "L'Hopital," where the wounded salmon are supposed to wait to be cured of their cuts and bruises. For half a mile below this the fishing is good—the best being immediately above a sloping rock running quite across, where the water makes a chute, or rather runs violently down a long inclined plane, at an angle of about 20 degrees.

Having breakfasted and prepared our tackle, we proceeded to our sport—taking different sides. During the season the place is much frequented by the Quebec anglers: but on this occasion we had the river to ourselves.

The rain had swollen the water much; consequently, neither the "Grand Rets," which had always been a favorite hole of mine—nor "L'Hopital" were in a state to be fished. I tried several places lower down, but saw nothing. At last, wading above my knees considerably, and in a powerful current, I tried the top of the chute, and there hooked a heavy fish at the third rise.

Sir Humphrey Davy was fond of salmon fishing, as every philosopher ought to be, and he has given his "brothers of the angle"—"Salmonia," a scientific and delightful book. Nevertheless, I opine that he could not have been a top sawyer in the art, since he forbade, and never practiced, wading; for it appears to me as incomprehensible that a first rate salmocide should be at all hydrophobic as it would be for a duck. But, "*aliquando bonus Humphrianus*," or whatever is the Latin of Humphrey, "*dormitat*"—and our amiable angler seems to have made a great mistake when he placed his ban upon wading.

For my own part, I am half a fish from long habit. Though not worthy to carry the gaff of the great man just mentioned, I differ from him in this point "*toto cælo*." My maxim is—if you are sound, wind and limb, (and if not, you should try some other amusement) don't be afraid of the water, but wade up to your arm-pits, if necessary to secure your object, and the stream permits you—still, with this important proviso—keep moving, and be sure to change your clothes on reaching home.

But "*revenons a nos 'saumons'*"—hooking a large salmon on the very brink of a water-fall or strong rapid, is a nervous affair. Fortunately you have the instinct of the animal in your favor, for he keeps continually ascending the stream till his object is accomplished; and has, besides, in all probability, a particular objection to retrace his steps down a chute, recollecting the toil it cost him to get up, and considering how vexatious it would be to have it all to undergo again. But a hook in his jaw would disturb any body's power of ratiocination: we need not therefore wonder if Mr. Salmo gets at last somewhat

bothered, and when he cannot extricate himself any other way, if he borrows the aid of the current, and makes a race down the river.

I stood, as was said, mid thigh on the ledge of a rock in strong water when I hooked this fish, and on the very crest of the chute. So slippery did I feel the smooth limestone, and so strong was the *momentum* of the stream, that the question admitted of much doubt whether the fish would run down with the man, or the man up with the fish. It appeared to me that the water was growing stronger every minute. Having a powerful rod, strong silk line, triple gut casting line, and a trust-worthy Limerick hook, I immediately *gave butt*, as we technically call easing the line by a particular manipulation of the rod, and found to my satisfaction that I held the fish fast in his original position. After tiring him a little, one foot was slowly moved about an inch—then another inch was gained at the rate of about one in a minute. The slowest snail, carrying his house on his back too, might have distanced me. At length I gained about a foot or so, and then, finding that I was obtaining the mastery, began to wind up. I at length succeeded by little and little in conducting the gentleman to a safe distance from the chute. Then followed the usual course of racing, leaping out of the water, &c., and once he nearly got back to his old dangerous position. At last he succumbed, and I flung him from the gaff on the dry rock. He was a very good fish, fresh from below, weighing nearly 17 pounds, a large size for a Jacques Cartier salmon.

My friend, who was fishing on the opposite bank, hooked a fish when I had just caught mine; and I had the pleasure, when resting for a minute or two, of seeing him play and gaff his salmon in very good style.

After a morning's good sport, we returned to our lodgings to dinner. Our fish we tumbled into a large cask of clear spring water, fed by a little aqueduct running across the bridge from the opposite bank, which also served to cool our wine. We then changed our clothes and sat down comfortably to our meal; and I need scarcely add, that, although we had provided ourselves with the usual condiments, our sport and exercise furnished a sauce for our broiled or boiled salmon, which was infinitely better.

In the evening we killed three more fish and some large trout. Before retiring we solaced ourselves with a cigar or two, seated on the bridge, which, from the constant current of air, created by the rapid river, always furnishes a cool position, and one commanding a good view, up and down, of this romantic ravine. The evening was beautifully clear and fine, and as we bestrode our bench and inhaled the perfume of our Havannahs, and returned the polite salutations of the passing habitans, we enjoyed not a little of the legitimate "*otium cum dignitate*." There was something piquant, too, in replenishing our temperate glass of brandy Pawny, as the Orientals call it, from the delicate aqueduct beside us; whilst a torrent that would sweep away St. Paul's, raged and roared beneath. When we returned to rest, and the windows were closed, the voice of the river was softened into a lullaby—a piece of very superfluous music.

Next day was Sunday—a day not to be desecrated by a christian angler, according to our antiquated, but, nevertheless, correct notions.

After breakfast, and a walk in the garden, we strolled along the river side, picked wild strawberries and raspberries, examined the curious traces and remains of old organized existence that abounded in the limestone, collected bouquets of harebells, or borrowed its fairy cup from the provident *sarracenia*. After a long and pleasant walk, we sat down on a high bank commanding an extensive view of the stream. The morning was deliciously calm and clear—even the leaf of the mountain ash was motionless, and every object around us appeared to harmonize in deep quiescence with the boon of Sabbatical rest conferred by its Creator on a toiling world. Beneath us flowed the now placid river, its low and endless monotony telling of that mighty energy which first set it in motion and bade it be

“———— in omne volubilis cœlum.”

as long as Time itself should continue; whilst the occasional twitter of the king-fisher as it shot along the surface of the water, like a line of blue light—the distant sound of the cow-bells, and the cooing of the wild-pigeon amidst the thick foliage of the banks, joined in appropriate and pleasing harmony.

“Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o’er ‘our favorite stream’ with fond delay—
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing
In hollow murmurs died away.”

But this was no scene for melancholy. Who, with a clear conscience, could feel otherwise than happy and tranquil, where every object around—bird, tree, flower, and stream; and the stainless azure that o’ercanopied the whole, breathed peace and serenity—the holy repose of nature!

The rock through which the Jacques Cartier runs, abounds in transverse, and perpendicular, and every kind of fissures, which the severity of the winter frost, and the action of water, have worn into curious caves and long subterranean passages, such as are commonly met with in soft limestone. Into one of these, a branch of the river dips, about half a mile above the bridge, and gushes out of the face of the bank, forming a pretty cascade, the same distance below. For ages this stream had quietly brawled away “at its own sweet will,” and formed one of the many natural beauties of the place. Now, however, the avaricious barbarism of a new Seigneur, regardless of the sacrilege committed against the “genius loci,” has laid profane hands on its cool and crystal waters, and turned them into a mill stream—tearing up and undermining one of the most secluded and picturesque points, to lay a foundation for his mill—

“Even now the devastation is begun,”

the axe is lopping the verdant honors of the beautiful bank, and the Naiads and Dryades, frightened at the vandalism, are preparing to leave the spot for ever!

For the greater part of its course from hence to the St. Lawrence, the river runs through a deep ravine with steep precipitous banks, and a belt of forest on each side. Hence it is nearly an impossibility, when the water is at all high, to follow it to any great distance below the bridge; consequently, although there must be many good holes a fording resting places for the fish, and sport to the angler, they are

little looked after, and, short as is the distance, I believe it has never yet been fully explored.

Having heard of a new place called the "Remoux St. Jean," some way down on the left bank, I determined to explore it, and set out on Monday morning, the 8th August, accompanied by my active and obliging host, Louis Dayree. At one place, to avoid a long and difficult detour through the woods, we were obliged to creep for three or four hundred yards along a narrow and crumbling ledge of the half rotten limestone, with a high perpendicular cliff over our heads, through which the numerous springs poured on us like a shower-bath, and a boiling rapid under our feet. It was rather perilous work; for in some places the narrow footing which the edge of a decaying stratum afforded us, had been worn quite away, and we were forced to cling as we might to the side of the precipice, something after the fashion of a fly on the ceiling. We had taken the precaution of putting our shoes in our pockets, and the powers of adhesion of our wet woollen stockings—like suckers—assisted us admirably. At length after a long struggle and some unpleasant slips, we weathered the point—cut our way with Louis' axe through the thick forest, near the hole we were in quest of, and were rewarded for our trouble by two good salmon.

Although, probably in our whole lives, considering the zest its accompaniments gave it, we had never enjoyed a *dejeuner* so absolutely perfect as that at Chaperon's, after our disastrous voyage—yet our breakfasts here were capital; and as we always started for our sport very early in the morning, and had plenty of salutary exercise in running through the woods, mounting and descending the steep banks of the river, exclusive of the fishing itself, we returned with an appetite no ploughman could surpass; and when we had changed our clothes and made our toilet, such as no half-dozen ordinary ostriches could equal.

On our return from the Remoux St. Jean, the animal part of our nature became very clamorous and troublesome, and I could not help contemplating the certain sweetness of some Vauxhall slices about to be scientifically cut from the admirable Westphalia we had for dinner the day before. The waking vision of their high-flavored lean, and sweet diaphanous fat, even haunted me when shaving, and flitted between my eyes and the glass. But when that disgusting operation and its concomitants were over, nature could bear no longer, without possible injury to the gastric coats, and we sat down to table. There—"horresco referens!" was every thing else—but—

"In the middle a place where the 'jambon'—was not!"

for—O misery of miseries—the whole succulent and delicious ham—manifest product of a high-caste, grammivorous pig, which had lived all its amiable life on acorns, filberts, and chesnuts, had been abstracted by some vile Philistine!

Next morning we lost one of the best salmon from our tub.

O Louis Joseph Papineau! to our dying day we will hold thee responsible for the outrage, as an accessory before the fact. Whilom, before thy pestilential politics corrupted thy simple countrymen, iron-mongers groaned, and lock-smiths starved, for in nine-tenths of the rural districts doors were only latched. Securely reposed our clothes

drying in the garden, or before the oven,—our viands in the open cupboard, and our fish in the tubs,—for theft *was not*. But when thy compatriots were taught—and thou didst sedulously instil and re-instil the lesson—that they were oppressed and plundered by the strangers who had conquered them, and that resistance to the “base Bretons,” as thou didst ignorantly denominate the English, was not only wise but patriotic—when thou didst urge them to retaliate on their oppressors in every safe and practicable way—to cease all commercial relations with them—to commence a run upon their banks—to contribute nothing to their revenue—to call evil good, and good evil—to prompt and shield military and civil crime—to disobey—to loathe and scorn—to sophisticate—to smuggle—to lie, plot, and rebel—is it strange, O evil Spirit, that they should have stolen our much regretted ham?

Safely and cheerfully, before thy fatal ascendancy, did Jean Baptiste plough his own land, and gather his grain, and drain his sugar from the liberal tree, and carry his pigs, and his sheep, and his poultry, to market, and enjoy, in his quiet home, the comforts and even the luxuries of agricultural life—no tax collector crossed his threshold—no despotic mandate tore him from his family—no wrong oppressed him,—for the mild sway of a paternal Government shielded him from injustice. Decently on a Sunday morning did he don his best clothes, get into his Caleche or his Sleigh, and take his family to church; and then, after mass, visited his little circle of friends, and laugh, and joke, and smoke, and fuddle, and fiddle, and dance, and return to his white cottage as happy as a Prince. But when thou, evil Tempter! didst, with wicked industry, disturb the peaceful tenor of his life, and instil discontent with his lot, and ungrateful disaffection to his guardian Government—the uninformed simpleton listened and believed, and was perverted and undone!

By the middle of the week the river had fallen sufficiently to allow fishing in the “Grand Rets,” out of which I picked several salmon; but one large fellow who had been there for several days, would repeatedly come up to the fly, reconnoitre it carefully, and then dip into the deep water again, evidently not liking its appearance. Where I sat, on the edge of the rock, was not more than eight or nine feet from the surface of the hole, so as to enable me to see his motions very distinctly. I tried various flies to tempt his palate, and even dressed some for his express use, but all in vain. He would tantalize me by darting at it—turning one eye to examine it more carefully—even touching it with his nose, but he would never open his mouth.

This was provoking, and, unreasonable man that I was, I often found fault with this wise fish for the exercise of his talents in Entomology, and resolved to catch him by crook or by hook. On Friday morning, I prepared a most captivating Grouse’s hackle, with a small black head, two parti-colored antennæ, and the most natural tail imaginable. Waiting till the shadow of a large maple fell on the hole, I then took off my shoes—stole quietly along the rock and sat down. After a little I dropped the new fly within a couple of inches of the water, and bobbed it up and down, as if the insect meditated alighting, but did not much relish the thought of wetting its delicate wings and feet.

No salmon that ever swam could resist the temptation. Up came my friend with open mouth—darted his huge muzzle out of the water, and took the fly in the air, and then disappeared in the depths of the eddy.

I was prepared for a desperate struggle, but not exactly for the particular kind of contest that followed. After I struck and found him fast on the line, he made one rush out of the hole into the main rapid, and apparently having lost all command of himself in a fit of phrenzy that followed the first prick of the hook—seemed determined to run down. But when he had proceeded, at a tremendous rate, about thirty or forty yards, to where the stream slackened a little on one side, and the eddy forming the hole first began, I stopped Mr. Salmo and brought him into it almost by main force; at the same time hollering most lustily for Louis to come to my assistance.

For more than an hour I played this fine fish—bringing him frequently to the edge of the rock lower down the hole on which Dayree stood, gaff in hand, ready to plunge it into his side. At last, in a moment of comparative quietness, my Aid-de-Camp attempted to use the gaff, but missed the proper part and only tore the skin near the tail—thus only maddening the salmon, who made one desperate running leap out into the mid-torrent, and down the tremendous rapid he went, faster than half-a-dozen Eclipses.

The sequel can only be told in verse. Humble prose sinks beneath the dignity of the subject.

We have missed him—! Behold, what a leap he has made—
What a silvery side the bright Beauty displayed!
Still I have him securely—the musical Reel
Sings sweet on its axis as circles the steel:
He has rushed down the stream—what a plunge—what a spring!
How his fins whirr in air! he's a fish for a king!

He has gained the mid-rapid and spun out my line;
I must run as he flies or the contest resign;
The bank is rough rock, and such racing I ween,
Newmarket and Epsom but seldom have seen—
Down he darts like the wind, and in air when he spins
How he dashes the foam in white showers from his fins!

Fear not for my footing—securely I cling,
And safe o'er the rocks as a chamois I spring;
Whilst the Reel's sounding treble enlivens the chase,
And the roar of the river booms deep as a bass—
Now low in the Pool darts the floundering fish,
As gallant a salmon as angler could wish.

We breathe for a moment—now, Louis, be ready—
What a desperate plunge—gaff slow and be steady—
He sees you—once more to the stream he would fly,
But his strength is exhausted—our triumph is nigh.
Bravissimo! now the long struggle is o'er,
And a bright Twenty-Pounder gasps high on the shore!

After a week's good sport, having caught thirty salmon and a great number of large trout, which we forwarded as we had opportunity, to our friends in Quebec, we packed up our rods and returned there on Saturday.. We had passed a most agreeable time; for, exclusive of our sport, we met several worthy brethren of the angle at the Bridge, with whom we were well acquainted, and whose successful prosecution

of the sport we could witness without any emotions of envy—a vile feeling, utterly abhorrent to the liberal mind of a genuine salmon fisher. One of our worthy Quebec friends, too, had placed the whole brotherhood under some obligations, by sending out materials for a waterproof hut on each side of the river at the fishing ground, which often saved our skins from a heavy shower—and I see no reason why I should not here offer Mr. A——w Y——g my best thanks for the same.

Two or three days after our return we started for Montreal, where we arrived, after two months' absence, delighted with our expedition, in augmented friendship towards each other; and feeling, as honest and successful anglers ought to feel, in good humor with all the world.

PISCATOR.

Sorel, 30th March, 1839.

[The Albion.]

STABLE ECONOMY;

BY JOHN STEWART,

VETERINARY SURGEON AND PROFESSOR OF VETERINARY MEDICINE, GLASGOW

WE find in the pages of our English contemporaries the most flattering encomiums of a practical little volume, bearing the title above, which has lately been issued from the press. It is said to be an invaluable treasure for all who have committed to their charge the management of that noble animal *THE HORSE*, being, in fact, the practical experience of Professor STEWART, whose eminence in the Andersonian University of Glasgow, is well established on both sides of the Atlantic. Some of our booksellers would do well to re-publish it, as a work of its size might be afforded at a rate so cheap, as to place it within the reach of all who are interested in horses. So many extracts from the work have appeared in the English Magazines, that we are enabled to illustrate its utility, as the following pages will demonstrate. Among other selections, the author's observations on the "preparation for fast work," will be read with more than ordinary interest.

PREPARATION FOR FAST WORK.

THE natural powers of the horse, contrasted with those he acquires, are feeble beyond what a stranger can conceive. Some people are prone to talk nonsense about nature. They would have horses placed as nearly as possible in a wild state, or a state of nature, which, I suppose, means the same thing. In the open fields the horse, it is said, has pure air, a wholesome diet, and exercise, good for the limbs and the constitution. God never intended so noble an animal to suffer confinement in a dark and narrow dungeon, nor to eat the artificial food provided by man. Much more is said, but it is not worth repeating. The truth is, setting argument aside, *we must have service*, even at the hazard of producing diseases that never occur in a state of nature. Before the horse can do all, or half of all that he is capable of doing, he must be completely domesticated. In the artificial management to which he is subjected there are many errors; but instead of condemning the system by wholesale, it were wiser to rectify what is wrong. A horse, kept in a state of nature, would not last half-a-day in the hunting field; and at stage-coaching two or three days would kill him.

Condition, Training, and Seasoning, as words, have nearly the same meaning. The first is used most in reference to hunters, but occa-

sionally to all kinds of horses ; the second is confined almost entirely to racers ; and the third to horses employed in public conveyances, mails, stage-coaches, and so forth. They relate solely to the processes and agents by which strength, speed, and endurance are conferred ; and are limited to the means by which the horse is inured to *severe* exertion.

The objects of Training, whether for the turf, the road, or the field, are the same. They vary in degree only, not in kind. For either of these purposes the horse must have speed, strength, and endurance. This last word is not quite so expressive as I wish. It is intended to signify lasting speed : it relates to the distance ; speed is in relation to time ; strength to the weight carried or drawn. In stables, the words *length* and *stoutness* are used for endurance. These three properties are common to all horses, but they exist in various degrees of combination. The age, breed, formation, and condition, exercise great influence upon them.* Young horses generally have more speed than stoutness ; at, and after maturity, stoutness is in greater perfection than speed. What are termed thorough-bred horses have speed, strength, and endurance, more of each in combination than any other breed. It would require a long chapter to consider all that might be said in connection with formation ; I pass it over, only observing that large, long-striding horses, generally have more speed, but less endurance, than lower compact horses. The formation has a great deal to do with strength, and therefore this property is less under the influence of training than the others are. Training does not enable the horse to carry or draw much more than he can naturally, when in good health and spirits ; but it enables him to carry a given weight farther and faster. The condition of the horse is the last circumstance I mention, as influencing his working properties. This is a matter of great importance. A horse, say a race-horse, may be of the right age, his pedigree may have no stain, and his formation no fault ; he may be in perfect health, sound in wind and limb, but notwithstanding all this, the horse may be in a very bad condition ; that is, for running a race. He may have too much carcass, he may have too much flesh about him, he may be short-winded, and his muscles may be unfit for protracted exertion. To put these into that state which experience has proved the best for a particular kind of work, forms the business of training, conditioning, seasoning. Before considering all the agents and processes employed by the trainer, I would make a few remarks upon the size of the belly, the state of the muscles, the state of the breathing, and the quantity of flesh.

SIZE OF THE BELLY.

Horses that are fed on bulky food, and those that are very fat, have a large belly. In one case, its size is produced entirely by the contents of food, of which much must be eaten to furnish the required amount of nutriment, and there is always a good deal of water along with this coarse of the intestines ; they may be laden with grass, hay, straw, or other food. One dose of physic, or at the most two doses, will empty the bowels. In another case the size of the belly arises from an accumulation of fat inside. This is removable only by slow degrees. Purga-

* There are some others, particularly the temper and the state of the legs.

tion, sweating, and other evacnants, take it away. In a third case, the size of the carcass depends partly upon the intestinal contents, and partly upon the accumulation of fat.

When the belly is very large, from either or both of these causes, the horse cannot breathe freely. He cannot expand the chest; the contents of the belly offer a mechanical obstacle to the elongation of this cavity; and, as a necessary consequence, sufficient air cannot be taken in to purify sufficient blood. But the weight of the fat, or of the food, is of itself a great burden, and would tell seriously against the horse in protracted exertion, even though it were placed on his back.

The trainer should know when the carcass is sufficiently lightened. He judges by the horse's wind. When that is equal to the work, further reduction in the size of the belly may not be necessary.—Hence, for some kinds of work, it need not be so much lightened as for some others. Without inconvenience the hunter may have a larger belly than the racer, and the stage-coach horse larger than either. Hunters and racers should have a straight carcass, not at all protuberant, and seldom much tucked up; but it is often very difficult or impossible to put a straight carcass upon flat-sided horses.

After the carcass is sufficiently lightened, it is to be kept within the prescribed limits by avoiding idleness and bulky food. The work or exercise must be such as to prevent the re-formation of fat, and the food such as to furnish the required quantity of nourishment without occupying too much room. Fast-working horses are kept on a limited allowance of fodder, and the usual allowance is further reduced on the day preceding extraordinary exertion. This precaution, however, is requisite only with great eaters, or gluttons, as they have been termed, employed at hunting or racing.

STATE OF THE MUSCLES.

Exertion, under certain regulations, produces a particular state of the muscles, the parts of motion, and of the nerves, the blood, and the blood-vessels, by which the muscles are supplied. Neither anatomy nor physiology is able to describe the change which those parts undergo in training. The eye, indeed, discovers a difference in the texture and the color of the muscles. Those which have been much in use are redder, harder, and tougher, than those that have had little to do. They contain more blood, and that blood is of a more decided red color. They are also a little larger, when compared with a corresponding muscle of less work. More than this, dissection does not reveal. It is known, without any dissection, that the instruments of motion exist in different states, that in one state their action is slow and feeble; in another state it is rapid and powerful, and that in certain states they can maintain their action for a much longer time than in certain other states.

For practical purposes it is not, perhaps, of much consequence to learn all the changes which the muscles, the blood, the blood-vessels, and the nerves must undergo, before the horse can possess the condition which his work demands. It may be enough to know that the condition, in whatever it may consist, can be conferred only by exertion. There are numerous auxiliaries, and various modes of

giving and of regulating exertion, but until it has produced the requisite alteration in the muscles, and their appendages, there can never be any remarkable degree of speed, nor endurance.

STATE OF THE BREATHING.

I have said that the horse's breathing cannot be free so long as a large belly interferes with the action of the lungs. To lighten a large carcass is to improve the wind. But I am persuaded that the lungs themselves may undergo a change particularly favorable to protracted exertion. Though I cannot offer any proof of this, I think the alterations which take place in other parts of the body make it appear probable that the lungs also are altered. It is reasonable to suppose that the tubes which carry the blood, and those which carry the air, suffer some increase of calibre; and that the lungs, taken altogether, becomes little larger. Such an alteration seems necessary to account for the visible change which takes place in the breathing. As training proceeds, the horse becomes less and less distressed by exertion, and ultimately acquires the power of doing that which would have killed him at the beginning; and the cause of death would have been found in the lungs. I can offer no other proof in favor of this supposition. But these matters have been so much neglected, that it does not seem to have occurred to any body that investigation is needful. Our knowledge is incomplete, yet no one speaks as if there were any thing to learn.

It is well enough known, however, that, to improve the wind, the horse must have a great deal of exertion. Purging, sweating, and other emaciating processes remove all obstruction to the lungs; exertion, at such a pace as to quicken the breathing, does the rest. But all horses do not need the same quantity of work to improve their wind. In some it is naturally very good. They have large nostrils, a wide windpipe, and a deep chest. By proper training their breathing becomes remarkably free and easy; hardly any pace or distance produces distress. They go as far and as fast as their legs can carry them. When over-worked it is generally the legs, not the lungs, that fail. There are as many other horses whose wind is bad, never very good by any management. They have small nostrils, and a small chest, neither deep nor wide. In these the wind fails before the legs—work makes the others leg-weary,—these it over-marks, producing congestion, or inflammation in the lungs. These horses are never fit for long races.

However good or bad the wind may be before training, it always improves more or less as training proceeds. It is improved at the same time and by the same means, that power is given to the muscular system. But exertion may be so regulated that the muscular system shall acquire all the energy of which it is capable, and yet the wind may be neglected and defective. Short distances give power and alacrity to the muscles, but long distances are necessary to improve the wind. The horse must go far enough and fast enough, to quicken the breathing, but not at any time so far nor so fast as to distress him very much. When the chest is defective, or when there is a strong tendency to the formation and accumulation of fat, the horse may need a great deal of exertion to render his wind fit for his work;

and, in either case, he must have good legs to stand the exertion.—When the legs and the chest are both defective, the horse will turn out a very ordinary animal. He will last longer at slow than at fast work.

QUANTITY OF FLESH.

When the horse goes into preparation for work he is sometimes lean. He may have been half starved. He may be so low in flesh that he has neither ability nor inclination to make exertion. To get such a horse ready for fast-work, we must begin with feeding. He may require a little medicine, but in general it is sufficient to let him have plenty of good food, and gentle exercise, enough to keep him in health. As he takes on flesh his exercise must increase both in pace and distance. Though not given in such measure as to keep the horse very lean, it must be severe enough to prevent the formation of fat in his belly. To keep his carcass light, and his wind good, he must have an occasional gallop.

But the horse is rarely very lean when he goes into training. Most generally he is plump, fat, full of flesh, and in high spirits. In this state he is easily injured by exertion. He has so much animation that he is willing to do more than is good for him. The very lean horse seldom has the inclination.

Hunters and racers are idle, or nearly so, for two or three months before they go into training. During this time they are so well fed, that they acquire much more flesh than they can safely carry at work. The trainer has to remove a good deal of this superfluous flesh. Why is it ever put on? I think these horses, while idle, should be fed in such a way that they may not be fat, though they may be plump and hearty by the time they go into training. But, possibly, there may be something which I have not considered that may forbid this. I would recommend a trial of one horse or two, only.

In all horses, not very lean, there are certain juices, solids and fluids, which do not contribute in any degree to produce, or to aid, muscular exertion. Most of the superfluous matter consists of fat; part lines the belly, part lies in the connexions of the intestines; some lies below the skin, and some between the muscles, and in the texture of the muscles. Horses that are never accustomed to pass a walk or a slow trot, carry a great deal of the fat in their belly; others of fast-work carry the largest portion under the skin; it covers the ribs, where it is carried with the least inconvenience. This fat is lodged in a tissue, which pervades all parts of the body, as water lodges in a sponge, only there is no apparent communication between the cells of the tissue, for the fat lies where it is placed, without sinking downwards. Fat is the surplus of nutrition. When the food is so abundant as to produce more nutriment than the system needs, the residue is stored past in the form of fat. When the food becomes unequal to the demand, the fat is re-converted into blood, or a nutritious juice equal to that derived from the food. But, as this fat cannot be rapidly converted into nutriment, certainly not while the horse is hunting or racing, it had better not be there. It is a useless weight which the horse must carry, and, from its situation, it may embarrass the parts upon which motion depends. Besides the fat, there are probably some watery or serous juices, quite as useless or injurious under exertion. In the

stables, the superfluous matter is termed *the waste and spare*, and the removal of it is termed, *drawing the horse fine*.

Slow-work horses may carry much superfluous flesh without any inconvenience. Saddle and carriage horses are not supposed to be in good condition unless they be tolerably plump. Mail horses cannot carry much, and it must all be on the outside, not in the belly; hunters carry less, and racers the least of any others. But, for short distances, it is not usual to draw the racer very fine. For a four-mile race, the horse must be drawn as fine as it is possible to make him, without exhausting him. It is obvious that the means by which superfluous flesh is removed, will also remove that which is useful, if persisted in beyond a certain point. When carried too far, the horse becomes unwilling to exert himself, dull, feeble, and careless about his food. These symptoms, accompanied by emaciation, show that he is *overtrained*. The trainer is proceeding too fast or too far with his operations. There is no rule to guide him but the state of the horse. One may be drawn a great deal finer than another. So long as the horse goes cheerfully to his work, and to his food, the trainer may proceed; he may stop so soon as the horse has wind and speed for the distance.

Superfluous flesh is removed partly by sweating, partly by purging, and partly by exertion. When all is taken away that is likely to incommode the horse, further reduction hazards the legs, when there is no need to hazard them.

It appears, then, that the trainer may have to lighten the carcass, he may have to put flesh on the horse, or to take it off him; and he always has to give tone to the muscles, and freedom to the wind. Each goes on progressively, and generally at the same time; but the belly is to be reduced to its proper size before all the superfluous flesh is taken away; much of this, if there be much of it, must be removed before power and alacrity can be given to the muscular system. Subsequently the horse may be drawn finer, if need be, as his wind and his speed are under improvement.

It is probable that training produces some alteration in the condition of the blood, the nerves, the blood-vessels, the joints, the tendons, and upon every part connected with motion. The change in these ought to be as permanent as that produced in the muscles; but I can say nothing more about them.

AGENTS OF TRAINING.

The agents and processes employed in preparing the horse for fast-work are, physic, sweating, blood-letting, diuretics, alteratives, diaphoretics, cordials, and exertion. I do not mean that all these are, or should be, in requisition for every horse, or every kind of fast work. All, however, are occasionally used, and it is proper to consider all. Without knowing what each can do, and what each cannot do, it cannot be judiciously employed. I consider their effects in reference to training; but some of them, such as physic, and cordials, are often used when the horse is already trained and in work; and to this, or a similar circumstance, I allude in two or three places. Though not strictly connected with the preparation for work, it is right, I think, to say all I have to say about one thing in one place.

USE OF PHYSIC.

In the stable this word is entirely confined to a purgative medicine. To a horse going or gone into training, physic may be wanted for one or more of seven purposes. It will diminish the size of the belly; it will rectify a disordered state of the bowels, rousing them from torpor to activity; it will expel worms; it will produce real or comparative emaciation; it will cure plethora; it will prevent plethora; and it will cure swelled legs. Physic will produce other effects; but I speak of it only in reference to preparation for work, and to the preservation of working condition.

If the horse be newly from grass, one dose will be wanted to empty his bowels. It may be given on the day he is stabled. If lusty, the dose may be strong. If the horse be lean, previously half-starved, or kept on bad food, one, perhaps two doses, may be necessary to empty the bowels, expel worms, and rouse the digestive apparatus to activity, one or all. In this case, the horse may as well be stabled for eight or ten days before his physic be given. It should be mild. If the horse be fat, lusty, or as the stablemen say, full of humors, foul or foggy, his flesh soft and flabby, he will require a smart purgative. If he be very full of flesh, have bad legs, and be a good feeder, he may need several doses, each as strong as the horse can safely bear it. His safety is never to be compromised. There are other means of reducing him, if physic, in safe doses, will not do it. He may have the first as soon as his bowels are relaxed by bran mash. The second is not to be given in less than nine clear days. The third, if absolutely necessary, is not to be given in less than fourteen days after the second sets.

Should the horse fall lame, or from any other cause require to lie idle for several days after his training is considerably advanced, physic may be necessary to prevent plethora. This state of the system may also be prevented by reducing the allowance of food. But racers and hunters cannot be starved, and whatever kind of food they get it must either produce plethora or a large belly. The physic prevents both. Unless lameness or swelled legs demand it, the physic need not be given till the horse has been several days idle. If he must be out of work for more than two or three weeks, a second dose may be necessary. But it is only horses of very keen appetite that need physic to prevent plethora. A delicate horse of light carcass, narrow loins, and irritable temper, rarely requires physic to prevent or to cure plethora, and very seldom to remove superfluous flesh. They eat sparingly, and the training exercises reduce them more, and faster, than others of robust constitution. Between the most delicate and the most robust there are many others with whom a middle course of treatment must be adopted with regard to physic, and to every thing else. While those of very strong constitution may require a full dose, the very delicate may require none. To some, a mild or a half dose is sufficient; and to others, a diuretic or an alterative may be useful, when the propriety of giving even a mild or a half-dose is doubtful.

Horses that have undergone a good deal of exertion, whether in training or in work, often need physic to refresh them. The legs may be slightly swelled, the horse a little stiff, and dull. If much emaciat-

ed a mild dose is sufficient ; if lusty, the dose may be strong, particularly if the legs be the worse of wear.

EFFECTS OF PHYSIC.

The effects of physic vary with the strength of the dose, the number of doses, and the condition of the horse. One dose, mild or strong, merely empties the bowels ; two, three, or a greater number, of mild, perhaps only half-doses, given at proper intervals, rouse the digestive organs to more than ordinary activity, and make the lean horse acquire flesh. But if the doses be given at intervals too short, the bowels become very irritable ; they remain relaxed ; the evacuations are soft, too pultaceous, and a draught of cold water or a little fast work, produces actual purgation. In such a case the horse becomes excessively lean and weak, and it is often a long time ere he recovers. He has had physic too frequently, even though each dose were mild.

One strong dose, besides evacuating the bowels, and lightening the belly, produces emaciation. The purgative drug acts first upon the inner surface of the stomach and bowels. It irritates this surface, which pours forth a copious secretion of water-like fluid, for the purpose of diluting and weakening the irritant. The fluid is derived from the blood. When the purgative is so strong as to produce very copious secretion, the loss which the blood suffers in quantity is soon felt all over the body, and an effort is quickly made to supply the place of that which has been lost. Vessels, termed absorbents, commence operation upon the fat, and upon other superfluities. These undergo a change, and acquire a resemblance to blood ; they are collected, and poured into the blood-vessels, and fill the place of all the fluid that has been evacuated by the bowels. This absorption of superfluities follows every evacuation, whether it comes from the bowels, the skin or the kidneys ; and I need not again advert to it. The horse becomes leaner in order that the blood-vessels may be fuller. The fat is converted into blood, or a fluid like blood ; but when there is no fat to remove, or to spare, the absorbents act upon, and remove other superfluous fluids and solids wherever seated. Thus, purging, sweating, and other evacuants, take away fatness, swelled legs, dropsies, tumors, and so forth.

Purgation always produces emaciation, more or less evident, according to the violence of the operation. But when one dose succeeds another, before the bowels have quite recovered from the effects of the first, there is danger in the process. Purging may proceed too far ; it may be so severe that weeks must elapse ere the horse recover ; it may be such as to leave the bowels excessively irritable, easily relaxed ; or it may be such as to kill the horse in two or three days. These, and some other bad effects of physic, arise from either giving too much physic at one time, or from giving it too often.

In hunting and racing, and even in coaching stables, horses often die under physic. The blame seldom falls upon the medicine, nor upon the man who gives it. The fault is all in the horse's constitution ; instead of saying the physic was too strong, the man declares the horse was too weak, as if it were not possible to make the physic strong or weak, according to the state of the horse. When the horse dies, however, it is always from an overdose. He gets too much at once, or he gets it too often, or that which he gets is made to work too

strongly, for it is possible to make a small dose produce great effect. In the stables it is often asserted that physic is dangerous when it does not purge the horse. When not strong enough to purge the horse, the groom says it goes through the body, does not work off, but requires another, to make it work off. This is nonsense. I must have given several thousand half-doses of physic, not intended to produce any purgation, or very little. If any one of these ever did any ill, a full dose would have done a great deal more. But when the groom finds his first dose does not purge any, or not so much as he desires, he is in a hurry to give a second, which, operating with the first, is a pretty sure way to destroy the horse. If one dose do not purge, no second should be given till after four clear days.

Physic in full doses, always produces temporary debility, even before purgation begins. It increases as the purging proceeds, and its duration is influenced by many circumstances. The horse is dull, sick, and sometimes a little uneasy while he is purging. He is generally sick before it begins, and while it lasts, but very often he becomes lively and desires food so soon as purgation is established.

After severe purgation the horse is weak for several days; he sweats soon and is easily fatigued. Some recover much sooner than others. To the temporary debility there often succeeds an immediate increase of energy, greater than the horse possessed before, and not altogether dependent upon the loss of superfluous flesh, nor the removal of any apparent evil. Hence, physic is frequently given to racers, and to hunters, in the middle of their working season, for the purpose, as it is termed, of *refreshing* them.

COURSE OF PHYSIC.

A Course of Physic consists of three doses, given at intervals of from 8 to 14 days. Hunters, racers, some carriage, and other horses, get two courses every year as regularly as the seasons come round; the racer in autumn, after his summer running is over, and in spring, after he has lain idle all winter; the hunter in spring when he goes to grass or loose-house, and in autumn when in preparation for his winter's work. Carriage, and such like horses, have their two courses, simply because spring and autumn, are spring and autumn. This, in reference to ordinary horses, is going much out of fashion. A few venerable adherents of the old school still remain, but their example is not very pernicious; it is little followed.

There is no season of the year at which physic is more necessary than at another. Horses, indeed, are moulting in spring and in autumn; but so long as they are in health this process is not beneficially influenced by physic. With hunters, the change of food and work alters the case. They may need one dose, or three, or more than three, or none. The practice of giving a full course to all, without discrimination, as if there was some magical property in the number three, is too absurd to merit notice. Physic is not one of those simples in which quackery deals. Its power to do evil, is at least as great as its power to do good.

COMPOSITION OF PHYSIC.

There are many articles which purge the horse; but, upon almost every occasion, Barbadoes aloes is preferred. It is easily given, and

the proper dose is well known, or easily regulated. It purges with more certainty, and with less danger, than any of the articles which are sometimes used in its place. The aloes are powdered, and formed into a tough, solid mass, soft enough to swallow. Common, or Castile soap, is generally used for this purpose. One of soap, to two of aloes, is about the proportion. Other ingredients are sometimes added; but, to produce purgation, nothing is wanted but the aloes. In hunting and racing establishments the head groom usually compounds the physic himself. It may be procured ready made, in any strength, from the veterinarian or the druggist. A full dose varies from four drachms to nine. Yearling colts require about four; ponies from five to six; saddle, hunting, and draught horses from seven to eight; thoroughbreds from six to nine. These last, when well prepared, may be purged by six drachms; but when in work they may require nine. Horses of narrow chest and light carcass, require less than those of round barrel.

GIVING A BALL.

A dose of medicine, whether purgative, cordial, diuretic, or any other kind, when given in a solid form, is termed a *ball*. It should be soft, and about the size and shape of a pullet's egg. The operator stands before the horse, who is generally unbound, and turned with his head out of the stall, and a halter upon it. An assistant stands on the left side, to steady the horse's head, and keep it from rising out of the operator's reach. Sometimes he holds the mouth open, and grooms generally need such aid. The operator seizes the horse's tongue in his left hand, draws it a little out, and to one side, and places his little finger fast upon the under jaw; with the right hand he carries the ball smartly along the roof of the mouth, and leaves it at the root of the tongue. The mouth is closed and the head held, till the ball is seen descending the gullet on the left side. When loath to swallow, a little water may be offered, and it will carry the ball before it.

Some grooms are sad bunglers at this operation. Some cannot do it at all; many not without the use of the balling iron, and none of them can do it handsomely by any means. I have seen the tongue severely injured, half torn out of the horse's mouth: and many horses are so much alarmed and injured by a bad operator that they become exceedingly troublesome, and always shy about having the mouth or head handled.

By keeping the little finger upon the bar of the mouth, the tongue can never be injured; the hand follows every motion of the head without being dragged by the tongue. By delivering the ball smartly, and without instruments, no pain is produced, and no resistance offered. A hot, troublesome horse should be sent to the veterinary surgeon. The probability is, that the groom will fail; he may lodge the ball among the teeth, or injure the mouth, and the horse will be pained to no purpose, and taught to resist all operations about his head.

PREPARING FOR PHYSIC.

If a full dose of physic be given when the bowels are costive, it is apt to produce colic and inflammation. The medicine is dissolved in the stomach, passes into the intestines, and mingles with their fluid and semifluid contents; but, as it travels on, it arrives at a point where

the contents are solid; the physic is arrested; it lies longer there than at any previous part of its course; its continued presence produces spasmodic and painful contractions of the bowels to force it on. If the intestinal contents be very obstinate, if the obstruction be not dissolved, irritation and inflammation succeed, and the horse's life is in danger. To obviate this, the bowels for one or two days previous are to be gently and uniformly relaxed by giving bran mashes, by withholding corn, and by stinting the allowance of hay. If the horse can take exercise, one day is sufficient to prepare him. At the usual feeding hour he has a bran mash, warm or cold, whichever he likes best. He gets water often, and in full measure, as much as he will take, and if possible, he should have walking or trotting exercise, perhaps morning and afternoon. At night he receives less than the ordinary allowance of hay; and if a great eater, a muzzle is put upon him, that he may not eat the litter after his hay is finished. Few, however, need to be stinted in their fodder. Most of them may have the ordinary allowance. Those that will not eat mashes, nor drink freely, and those that cannot take exercise, are the only horses that need to be kept short of fodder. Early next morning the physic is given on an empty stomach.

TREATMENT UNDER PHYSIC.

Half an hour, or directly after the physic is given, the horse gets a bran mash; that eaten, he goes to walking exercise for perhaps an hour; he is watered when he returns. The water should be tepid, warm as the horse will take it. He is to get it often, and as much as he pleases. It should all be warm, that is, it should not be very cold. Some horses, particularly when under physic, refuse tepid water. It is often offered too warm. It is better that he have it cold than that he have none. But from the time physic is given till it ceases to operate, all the water should be as warm as the horse will take it, yet not so warm as to make him refuse it. During the remainder of this day, the horse has a bran mash as often as he is accustomed to get corn. Warm are better than cold mashes; if refused, they may be given cold; if both be refused, dry bran may be tried. Whether bran be eaten or refused, the horse is to have no corn. The hay may be sprinkled with plain or with salt water. Sometimes a little more exercise is given in the afternoon; and when the horse is difficult to purge, he is all the better of more exercise, weather and the legs permitting it. In wet weather the horse is not to go out. In cold weather, he is to be clothed, both in the stable and at exercise. The exercise is given at a walking pace, but in cold weather part of it may be faster. It should be fast enough to keep the horse warm, but not so fast as to heat him. Next morning, about twenty-four hours after the physic has been given, purging commences. Sometimes it begins sooner. I have seen physic operate in ten hours, and I have known thirty hours elapse ere the horse was fairly purged. The more exercise he takes, and the more water he drinks, the sooner he is purged. When the dose is strong, exercise must be given with more caution than when it is weak. But too much exercise, particularly beyond a walk, will make even a weak dose over-purge the horse.

If not purging freely next morning, when the stable is opened, the horse may go out and remain for an hour at a walk, with an occasional

slow trot. Whenever purgation is fairly established, the horse should be brought in, and stand in the stable till his physic *sets*, that is, till it ceases to operate. Some continue the exercise for a good while after the horse is purging; and when very copious purgation is wanted, or when the dose is not very strong, this may be done, the danger of carrying the process beyond the horse's strength being always remembered. A full dose, with proper preparation, and proper treatment, usually continues to operate pretty smartly for twelve hours. All this time the horse gets bran mashes and water, as on the preceding day. At night the evacuations should be less fluid, and by next morning they ought to be quite natural. After this the horse returns to his usual diet.

COLIC.

If the horse appear in pain, pawing the ground, looking at his flank, rising and lying, or rolling when down, he may have a clyster of warm soapy water, and go to exercise. This sometimes happens before purgation begins. If the pain be very severe, producing perspiration, a cordial ball may be given, and more clysters, and exercise, only a walk.

SUPERPURATION.

Superpurgation occurs frequently, either from the dose being too strong, or the horse getting too much exercise. If the physic continue to operate so as to threaten evil, it may be stopped very readily by giving the horse a few oats or beans, one or both. If the horse will not eat, give him a cordial ball; withhold water, and give oatmeal gruel instead; bandage the legs, clothe the body, give a good bed, shut up the stable, and do not take the horse out. In half an hour after giving the cordial, again try the horse with oats or beans. Should these means fail, or should the horse very rapidly become weak and dejected, losing flesh from the back, crest and thighs, let him have half a pint of mulled port wine, well spiced, in as much warm water, and add an ounce of laudanum to it. Repeat this dose every four or five hours till purging stops. It will always succeed if the horse be not indeed at death's door before the treatment is begun. Bleeding in such a case destroys the horse.

SWEATING.

Every horse must perspire more or less while undergoing preparation for fast work; but in all racing and hunting studs there are some horses that require to be purposely sweated. By putting the horse to exertion, under heavy clothing, the perspiration is excited, and encouraged to flow, in much greater profusion than mere exertion would ever produce. The object of this is two-fold. Sweating removes superfluous flesh, and it gives freedom of respiration. The one object may be aimed at more than the other; and the process of sweating is, or ought to be, regulated accordingly. If the main object be to remove superfluous flesh, the horse may be sweated without, or with very little exertion; if the main object be to improve the wind, the horse must have a good deal of exertion with less sweating. In both cases the horse is drawn finer. The fluid which escapes from the skin is derived from the blood. Copious perspiration is soon followed by absorption. The superfluous fluids and solids are carried into circu-

lation, in order to supply the deficiency which perspiration has produced. Every sweat, if it be carried far enough, draws the horse finer, and such is the result whether he get much or little exertion.

I have never met with a stableman who seemed to understand the precise effects of sweating. They confound the effects of exertion with those of sweating; they proceed as if they thought the two should be combined. I have more than once stated that exercise, judiciously managed, gives power and alacrity to the muscular system, and freedom to the breathing. I have now to observe, that sweating, considered by itself, *does neither*. Copious perspiration can be excited with very little exertion; and, when that is done, the sweating merely removes superfluous flesh. It removes fat, and other matters, which encumber the muscles and the lungs; but it does not improve the functional powers of either. Exertion produces one series of effects, sweating another; and though both are generally combined, there are cases in which they may with advantage be separated.

SWEATING WITHOUT EXERTION,

That is, some exertion, but so little that it is not worth considering. The horse is heavily clothed, saddled, mounted, and taken to the sweating ground; here he is ridden at a steady, gentle pace, till he begins to perspire; so soon as the coat is damp, he is ridden at a smart pace to the stable; the doors and windows are closed; the horse is stalled with his head out, the saddle is removed, and more clothing applied. The groom stands by, while an assistant holds the horse's head. In a few minutes, from eight to ten, the skin becomes quite wet, perspiration issues from every pore, and runs down the legs. The horse's breathing increases, and is often as quick and laborious as if he had just run a race. This arises partly from heat and partly from exhaustion. The sudden loss of so much fluid produces a faintness very similar to that which follows a large bleeding; and without doubt the effect is greater from the heat accumulated on the surface. The time the horse is permitted to sweat in this manner must be regulated by the groom. It had better be repeated in a few days than overdone at first. After the first sweat the groom will closely observe its effect, and he will carry the next further, or not so far, according to circumstances. With some, the sweating need not stop till the perspiration be dropping fast from the belly, running down the legs and passing over the hoofs; with others, upon whom its effects may not yet be known, it will be time to stop when the hair is completely soaked. The groom now and then puts his hand under the clothes, and passing it along, observes how much fluid be lodged in the hair. If the horse be sufficiently warm when he enters the stable, he may have to sweat from five to fifteen minutes. Few require more than fifteen, and few less than five.

The sweating having been carried to the desired extent, the horse is stripped, the stable boys, usually one, and sometimes two on each side, immediately scrape the horse all over; they make the skin dry with as much expedition as possible. After scraping the neck, sides, quarters, every place upon which the scraper will operate, the legs and head are sponged. By means of wisps and rubbers, the horse is made quite dry; his standing clothes are put on; he gets a quart or two of

tepid water, goes out and gets a short gallop, and is walked about till quite cool, when he is stabled, dressed, clothed, watered, fed, and left to repose. The first water is tepid, and no more is given than sufficient to make the horse eat. The first food requires to be rather laxative, particularly for round-barrelled horses. The sweating produces costiveness, which is obviated by a bran mash; corn is given afterwards.

If it be desirable that this sweating produce a very decided effect in reducing the horse, his allowance of water for the next twenty-four or thirty-six hours, should be moderate. He will be disposed to drink very copiously, but if much be given it will be rapidly absorbed, and will in some measure, fill the place of that fluid which perspiration has taken away, and there will be less stimulus for the absorbents to act upon the fat and other superfluities. The water should be tepid, for when cold it increases the horse's desire for it, and enough to make him feed is sufficient.

It is usual to give the horse a short gallop after his sweating; and after he has been dried, when he is able to take the exertion and to suffer so much exhaustion in one day, the practice is unobjectionable: but sweating, with or without exertion, does not render a gallop immediately afterwards at all necessary. Some gentle exercise, however, is often necessary to prevent perspiration from breaking out after the horse is dressed.

I think this mode of sweating without exertion is the best for lusty horses with defective legs. It is most necessary at the commencement of training, and may be practised two or three days after the first dose of physic sets. It removes so much of the fat that the horse may afterwards proceed to exertion which would have endangered his legs, had it been given before the sweating. This sweating merely removes fat. It confers no energy upon the muscles, nor capacity upon the lungs, beyond that they acquire from having greater freedom of action. This kind of sweating is never necessary for horses already low in flesh; and it need never be repeated while the legs can safely carry the body.

SWEATING WITH EXERTION.

It is only in racing and in hunting stables that horses are put through this process. When the training-groom speaks of sweating, he means sweating with exertion. The horse is put through his physic, and prepared for sweating by several days or weeks of walking exercise, varied by an occasional gallop. If the sweating and exertion must go together, it is very necessary to prepare the horse for the process by some gentle exertion, for it is a very severe one. If the horse be very lusty, he goes daily to walking exercise. After a time, he is put to a short gallop, varying in speed and distance, according to his age. It should, at the first two or three trials, not exceed half the distance he is to go in his sweat: if he suffer that without distress, it is gradually lengthened till he is able to go nearly, or quite as far as the sweating distance. If the trial gallop distress him, he returns for a few days to gentler exercise, and the pace and distance are increased more gradually.

Great eaters are muzzled for eight or ten hours before they go to the sweating ground; some require to be muzzled twelve hours, some six, some not at all; the stomach should not be loaded. In the

morning, or, when the weather is cold, in the forenoon, the horse is clothed in his sweaters, the quantity varying according to the effect desired. A soft, porous blanket lies next the skin; a breast-piece covers the bosom, while the head and neck are enveloped in a hood. Over the blanket, one or two, it may be three or four, quarter-pieces are thrown; and perhaps another hood may be required, the undermost wanting the earlets. These are tied and buckled, with care that no part encumber the action, nor abrade the skin. The legs, the eyes, and windpipe, must be clear; the breast-piece must not be drawn so tight as to confine the legs or press upon the windpipe. The saddle goes over all. The horse is ridden to some convenient ground, hunters to the field, racers to the course. If the horse's legs be defective, he is mounted by a light weight; sometimes he is led by a man on another horse. In the first or second sweat it may be proper to forbear riding; but in general it is not a good practice to lead the horse. He is so little under control that he is very apt to be lamed. Arrived at the sweating ground, the horse is usually walked round it, just to let him know it, and to give him the use of his legs. The pace increases from a walk to a trot or canter, and from that to a gallop. The length and speed of the gallop must be regulated by the training-groom. Speaking generally, the horse should rarely go at full speed, and not above a few hundred yards at a time. When a certain distance is not aimed at, the gallop should often end as soon as perspiration is fully established, and in no case should the horse proceed at the same pace after he appears the least distressed. As he improves in condition, he goes faster and further before perspiration appears.

In racing stables, the sweats, almost from the beginning, are of a certain length. According to Darvill, "the length for a year-old is two miles; for a two-year-old, two miles and a-half; for a three-year-old, three miles, or three and a-half; and for a four-year-old, four miles. In preparing for a four-mile race the horse may have to sweat four and a-half or five miles."*

Though the colt or horse may have to go a certain distance, yet the pace at which he goes must vary with his condition. At first the lusty horse especially should go very slow; and when the body is loaded and the legs weak, I think the full length should not be tried at first, even though the pace be slow. For hunters the pace and the distance must be limited by the state of the legs, and the freedom of the breathing. Excess at the beginning may possibly shorten the time of preparation, but it is much more likely to injure the lungs or the legs.

When pulled up, the horse is walked to his stable. He may stand for a minute to recover his wind. If the sweating ground be at a considerable distance, the horse is followed there by the groom and his assistants, who dry him in the field. The horse is placed in a sheltered spot, perhaps beside a hedge; his clothes are removed and he is scraped as dry as possible; fresh clothing is put on and the horse ridden smartly home. Subsequently the treatment is the same as after sweating in the stable. If the stable be near the sweating ground, the horse had better go there at once. He is in less danger of catching cold.

* Darvill on the English Race Horse. Vol. II. p. 270.

I need hardly repeat that this process has a double effect ; it improves the condition of those parts upon which muscular exertion depends, and it removes superfluous flesh. How far it is proper to aim at both objects by the same process, I leave to the consideration of those who have experience in the practical details of training. I should think it would be safer for the legs of a lusty horse to get rid of a great part of the superfluous flesh with as little exertion as possible ; to reduce him in the first place by purging and sweating, leaving no more superfluous flesh upon him than what exertion without clothing would remove. Sometimes the trainer unites both modes of sweating. After sending the horse his sweating distance, further perspiration is encouraged in the stable.

The repetition of these sweats must be regulated by the effect produced, and by the effect desired. While the robust glutton may require a sweat once a-week, or thrice a fortnight, the delicate abstinent may not need more than one in five or six weeks, or perhaps none at all.

BLEEDING.

Bleeding as an operation preparatory to work, is hardly ever necessary. It is customary, however, in some hunting and coaching studs, upon taking the horse from grass. I believe it is nowhere so common as it used to be. It takes the flesh off a horse very rapidly, but it produces great debility. Perhaps the parts which are absorbed after blood-letting may not be the same parts that sweating and purging remove. It may be that the loss of pure blood may be replaced by the absorption of solids and fluids more necessary to vigor, than those solids and fluids of which purging and sweating produce the removal.

DIURETICS.

Diuretics are those medicines which increase the flow of urine. They are not of much avail in training. They are useful, however, when there is reason to fear plethora, or when the legs swell, either from rest, or from excess of food or excess of work. Nitre, resin, turpentine, soap, and oil of juniper, are all diuretics. For a horse of fifteen or sixteen hands high a diuretic ball may be composed of—nitre, four drachms ; resin, three drachms ; and oil of juniper, twenty drops ; with soft soap sufficient to make a ball of the proper size.—From four to eight drachms of nitre, given in a mash, may be sufficient to prevent the plethora, which idleness on a working-day might produce, and it is useful when work has excited a little fever, or swelled the legs. No diuretic is to be given within forty-eight hours after, nor before profuse sweating.

ALTERATIVES.

In the stable this term is not applied to any particular drug or prescription. Almost every groom has a recipe of his own, and the effect, when any is produced, must vary according to the articles employed. Taken as a class, the alteratives used in training may be regarded as gentle evacuants, acting upon the secretions of the skin, the bowels, and the kidneys. Nitre, resin, sulphur, balsam of sulphur, Ethiop's mineral, cream of tartar, black antimony, tartar-emetic, calomel, cinnabar, with a host of gums, spices, and herbs, are used in-

dividually, or in various combinations. Many inert articles are employed. Very often so little is given, that neither good nor ill follows, and sometimes a dangerous and fatal dose is given through ignorance of its powers.

In former times it seemed to be a rule that the horse should swallow a certain quantity of medicine every year, whether well or ill, poor or fat; and among grooms who pretend to much knowledge, and have a great deal of ignorance, it is still a custom to force drugs upon him, not so much to cure as to prevent. If any evil be threatened or in existence, it is very right to take measures to prevent or cure it; but the people I speak of give drugs without seeing any sign that they are wanted. The horse may be as well as they desire him to be, and not exposed to any change of circumstance or treatment that can make him worse, and yet they give some stuffs which they call alteratives.

In training good grooms do not employ means of this kind without some reason. The horse may not be altogether right, his bowels or his skin may be out of order, his legs liable to swell after work, or frogs to get thrushy in the house. The horse may have a bad appetite, or his appetite may be too good. For these and such like matters some medicine which will gently stimulate the secretions of a particular organ may be very useful. An alterative powder in very common use is composed of antimony, nitre, and sulphur, mixed and given in the same doses, and with the precautions, which are mentioned in connexion with grooming, to produce a fine coat. When the skin is rigid, the hair dry,—when there are any pimples or itchiness upon it,—when there is any tendency to swelled legs or thrushes,—a few of these powders may be given with benefit, a stronger remedy, such as sweating or purging, being unnecessary or impracticable. When a bad day keeps a hearty eater off his exercise, one or two of them will prevent repletion.

Sometimes the antimony is given alone. Nimrod recommends an ounce every day, for eight days together. The horse should not hunt nor race till a week after the last dose.

CORDIALS.

These medicines are seldom wanted in training. Their principal use is to give the horse an appetite. There are many spare feeders among fast-working horses. They are apt to refuse their food every time they are excited or exhausted by more than usual work. To such, a cordial is now and then of some service. There is no need for the costly and complicated preparations which are sometimes given.

Take of carraway seeds,.....	3 oz.
Anise seed,.....	3 oz.
Allspice,.....	3 oz.
Cloves,.....	2 oz.
Gentian root,.....	4 oz.

These should all be ground to a fine powder, and beaten into a solid mass with treacle or honey. Divide the whole into twelve balls. One may be given at any time when there is no fever: when the eye and nostrils are red, the mouth and skin hot, they are forbidden.

MUSCULAR EXERTION.

A good deal has been said about exertion in other parts of this work, and it is not necessary to say much here. In preparing for fast work the rule is to proceed from less to more, from a short to a longer distance, from a slow to a faster pace, always by small degrees. In the first week most of the exercise may be given at a walk. This pace has been objected to by Nimrod. He says it injures the legs, and produces spavin. He is in error. There is no pace at which the legs are so safe. When the horse is kept at it for several successive hours, he may be fatigued: but the fatigue falls upon the muscles, not upon the joints nor the tendons. The horse may lie a great deal after walking exercise, but it rarely makes him lame. Cart-horses often travel ten hours a day, for months together: and though all their work is performed at a walk, they have no spavin till they are overburdened, and not often then.

WALKING AND OTHER EXERCISE.

Walking exercise empties the bowels,—gives the horse good use of his limbs,—gives him an appetite for food,—promotes the secretions of the lungs, the skin, and the bowels,—and when much is given under a good rider, it teaches the horse to walk quickly and gracefully. Even at the beginning, however, all the exercise need not be given at a walk. The horse, whatever be his condition, is always able to take some faster exertion. The walk, the trot, the canter, and the gallop, may alternate one with another, no more of either being exacted than the horse can bear without injury. But when intended to perform his work at any particular pace, at cantering, for example, he is to get as much of that as it is safe to give him. A lady's horse would be ill prepared if most of his exertion were a trot. The preparatory exertions should resemble the work as soon and as far as it is safe to give it.

The slow paces make the horse leg-weary. If he lie more than six hours out of the twenty-four, his legs being sound, he is getting too much exercise. Fast paces endanger the lungs of an untrained horse. The rider should know when he has gone as far and as fast as it is safe to go. Existing distress is indicated by signs which do not require much experience to recognise them. They are described in connexion with the accidents of work. The signs which indicate the *approach* of distress are not so well marked, but they are quite visible. The first is rapid and short respiration; the second frequent protrusion of the muzzle, as if the horse wanted more rein; and the third is a deep, prolonged, inspiration, something like a sigh, in which the rider feels his legs thrown apart by the expansion of the horse's chest. Quickness of respiration is a necessary consequence of exertion, and is a symptom of distress only when excessively rapid and short. The protrusion of the muzzle shows that the horse is at nearly all he can do. This is not to be mistaken for the pull of a horse eager to get away; he quickens his pace as he gets his head free.—When distress is coming the head is often darted downward or forward; and though more rein be given, the head still dives but the horse goes no faster. He need not in all cases be pulled up for this; it may be sufficient to slacken the pace for a few hundred yards, to

go slower, until he recover a little. The deep sigh demands immediate relief; to continue longer at the same pace, even for no more than two hundred yards, is attended with considerable risk. The horse may be fairly overmarked. He may proceed a short distance, but he ought to be held in if possible, or he ought to stand quite still, which is the safer plan, until he recover his wind. At work, circumstances may demand a continuation of the pace, notwithstanding this sign of distress; but in training the deep inspiration should stop it at once.

The severest exertion given to the horse in training is that termed sweating. A certain distance is aimed at, but the groom generally knows pretty well how the horse will bear it before he is sent to it.—He is previously tried in short gallops, which are lengthened by degrees. Horses usually snort after performing a little smart work; they clear the nostrils by a sudden and forcible expiration. This act does not resemble sneezing nor coughing. The nostrils play to and fro as the air is expelled, and make a peculiar noise, which is well enough expressed by the term *snorting*. It is quite voluntary; sneezing and coughing are not. Many horses do it when starting, but the groom attends to it particularly after a trial gallop. Should the horse clear his nose almost the instant he is pulled up, he has wind enough to go further and faster in his next gallop; should a minute elapse ere he snorts, still the pace and distance may be increased, but not much. In the next trial, should the horse stand for two minutes without snorting, his gallop has been severe enough for his condition, and it may have been too much so. He does not snort till his breathing is easy; and the more he is unwinded the more time he takes to recover. It seems, however, that some horses do not snort as soon as they recover freedom of breathing. I have watched one for half an hour, after a severe run, without noticing him clear the nostrils; and I have repeatedly observed that, especially after a long continued exertion, the horse does not snort for a good while after his breathing is quite tranquil.

The ground upon which exertion is given is a matter of some consequence. A hard stony surface injures the feet and legs, and a fall upon it is a serious affair. Deep ground, that in which the foot sinks, demands great exertion to get through it, and it hazards the legs, though the rider may have judgment enough to save the lungs.—Rough, irregular ground, gives the legs so many twists, that a fast pace is very apt to produce a sprain. The best is that which resembles a race course—soft, yet firm.

The kind and degree of exertion must vary with the condition of the horse; the mode of giving it must vary a little according to his disposition. A lazy horse is generally robust, and not much disposed to over-exert himself; he may require a good deal of urging to keep him at the pace, and make him go the distance. He is apt to stop when not inclined to run. If allowed to have his own way a few times at the beginning, it becomes a difficult process to train him, and still more difficult to work him. On the course he may choose to lose a race, and in the field he may fancy he has done enough before he has well begun. A horse of this kind requires to be well mounted. In his training exertion he must be ridden by one who has

strength to manage him, and judgment enough to distinguish between laziness and distress. There are many other horses quite different from this kind. They are timid, easily agitated, easily injured, and very apt to over-exert themselves. The least harsh treatment alarms them; they tremble, the limbs totter, the stride is irregular, unsteady; the horse is so precipitate in his movements that he is often lamed or thrown down. Without whip or spur such a horse would run till he died. Even a little extra exertion puts him off his feed. These horses are generally less robust than those of phlegmatic temperament; they should seldom carry much weight, yet a thoughtless boy is almost sure to abuse such a horse. He ought to be treated with great gentleness. Some are least alarmed when ridden alone, others when they have companions, which, however, ought not to be sluggards, for a timid horse is in terror when he sees or hears another punished. In general, severe exertion should not always be given on the same ground. After once or twice the horses get alarmed whenever they arrive there, and know what is coming. But the same place may be used for both the severe and the gentle exertion; and by stealing slowly away at first, the horse may do his work before he knows that he has begun it. The warning of severe exertion gives him more alarm than the exertion itself.

Indeed all horses should start slowly. A gentle pace prepares the legs, and puts every organ in order for a severer task. It gives the horse time to empty his bowels, and to see the ground, and enables the rider to feel lameness, should there be any not previously observed.

AN ENGLISH COVER-SIDE.

A DREAM IN PHILADELPHIA.

How strangely and how mysteriously the current of thought, that has occupied us in the day, sometimes follows us in our dreams.—Last night I saw an immense tract of land intersected by stone walls,—here and there, were a few scattered clumps of trees, that appeared, from their stunted growth, to partake of the cold nature of the soil they sprung from. Not a blade of grass was to be seen, except a green patch of three acres, carefully enclosed by a stone wall: on the further side of this enclosure was a sloping road-way, and near the road-way a small farm and homestead, with paddocks, and towards this homestead and road-way, figures, in red-coats, were galloping as if their lives depended on a minute,—why, where am I? Surely the homestead is a favorite meet of the H. H. Newbam,* and that immense crowd of scarlet coats at full gallop are 200 Oxonians, who have done the twenty-two miles somewhat under an hour and three-quarters! Arrived at the homestead, they give their hacks and overalls to their cads,† and remount their fresh horses. In a paddock behind the farm are a crowd of private grooms with their master's hunters, and the owners of these arrive in a somewhat better condition. In this corner are three fat parsons, with merry round counte-

* The fixture for the days' hunt.

† Hired servants.

nances, come more to enjoy the "Coffee-Shop"* than the hunt; and there is a slim gentleman in a scarlet coat and high collar, who is whistling, "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," while his fat groom in a chocolate colored coat, is buckling a pair of woollen gloves under the saddle flap in case of rain. All at length mounted, assemble on a rising ground, near the road-way, and here are one hundred faces, as fresh in the vision of the night as in reality: here is the Flying Captain on a noble chesnut, and there in the centre of a group of country gentlemen, is a florid, jovial, face, always lit with a smile, 'tis Lord C——l, he is tapping his boot with his whip in his right hand, and saying something pleasant to all around. What a jovial scene,—only to be found in "merry England."

How the cover hacks smoke, while so joyous and gay.

The shake of the hand goes around;

And the overall† of Messrs. Martin & Day,

As usual transparent are found.

Here Jem Hill, the Hunstman, points Oppidar out,

For perfection of legs, feet, and head;

While the rest of the pack come crowding about,

And snatch at his morsel of bread.

At this moment a quiet looking gentleman, in a black coat, who, by the deference paid him by the Oxonians, appears to be the master of the hunt, after throwing his eye to windward, and looking one moment at his watch, orders the puppy dogs, (who have been anxiously looking towards the wall) to be thrown into the gorse. A game-keeper opens the gate for the Huntsman and hounds, and quietly placing his gun inside the wall, seats himself on the gate. Five members of the hunt are using all their effort to restrain the ardor of the youthful Nimrod, who, convinced that "Charles James"‡ means to break at such a point, are pushing on for a start.

A whip is posted at the furthest end of the wall, and his well trained horse seems hardly to breathe for fear of heading the fox.‡ In the meantime, the gorse shakes again, and a well known note proclaims "Old Reynard"‡ is there. Jem Hill, standing in his stirrups, gives one note on his horn, and, with his musical voice, says,— "Yoi, Hoppidan good hound, have a-at 'em there." At this moment a death-like stillness prevails, and the whip at the corner is seen to hold up his cap, and in one minute sticking his thumb against his right ear, cries out, in a note which instils terror into the Wily Vermin,‡ now a mile a-head—"Gone away! Tally-ho! Ta-ally-ho!

Jem Hill jumps the wall, saying to the Oxonians—"for God's sake, gentlemen, give 'em a fair start"—and by the time each hound being "settled to scent," he takes the lead, saying—"now ride over, and be d—d to you,"—closely followed by three hundred in red, where he finds no difficulty in sifting in the first ten minutes, and when he comes to a check at a sheep-pen, after twenty minutes at best pace—He finds himself alone, with the Flying Captain—two swells from Cheltenham—five members of the Hunt, and three Oxonians, who have ridden like sportsmen and were well in when the hounds threw up at the pen—the first is a young nobleman on a thorough-bred black mare,

* Twenty-two miles from Oxford, well-know covert.

† Leggins to keep the boots clean.

‡ Four synonymous terms, meaning the fox.

worth 300 guineas—the second is the finest performer out of Oxford, on a big vicious bay with a rat-tail—and the third, not so well mounted, has turned his face to the wind for the benefit of his nag. Here I awoke—would you like to see the fox killed?

Κυρηγος.

Philadelphia, May 4, 1839.

A SURFEIT OF "JORROCKS."

We are sorry to have a reader who is inclined to cry "enough," "enough," of the "Handley-cross Hounds," but that there is such an anomaly is too true, as the reader will see by the annexed communication. "Jones" (the accurately descriptive name of our correspondent) writes like a man of sense on every point but this,—in his appreciation of "Mr. Jorrocks" we must think him wrong. But whether we will or no, "Mr. Jorrocks" will himself compel us to omit his articles, as his most recent papers are too personal for our use, vigorous and spirited as they are.

FAIRIE KNOWE, GA., 4th May, 1839.

Mr. P.—I am located in one of the back counties of Georgia, in what is called the "last Cherokee Purchase," and a capital purchase it is, and a fine bargain we made of it, for we got it at our own price; that is, we *tuck* it from the Indians because we had a better title to it than they had—a title which, since the days of Cain and Abel, has stood the test of ages—Cyrus's title to Babylon; Alexander's title to the dominions of Cyrus's successors; the Roman title to Greece; Napoleon's title to Egypt, Spain and Russia (if he had not failed in proving one or two small links); the English title to Ireland, the Indies, and the Danish fleet; and last, though not least, the title of the Empire State to the land of the Oneidas. We were strong enough to take it, and we *tuck* it, and left Uncle Sam and the Cherokees to settle between them the value of the guarantee the first had given the last to an everlasting possession of GEORGIA LANDS. And truly, Uncle Sam, instructed by our lectures on political economy and political justice, as we had been by New York, settled the price as we settled the title; that is, told the Indians—"we will give you so much and no more"—and Uncle Sam being strongest, it was clear to every one (except the Indians) that the price was full, fair and liberal. They (the Indians) were for a long while unable to perceive that the money was worth more than the land, until at last, Uncle Sam made the old-fashioned argument, which was never known to fail—he shewed red-skin the bayonet, and he pocketed the money as the traveller pockets the empty purse which the robber has gutted and handed back, perfectly satisfied, if not contented.

Well sir, upon this monument of Georgia logic and lucid commentary on the law of nations, am I. About fifty steps from where I now sit, at the foot of a knob fifty feet high, bursts out a bold limestone spring;—the branch passes through my dairy (I wish you could taste my milk and butter, from the woods' grass and wild flowers; you would never touch clover butter again), and at about one hundred steps empties itself into a mountain creek of about a rod in width, which winds its way through some hundred acres of good bottom land that the eye may take in at a glance (when the trees are off). Beyond,

hills—hills—hills, covered with pine trees, grass, and wild flowers. I look east, behind me are some dozen hands-full of stout hills rising above the knob on which I sit (thrown there during the fight between Jupiter and the Titans, when they piled Pelion upon Ossa), covered as are those before me, with pine trees, grass and wild-flowers—through them winds a single level path-way to my nearest neighbor's, about four miles off. I am thus particular, that you may know into what sort of a nook the name of Wm. T. PORTER, has found its way. On my book-shelves stand the "Turf Register," from Vol. 1 to Vol. 9, with which I had intended to close my subscription and cut the work. Not that I have become tired of fishing, hunting, racing, pedigrees, or blood-stock. Not because the five dollars paid for the paper deprives me of some other gratification. Not because I had been skinned by Mr. SKINNER, or case-hardened by his locum tenens, Mr. SMITH, but because of "Mr. Jorrocks" and "The Handley-Cross Hounds." They are my bane, my nausea, my vomit, my poison. I thought from the first they were intended for wit, and for wit I took them—not that I could see it, but because I delight to be in the fashion and to think, and talk, and feel, what fashionable people feel; to like what they like, and dislike what they dislike. For the same reason that I admire Milton's strut, and Washington Irving's switchell, ear tags, and blanc mange—and for two or three numbers I stood it out manfully, and was delighted with "Mr. Jorrocks" and "the Handley-cross Hounds," simply because I perceived that it was expected I should be delighted, and as I set all down for wit which I did not understand, the lectures of "Mr. Jorrocks" appeared to me exceedingly witty. One difficulty presented itself—a witticism must be laughed at, and from the first, I was hard put to it to raise a chuckle; every hour I was posed, and at the last, my risible powers became completely exhausted, and the various muscles and sphincture which wreath the countenance in smiles, and cover the face with broad laughter, became so worn and flaccid, that I could not have raised a respectable laugh at one of Mathews' best: from that time I began to sicken, and evince signs of canisphobia whenever I opened a "Register" on "Jorrocks" and the "Fox-Hounds." Last summer I had some fifteen fine young taus and beagles; they had been sucking my eggs and killing my poultry, for weeks, and I bore it with Job-like patience, until "Mr. Jorrocks" and "the Handley-cross Hounds" exerted their malign influence, and caused the death of all my dogs.

So it fell out, rumor had given some vague account of some great race—Boston's or Clifden's, or some other I do not now recollect; and I was looking anxiously for the 'Turf Register' to give me a full account. At last it came—the cover was torn off—the paper opened, and the first thing that met my eye was "Jorrocks" and the "Handley-cross." I was immediately seized with a fit—threw down the book—and stepped into the yard for fresh air. Here fresh cause of irritation presented itself; two taus were fighting for a young chicken they had just killed. The thing was out,—all my Jobism vanished,—the dogs were ordered for execution, and before the paroxysm passed away, all my dogs were done for. Still "Jorrocks" and the "Handley-cross Hounds" continued to haunt me from time to time, through the Register, and I saw no remedy but to quit the Register; when, lo,

and behold! it changed hands; and now, said I, I may hold on, I shall see nothing more of "Jorrocks" and the "Handley-cross hounds." Yesterday your January and February Numbers came, and cut an imposing appearance. I opened at page 17, "By Gar Monsieur Tonson come again." I dropped the book, and have not been able to muster courage to take it up again. Now I pray you, if you cannot relieve me in whole, relieve me in part. If I am to have any more of "Jorrocks" and the "Handley-cross," let it come all at once for God's sake. No more broken doses. I can stand any thing once,—I could, in the cause of the Turf, endure the stake, the cord, or the guillotine,—I could stand drowning, strangulation, or impalement,—but to have pins stuck in one, or be whipped with nettles, or bayed by Jorrocks and the "Handley-cross," morning, noon, and night, every day, is more than flesh can bear. It would wear out the patience of Job, and break down the nerves of Sampson or Milo. Thus again I pray you let us have all the balance of Jorrocks and his dogs at one dose, and then go a-head.

JONES.

MARSKE,

SIRE OF THE CELEBRATED ECLIPSE.

MARSKE was by Squirt, out of the Ruby mare; she was from a daughter of Bay Bolton, and Mr. Hutton's Blacklegs; grandam by Fox Cub; g. g. dam by Coneyskins; g. g. g. dam by Hutton's Grey Barb, a daughter of Mr. Hutton's Royal colt, a daughter of the Byerley Turk, from a Bustler mare.

He was foaled in 1750; color, brown; bred by Mr. Hutton, who exchanged him with the Duke of Cumberland for a Chestnut Arabian.

In April, 1754, at Newmarket, Marske received forty guineas forfeit from Mr. Cornwall's grey colt; on the 8th of May he won the Jockey Club Plate of 100 guineas and upwards; and in the following October, beat Trentham's Ginger, B. C., 300 guineas. In April, 1755, he was beat by Brilliant and Syphon; in April and May, 1756, he was vanquished in two matches by Snap; and in October following he forfeited to Spectator.

Marske then became a private stallion in the stud of the Duke of Cumberland, and was held in little repute. At the death of his Royal Highness, which happened in 1765, he was sold, (with the rest of the Duke's stud) at Tattersall's, to a farmer, for a trifling sum; and in 1766, he covered in Dorsetshire at half-a-guinea. He was afterwards purchased by Mr. Wildman for twenty guineas, the seller being highly pleased thus to rid himself of a "*worthless animal*."

In 1767, he covered at Bistern, near Ringwood, Hants, at three guineas; 1769, at Gibbon's Grove, near Leatherhead, Surrey, at five guineas; and in 1770, at ten guineas; Eclipse having made his appearance on the course, the price was advanced to thirty guineas; when he was purchased by the Earl of Abingdon for 1000 guineas

and sent to his lordship's stud at Rycot, in Oxfordshire. When the extraordinary powers of Eclipse became generally known and acknowledged—when it was found he could not only beat, but distance, all competitors with ease, the price of his sire rose accordingly—and for some time previous to his death he covered at 100 guineas, and one guinea to the groom.

Marske was but a mediocre racer; and, if an opinion is to be formed from the portraits of him which have fallen under our observation, it was impossible he could be very fleet. He was the sire, nevertheless, of the most extraordinary horse the world ever saw; he was the sire also of a numerous progeny, many of whom ran successfully; yet, we suspect that the superiority of Eclipse, and the good character of his half brothers and sisters, are mainly attributable to the feminine side of the parentage. The fame of Eclipse brought the finest mares in the country to his sire.

[Leamington Chronicle.]

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

MR. EDITOR—In my rambling way, with perhaps the garrulity of age, and its desire to impart knowledge of “by-gone days,” I again write to you, rather to make my reflections than to furnish history. If you learn nothing new from me, I may be the means of awaking enquiry that may lead to improvement—a word as to improvement. At a Jockey Club meeting I have lately attended, the entries for the next day were made at one o'clock P. M., the day preceding the race, and announced by the president of the Club, from the judges' stand, that all within the reach of his voice might hear. Yet the proprietor of the Course failed to publish the entries; and, from an idea that the horses were drawn, he lost by the absence of visitors, who would have been sure to attend. I might say more of this—and I have had to regret that the entries at Baltimore, and the result of each day's racing there, were not regularly published in their morning papers. I hope *your* proprietor, for his own sake, will do better. A Baltimore morning paper complains of the omission.

In looking to the results of this spring's campaign, upon the Turf, I perceive they have been pretty much what might have been expected, from blood and training. That “blood will tell,” is no less trite than true. The importance of this truth inspires the hope that we may soon have a complete American Stud Book, such as has been for some time expected at the hands of Mr. STRATTON. Why he does not complete his publication, I am uninformed.—But “*revenons à nos moutons*,”—the “terribly high bred cattle,”—as they are termed by the hawkers at Doncaster.

That in “the great event,” of this spring, *Boston* should have been beaten by *Portsmouth*, is not surprising, when reference is made to their blood, as well as style of running, and that one might be losing somewhat the speed and fire of a preceding year, while the other—from a very speedy stock, too—at the distance run, had perhaps just reached his maximum. His trainer must have known the colt to have been “a good one,” if he could out-run Mediator and Omega, in a trial of two

miles. He comes to good speed by fair inheritance. Such is characteristic of the Luzborough stock, as transmitted by his sire Ditto, one of the fastest, if not the speediest, of all the Derby winners. But speed was his forte. His son *Luzborough* was untried as a distance horse; in his only four-mile race, as it has been called, he was beaten; and, judging from the time of the performance, I am inclined to think, it was not literally a four-mile race, but one over a "four mile course;" which, in England, conveys the vague idea of being somewhere between three and four miles. Few of the Courses there are accurately measured miles, like our own; or I have been misinformed. Though the Luzboroughs have not yet been winners of four-mile *heats*, two of them, Picton and Portsmouth, have proved themselves superior to the most distinguished competitors in their first heat. Perhaps in both instances, they ran to disadvantage. No horse since Gallatin, in my humble judgment, has been speedier than they were, when they made such extraordinary performances. Gallatin, at three years old, with 90 lbs., it will be recollected, ran two miles at Fairfield, in 3:43; on the same course, Balie Peyton ran *also* a capital second heat, but in 3:45; although stated in the papers, at the time, to have been "the best heat on the Course." He is five years old and carried 112lbs. The gazettes of the day have also stated the races won lately at Newmarket, in 3:46 and 3:48, to have been "the best" on that Course; but I am inclined to think, if reference be had to the records of the Club, it will appear that Peace-maker, Sir William, and Reality, have been winners in 3:43, 3:45; and the latter, in *three* heats with Timoleon, at an average of 3:48.

It is probably true that there are more fine horses upon our Turf at this time, co-extensive with the increased population, than formerly; yet, when the difference of weight is calculated, I much doubt whether the Pictons, Bostons, Omegas, and Lady Cliffdens, of modern days, have at all better speed or bottom, or are better trained or ridden, than were Selim, Leviathan, Virago, and Black Maria, in days of yore. About the period of the last War, both before and since, for several years, the Turf had declined to a degree that almost forboded its entire annihilation, compared with the past, and its Phœnix-like resuscitation. However, during that dark period, appeared the very best runners, of the Stock of Sir Archy,—Vanity, Reality, Timoleon, and Virginian. After they, as well as Rattler, Lady Lightfoot, and others, had pretty much trained off, the bright star of Eclipse illumined the North. That rivalry infused fresh energies in our Turf. From that period its most brilliant history may be dated. When Eclipse beat Sir Walter, and others, a first heat, in 7:52, I well remember it was hailed as a most extraordinary achievement,—wholly unparalleled in our country. Yet the next year, on the same Course, he ran a good second to Henry's 7:37! The writers of such extravaganzas did not know that it had been inscribed, by order of the judges, upon the starting post of the Fredericksburgh Course, (a very deep and sandy one) that Cup Bearer had run a second four-mile heat over it, in 7:50. Floretta and Oscar had also run a second heat at Washington, in 7:52. *Now*, a four-mile heat run in 7:52, excites no surprise. It was rather a disappointment, the other day, at the Kendall Course, that Portsmouth should not have run his first heat considerably under that; however, the se-

cond heat was run in 7:46, three seconds quicker than Eclipse's with Henry; and the three heats in their aggregate time, as well as that of Maria Black's, twelve miles in 23:50, or thereabouts. Lady Clifden's three heats must yet bear the palm.

In distance races, it seems to me there is no better blood than that of Sir Charles. It is superior in this respect to Eclipse's. His stock may be as speedy, and are perhaps more durable, if they escape curbs. —But Leviathan is our modern Sir Archy. Superadded to the surpassing number of winners got by him, Vashti, Zelina, Bee's-wing, &c., have established the character of his stock, as of the old fashioned *bottom* sort. I will not enter into a discussion upon the comparative merits of Native and English Stock. That is left for those in a pecuniary way interested in the subject. Our famed winners this spring, are perhaps as well bred as the foreigners, or those of their more immediate extraction. Boston, at the head of the Turf, (notwithstanding his two-mile heats' defeat), is by Timoleon, out of the unvanquished own sister to the great Tuckahoe, who was got by the unconquered and redoubtable Florizel, &c., &c. Portsmouth, by Luzborough out of Polly Peachem, &c. Vashti, by Leviathan out of Slazy,* a good runner, by Muckle John, (own brother to Sir William, and almost brother in blood to the famed Henry)—her dam by the famed Collector, son of the famed Mark Anthony. I must ask of you the favor to furnish the balance of her pedigree, as also that of Steel's dam.† *When horses become renowned, their full pedigree should be furnished.*

A Shark colt out of Coquette, by Sir Archy, (dam of Janette, &c.) won a Sweepstakes at Newmarket—although there is some breeding-in in her, no blood can be better. A Fylde out of Polly Peachem, and a Goliath out of a Charles, (her dam by Shylock out of Boston's dam) and a very high bred English colt, by Langar, out of My Lady, by Comus, (of The Colonel's and Monarch's maternal ancestry) and a Gohanna out of Gulnare, were winners of Stakes near Richmond, Va. At Washington, there was another exemplification of the value of the union of the Eclipse and Rattler blood, (that had proved so good in Mingo, Mary Wynn, Job, &c.) in the winner of the great Stake by the Flirtilla Jr. colt; his competitor, equally high bred, may not have been in as good order. At Kendall's Course, an Argyle, out of another double Archy, [Lottery by Bedford—Imported Anvilina, bred and presented to the late Col. TAYLOR, by Col. O'KELLY, from his famous brood mare Augusta, by Eclipse, bred by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, (since, George IV.)—Herod, &c. &c.], won the great Sweepstake. At the Union, the winners, too, were equally high bred; one, by the famed English Emilius, out of the famed Polly Hopkins—the other, by Shark, out of Bonnets of Blue, uniting the blood of Eclipse, Lady Lightfoot, Sir Charles, and Reality—four race nags of almost unrivalled excellence in their day. Their excellence may counteract the danger of breeding in and in. Since the severe

* For Slazy's achievements, refer to races run in the two Carolinas, and Floridas. Both she and Portsmouth partake of the blood of Collector, a very fast horse. Rattler's dam, in JOHN RICHARDS' pedigree, was half sister to Collector, out of Lady Legs, by Imp. Centinel.

† We cannot put our hand on the full pedigree of Slazy, (sometimes written *Slasey* and *Slacy*), but comply with our correspondent's request as to Steel. His dam *Diamond*, was bred by Capt. JOHN EUBANK, of Stonesville, Charlotte Co., Va., and foaled in 1824; she was got by Constitution (son of Diomed)—her dam by Ball's Florizel (another son of Diomed)—g. d. by Flag of Truce—g. g. d. by Mead's Celer—g. g. d. by Twigg—g. g. d. by Janus, etc. Diamond is also the dam of Sally Eubank, by Roanoke, a capital performer, celebrated for her game.

racers, won by his sire and dam, at the same ages, and on the same Course, no colt has run a more bottomed race than Mariner. These, for the present, are sufficient examples of the excellence of blood, and the propriety of breeding from certain good racing stock. In North Carolina, a Chateau, upon a chance, has been successful; but I do not think the get of the famed Imported horses have realized expectations this spring, in Virginia. The races north of Baltimore are about being run. Therefore, I have only referred to the first meeting on the Union Course, and those at the South.

Because Vashti, with Steel's aid, has beaten Portsmouth, it does not follow she could have done it singly. Last autumn Omega beat Vashti, and this spring Steel beat Omega. These changes are caused by the difference of condition. But the most wonderful race this spring, was run at the Kendall Course by the appropriately named *Wonder* and *Argyle*; either would doubtless have beaten the winner, Master Henry, singly, though he be nearly brother to Bailie Peyton, uniting the blood of Henry and Eclipse. This was the best three-mile heats race ever run in America, if the Course be a full mile; and Argyle has won the best heat, and a second one, too, that has been yet run, acquiring additional fame. Had Wonder been as well trained and ridden, I cannot doubt he would have won the race he had so nearly gained. This again proves the excellence of the Prince George's stock in Maryland—both were bred there—Argyle, the best son of Mons. Tonson, from Mingo's not very remote maternal ancestry—Wonder, by Tychicus, descended through good crosses from Tasker's Selima. Their race was five seconds better than *Medoc's* four heats, his best race, beating Ironette, &c.—first and second heats, four seconds better than Clara Howard's, the best three-mile heats on the Union Course—the twelve miles, nearly the same as those run by Lady Cliffden; but they were four-mile heats, and this a race of three-mile heats. Antipater, that lately died at the Kendall Course, another famed son of Tychicus, was as good, if not better, than Wonder. Both resemble their sire, but the former was his very ditto. His powers were yet unknown. He was of surpassing speed, and had done all that was required of him. His trainer was anxious to see him engage Boston, even at four-mile heats. He was out of Mediator's dam.

Pedigree in full of *Portsmouth*:—1835. B. c. Portsmouth, by imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem, by John Richards (son of Sir Archy, dam by Rattle, son of imp. Shark, imp. Medley, &c.)—grandam, Fair Forester, by imp. Chance (son of Lurcher, &c.)—g. g. dam, Lady Bolingbroke (dam of Lavinia, winner of the great Stirling Stakes, of the famed Wrangler, &c.)—by imp. Pantaloon (son of Herod, out of Nutcracker by Matchem)—Cade, by Wormeley's King Herod (son of imp. Fearnought out of imp. Kitty Fisher by Cade)—Primrose, by imp. Dove (son of Young Cade)—Stella, by imp. Othello, (son of Crab) the own sister of the famed Selim, out of Tasker's renowned imp. Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian. This is one of the most ancient of high bred American pedigrees. It admirably combines the three great English crosses, from Matchem, Herod and Eclipse. Luzborough is most highly and fashionably bred—he and Sultan, lately at the head of English Stallions, probably derived extraordinary speed from the same source.

OBSERVER.

COMPARISON OF THE SPEED OF HORSES.

[The following article was written some time since, so that no mention is made of the brilliant races made at Baltimore, which, taken as a whole, are superior, in point of time, to any race meeting of late years. They are alluded to in another page of this Magazine by a correspondent who attended the meeting.]

Mr. Editor ;—As you are a seeker after truth, with a view to its propagation, I send you the result of a late research. In a search among musty files of papers, of 1800-1-2, some light has been shed upon Turf matters, *yet* in obscurity. At that period the weights at Fairfield, Va., were :—For 3 yr. olds, 90lbs.—four yr. olds, 102lbs.—five yr. olds, 116lbs.—*six yr. olds*, 130lbs.—*seven and aged*, 140lbs. ! At such weights, Mr. Hoomes' Fairy, by Imp. Bedford, 4 yrs. old, in a very closely contested race, beat Colonel Tayloe's renowned gelding, Leviathan, aged, carrying 137lbs., running four miles in 7:53—the best time of those days. Had not the rider of Leviathan lost his stirrup in the second heat, the result might have been different. I leave it for you, Mr. Editor, to cypher out the reduction of the time, (240 yards, the then established distance,) by the rule, "of 7lbs. equal to a distance," in comparison with that of Eclipse, in his great race on the Union Course. Prior to being vanquished by Fairy, Leviathan had won, as we learn, some 14 consecutive races, beating the best horses in Virginia and Maryland.

I also read, in the same files, an account of Col. Tayloe's success with Expectation (since Gallatia,—the own brother to Fairy), 3 yrs. old, that in October, 1802, carrying 90lbs., won a sweepstakes on the Fairfield course, two mile heats, *running the second heat in 3:43!* It has lately been run by Balie Peyton, 5 yrs. old, in 3:45. The error that 3:48, as lately run by Portsmouth, is the best* time on the Newmarket Course, has been exposed in the "Spirit of the Times,"—if we may rely on the journals of the day, (1823,) that ascribed 3:45, as the time of the *two heats*, when Sir William beat Washington.† The latter, 4 yrs. old, at 100lbs., his full weight; the other handicapped being aged; but at what weight I do not know. As evidence of the difference between the Newmarket and Union Courses one need merely refer to Boston's races. Henry in a severe race, at his best speed, carrying 100lbs., beat Betsey Richards, 1823, in 7:58—7:58; a fortnight after, carrying 108lbs., on the Union, being no more pressed, he ran the same distance in 7:37 and 7:49.† The same Autumn I saw John Richards beat his sister on the Newmarket Course, running the two heats in *precisely* Henry's time, 7:58; the two last miles of the first heat, somewhat slower, had been run in 3:48—the *precise* time of Portsmouth's last two miles, at a Jockey Club race at Fredericks-

* The very next day after Boston was beaten a two mile heat in 3:48. Col. Johnson won on the same course, with Rocker, a *second* heat of two miles, in 3:46½!—reported erroneously in the "Spirit of the Times" as the "fastest second heat ever run over that course." Is it possible that Rocker was in the same stable with Boston and could beat him at two miles? We can't believe it.

† A few weeks after, John Richards, 4 yrs. old, was beaten in four mile heats, by Janette (V. L.) 3 yrs. old. She, as well as Bertrand, Betsey Ransom, Kate Kearney, Isabella, and Trifle, all winners of four mile heats at 3 yrs. old, show the precocity of the Sir Archy stock, so liable to train off early. Lady Lightfoot and her daughter, Black Maria, were brilliant exceptions; they may have taken after the old race mare Maria, by Shark. Having referred to Janette, it may be remarked that the late winner of a Stake at Newmarket was by Shark, (Black Maria's brother), out of Coquette, the dam of the former, and she was out of Bet Bounce, Arab's dam. Something good ought to be expected from such blood.

burgh in 1802: I observed, too, that twelve started. We never have such large fields now-a-days.

Last week, Boston probably ran three miles in the *best* time on the Fairfield Course, 5:45—and having beat the justly renowned Lady Clifden (who broke down) the winner of the best four mile heat race ever run on the Union, and of the best three mile heat on the Kendall Course, until Bailie Peyton's equally astonishing performance, (but *is that course a mile long?*) re-establishes Boston's great name, in the very highest "niche of the Temple of Fame." We must now hope for a fair trial, on a firm course, of Boston and Balie Peyton,—and hereafter that the winner and Portsmouth may meet at a longer distance than two miles.

Gohanna may not have beaten Janette (now Mr. Stevens') when 3 years old; but, I believe, she lost two races, if not more, at that age,—beat once or more by Shakspeare. Henry was truly an unfortunate horse. He ought to have met Eclipse in April and not May. In the former month he would have carried 90lbs. as a three-year-old, and not 108lbs. With 90lbs. who can doubt the result?

Accept my tribute of praise on the improvements of the "Turf Register." I can perceive no fault in it, except the term *old*, to imply the veritable,—as Old Diomed, Old Sir Archy, Old Shark, &c. Why not copy after the English in this particular also, and drop the Americanism?

On referring to the files of 40 years since, I observe the Imp. stallions of those days, Bedford, Diomed, Dare-devil, Whip, &c. covered at 10 guineas; and many horses of nearly as high repute at from \$10 to \$30. We are now charged too high. I fear these prices, and the amounts run for, will cause a reaction.

When I refer to the weights carried in the olden time, and the time made by such horses as Selim and Leviathan; and to the manners and customs of that day, satisfied to run four races a year of four mile heats for \$400 Jockey Club Purses, I do not perceive such great improvements in this generation, as seem so obvious to others.

It is stated in the "Spirit of the Times," (and copied into the 9th vol. of the Turf Register, pages 313, 314, and 315,) of Boston's great race on Long Island," (when he ran four miles in 7:40, having "been pulled into a *hand gallop*," in his fourth mile, he "came home an easy winner,"—the last mile in 2:03½—his competitor, Charles Carter, having broken down at the end of three miles, when Boston obeyed the "order to take the track") that "*the first and third miles* were run in 3:42½, and the first three miles in 5:36½." Had the last mile been run in the *slow time of two minutes*, Boston would have run the four miles half a second quicker than the famed heat of Henry and Eclipse; but, it can be scarce doubted, he might have run the last mile in 1:55, one second slower than either of the preceding miles, which would have brought his four miles to 7:31½! six seconds faster than any four miles had ever been run in the United States.

Below are given a few examples of races at three miles, and three mile heats, as gathered from the American Turf Register, arranged nearly in the order of their speed.

1838, May—Boston, 5 yrs. old, 114lbs. (with Charles Carter,) Union Course, 5:36½, (5 seconds quicker than any three miles ever

run in the United States. The next week, over a "heavy course," he ran two consecutive 4 mile heats in 7:52, 7:54.

1838, May—Balie Peyton, 4 yrs. old, 100lbs., (beating Stockton, &c., Kendall Course,) 5:45, 5:44—11:29. (Lady Cliffden, same age, 97lbs., over same course, ran the heat in 5:45 the preceding Spring, and "came to the stand in a gallop"—the ensuing Autumn, at 99lbs., she ran a two mile heat of 4 miles, on the Union, in 7:43½,—described by English writers as a "wonderful one," "indeed miraculous," &c.)

Sussex, 4 yrs. old, 100lbs., (beating Polly Hopkins, &c., Broad Rock,) 5:46, 5:43—11:29. (Vol. 9. pp. 274, 282-3.)

Other races of the best 3 mile heats over the Charleston Course, S. C.

1831, Feb.—Rattlesnake, 4 yrs. 99lbs., beat Little Venus, 6 yrs., 117lb., 5:45, 5:55—11:40.

1839, Feb.—The Queen, 3 yrs., 87lbs., (4 yrs. old in May,) Charleston Course, 5:47, 5:54—11:41.

(1839, June, Mingo beat Post Boy, 4 yrs. each, 102lbs., precisely the same time.)

1835, Feb.—Argyle, 4 yrs., 102lbs., beat Rattlesnake, 109lbs., 5:46, 5:51—11:37.

1832, Feb.—Bertrand, Jr., 4 yrs. 102lbs., beat Annette, (winner of 1st heat,) 5:45, 5:58—11:43.

Vertumnus, 4 yrs., 92lbs., beat Lady Nashville, 5 yrs. 109lbs., 2d heat, 5:47.

1831, Feb.—Wild Will, (Pilot) 4 yrs., 102lbs., 2d heat, beat Clara Fisher, winner of the race, 5:48.

1835, May—Clara Howard, 4 yrs., 99lbs., beat Henry, Archy, and Charles Kemble, said to be the best three mile heats that have been run on the Union Course; but the time is not given in the Turf Register. Shortly before, she had won there 2 mile heats, beating Tarquin, Cadmus, Floranthe, Rival, and others, winning 1st and 3d heats, 3:44—3:49—3:50.

1826, Feb.—Bertrand, 5 yrs., 112lbs.—"a splendid race"—"best over the course," "within half a length of winning the two heats, he lost, (won by Aratus and Creeping Kate, at light weights,) "the twelve miles in 23:22.—5:47, 5:48, 5:53, 5:54—11:35. (Vol. 1. p. 488.)

It appears that Bertrand and Argyle, on the same course, ran two heats of 3 miles in nearly the same time. Bertrand having run 12 miles, though, in three mile heats, in 23:22. It leads to a comparison with the best 4 mile race of three heats; then to "the great match," that must rank next, for that distance; and lastly to "the best 4 mile race ever run South of the Potomac," lately run at New Orleans.

1837, Oct.—Lady Cliffden, 4 yrs. 99lbs., on the Union, beating Picton, Fanny Wyatt, and Mingo, won 4 mile heats in three heats, 7:44, 7:43½, 7:56½—23:24.

1823, May—Eclipse, 9 yrs., 126lbs., on same course, beat Henry, 4 yrs., 108lbs., the latter winner of the 1st heat, 7:37, 7:49, 8:24—23:50.

1838, Dec.—Imp. Maria Black, 4 yrs., 97lbs., at New Orleans, won Jockey Club Purse, \$2,500 (in four heats, closing the last "an

easy winner," in 8:27—losing the first two, but closely contested by her,) running three heats, 7:52, 7:55, 8:4—23:51. (Shortly before, in 3 mile heats, she beat Pressure, that on the same course, not as well adapted for speed as the Union, at 3 yrs. 86lbs., had won 3 mile heats in 5:49, 5:44.

When Kentucky nags, even by "Kentucky watches," can make such time, with such weights for age, as furnished in the preceding examples, she may well boast their prowess.

It is a curious fact, that so late as the match between Eclipse and Sir Charles, run over the Washington Course, 4 miles, in 8:03; the learned and eccentric Dr. Thornton, so well informed on Turf matters—for which he had a passion, almost a monomania—would not believe, even on very strong testimony, that any horse ever had, as stated, or ever could, run over that course, in 7:52, with the usual weights. He had seen Leviathan, First Consol, Post Boy, Maid of the Oaks, Oscar, Floretta, Hickory, Sir Archy, Duroc, &c., all of the first renown, put forth their best powers, on that course, yet 7:52, the best heat of 4 mile run by *any* of them, was believed by him and others to be incredible. Yet last autumn Omega ran over the same course in 7:38—in the preceding Spring Decatur, in 7:45—and the year before, Nancy Blunt, in 7:50—and in preceding years Juliana and others from 7:51 to 7:55. This argues great improvement either in the horses of the present day, or the mode of training. And when we consider the extraordinary powers displayed lately by Harkaway, Don John, Bay Middleton, Queen of Trumps, Camarine, Plenipo, Priam, &c., we have reason for believing, that, of *late* years, as good horses have run in England, as *either* Flying Childers, Eclipse, High-flyer, Matchem, or Sir Peter. The days of degeneracy have not yet reached them. And with modern improvements the supposed fabulous accounts of Childers' speed may be realized in our own time and in our own land.

SENEX.

THE WASHINGTON AND BALTIMORE RACES.

NEW YORK, MAY 18th, 1839.

MY DEAR P.—After congratulating the readers of the "Turf Register" on the very great improvement you have made, allow me to cumber its pages with a few of my own, perhaps crude notions, of horses. I shall commence with the Washington City races.

The three-mile day was won by Portsmouth, that splendid son of Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem,—a victory that was by no means unexpected, for the laurels snatched from Boston were still fresh and blooming as the morning flower. *Wonder*, a gallant son of the lamented Tychicus—a modest retiring horse, with none to herald his deeds—made a desperate fling for fame. Those who witnessed his gallant effort at the termination of the first heat, and the game manner in which he wound up the second, and the time, too, 5:47—5:48½, cannot but bear testimony in favor of this noble animal. One word here of Portsmouth—none denied him immense speed—many, however, were

doubtful as to his game ; but when he won hard in hand in the time recorded above, doubts were removed, and the friends of Boston eyed him as a fearful rival near the throne.

The four-mile day came—dollars to cents on *Boston*, went a begging—the sequel proved that the knowing ones were right. *Boston* is a noble animal, and when *he will run*, can in all probability beat any horse in the world, at four-mile heat—but he has a disposition to sulk, and it was all Gil could do to “*roll him*” ahead of *Tom Walker*, in the first heat. He has more stamina than any horse I have ever seen, and in long hard lugging can't be beaten.

The two-mile day I did not see ; it was won, however, by *Antipater*, by Tychicus, handily, in two heats. It is a matter of deep regret that this noble colt should have shuffled off his mortal coil with honors reeking on his brow. His spirited owner, Col. THOMPSON, than whom there is not a more gallant Turfinan, will bear his loss like a man, but there is one other blow hanging over him, which may it please God to avert.

I will now touch upon KENDALL'S races. A more brilliant meeting has perhaps never occurred in this country. It opened with a splendid Sweepstakes, \$1000 entrance, four starting, and was won by the beautiful daughter of Argyle, *Kate Seaton*. She won it handily, in fine time, and the shouts of thousands rent the air, because she was the pet and property of that honor to the turf, and splendid beau-ideal of a gentleman, Col. WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina. All the colts that started in this race are destined to figure ; and Gov. SPRIGG'S beautiful filly is going to eclipse her half sister, *Atalanta*.

For the four-mile day we had a brilliant field of men and horses—such a field as the liberal caterer for public amusement deserved. *Portsmouth* was the favorite at slight odds against the field. *Steel* had his friends, but *the mare from the pine woods of North Carolina*—the turpentine nag, was like a poor boy at a frolic ; or more classically speaking, an honest representative of the widow's pig. *Steel* was *stale*—he had no foot. *Richard* was not himself. *Vashti* was rather high, and some said soft ; yet she was in fine life and well on her feet. *Portsmouth*, alas poor Yorick ! looked well, but rather weak—the sequel proved him such. He won the first heat handily ; when he came out, there were no symptoms of distress ; he sweated well, and for a while every thing appeared right : but his weakness told, for he did not recover well. He should have won the second heat, but he lost it from bad riding and bad management. Had he have taken the track and been allowed to run at a steady lick, they could not have caught him. The foolish rider on him, however, laid alongside the mare, and they went like twin bullets. The gallant colt, accustomed only to run on the inner track, bore hard in—his rider was wrenching him to death to pull him out, destroyed his stroke, maimed him, pulled off two of his plates, and lost him the race.

Vashti, the winner, is a jewel ; she places the game of the Leviathans in the front ground ; try her her who will, and they will find a rough customer.

The three-mile day is decidedly the best three-mile race on record ; the time, and there is no mistake about it, is the best ever made before. Eclipse and Henry made their twelve miles in 7:37, 7:49, 8:24

—23:50; Lady Cliffden, Picton, Fanny Wyatt, and Mingo, in 7:44, 7:43½, 7:56½—23:24. This race was made in 5:47½, 5:40, 5:56, 6:01—23:24½; but the extraordinary time of the second heat is what makes the race so splendid. *Argyle*, an aged horse; the sire of a winner on the Turf; carrying 124lbs., struggling hard for a first heat in 5:47½, and then winning a second heat in 5:40, has snatched the topmost laurel from the bush. Gallant old fellow! You richly deserved victory, though you won enough honor in making so close a contest with that extraordinary four-year old, the ill-fated *Wonder*.

That it was the best race I ever saw, I have no hesitation in asserting. That *Wonder* could have won it single handed, I have scarce a doubt; and he out of the way, *Argyle* could have won it. *Master Henry* has won a high place in the niche of fame. He proved himself game to the back bone, and could have run the fourth heat in 5:53 easily. He is a horse of fine action, splendidly bred, of high fame, and as he gets age, is ridding himself of his beefy appearance. I know no reason why he should not be a four-mile star—WHEN HE MEETS BOSTON, there will be howling on the heath.

Truly Yours,

N. OF ARKANSAS.

THE BLOOD HOUND.

EXCEPT those who have attentively studied the subject, few persons entertain a correct notion of the true implication of the term blood hound. If we consider the subject philosophically, we shall perceive that inasmuch as that vital fluid, denominated blood, is the essential principle and the cause of scent, so every variety of the dog which pursues its game by this animal exudation, may be denominated a blood hound; but, as misnomers, inconsiderately applied in the first instance, occasionally (too often) become general, and such being the case in the present instance, I will endeavour to place the subject (the blood hound) lucidly before the reader.

Those inveterate sportsmen, the Normans, introduced the largest of the hound tribe into this kingdom—the first genuine hound indeed known in this country: from which all our varieties of stag hound, fox hound, harrier, beagle, &c., have descended. This dog was not only very tall, but remarkably powerful also, while his head seemed disproportionately large; but, being formed with that sectional union and that general capaciousness for an amazing expansion of the olfactory nerves, his sense of smell became necessarily commensurate, and he was therefore enabled to trace or pursue his game in a manner which has never failed to excite the astonishment of persons unacquainted with physiology.

This dog was not very fleet, nor was it possible that he could be remarkable for celerity of progressive motion, since, as Shakspeare correctly expresses it, he was (and is, for he is not extinct) “Crook-kneed and dewlapt, like Thessalian bulls.” He was employed by the Normans in rousing deer and tracing the wounded game. In course

of time it was discovered that he could trace the human footstep with almost unerring certainty, when he was employed in pursuing thieves. He was used in the pursuit of those northern marauders, called moss troopers, whose retreats through the bogs were unerringly traced by him; and during those sanguinary border feuds which disgraced both England and Scotland a few centuries ago, the dog in question was in a continual state of requisition. At the barbarous period to which I allude, the inveterate and unrelenting clans of the north, were perpetually engaged in broils; the vanquished who fled from the ferocious conflict, were hunted from cave to cave by these hounds and unsparingly slaughtered.

The Cuba, or South American blood hounds, so frequently mentioned, and so frequently confounded with the true line hunting dog precedingly noticed, is a very different animal. Unlike the talbot (for such was the original designation of the Norman hound already described), in the bland, sagacious, and majestic appearance of the countenance, his aspect is fierce and forbidding, his disposition in precise correspondence. The South American, or Cuba blood hound is a large mastiff, remarkable for savage ferocity rather than acute sense of smell, and was taken from Europe to South America soon after the discovery of the western world. These dogs are not uncommon on the continent of Europe at the present day.

In the year 1492, Columbus found his way across the Atlantic, and he and his unprincipled followers robbed the natives of their property in the first instance, and afterwards compelled them to labor in the mines. The unfortunate aborigines, inferior to the European and the more robust races of mankind in bodily strength, sunk under the galling and insupportable yoke of their oppressors. They died by scores, and by hundreds, while others fled to the vast wildernesses of the country, preferring the precarious subsistence and privations of the forest to the merciless slavery of the Spaniards. Acquainted with the woods and wilder parts of these uncultivated regions, they were enabled to elude the pursuit of their persecutors, who at length resorted to the expedient of hunting the miserable fugitives with the mastiffs above mentioned, procured from Europe for the purpose. Thus originated the South American or Cuba blood hound. However, on trial, his sense of smell was found not sufficiently acute, and a smaller dog, something of the terrier breed, was called in to his assistance. Dogs in general are very susceptible of education; and therefore, these active mastiffs soon understood for what purpose the terrier was employed, and eagerly accompanied him; the mastiffs were taught not to tear the unfortunate fugitive to pieces, but to detain him till the "chasseur" (for so the person who attended the dogs was denominated) came up, when he was led back, and again subjected to the misery of the mines.

The natives of this part of the world, it would appear, were altogether unacquainted with dogs prior to the arrival of the Spaniards; and when they found they could be thus successfully pursued, they gave way to despair, and decreased so rapidly, that one-third of them disappeared in the course of a few years.

The Spanish settlers prized these mastiffs very highly, and treated them with much more kindness than they did the natives; and when

at length it was found impossible to continue the working of the mines, and the labor of cultivation by the weak bodied aborigines, negroes were imported from the coast of Africa, who possessing more muscular strength, were better qualified to endure the fatigue. The negroes found their task masters not only unreasonable in their expectations, but heartless and cruel; and in consequence, they absconded, and endeavored to secrete themselves, as their predecessors in slavery had done, beneath the shelter of the forests and fastnesses of the country. But they were pursued by the dogs, and recovered, as a matter of course; and thus a regular system of hunting human beings was established in South America and the West Indian Islands in possession of the Spaniards (if it did not extend further), which has not yet been altogether abandoned.

I now come to the third and last division of the subject. The dog used at the present time in Scotland to pursue the "stricken deer," is a large wiry haired greyhound. Dogs of this description, originated from the Irish wolf dog, were common enough thirty years ago in the north western parts of the kingdom, where they are still to be met with.

A couple of these dogs generally accompany a deer-stalking party in the Highlands of Scotland; and as the sport is conducted upon a system of ambuscade and surprise, the dogs are kept in reserve till the deer has been struck with the rifle ball. If the deer be not wounded, it is useless to slip the dogs, as a vigorous hart is not to be pulled down with such assailants. When, however, he is wounded, these illegitimate greyhounds are slipped, and by teasing the animal bring him to bay, when the sportsmen come up and finish the business. The dogs pursue by sight for the most part, but are able to follow, for some distance at least, upon the scent of a deer (so much hotter than that of any other game), particularly when wounded and the blood dropping from him, though their sense of smell is of a very inferior description.

[London Era.]

T. B. J.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LAST WOLF IN SUTHERLAND.

THE death of the last wolf and her cubs, on the eastern coast of Sutherland, was attended with remarkable circumstances. Some ravages had been committed among the flocks, and the howl had been heard in the dead of night, at a time when it was supposed the villainous race was extinct. The inhabitants turned out in a body, and very carefully scoured the country—carefully, but not successfully, for, after a very laborious search, no wolf could be found, and the party broke up.

A few days afterwards a man, by the name of Polson, who resided at Wester Helmesdale, followed up the search by minutely examining the wild recesses in the neighborhood of Glen-Loth, which he fancied had not been sufficiently attended to before. He was accompanied only by two young lads, one of them his son, and the other an active herd-boy. Polson was an old hunter, and had much experi-

ence in tracing and destroying wolves and other predatory animals : forming his own conjectures, he proceeded at once to the wild and rugged ground that surrounds the rocky mountain-gully which forms the channel of the burn of Sledale. Here, after a minute investigation, he discovered a narrow fissure in the midst of a confused mass of large fragments of rock, which upon examination, he had reason to think might lead to a larger opening or cavern below, which the wolf might use as his den. Stones were now thrown down, and other means resorted to, to rouse any animal that might be lurking within. Nothing formidable appearing, the two lads contrived to squeeze themselves through the fissure, that they might examine the interior, whilst Polson kept guard on the outside. The boys descended through the narrow passage into a small cavern which was evidently a wolf's den, for the ground was covered with bones and horns of animals, feathers, and egg-shells, and the dark space was somewhat enlivened by five or six active wolf-cubs. Not a little dubious of the event, the voice of the poor boys came up hollow and anxious from below, and communicating this intelligence. Polson at once desired them to do their best, and to destroy the cubs. Soon after he heard the feeble howling of the whelps, as they were attacked below, and saw almost at the same time, to his great horror, a full-grown wolf, evidently the dam, raging furiously at the cries of her young, and now close upon the mouth of the cavern, which she had approached unobserved among the rocky inequalities of the place. She attempted to leap down, at one bound, from the spot where she was first seen : in this emergency, Polson instinctively threw himself forward on the wolf, and succeeded in catching a firm hold of the animal's long and bushy tail, just as the fore part of the body was within the narrow entrance of the cavern. He had, unluckily, placed his gun against a rock when aiding the boys in their descent, and could not now reach it. Without apprising the lads below of their imminent peril, the stout hunter kept a firm hold of the wolf's tail, which he wound round his left arm ; and although the maddened brute scrambled, and twisted, and strove with all her might to force herself down to the rescue of her cubs, Polson was just able, with the exertion of his strength, to keep her from going forward. In the midst of this singular struggle, which passed in silence—for the wolf was mute, and the hunter, either from the engrossing nature of his exertions, or from his unwillingness to alarm the boys, spake not a word at the commencement of the conflict—his son within the cave, finding the light excluded from above for so long a space, asked in Gaelic, and in an abrupt tone, " Father, what is keeping the light from us ?"—" If the root of the tail breaks," replied he, " you will soon know that." Before long, however, the man contrived to get hold of his hunting-knife, and stabbed the wolf in the most vital parts he could reach. The enraged animal now attempted to turn and face her foe, but the hole was too narrow to allow of this ; and when Polson saw his danger, he squeezed her forward, keeping her jammed in whilst he repeated his stabs as rapidly as he could, until the animal, being mortally wounded, was easily dragged back and finished.

Notes of the Month.

MAY AND JUNE.

DEATH OF *Consol* AND *Antipater*.—It is with sincere regret we have to register the decease of these two fine horses. The first had acquired an enviable reputation on the turf, and in the breeding stud, while the performances of the latter indicated the possession of all those qualities by which the high mettled racer is distinguished.

Consol died on the morning of the 23d of April, in his eleventh year, after a few days' illness, occasioned by a constipation of the small intestines, producing a high state of inflammation, and a pulse over one hundred. Previous to this attack, he was in high health and doing a fair business; he was justly considered one of the best, if not the very best, son of *Lottery*, and his stock were showing remarkably well; the oldest of his get were dropped in 1837. *Consol* was imported by E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., of The Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., the owner of one of the most extensive breeding establishments in the Union.

Antipater died suddenly at Baltimore immediately after his arrival from Washington, where he won a race of two-mile heats, beating a strong field. He was 4 yrs. old; in his 3 yr. old form he won a stake at the Kendall Course in good time, at three heats. He died the property of Col. FRANCIS THOMPSON, of Port Tobacco, Md. *Antipater* was got by *Tychicus*, the sire of *Wonder*, *Lily*, and other good ones, out of *Club-foot* by *Napoleon*.

While penning the paragraph above we were informed of the death of the dam of *Medoc*, at the age of 22. She was the property of ROBERT TILLOTSON, Esq., of this city, and was got by imp. Expedition out of *Maid of the Oaks* by imp. *Spread Eagle*.

MATCHES.—The following matches have been concluded within a few weeks, but owing to the fact that two of them were made by parties having no control over the horses, it is very doubtful whether they will come off:—

Mr. Hare's *Willis* and Mr. McDaniel's *Vashti*, to run four-mile heats for \$10,000 a side, over the State Course at Raleigh, N. C., at the ensuing Fall meeting.

Col. Hampton's *Kate Seaton* and Messrs. Corbin & Co.'s *Passenger*—to run mile heats for \$10,000 aside, h. ft., over the Fairfield Course, Va., between the 1st and 7th Oct. Also, *Passenger* and Capt. Morgan's imported *Priam* colt—to run mile heats for \$5000 a side, h. ft., over the same Course at the ensuing Fall meeting.

Capt. Cross's *Mustapha* and Mr. Perry's *Stub-twist*—to run mile heats for \$1000 a side, h. ft., over the Metarie Course, New Orleans, on the day preceding the annual Fall meeting of that Jockey Club.

SALES OF STOCK.—Since our last publication reports of the following sales have reached us, from which it will be seen that neither the demand nor the prices for fashionably bred stock have fallen off:—

Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Petersburg, Va., has sold *Mary Blunt* to

John C. Rodgers, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., for \$3000; Mr. R. has sent her to imp. Priam. Mary Blunt is by Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare—a bay, 6 yrs. old; she was a mare of fine game and speed, and particularly distinguished herself by running a good second to Mingo in 7:47, in a third heat of four miles.

Messrs. Rives & Early, of Richmond, Va., have sold their 3 yr. old colt by Goliah out of a Sir Charles mare, for \$4000, to Mr. James Long, of Washington City. This colt won his first race at Broad Rock, Va., this spring, in fine style.

John C. Rodgers, Esq. has sold an interest of one half of his 2 yr. old black filly *Dolly Thorpe*, by imp. Shakspeare out of Portsmouth's dam, to Wm. McCargo, Esq., of Fredericksburg, Va., for \$2000. Maj N. T. Green, of Boydton, Va., has sold to the same gentleman an interest of one half of his own sister to *Duane*, for \$1500. This fine filly is 4 yrs. old this spring, and goes to Kentucky to make her debut; she is by Imp. Hedgeford out of Goodloe Washington by Washington.

E. H. Boardman, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala., has sold his imported brood mare *Malibran*, for \$3000, to Charles McLarran, Esq., of Decatur. *Malibran* was foaled in 1830—got by Muley out of Prima Donna by Soothsayer; she is in foal to Imp. Berner's Comus.

The stable of Mr. David McDaniel, of Raleigh, N. C., was recently destroyed by fire—supposed to have been the act of an incendiary. His fine young stallion *Red Wasp*, (by Shakspeare dam by Madison,) perished in the flames. Fortunately, Mr. McDaniel was absent with *Vashti* and his other race-horses; when the fire was discovered the cinders from the roof were falling in, so that every effort to save the horses was unavailing.

DEATH OF MR. COLDEN.—We are called upon to record in this number of the Register, the death of Mr. CADWALLADER R. COLDEN, who expired on the 17th inst., after a short illness, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The readers of this Magazine hardly need a further notice of this gentleman, than to be reminded of his authorship of the papers which appeared under the signature of "An Old Turfman." His peculiar notions of horses, and his nervous fluent style of composition, have long ago given him a distinguished celebrity as a writer on sporting subjects.

When he withdrew his contributions from the Magazine, having enriched its earlier volumes with articles of great interest and value, he established a magazine of his own in New York, on a more costly plan than any which had before been seen in this country. The sale of the work not reaching the extent of his wishes, he abandoned it, after several months, or rather merged it in another and smaller work, which reached, we believe, two volumes, before its publication was suspended. More recently, and just before his death, he had projected a third work, the plan of which, uniting a Magazine with a weekly paper, he had long cherished as alone feasible. He did not live to see the publication of the Magazine; a single number of the paper appeared before his death, but illness had interrupted his labors upon that number, which gave no evidence of his vigorous thinking.

The turf is indebted to Mr. Colden for originating and successfully establishing enclosed Race Courses at the North, whence the plan has subsequently been so extensively adopted throughout the country. There was no limit to the enterprise of Mr. Colden in projecting Courses. At one time he established a track even in Vermont, where excellent purses were put up for public competition.

He was once largely engaged in Agriculture, and the large fortune which he had inherited, was impaired in his extensive operations. As a breeder, he was not successful, although he had often upon his estate an immense number of horses. Nor was he fortunate in racing, and he used often to say, his writings owed their principal value to his severe lessons of experience.

The favorite principle which he labored to establish, and did establish, is, that "*Blood will tell*,"—that "nothing but the thorough-bred do it quite well." He insisted upon purity in your stock of horses with unyielding pertinacity, and his lessons have proved widely useful. He advocated the importation of English stock with warmth, and foretold the success of the produce of such importations, upon the Turf.

A TURF CONVENTION.—A proposition has been started by a distinguished Turfman of the South West for a National Turf Convention. His communications are addressed to the "*Spirit of the Times*," and are too long to be copied into the Magazine this month. But the proposition is so worthy of attention, that we would bring it earnestly before the readers of the "*Turf Register*," asking for it the deliberate consideration due to its originator, not less than to the proposition itself.

The object is singly the elevation of the character of the Turf in the United States, by the creation of a Club of members chosen from different sections of the country, with a view to the decision of important questions, and to promote uniformity in the rules and practice of the different local clubs. It is almost impossible to state all the objects of such a Convention without entering further upon the subject than our limits can permit this month.

The subscribers to the "*Peyton Stake*," at Nashville, might form the nucleus of such a Convention, joined by such other turfmen as might be pleased to attend. A constitution for a Jockey Club that might be proposed by a Convention composed as this would be, could hardly fail to receive the assent of sportsmen generally. Washington is named by the projector of the plan as a fit place for the meeting, and the month of December next as a fit time. Congress will then be in session, and different political Conventions are to assemble about that time in Northern cities. It is proper to state explicitly that the place and the time for the meeting of the Convention were designated by the same individual, who is himself a resident of the far South West.

Let gentlemen entertain the subject, canvass it with freedom, and in some form give to the public their opinions upon it; and then, whatever the conclusion may be as to the practicability of the plan first proposed, some feasible and useful result will certainly grow out of it. The single end which the first projector had in view, and the sole ground on which we advocate it, is to promote the popularity and the dignity of the Turf in the United States.

Col. Geo. Elliott, of Gallatin, Tenn., has lost an own brother to the celebrated *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan out of Morgiana by Pa-colet. He was engaged in a match for \$5000 a-side, to come off over the Nashville Course next spring, with Mr. Henry Smith's Stockholder colt, *Allen Brown*.

MR. EDGAR'S STUD BOOK.—At a meeting of the RALEIGH (N. C.) JOCKEY CLUB, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published in the "Spirit of the Times," and "The Turf Register."

"Whereas, it is known to the American Breeders of the blood horse, that Sir Patrick N. Edgar, of Lynesville, N. C., has devoted a large portion of a long life to the collection and compilation of pedigrees of American bred stock, tracing and connecting them properly, and authentically, with their distant ancestry; and whereas, it is further known, that in the laudable attempt to publish the same as an *American Stud Book*, the author has not only incurred loss and disappointment, even with the first volume, greatly jeopardising the whole collection, without the immediate aid and action of all interested—therefore

"Resolved, that this club purchase of Sir Patrick N. Edgar thirty copies of the first Vol., and that they be ordered immediately, and that the Treasurer is hereby directed to pay for the same out of the funds of the Association.

"Resolved, further, that this club shall subscribe for thirty copies of the 2d Vol. of the said work; and that the Secretary forward a copy of the foregoing proceedings to Sir Patrick."

The Editor is pleased to add that resolutions of a similar character have been adopted by the Cincinnati and other Jockey Clubs. The work in question is one very much desiderated by breeders and turfmen in every section of the Union, and we shall be most happy to learn of Mr. Edgar's receiving such assurances of patronage as may induce him to put the several volumes of his work to press at an early day.

BELSHAZZAR.—In the last number of this Magazine (page 154) was given a brief history of this fine imported horse, who is now making his first season in this country at Nashville, Tenn. Since that article was published, a letter to the Editor, dated March 30th, has been received from Wm. ALLEN, Esq., of The Lodge, Malton, Yorkshire, who sold Belshazzar, from which we subjoin the following extracts:—

"About three or four months since, I addressed a letter to F. B. OGDEN Esq., "*Tennessec*," to say that I was desirous of re-purchasing Belshazzar, and that I could afford to offer Twelve Hundred Guineas for the horse. I have felt a good deal of disappointment at not receiving any kind of answer to my letter, which I much wished to have before I engaged any other horse. To-day, and not before to-day, I have learnt my error, and that my letter should have been addressed to Mr. Ogden, the American Consul at Liverpool. I presume that my letter has been lost in the packet, or by some other means has never reached Mr. Ogden. It has been a grievous disappointment to me, but I certainly have no one to blame but myself. My reason for writing to Mr. Ogden, was from Flintoff's having mentioned that gentleman's name to me as having something to do with the horse, and the impression on my mind that Mr. O. had the ordering, and direction of the horse.

"After *Cara's* winning the Criterion Stake at Newmarket, I had applications from gentlemen from all parts of the Kingdom to send mares to Belshazzar, and universal regret was expressed at his having been sent out of the country. I should be glad if what I have so far stated, could be noticed, that the Americans may see that they have got a horse which probably (and I have no doubt of it,) would have been one of the most celebrated stallions in this country. I am fortunate in having several good colts and fillies of his get, and I flatter myself they will not disgrace their sire."

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

1838.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, Jan. 2, 1838—Purse \$500, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 80—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Thos. Jefferson Well's ch. m. *Linnet*, by Imp. Leviathan—Object by Marshal Ney, 5 yrs. 1 1
John G. Young's gr. h. *Diamond*, by Diamond, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 2 dist.
Time, 3:56½—7:22. The horse did not go round the last heat.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3—Purse \$800, ent. \$80, free for all ages; weights as above; Three mile heats.

Thomas Jefferson Wells' ch. m. *Extio*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of White Feathers by Conqueror, 5 yrs. 1 1
Yelverton N. Oliver's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 y. 2 2
F. Henderson's b. c. *Longitude*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Harnet by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. 3 3
Time, 6:10—5:59.

THURSDAY, Jan. 4—*Creole Day*—Purse \$400, ent. \$25; weights as before; Mile heats.

Josias Chambers' ch. c. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 1 1
John G. Young's gr. h. *Diamond*, by Abdallah, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. 2 2
Wm. M. Brown's gr. c. *Rapide*, by Granby, dam by Earl's Pacolet, 2 yrs. dr
Time, 2:05—2:10.

FRIDAY, Jan. 5—Purse \$415, ent. \$25, added, free for all ages, weights as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Yelverton N. Oliver's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
John G. Young's gr. h. *Diamond*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 2 dr
Thos. J. Wells' b. f. *Wings*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. 3 3 dr
Time, 2:04—2:06.

ST. MATTHEWS, S. C., SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, Jan. 9, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.; 5 subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

Capt. D. Rowe's b. c. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko. 1
John G. Young's ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Sister to Pelham. bolt.
Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena. dist.
Time, 4:08.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$150; free for all ages; weights, for 3 year olds as above—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—and aged 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

George Walden's gr. f. *Eliza Riley*, by Director, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs. 1 1
Col. Edward Richardson's ch. f. by Rob Roy, out of Amanda, 3 yrs. 2 2
Capt. J. Colclough's ch. h. *Philip*, by Crusader, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 3 3
Time, 4:02—4:04.

THURSDAY, Jan. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$100: free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

George Walden's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs. 2 1 1
Capt. Donald Rowe's b. c. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs. 1 2 2
Capt. J. Colclough's gr. h. *Grey Dragon*, by Crusader, dam unknown. 3 3 dr
Time, 1:57—1:58—2:02. The best time ever made on this track.

FRIDAY, Jan. 12—Sweepstakes, sub. \$5 each, with \$30 added by the Club, feather weights. Mile heats.

Won by Dr. Darly's *Lilla Green*, beating *Gabriella* and a Luzborough filly, in three heats.
THOS. OLIVER, Sec'y.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, May 1, 1838—Match, \$10,000, a-side, Four mile heats.

Col. John Heth's (S. M. Neill's) ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 1 1
110lbs. 2 dist.
O. P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 107lbs. 2 dist.
Time, 7:45.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Thompson's (Col. Stonestreet's) gr. f. *Lily*, by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy. 1 1
Arthur Taylor's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Washington by Eclipse. 5 2
Geo. L. Stockett's br. c. by Sussex, out of the dam of Cippus by Mark Anthony. 2 0
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. by Sussex, out of Ann Page's dam by Tuckahoe. 2 0
James S. Garrison's br. f. by Ivanhoe, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy. 4 5
Time, 1:54—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, May 2—Produce Stakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Eleven subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. H. Tayloe's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab. 1 1
John M. Botts' b. f. by —, out of Own Sister to Tobacconist. 3 2
Dr. G. W. Duval's ch. c. by Sussex, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar. 2 3
J. H. Sothoron's ch. c. by Tychicus, out of Maid of Patuxent by Imp. Magic. dist.
Time, 1:53—1:52. Won cleverly.

SAME DAY—Second Race—National Jockey Club Plate, value \$500, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 121—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Arthur Taylor's b. c. <i>Harbinger</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Virginia Taylor by Sir Hal.....	1	1
Dr. G. W. Duval's br. c. <i>Monbodo</i> , by Imp. Apparition, out of Angeline, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Col. J. M. Selden's b. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time not given.

THURSDAY, May 3—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$20; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's bl. h. <i>Cippus</i> , by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs.....	1	7
O. P. Hare's b. h. <i>Spartacus</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Arab, 6 yrs.....	0	2
Col. Thompson's gr. f. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs....	0	3
Gov. Sprigg's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 5 yrs.....	*	*
Hon. D. Jenifer's bl. c. by Emigrant, dam and age omitted.....	*	*
Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. c. <i>Corsair</i> , by Timoleon, dam by Gracchus, 4 yrs.....	*	*

Four others started but their names are not remembered.

Time, 5:49. * Not placed.

FRIDAY, May 4—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, ent. \$30; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Dr. G. W. Duval's b. h. <i>Prince George</i> , by Industry, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs..	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Willis</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 4 yrs.....	2	dr
J. S. Garrison's ch. c. <i>Scipio</i> , by Zinganez, out of Corinna by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 8:13.

An imperfect account by a spectator, not the Secretary.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, May 7, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Guild & Peyton's ch. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia (Birmingham's dam) by Topgallant.....	1	2	1
Col. Geo. Elliott's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet.....	2	1	dist.
Maj. A. J. Donelson's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Constitution.....	3	3	dr

Time, 1:58—1:59½—2:00. Track heavy.

AUGUST MEETING, SAME COURSE.

TUESDAY, Aug. 28, 1838—Proprietor's Purse \$150, ent. \$25 each, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. One mile.

Col. Robt. Smith's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	1
Wm. Pott's b. c. <i>Old Balls</i> , by Sir William of Transport, dam by Barebones, 4 yrs.....	2
J. Greer's b. c. by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs.....	3
J. Hudgers' ch. m. by Bagdad, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	4

Time, 1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 29—Proprietors' Purse \$200, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Two miles.

Thos. J. Wells' gr. f. <i>Queen of Trumps</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	1
Robt. Smith's ch. c. <i>Pete Whetstone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	2

Time, 4:10.

THURSDAY, Aug. 30—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$40; conditions as before. Three miles.

Thos. J. Wells' ch. c. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. walked over.

FRIDAY, Aug. 31—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Four subs. at \$50 each, P. P. One mile.

J. C. Irvine's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs.....	1
Col. Robert Smith's bl. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	2
Wm. Pott's b. c. <i>Old Balls</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3
George Cheatham's ch. f. by Contention, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	4

Time, 1:58.

SATURDAY, Sept. 1—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, P. P. One mile.

O. Hardeman's gr. f. <i>Sally Hilliard</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee.....	1
H. Dickerson's b. f. <i>Little Misery</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Arab.....	2
G. Cheatham's b. f. by John Miller, dam by Conqueror.....	pd.ft.

Time, 2:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Wm. Pott's b. c. <i>Old Balls</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	3	1	1
J. C. Irvine's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs.....	2	1	2	dist.
Robt. Smith's bl. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dist.	

Time, 2:01—1:58—2:03½—2:10.

ELKHORN, Ky., SPRING RACES.

THURSDAY, May 24, 1838—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. <i>Limber John</i> , by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Sinclair & French's b. f. <i>Mary Ford</i> , by Plato, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs.....	2	2
John C. Herndon's b. h. <i>John Anderson</i> , by Seagull, dam by Albert.....	dist.	
Dr. W. G. Offott's b. c. by Woodpecker, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 1:57—2:04. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, May 25—Purse \$150, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

James Ford's b. c. <i>Cain</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Prince Richard, 4 yrs.....	3	3	1	1
Benjamin Luckett's b. h. <i>Chilton</i> , by Seagull, out of Hazard by Wonder, 6 yrs.....	1	2	2	2
Robt. Burbridge's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs.....	2	1	3	3

Time, 4:34—4:10—4:10—4:04. Track still heavy.

SATURDAY, May 26—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a purse ; weights as before.

Sub. \$25 each, and \$25 added. Mile heats.

Wm. Buford, junr's b. c. <i>Brandy</i> , by Abdalrahan, dam by Tiger.....	1	1
Robt. Burbridge's gr. c. by Singleton, dam by Whipster.....	3	2
Lewis Saunders, junr's. ch. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.....	2	3

Time, 1:56—1:54.

BEN. LUCKETT, *Proprietor and Sec'y.*

LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 29, 1838—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs. ; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's ch. c. <i>Pactolus</i> , by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Lewis J. Kirk's ch. f. <i>Narcissa Parish</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 5:57½.

WEDNESDAY, May 30—Purse \$300 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Two mile heats.

John Long's gr. m. <i>Merino Evee</i> , by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. <i>Tom Thurman</i> , by Imp. Fylde, out of Venus by Constellation, 4 y.....	2	3	2
David Conner's b. f. <i>Taladega</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by La Fayette, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dr
James H. Moore's ch. m. <i>Lucy Benton</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	4	dist.	

Time, 3:55—3:57—4:04.

THURSDAY, May 31—Purse \$200 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. <i>Rhinodino</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Imp. Dion, 4 yrs.....	3	2	1	1	1
James S. Jackson's b. f. <i>Henriette</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs.....	1	1	2	3	2
Simon Cockerell's s. h. <i>Chronometer</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.....	2	3	3	2	3
Lewis J. Kirk's ch. f. <i>Narcissa Parish</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dr				

Time, 1:58—1:55—1:54—1:56—1:55.

FRIDAY, June 1—Purse \$190 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Mile heats.

James S. Jackson's gr. m. <i>Alice Grey</i> , by Pulaski, dam by Bellair, 6 yrs.....	3	1	1
Daniel Gray's ro. f. <i>Jararah Helen</i> , pedigree unknown, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
David Conner's b. f. <i>Taladega</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 2:02—2:00—2:06.

JOHN J. JEWELL, *Proprietor and Sec'y.*

ROCKY MOUNT, VA., FALL RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5, 1838—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$15 ; free for all ages ; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs. ; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' (H. Nowlin's) b. h. <i>Roley Porter</i> , by Star, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	1	1
B. W. Graves' b. c. <i>Charleston</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:15—4:20.

THURSDAY, Sept. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent. \$20 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Three mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' ch. c. <i>Nick-o'-the-Woods</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Pulaski, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Isaac H. Oliver's ch. h. <i>Genito</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Pakenham, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 6:01—6:05.

JAMES C. TATE, *Sec'y.*

WARRENTON SPRINGS, VA., VICTORIA COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 18, 1838—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Wm. Duvall's (Gov. Barbour's) b. f. by Goliath, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Geo. Henderson's b. h. <i>Pelham</i> , by Childers, dam by Duroc, aged.....	2	2
Wm. Mashon's gr. h. ———, 4 yrs.....	3	3
S. Welsh's ch. c. by John Richards, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.

Time, 2:08—2:12. Track very heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 19—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Mr. Sappho's b. c. by Industry, out of Ace of Diamonds, 4 yrs.....	3	2	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. <i>Moliner</i> , by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian, 5 yrs.....	2	1	2	dr
Wm. Mashon's ch. m. <i>Leesburg</i> , by Clifden, 5 yrs.....	1	3	dr	
Wm. Duvall's b. g. by John Richards, aged.....	4	dr		

Time (about) 4:19—4:16—4:21. Track very heavy.

THURSDAY, Sept. 20—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Wm. Duvall's b. m. <i>Mary Hutton</i> , by St. Tammany, dam by Seymour's Eagle, 5 yrs.....	1	4	1
Maj. Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	4	1	2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. f. by Snow-storm, dam by Grigsby's Potomac, 4 yrs.....	3	2	3
Mr. Tyler's ch. f. <i>Victoria</i> , 4 yrs.....	2	3	dist.

Time, 6:26—6:32—6:44. Track heavy.

In the 3d heat, Mary Hutton was hard pressed by Victoria until within 600 yards of the stand in the last mile, when the latter dropped dead—on examination it was found that her heart had burst. She was ordered by the Club to be buried with appropriate honors, under the Judge's Stand, and the course to take its name from her—that of Victoria.

FRIDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Master Henry</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
Maj. Doswell's b. f. by Pamunky, 3 yrs.....	1	2	2
Capt. Geo. Terrett's ch. f. ———, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 8:28—8:26—8:44. Raining, and track excessively heavy.

JACKSON, TENN., FALL RACES.

MONDAY, Sept. 24, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

Hon. A. Huntsman & W. B. Miller's gr. c. *Bloody Nathan*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet..... rec'd ft.

From B. Davidson's f. by Bolivar, dam unknown.

E. Spark's f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon.

N. Perry's c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Jackson.

A. J. Donelson's c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.

T. G. Johnson's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Baker.

David Journagan's f. by Telegraph, dam unknown.

Maj. Shegog's c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

H. L. French's b. c. *Joe Mabry*, by Stockholder..... 1 1

B. Davidson's (W. Pitcher's) ch. c. by Eclipse..... 2 2

L. Coch's (W. Burton's) b. c. by Melle Melle..... 3 3

D. Journagan's (Cawhorn's) b. c. *Sir Laddin*, by Telegraph..... 4 4

A. J. Henry's c. by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet..... pd. ft.

Time, 1:53—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs. —3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

G. C. Hurt's b. c. *Chevalier*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 1

Linnaeus Coch's b. c. *John Maffit*, by Imp. Fyde, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... dist.

Time, 6:04—of first 2 miles, 1:58—1:58.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

L. Coch's b. c. *John Maffit*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1

B. Davidson's bl. c. by Telegraph, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs..... 2 2

G. C. Hurt's bl. c. *Henry*, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Sir William, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.

Time, 4:03—4:02.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

John G. Shegog's ch. m. *Rhoda Crump*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs..... 1 1

A. J. Henry's br. m. *Maria Miller*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 4 yrs..... 2 dr

Time, 9:25.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$200 each. One mile.

Linnaeus Coch's (Huntsman & Miller's) gr. c. *Bloody Nathan*, pedigree above..... 1

W. L. French's b. c. *Jim Brown*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Mary Burton by Andrew Jackson..... 0

Win. W. Gift's ch. c. *Gov. Poindexter*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Giantess, by Sir Archy..... 0

Time, 2:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as on Wednesday, Mile heats.

L. Coch's b. c. *Milo*, by Bennahan's Archy, dam by Royal Medley, 4 yrs..... 1 1

G. C. Hurt's b. h. *Carrol*, by Contest, dam by Aristotle, 5 yrs..... 2 dr

Time, 2:15.

C. HENDERSON, Sec'y.

OLYMPIAN SPRINGS, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

Thos. J. Young's b. c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Cherokees by Cherokee..... 1 1

John James' b. f. by Collier, dam by Bertrand..... 2 2

Time, 1:53—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

John A. Turner Jr.'s b. f. *Deborah Jackson*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Plenipo..... 1 1

Spencer Boyd's b. f. by Black Hawk, dam by Printer..... 2 2

Chas. Goodpaster's br. f. *Fanny Cropper*, by James Cropper, dam by Whip..... pd.ft.

Time, 1:54—1:55½.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Purse \$—, free for all horses bred and raised in Bath, Bourbon, Montgomery, Nicholas, Mason, Lewis, Greenup, Carter, Lawrence, and Morgan counties. 2 yr. olds 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

John C. Mason's ro. g. *Blue Jim*, by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 4 yrs..... 3 2 1 1

D. B. Boyd's b. f. *Fleta*, by James Cropper, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs..... 2 1 2 2

Thos. J. Young's ch. m. *Milly Lane*, by Rattler, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs..... 1 2 3 dr

Time, 3:59—3:57—3:59—4:00.

The weight slipped on the neck of Milly Lane in the 1st and 2d heats.

CHARLESTOWN, VA.. JEFFERSON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft.

Col. Gibson's (Judge Barbour's) b. f. *Melicent*, by Goliah, dam by Hotspur..... 1 1

J. P. McBrien's gr. f. by John Richards, dam by Sir Charles..... 2 2

Time not given.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$150 each, \$50 ft. One mile.

Henry Shepherd's imp. b. f. by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp..... 1

S. Strider's ch. c. by Rob Roy, dam by Rattler..... 2

Time not given. Well contested.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs. ; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Gibson's (Jas. B. Kendall's) gr. m. <i>Molinera</i> , by Medley, out of Algeria by Jones' Arabian, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Doswell's b. f. by Pamunky, dam by Tariff, 3 yrs.....	2	2
H. Shepherd's b. g. <i>Malton</i> , by Rattler, dam by Topgallant, aged.....	3	3
Mr. Wiltshire's ch. h. by Sir Charles, dam by Tom Tough, aged.....	4	dist.

Time, 4:03—3:56. A beautiful race.

THURSDAY, Oct. 18—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 5 yrs..	3	1	1	3	1
Col. Gibson's b. f. <i>Melicent</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	3	3	2	2
S. Strider's ch. m. <i>Floretta</i> , by Rattler, dam by Florizel, aged.....	2	2	2	1	3
Mr. Redman's b. f. by Macbeth, dam omitted, 4 yrs.....	4	4	dist.		

Time, 1:56—1:55½—1:55—2:00—1:59.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Purse \$350, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	3	1	1
Col. Gibson's b. m. <i>Mary Hutton</i> , by Agrippa, dam by Walnut, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2
T. Sappher's b. h. <i>Troublesome</i> , by Industry, dam omitted, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 6:28—6:28—6:32.

FORT SMITH, ARK., FALL RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24, 1833—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 years 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

John Dillard's br. f. <i>Widow Cheerly</i> , by Stockholder, out of Polly Baker, 4 yrs.....	0	1	1
T. T. Tunstall's br. m. <i>Charline</i> , by Pacific, dam by Grey-tail Florizel, 5 yrs.....	0	2	2

Time, 6:11—6:15—6:18.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s b. f. <i>Eliza Ross</i> , by Marmion, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 3 yrs..	2	1	1
John Dillard's b. f. <i>Own Sister to Lady Nashville</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Strap.....	1	2	2
David Thompson's br. f. <i>Virago</i> , by Citizen, 4 yrs.....			bolt.

Time, 4:03—3:57½—4:00.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.

David Thompson's ch. f. <i>Proof-Sheet</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Strap, 4 yrs.....	1	1
T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s ch. h. <i>Independence</i> , by Tom Fletcher, 5 yrs.....	2	2
E. W. B. Nowland's ch. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....		3
Capt. Wm. Duvall's b. h. <i>Curry</i> , by Young Diomed, 6 yrs.....		4 bolt.

Time, 1:59—2:00.

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Proprietor's Purse \$25 in Silver, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 100lbs. on each, Mile heats.

David Thompson's <i>Experiment</i> , by Jack Downing.....	1	1
T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s ch. h. <i>Independence</i> , by Tom Fletcher, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Theron Duvall's <i>Tom Thumb</i> , by Tiger.....	4	3
Mr. Craven's —, by Sir William.....	2	bolt.

Time, 1:59—1:58.

BARDSTOWN, KY., FALL RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24, 1838—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

S. Davenport's ch. m. <i>Althea</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Doublehead, 5 yrs.....	1	1
S. T. Drane's b. f. <i>Mary Ann</i> , by Lance, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs.....	2	2
G. Stapp's b. f. <i>Mary Bernham</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	3	3
W. T. Ward's ch. c. <i>Wild Cat</i> , by Waxy, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	4	4
G. Gregory's ch. c. <i>Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Curtius, 4 yrs.....	5	5
C. S. Hawkins' ch. f. <i>Thecia</i> , by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....		dist.
V. Thompson's ch. f. by Frank, dam by Voltaire, 3 yrs.....		dist.
Wm. Ferrell's b. g. by Tiger Whip, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 1:55—1:56. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$150, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. f. <i>Waxetta</i> , by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs.....	1	1
G. Stapp's b. c. <i>Collier Jr.</i> , by Collier, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs.....	2	2
S. T. Drane's b. f. <i>Diana Crow</i> , by Mark Anthony, dam by La Fayette, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.
W. Bowman's (G. K. Sloan's) gr. c. <i>Tom Macon</i> , by Waxy, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 3:46—3:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. f. <i>Mary Vaughan</i> , by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs...	1	1
S. T. Drane's ch. f. <i>Davidella</i> , by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs.....	3	2
S. Davenport's f. <i>Mary Gold</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 6:11—6:01.

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$100, with \$20 added by the Proprietor for the 2d best. conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

G. Stapp's b. c. <i>Collier Jr.</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	3	1	1	1
S. Davenport's ch. m. <i>Althea</i> " " " 5 yrs.....	1	2	2	2	2
T. J. Cruik's ch. c. <i>Cavalier</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Spot, 4 yrs.....	4	4	4	3	dist.
W. T. Ward's (T. Lee's) ch. h. <i>Bald Eagle</i> , by Cherokee, 5 yrs.....	2	1	3	4	dr
S. D. Scott's b. g. <i>Dart</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Medley, 4 yrs.....					dist.

Time, 1:52—1:53—1:54—1:56—1:55. T. P. LINTHICUM, Sec'y.

GREENSBORO' ALA., FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 30, 1838—Sweepstakes for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at \$50 each, P. P., with \$100 added by the Proprietors. Mile heats.

R. W. Withers' b. f. <i>Henrietta</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1
J. R. Head's ch. c. <i>Tishimingo</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	2	3
Henry A. Tayloe's (H. O. Pegram's) ch. g. <i>Dick Beasley</i> , by Marion, d. by Virginian, 6 y.	2	4	2
Daniel Gray's ro. f. ———, pedigree unknown, 4 yrs.....	3	3	dr

Time, 1:57—1:55—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's Imp. bl. f. <i>Maria Black</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs..	1	1
Smith & Head's ch. f. <i>Harpylce</i> , by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs.....	2	2
R. W. Withers' gr. m. <i>Alice Gray</i> , by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs.....	3	dist.
James Langford's b. f. <i>Certelfa</i> , by Bennehan's Sir Archy, dam by Arabian Bagdad, 4 y.	dist.	

Time, 3:53—3:50.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$30, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's ch. c. <i>Pactolus</i> , by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	2	1	1
Head & Smith's ch. c. <i>Pete Whetstone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs...	1	2	3
James Langford's b. m. <i>Liz</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs.....	3	3	2

Time, 8:04—8:10—8:17.

FRIDAY, Nov. 2—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John Long's b. f. <i>Cleopatra</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.....	1	2	1
R. W. Withers' b. f. by Imp. Fyde, dam by Frantic.....	4	1	3
Tayloe & Johnson's gr. f. <i>Czarina</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Arab.....	3	3	2
Head & Smith's b. c. <i>Capt. McHeath</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Boaster.....	2	4	dist.

Time, 1:55—1:59—2:01.

SATURDAY, Nov. 3—Proprietors' Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as on Tuesday. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Smith & Head's ch. f. <i>Harpylce</i> , by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Tayloe & Johnson's b. c. <i>Rhinodino</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Imp. Dion, 4 yrs.....	2	2	dist.
John Long's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	3	3	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:58—1:50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, FALL MEETING.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Ladies' Purse (value \$200), free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Capt. J. D. Edmond's (S. Burbridge's) b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1
H. Spencer's (Thos. Lynch's) ch. f. <i>Queen Dido</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.	1	2	2
George N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Countess Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassino, 3 yrs.....	3	3	3
Walker Thurston's (A. Haralson's) ch. f. <i>Maria Duke</i> , by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs.....	4	4	4
James Ryan's ch. g. <i>Jack Strut</i> , by Randolph, dam omitted, 4 yrs.....	5	dr	
Maj. James F. Conover's (James Pryor's) ch. c. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 3 yrs.....	dist.		
William P. Hughes' (Wm. F. Hunt's) ch. c. <i>Rothsay</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Sweeper, 5 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 1:59—2:00—2:07. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$55, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Geo. H. Sinclair's b. f. <i>Sally Burns</i> , by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Brighton Lass</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 3 yrs.....	3	2
Wesley Fisher's b. f. <i>Lady Hamilton</i> , by Boxer, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 2:00—2:01. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Citizens' Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. Marshall Anderson's b. m. <i>Lady Hope</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs...	1	1
Geo. N. Sanders' (Maj. E. S. Revill's) b. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs...	2	2
H. E. Spencer's (S. Burbridge's) b. c. <i>Tarleton</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 yrs..	fell.	

Time, 8:58—9:24. Track knee deep.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

M. W. Dickey's (Thos. Lynch's) b. f. <i>Lady Bertrand</i> , own sister to West Florida, 3 y.	2	4	1	1
Maj. J. F. Conover's (Wm. P. Hunt's) ch. f. <i>Betty White</i> , by Alonzo, dam by Mercury, 3 yrs.....	3	1	2	2
G. Coffeen's Jr's bl. c. <i>Orient</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.....	4	2	3	r.o.
Geo. N. Sanders' (Maj. E. S. Revill's) ch. c. <i>Red Hawk</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs.....	1	2	dist.	

Time, 4:31—4:31—4:33—4:37. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

M. W. Dickey's (Thos. J. Robinson's) b. h. <i>Jim Allan</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs.....	1	1
G. H. Sinclair's gr. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippoo Saib, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

S. Burbridge's b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	3	1	1	1
Thos. Lynch's ch. f. <i>Queen Dido</i> , " 4 yrs.....	4	2	4	2
Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , " 4 yrs.....	2	3	3	3
M. W. Dickey's ch. f. <i>Jenny Willing</i> , by Medoc, 3 yrs.....	1	4	2	4

Time, 2:06—2:06—2:03—2:08. Track very heavy

TARBORO', N. C., FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's b. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards.....	1	1
J. S. French's ch. f. <i>Fleta</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas.....	2	2
Thomas Christinas' ch. c. by Contest, dam by Sir William.....	3	dist.
Dr. Thomas Payne's (Henry Maclin's) b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 1:56½—2:02. Track 46 yards over a mile.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 2lbs. allowed mares and geldings—Two mile heats.

Olway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Penny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.....	1	1
E. J. Wilson's b. h. <i>Stockton</i> , by Eclipse, out of Iris by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	4	2
Dr. J. J. Daniel's gr. f. <i>American Maid</i> , by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch by Sir Archy, 4 y.	3	3
J. M. Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, aged.....	5	4
David McDaniel's b. c. <i>Henry King</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 4:07—4:07. Track heavy, and 46 yards over a mile.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—J. C. Purse \$350, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Three mile heats. Edward J. Wilson's gr. f. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 4 y. 1 1 David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 y. 2 2

Time not given. Run during a violent storm of rain.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Handicap Purse \$150, ent. \$10, free for all ages, Mile heats best 3 in 5.		
Mr. Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , pedigree above, aged, 116lbs.....	1	1
Henry Maclin's b. f. <i>Sky Rocket</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Peggy Madee by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 97lbs.....	2	5
E. J. Wilson's b. h. <i>Stockton</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs. 107lbs.....	4	6
Robt. Wynn's b. f. <i>Polly Carey</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	6	3
D. McDaniel's b. h. <i>Henry King</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. 100lbs.....	5	2
Gen. Williams' b. f. <i>Mary Moody</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 97lbs..	3	4

Time, 2:02—2:02—2:02. Track 46 yards over a mile.

GRAND GULF, MISS., WATERLOO COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7, 1838—Purse \$200, for horses bred or owned in the Counties of Claiborne, Jefferson, Copiah, and Warren; free for all ages, 3 year olds taking up 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

L. F. Norris' ch. f. <i>Sarah Harrison</i> , by Frank, out of Eliza Wharton by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs.....	1	1
T. B. Magruder's b. c. <i>Blacklock</i> , by Lance, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 2:14—2:20.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

John H. Walker's ch. f. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... walked over.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. J. Minor's c. <i>Sir Ariss</i> , by Trumpator, out of Ophelia (Grey Eagle's dam) by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.....	2	1
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. m. <i>Angora</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 6 y.	1	*
H. Johnson's gr. h. <i>John Anderson</i> , by Pacific, out of Matilda by Florizel, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
John H. Walker's <i>Woodman</i> , pedigree omitted.....	4	dist.

Time not given.

* Angora broke down badly in both fore legs in the 2d heat, after winning the 1st. and it is doubtful if she ever comes on the track again.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$—, (the entrance of previous days), conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Wm. J. Minor's b. f. <i>Tellie Doc</i> , by Pacific, out of Matilda (Country Maid's dam) by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingham's (John Routh's) imp. b. f. <i>Matilda Routh</i> , by Merchant, out of Mandelina (dam of Esprit, Musce, etc.), by Cervantes, 3 yrs.....	2	dr
H. Johnson's gr. h. <i>John Anderson</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	*	

Time, 1:55—1:57. * Stopped in first heat.

GREENWOOD, NORTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 121—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

A. H. Arrington's b. c. <i>Sam Johnson</i> , by Giles Scroggins Jr., out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	4	1
E. J. Wilson's b. f. <i>Polly Carey</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs.....	3	3
J. M. Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, aged.....	2	2

Time, 3:59—3:59—4:04.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. h. <i>Stockton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Cyrus</i> , by Marion, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	3	2
A. H. Arrington's gr. f. <i>American Maid</i> , by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch by Sir Archy, 4 y.	2	dist.
John White's ch. f. by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	4	dr

Time, 4:02—4:05.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—Handicap Purse \$125, ent. \$10, added. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

E. J. Wilson's (Mr. French's) b. f. <i>Fleta</i> , by Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 5 yrs. 83lbs.....	1	1
J. M. Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , pedigree above, aged, 111 lbs.....	2	3
Dr. Payne's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 86lbs.....	4	4
John White's b. f. <i>Polly Carey</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. a feather.....	3	2

Time, 1:53—2d heat not kept—3d, 1:55.

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8, 1838—Sweepstakes for allages. Three subs. at \$200 each. One mile.
E. V. Davis' gr. f. *Mary Taylor*, carried a catch..... 1
Capt. Parish's ch. g. *Wilson*, 90lbs..... 2
Lane & Andrews' b. g. *Stagg*, a catch..... 3

Time, 2:04. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, for pure blooded (and mixed Spanish) Creole horses.
Catch weights. One mile.

C. Monton's d. g. *Pumpkin*..... 1
F. P. Petre's b. g. *Doctor* (the winner of last meeting)..... 2
Capt. Parish's ch. g. *Poney*..... 3

Time, 2:17½.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$250, for Creoles of the State, or colts introduced into the State six months previous to their becoming 2 yrs. old; 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

John F. Miller's gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, by Napoleon, dam by Elliott's Jerry, 3 yrs..... 1 1
Montfort Wells' b. c. *John F. Miller*, (formerly *George Elliot*), by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lorenzo, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 2:14—2:13. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$350, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Montfort Wells' b. h. *John F. Miller*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 1 1
John F. Miller's gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 4:43—4:40. Track quite heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$450, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Montfort Wells' ch. g. *Dick Chinn*, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, 6 yrs..... 1 1
John F. Miller's b. h. *Jasper*, by Columbus, out of Caroline by Kennedy's Diomed, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 6:40—6:41.

MONDAY, Nov. 12—Proprietor's Purse \$100, entrance added, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Montfort Wells' b. h. *John F. Miller*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 2 1 1 1
John F. Miller's ch. f. *Jane Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs..... 1 2 2 2
W. Wickoff's b. m. *Lady Woodlawn*, 5 yrs..... 4 3 3 dist.
E. W. Taylor's *Mary Taylor*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs..... 3 dist.

Time, 2:05—2:04—2:13—2:20.

E. W. TAYLOR, Sec'y

SELMA, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1838—Purse \$350, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. R. B. Harrison's b. c. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Head & Smith's ch. e. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lilac's dam by Sir Archy, 4 y. 2 2
Gen. T. B. Scott's b. f. *Reville*, by Bertrand, out of Sally Melville by Virginian, 4 yrs..... 3 3
C. Sprowl's ch. g. *Dover*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bailey's Gallatin, 4 yrs..... dist.

Time, 3:58—4:02.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$550, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. b. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho de Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs..... walked over.
Mr. TAYLOE tendered \$100 of the above purse to be run for by any horse, carrying catch weights. HEAD & SMITH won the purse with ease with a 3 yr. old filly.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—Proprietor's Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Head & Smith's b. f. *Frances Tyrrell*, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.*

Time, 8:52—8:33. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Nov. 16—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Col. R. B. Richardson's ch. g. *Gilderoy*, by Talleyrand, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.
I. Woodward's b. h. *Tom Walker*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Quaker Girl, 6 yrs..... 3 dist.

Time, 2:02—2:02. Track heavy.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yrs. carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's bl. h. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs..... 1 1
Capt. John Connally's gr. f. *Cotton Plant*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 6:42—6:46.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's ch. m. *Piony*, by Count Badger, out of Pocahontas by Alfred, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Col. W. Wynn's ch. m. *Victoria*, by Eclipse, out of Catherine Warren by Virginian, 5 yrs..... 2 2
F. Sherrod's b. c. by Wild Bill, dam omitted, 3 yrs..... dist.

Time, 4:06—4:05.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Col. Leonard P. Cheatham's b. f. by Imp. Fyldie, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 5 4 1 1 1
Davis & Ragland's ch. f. *Honey-dew*, by Count Badger—Timourah by Timoleon, 3 y. 2 3 3 2 2
Col. J. T. Sykes' gr. f. *Wild Goose*, by Jerry, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... 1 1 2 fell.
Mr. Moore's ch. f. *Belle of Winchester*, by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... 3 2 4 dr
Mr. ———'s gr. f. ———, pedigree omitted, 3 yrs..... 4 5 dr
F. Sherrod's b. f. by Wild Bill, 3 yrs..... 6 dist.

Time not given.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Scipio*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles, 4 y. 2 2

Time not given

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of JOHN LAMAR, Esq., Macon, Georgia.

No. 1. B. m. KITT FISH (full sister of Maria, the dam of Wild Bill, Charles Kemble, Wehawk, Carrol, &c.); got by old Gallatin, out of Pigeon by Imp. Bedford, grandam by the great four mile horse Debonnaire, g. g. dam by Imp. Wildair, g. g. g. dam a thorough blooded Grey Diomed mare, purchased in Virginia some sixty years since by the late Amos Whitehead of Burke county, Geo., and cost then \$600. Kitty Fisher was bred by the Hon. A. J. Lawson. She was sold at 13 years old for \$1600. See vol. 8, No. 10 of "Turf Register," also No. 2 of "Spirit of the Times."

No. 2. B. c. A. J. LAWSON by Imp. Hedgeford out of No. 1. Foaled March, 1836.

No. 3. Ch. f. PRINCESS VICTORIA by Imp. Rowton, out of No. 1. Foaled 29th March, 1837.

No. 4. Ch. f. GEORGIANA, foaled March 16, 1837; got by Johnson's Andrew, out of Virginiana by La Fayette, by Virginian; grandam Flora (full sister of the distinguished racers Defiance and Revenge), by Ball's Florizel, g. g. dam the famous Miss Dance by Roebuck, (she was also the dam of Pet, the dam of Miss Medley,) g. g. g. d. by Independence, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Centinal or Flinnap, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Janus. She is large and fine, and resembles her sire very much.

No. 5. MARIA BENNETT, bred by Wm. Bennett, Esq., of Mecklenburg county, Virginia, out of the Roanoke; she is a rich bay, 15½ hands high, without white, now 12 years old; got by old Sir Archy, dam by the famous horse old Madison, grandam by Imp. Bedford—Imp. Dare Devil—Imp. Shark—Indian Queen by Meade's Pilgrim (she was the g. dam of Mucklejohn and Sir William, and g. g. dam of Henry)—her dam by Imp. Janus—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Valiant. She is large and fine and has several promising colts, especially one by Margrave. She is now with Priam. She was purchased of John W. Trotter, Esq.

No. 6. GEORGIA MAID, got by old Contention, out of Kitty by Imp. Whip, grandam Queen of May, by Thomas' Celer (son of old Celer). She was a winner of 17 out of 18 races at all distances; the only time she was beaten was by old Black Maria, the grandam of Hon. B. Peyton's Black Maria, in a ce-

lebrated four mile race at Augusta, Geo. She out of a mare by Imp. Shark—Rockingham (by Partner, out of Imp. Blossom)—Matchless by Feamought—Imp. Jolly Roger, &c. She is the dam of Humphrey Clinker, Paul Pry, and other good ones. She is a rich bay, without white, black legs, mane, and tail, 15½ hands high, of fine bone and strength, now with Imp. Tranby. She is 14 years old this spring.

No. 7. B. c. PICKINS, by Bertrand Jr., out of No. 6. Foaled April 6, 1838.

No. 8. B. c. MIRABEAU, foaled 16th last March, by Imp. Emancipation, out of No. 6. He is much admired—is large and well made.

No. 9. BR. m. SUSAN WATKINS, bred by old Col. John Watkins, of Elbert co., Geo., fully 15 hands 3 inches, and well formed; got by Imp. Leviathan, out of Arabella by Arab; she out of the full sister of La Fayette by Virginian—old Sir Archy—Imp. Sir Harry—old Chanticleer—old Mark Anthony—old Celer, son of Imp. Janus—Imp. Flinnap—old Imp. Jolly Roger, out of Imp. Mary Grey, &c. She is now four years old. From accidentally having got in foal when 2 years old she has never been trained. Now stinted to Imp. Tranby.

No. 10. Ch. m. FENELLA, bred by Wm. D. Taylor, of Virginia, 13 years old this spring; got by Smith's Alfred, dam by Dungannon—Nimrod (son of Imp. Medley)—Ball's Florizel—Imp. Hamilton—Imp. Dare Devil—Bell-air (son of Imp. Medley)—Synames' Wild-air—Lady Willis by Imp. Janus—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Shock—Imp. Sobcr John. See Edgar's Stud Book. She is the dam of a fine Eclipse filly that ran well in Mississippi; of a fine filly by South Carolinian, which her owner has presented to H. G. L. She is now heavy in foal by Imp. Coronet, and will be served by Imp. Tranby.

No. 11. Ch. c. BALTIMORE, by York, out of the hard bottomed old mare Potatoe by old Gallatin, her dam by Blount's Diomed, g. (son of Imp. Diomed, out of the dam of Topgallant by old Gallatin), grandam a blooded mare brought to Georgia from Virginia by the late Lewis Wimberly, of Jones co., certified to by Hon. James Wimberly, of Houslin, Geo. This colt is fine, and is said to resemble his grandsire old Gallatin. For York's pedigree see "Turf Register."

No. 12. B. f. BETSEY CROWELL, foaled 12th of April, 1838, of fine shape; got by Bascombe, out of old Sal by Cook's Whip—Cunningham's Bedford (son of Imp. Bedford)—Imp. Spread Eagle—Richardson's Royalist (son of Imp. Royalist)—&c.

Nos. 6, 7, 10, 11 and 12 for sale, at a fair price.

Macon, March 24, 1839.

Blood Stock of ROBERT WM. WITHERS, Esq., of Greensboro', Ala.

No. 1. Ch. h. PULASKI, by Virginian, out of the dam of Lady Lagrange by Constitution, etc. [The handbill of this fine stallion in which his pedigree is given at length was not received with the list of Dr. W.'s stock.]

No. 2. SALLY HARWELL, by Virginian, dam by Warbler, &c.

Her Produce.

1834. PUCKLER MUSKAU, by Alonzo, 5 years old. Won his Sweepstakes at Greensboro', and shortly after broke his thigh.

1836. *Chesnut filly*, 3 years old, by Pulaski. Now at Springfield.

1839. *Bay filly* foal (now by her side), by Chateau Margeaux.

No. 3. ANNA, by Arab, dam by Virginian, grandam Bedford, &c.

Produce.

1836. *Chesnut filly*, by Pulaski; in foal to Chateau Margeaux.

No. 4. ALICE GREY, by Pulaski, dam by old Bell-air. [Her dam was 26 yrs. old when shewas foaled.] Sent to Stockholder.

No. 5. *Bay mare*, by Bertrand, dam by Josephus. Stinted to Pulaski.

No. 6. Ch. m. BETSEY BERTRAND, by Bertrand, dam the best brood mare of Thos. Clendenin, of Ky., but not yet ascertained.

Her produce.

1837. *Chesnut colt*, by Consol.

1838. *Chesnut filly*, by Pulaski.

1839. Missed. Stinted to Pulaski.

No. 7. Ro. m. SALLY SMITH, by Bertrand, dam by Old Pacolet, grandam by Oscar, &c.

1839. Stinted to Pulaski.

No. 8. FYLDINA, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Frantic, 4 years old. [Split her hoof and taken out of training for the present.]

No. 9. *Brown filly*, 4 years old, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, grandam by old Citizen, &c. Untried, but very promising.

No. 10. *Chesnut filly*, 2 years old, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, he by Wonder, he by Diomed; Oscar's dam Rosy Clack, by Imp. Saltram—O'Kelly's Eclipse, &c.

No. 11. Gr. m. SALLY WALKER, 14 years old, by Old Pacolet; dam thoroughbred, but the certificate lost. In foal to Pulaski.

No. 12. *Brown mare*, 5 years old, by Trumpator, dam by Winter's Arabian.

No. 13. *Chesnut mare*, 4 years old, by Dion, dam by Pacolet. Stinted to Pulaski.

No. 14. *Bay mare*, by Baronet, dam by Hunt's Dragon—Dæmon, &c.

Her produce.

1838. *Bay filly*, by Pulaski.

Besides these I have a Medley, a Whip, and a Cherokee mare, but their pedigrees are not sufficiently authenticated—so that you see I am getting "in condition" to raise horses though a Cotton Planter.

I remain, very respectfully,

Your obd't serv't,

ROBERT W. WITHERS.

Greensboro', Ala., March 22, 1839.

Addition to the Stock of THOMAS ALDERSON, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn.

LADY BASS, bay, bred by Col. James Bass, then of Va.; foaled in 1820; got by Conqueror; her dam by Ball's Florizel—Gray Diomed, son of Imp. Medley—Symme's Old Wildair—Imp. Flimnap—Imp. Valiant—&c.

Her produce.

1828. B. c. by Imp. Janus.

1829. Missed to ditto.

1830. B. f. Betsey Rusheleau (quere Rochleau) by Arab.

1831. B. c. Kinlock by Havoc.

1832. B. f. by Sir Richard.

1833. B. f. by ditto.

1834. Missed to Havoc.

1835. B. c. by Imp. Luzborough.

1836. B. f. by Havoc.

1837. Missed to O'Kelly.

1838. In foal to Imp. Philip.

The colt by Janus was bred with the rest of her produce in Rutherford county, Tenn. He was a horse of fine form. Betsy Rusheleau was sold South, and ran successfully at various distances. Kinlock was a colt of extraordinary speed, and with proper management would have been a racer of the first order; he has been turned into the Stud, and his produce are very fine. The Richard filly was also put in the Breeding Stud. The others are in training.

THOS. ALDERSON.

Nashville, Jan. 15, 1839.

Blood Stock of JAMES M. HENDERSON and DAVID MYERS, of Maybinton, Geo.

No. 1. B. h. BILL AUSTIN, 8 years old this spring, got by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, grandam by Sir Archy. If his pedigree is not as long and rich as

some others, his performances on the Turf will justify his being registered among the best. He stands this spring at the Bertrand Course, Montgomery, Ala., at \$60, and \$50 if paid within the season.

No. 2. Gr. m. Miss TOMKINS, 13 years old, by Pacolet, dam by Florizel, he by old chesnut Diomed, grandam by Citizen. The above mare was bought from Joseph Rudd and John Tomkins, of Galatin, Tenn.

No. 3. Ch. m. SALLY HALIFAX, foaled June 20, 1831, by Timoleon, out of No. 1.

No. 4. Gr. m. CRIPPLE, 5 years old this spring, by Bertrand, out of No. 1.

No. 5. Gr. c. ENOREE MATER, 3 years old this spring, by Alborax, out of No. 1. For Alborax see "Turf Register."

No. 6. Gr. c. SNOW STORM, foaled 17th March, 1838, by Imp. Rowton, out of No. 1, which I sold to Mr. George Ashford for \$300.

No. 7. Ch. f. JANE AUSTIN, foaled March 19, 1838, by Bill Austin, out of No. 2.

No. 8. JENNY DAW, for pedigree see "Turf Register," vol. 6, No. 6, p. 313.

No. 9. Ch. f. NANCY DAW, foaled 3d April 1837, by Bertrand Jr., out of No. 8.

All the above, except Sally Halifax and produce, belong to David Myers and myself.

JOHN GUEDRON will stand at Newberry C. House and Maybinton under my charge, at \$30 the season.

Yours, JAMES M. HENDERSON.

Maybinton, Feb. 24th, 1839.

Blood Stock of JOHN WOOLFOLK, Esq., of Cusseta, Muscogee Co., Ga.

No. 1. VIRAGO, ch. m. 11 years old, by Wildair, her dam Desdemona by Imp. Hamilton, g. dam by Imp. Spread Eagle. Wildair by Ajax, his dam by Imp. Dare Devil, out of Atalanta—she by Hart's old Imp. Medley, out of Pink, and she by Lee's old Mark Anthony, g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger—Jenny Cameron, &c.

Her produce.

1835. B. f. Miss TRUFFLE, by Gov. Barber's Imp. Truffle.

1836. Ch. c. CUSSETA CHIEF, by Johnson's Andrew.

1837. Ch. f. KITTY BARNETT, by Robin Hood.

1838. Ch. f. SOPHIA, by John Richards, Jr., by John Richards, out of an Archy mare.

No. 2. VIXEN, b. m. 13 years old, by American Eclipse, out of the dam of Robin Hood, her dam by Hickory, he by Imp. Whip, her g. dam by Tippoo Sul-

tan, he by Tippoo Saib, g. g. dam by Potomac. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Sour Crout, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. g. g. d. by Bashaw, g. g. g. g. g. d. by Wildair. Vixen, now dead, was raised by Nelson Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, L. I., the breeder of Post Boy, Robin Hood, and other fine stock.

Her produce.

1836. Ch. c. JIM BOY, by Mons. Tonson.

1837. B. f. LITTLE VIXEN, by Bertrand, Jr.

No. 3. LADY PACOLET, gr. m. 7 yrs., by Puckett's Grey Pacolet, her dam by old Pacolet, g. dam by Moloch, he by old Archy.

Her produce.

1836. Gr. f. PICOLATA, by Johnson's Andrew.

No. 4. JOHN RICHARDS, JR., ch. h. 4 yrs. old, by John Richards, dam by old Sir Archy.

JOHN WOOLFOLK.

Cusseta, Ga., Oct. 27, 1838.

Pedigree, &c. of DAHLIA.—The ch. m. sold by me on the 9th of this month to R. C. Ambler and F. E. Brooke, was got by Old Timoleon; her dam Florinda by Imp. Jack Andrews; her grandam Hurry'em by Imp. Precipitate; her g. g. dam Pill-box by Imp. Pantaloon; her g. g. g. dam by Burwell's Traveller, who was by Moreton's Traveller out of a Janus mare; her g. g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony, who was by Partner, his dam by Othello, his g. dam Imp. Moll Brazen (Partner was by Moreton's Traveller out of Col. Tasker's Imp. Selima); her g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Aristotle; her g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of Imp. Bonny Lass.

This is to certify that the above described mare was raised by me, and that her pedigree was copied from the Stud Book of my father, Judge John Tyler, who raised the celebrated race mare Pill-box, the g. grandam of the above filly. Given under my hand this 15th day of February, 1839. (Signed,)

WAT. H. TYLER.

State of Virginia, }
City of Richmond. } To Wit.

This day personally appeared before me a magistrate, of said city, Walter H. Tyler, and made oath that the above certificate to which his name is appended is a statement of facts. Given under my hand this 16th day of February, 1839.

(Signed,)

RICHARD D. SANXAY, J. P.

Dahlia is stinted the present season to Imp. Priam, and was foaled in 1835.

Respectfully,

PHILIP ST. GEO. AMBLER.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JULY, 1839.

Embellishment:

THE GREAT ST. LEGER FIELD IN 1838, WITH A PORTRAIT OF DON JOHN;

ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY PRUD'HOMME AFTER AN OIL PAINTING BY HERRING.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The great number of pages occupied this month by the AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR of 1839, prevents the commencement of the republication of the *English Calendar*. As the Spring campaign, however, is now brought to a close, we hope to "carry the war into Africa" in the number for August. If the labor is not entirely beyond our strength, we propose to go through the English Calendar and supply the pedigrees (at least of the winners) which, our readers are probably aware, are not generally given in the Racing Calendar of England except in doubtful cases, or when a horse makes his first appearance on the Turf. The value of the Calendar would thus be increased beyond measure to American readers, for to those not perfectly familiar with the English Stud Book, a mere republication of the Racing Calendar without the pedigrees, would answer no better purpose than Grumio's mustard without the beef!

So few pedigrees have reached us during the month to be recorded, that we are induced to believe some misapprehension exists on the subject. We therefore desire breeders and turfmen to understand that lists of their studs will always be inserted with pleasure in the "Register" without charge. It is desirable, however, that pedigrees be written out with as little prolixity as possible, and in a clear legible hand. In case a portion of a gentleman's stock has been previously registered, reference to the volume and page should be made, so as to avoid repetition. It is unnecessary, we presume, to add, that we shall avoid the publication of doubtful or unauthenticated pedigrees.

Is Rob Roy or Rattler the sire of Nancy Marlboro, Wonder's dam? A Rob Roy mare of that name, out of Black Ey'd Susan, ran at Baltimore in 1833; *vide* page 543, vol. iv.

Kate Seyton (not Seaton) should have been reported, (at page 16 of the Racing Calendar) as having been run at Baltimore in the name of Col. HAMPTON, who owns and nominated her; for the stake at Camden, N. J., in the name of Dr. GOODWYN, who named her. She won both engagements handily.

The article of J. A. J., Esq. on "Designating the Color of Horses" and "Curing the Distemper in Dogs," are reluctantly omitted in this number for want of space.

The pedigree alluded to in W. H. T's. letter will be corrected under its proper head in our next.

The August number will contain "Further Observations on the Spring Campaign." The writer will confer an additional favor by using two sheets of paper instead of crowding a long letter into a single one, as errors not unfrequently occur from inability to decypher the manuscript. We had rather pay any extra postage than run the risk of making errors.

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS ;
OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE SECOND.

MUCH as I had heard of Tom Draw, I was, I must confess, taken altogether aback when I, for the first time, set eyes upon him. I had heard Harry Archer talk of him fifty times as a crack shot ; as a top sawyer at a long day's fag ; as the man of all others he would choose as his mate, if he were to shoot a match, two against two—what then was my astonishment at beholding this worthy, as he reared himself slowly from his recumbent position ? It is true, I had heard his sobriquet "Fat Tom," but, Heaven and Earth ! such a mass of beef and brandy as stood before me, I had never even dreamed of.—About five feet six inches at the very utmost in the perpendicular, by six or—"by'r lady"—nearer seven, in circumference, weighing, at the least computation, two hundred and fifty pounds, with a broad jolly face, its every feature—well-formed and handsome, rather than otherwise,—mantling with an expression of the most perfect excellence of heart and temper, and overshadowed by a vast mass of brown hair, sprinkled pretty well with gray !—Down he plumped from the counter with a thud that made the whole floor shake, and with a hand outstretched, that might have done for a Goliath, out he strode to meet us.

"Why, hulloa ! hulloa ! Mr. Archer," shaking his hand till I thought he would have dragged the arm clean out of the socket—"How be you, boy ? How be you ?"

"Right well, Tom, can't you see ? Why d—n your old eyes, you've grown twenty pound heavier since July !—but here, I'm losing all my manners !—this is Frank Forester, whom you have heard me talk about so often ! He dropped down here out of the moon, Tom, I believe ! at least, I thought about as much of seeing the man in the moon, as of meeting *him* in this wooden country—but here he is—as you see—come all the way to take a look at the natives ; and so, you see, as you're about the greatest curiosity I know of in these parts, I brought him straight up here to take a peep ! Look at him, Frank—look at him well ! Now, did you ever see, in all your life, so extraordinary an old Devil ?—and yet, Frank, which no man could possibly believe, the old fat animal has some good points about him—he can walk *some* !—shoot, as he says, *first best* !—and drink—good Lord—how he can drink !"

"And that reminds me," exclaimed Tom, who with a ludicrous mixture of pleasure, bashfulness, and mock anger, had been listening to what he evidently deemed a high encomium—"that *we* hav'nt drank yet—have you quit drink, Archer, since I was to York ?—What'll you take, Mr. Forester ? Gin ?—yes, I have got some prime gin ! You never sent me up them Groceries though, Archer—well, then, here's luck !—What, Yorkshire, is that you ?—I should ha'

thought now, Archer, you'd have clared that lazy injun out afore this time!"

"Whoy, measter Draa—what'na loike's that?—coom, coom now, where'll Ay tak t' things tull?"

"Put Mr. Forester's box in the bed room off the parlor—mine upstairs, as usual," cried Archer.—Look sharp, and get the things out. Now, Tom, I suppose you have got no supper for us!"

"Cooper—Cooper!—you snooping little devil"—yelled Tom, addressing his second hope, a fine dark-eyed, bright-looking lad of ten or twelve years—"Don't you see Mr. Archer's come?—away with you, and light the parlor fire, look smart now, or I'll cure you! Supper—you're always eat! eat! eat! or, drink—drink—*drunk*! Yes! supper—we've got pork! and chickens"——

"Oh! d—n your pork," said I, "salt as the ocean I suppose!"—"And double d—n your chickens," chimed in Harry, "old superannuated cocks which must be caught *now*, and then beheaded, and then soused into hot water to fetch off the feathers; and save you lazy devils the trouble of picking them. No! no! Tom!—get us some fresh meat for to-morrow; and for to-night let us have some hot potatoes, and some bread and butter—and we'll find beef—eh, Frank? and now look sharp! for we must be up in good time to-morrow, and to be so, we must to bed betimes. And now, Tom, are there any cock?"

"Cock!—yes—I guess there be—and quail, too, pretty plenty!—quite a smart chance of them, and not a shot fired among them this fall, any how!"

"Well—which way must we beat to-morrow? I calculate to shoot three days with you here; and, on Wednesday night, when we get in, to hitch up and drive into Sullivan, and see if we can't get a deer or two! You'll go, Tom?"

Well, well—we'll see any how!—but for to-morrow—why, I guess we must beat the Squire's swamp-hole first—there's ten or twelve cock there, I know—I see them there myself last Sunday! and then across them buck-wheat stubbles, and the big bog meadow—there's a *drove* of quail there—two or three bevys got in one, I reckon—leastwise I counted thirty-three last Friday was a week—and through Seer's big swamp, over to the great spring!"

"How is Seer's swamp?—too wet, I fancy"—Archer interposed—"at least I noticed, from the mountain, that all the leaves were changed in it, and that the maples were quite bare!"

"Pretty fair—pretty fair—I guess," replied stout Tom, "I hav'n't been there myself though, but Jem was down with the hounds arter an old fox t' other day, and sure enough *he said* the cock kept flopping up quite thick afore him—but then the critter *will* lie, Harry—he *will* lie like h—ll, you know! but somehow I conceits that there be cock there too! and then, as I was saying, we'll stop at the great spring and get a bite of summat—and then beat Hell-hole; you'll have sport there for sartin! What dogs have you got with you, Harry?"

"Your old friends *Shot* and *Chace*, and a couple of spaniels for thick covert!"

"Now, gentlemen, your suppers are all ready."

"Come, Tom," cried Archer, "you must take a bite with us—Tim,

bring us in three bottles of champagne, and lots of ice; do you hear!" and the next moment we found ourselves installed in a snug parlour, decorated with a dozen sporting prints, a blazing hickory fire snapping and sputtering and roaring in a huge Franklin stove—our luggage safely stowed in various corners, and Archer's double gun-case propped on two chairs below the window! An old-fashioned round table, covered with clean white linen of domestic manufacture, displayed the noble round of beef which we had brought up with us, flanked by a platter of magnificent potatoes, pouring forth volumes of dense steam through the cracks in their dusky skins—a lordly dish of butter, that might have pleased the appetite of Sisera—while eggs and ham, and pies of apple, mince-meat, cranberry and custard, occupied every vacant space; save where two ponderous pitchers, mantling with ale and cider, and two respectable square bottles, labelled "Old Rum" and "Brandy—1817"—relieved the prospect. Before we had sat down, Timothy entered, bearing a horse bucket filled to the brim with ice, from whence protruded the long necks and split corks of three champagne bottles—"Now, 'Tim," said Archer, "get your own supper, when you've finished with the cattle—feed the dogs well to-night—and then to bed! And hark you—call me at five in the morning—we shall want you to carry the game bag and the drinkables—take care of yourself 'Tim, and good night!"

"No need to tell him that," cried Tom—"He's something like yourself—I tell you Archer,—if 'Tim ever dies of thirst, it must be where there is nothing wet, but water!"

"Now hark to the old scoundrel, Frank," said Archer—"hark to him pray, and if he doesn't out-eat both of us, and out-drink any thing you ever saw, may I miss my first bird to-morrow—that's all!—Give me a slice of beef, Frank—that old Goth would cut it an inch thick if I let him touch it—out with a cork, 'Tom!—Here's to our sport to-morrow!"

"Uh! that goes good!" replied Tom with an eructation, which might have preceded an eruption of Vesuvius, and which, by the apparent gusto of the speaker, seemed to betoken that the wine "had returned pleasant"—"that goes good!—that's different from the damned red trash you left up here last time."

"And of which you have *left* none, I'll be bound," answered Archer laughing,—"*my best Latour, Frank, which the old infidel calls trash!*"

"It's all below—every bottle of it," answered Tom—"I wouldn't use such rot-gut stuff, no not for vinegar—"Taint half so good as that red sherry you had up here once—that was poor weak stuff too, but it did well to make milk punch of—it did well instead of milk!"

"Now Frank," said Archer, "you won't believe me, *that I know*; but it's true, all the same. A year ago, this autumn, I brought up five gallons of exceedingly stout, rather fiery, young, brown sherry—draught wine you know!—and what did 'Tem do here—but mix it—half and half—with brandy, nutmeg, and sugar, and drink it for milk punch!"

"I did *so*, by G—d," replied Tom, bolting a huge lump of beef, in order to enable himself to answer—"I did *so*, and good milk punch it made too, but it was too weak! C—Come Mr. Forester, we harnt drank yet, and I'm kind o' gittin dry!"

And now the mirth waxed fast and furious—the champagne speedily was finished, the supper things cleared off, hot water and Starke's Farentosh succeeded, cheroots were lighted, we drew closer in about the fire, and, during the circulation of two tumblers—for to this did Harry limit us, having the prospect of unsteady hands and aching heads before him for the morrow—never did I hear more genuine and real humor, than went round our merry trio. Tom Draw especially, though all his jokes were not such altogether as I can venture to insert in the chaste paragraphs of *Maga*, and though at times his oaths were too extravagantly rich to brook repetition, shone forth resplendent. No longer did I wonder at what I had before deemed Harry Archer's strange hallucination—Tom Draw is a decided genius—rough as a pine knot in his native woods—but full of mirth, of shrewdness, of keen mother wit, of hard horse sense—and, last not least, of the most genuine milk of human kindness. He is a rough block—but as Harry says—there is solid timber under the uncouth bark enough to make five hundred men, as men go now-a-days in cities!

At ten o'clock, thanks to the excellent precautions of my friend Harry, we were all snugly berthed, before the whiskey, which had well justified the high praise I had heard lavished on it, had made any serious inroads on our understandings, but not before we had laid in a *quantum* to ensure a good night's rest. Bright and early was I on foot the next day, but before I had half dressed myself I was assured by the clatter of the breakfast things, that Archer had again stolen a march upon me; and the next moment my bed-room door driven open by the thick boot of that worthy, gave me a full view of his person—arrayed in a stout fustian jacket—with half a dozen pockets in full view, and heaven only knows how many more lying *perdu* in the broad skirts—knee breeches of the same material, with laced half boots and leather leggins. set off his stout calf and well turned ankle.

"Up! up! Frank," he exclaimed—"it is a morning of ten thousand—there has been quite a heavy dew, and by the time we are afoot it will be well evaporated—and then the scent will lie, I promise you!—make haste; I tell you, breakfast is ready!"

Stimulated by his hurrying voice, I soon completed my toilet, and entering the parlor found Harry busily employed in stirring to and fro a pound of powder on one heated dinner plate, while a second was undergoing the process of preparation on the hearth-stone under a glowing pile of hickory ashes.—At the side-table, covered with guns, dog-whips, nipple-wrenches, and the like, Tim, rigged like his master, in half boots and leggins, but with a short roundabout of velveteen, in place of the full skirted jacket, was filling our shot-pouches by aid of a capacious funnel, more used, as its odor betokened, to facilitate the passage of Gin or Jamaica spirits than of so sober a material as cold lead.

At the same moment entered mine host, toggled for the field in a huge pair of cow-hide boots reaching almost to the knee, into the tops of which were tucked the lower ends of a pair of trowsers—containing yards enough of buffalo-cloth to have eked out the mainsail of a North River sloop,—a waistcoat and single-breasted jacket of the same material, with a fur cap, completed his attire—but in his hand he bore a large decanter filled with a pale yellowish liquor, embalming a dense

mass of fine and worm-like threads, not very different in appearance from the best vermicelli.

"Come, boys, come—here's your bitters," he exclaimed; and, as if to set us the example, filled a big tumbler to the brim, gulped it down as if it had been water, smacked his lips, and incontinently tendered it to Archer—who, to my great amazement, filled himself likewise a more moderate draught, and quaffed it without hesitation—"That's good, Tom," he said, pausing after the first sip—"that's the best I ever tasted here—how old's that?"

"Five years!" Tom replied—"five years last fall! Daddy Tom made it me out of my own best apples—take a horn, Mr. Forester," he added, turning to me—"it's *first best* cider sperrits—better a d—n sight than that Scotch stuff you make such an eternal fuss about, toting it up here every time, as if we'd nothing fit to drink in the country!"

And to my sorrow I did taste it—old apple whiskey, with Lord knows how much snake-root soaked in it for five years!—they may talk about gall being bitter—but, by all that's wonderful, there was enough of the *amari aliquid* in this *fonte*, to me by no means of *leporum*, to have given an extra touch of bitterness to all the gall beneath the canopy; and with my mouth puckered up, till it was like anything on earth but a mouth, I set the glass down on the table; and for the next five minutes could do nothing but shake my head to and fro like a Chinese mandarin, amidst the loud and prolonged roars of laughter that burst like thunder claps from the huge jaws of Thomas Draw, and the subdued and half respectful cachinnations of Tim Matlock.

By the time I had got a little better, the black tea was ready, and with thick cream, hot buck-wheat cakes, beautiful honey, and—as a stand-by—the still venerable round, we made out a very tolerable meal.

This done, with due deliberation Archer supplied his several pockets with their accustomed load—the clean-punched wads in this—in that the Westley Richards' caps—here a pound horn of powder—there a shot-pouch on Syke's lever principle, with double mouth-piece—in another, screw-driver, nipple-wrench, and the spare cones—and, to make up the tale, dog-whip, dram-bottle, and silk handkerchief in the sixth and last.

"Nothing like method in this world," said Harry, clapping his low-crowned broad-brimmed mohair cap upon his head—"take my word for it. Now Tim, what have you got in the bag?"

"A bottle of champagne, sur"—answered Tim, who was now employed slinging a huge fustian game-bag, with a net-work front, over his right shoulder to counterbalance two full shot-belts which were already thrown across the other—"a bottle of champagne, sur—a cold roast chicken—t' Cheshire cheese—and t' pilot biscuits—Is your dram bottle filled wi' t' whiskey, please sur?"

"Aye! aye! Tim!—Now let loose the dogs—carry a pair of couples and a leash along with you—and mind, you gentlemen, Tim carries shot for all hands; and luncheon!—but each one finds his own powder, caps, &c.—and any one who wants a dram, carries his own!—the devil-a-one of you gets a sup out of my bottle, or a charge out of my flask!—that's right, old Trojan, is'nt it?" with a good slap on Tom's broad shoulders.

"Shot! Shot—why Shot! don't you know me, old dog?"—cried Tom as the two setters bounded into the room, joyful at their release—"good dog! good Chase!" feeding them with great lumps of beef.

"Avast! there Tom—be done with that," cried Harry—"you'll have the dogs so full that they can't run!"

"Why, how'd you like to hunt all day without your breakfast—hey?"

"Here, lads! here lads! wh-e-ew!" and followed by his setters, with his gun under his arm, away went Harry; and catching up our pieces likewise, we followed, nothing loth, Tim bringing up the rear with the two spaniels fretting in their couples, and a huge black thorn cudgel, which he had brought, as he informed me, "all t' way from bonny Cawoods."

It was as beautiful a morning as ever lighted sportsmen to their labors. The dew, exhaled already from the long grass, still glittered here and there upon the shrubs and trees, though a soft fresh southwestern breeze was shaking it thence momentarily in bright and rustling showers—the sun, but newly risen and as yet partially enveloped in the thin gauze-like mists, so frequent at that season, was casting shadows, seemingly endless, from every object that intercepted his low rays, and chequering the whole landscape with that play of light and shade, which is the loveliest accessory to a lovely scene—and lovely was the scene, indeed, as e'er was looked upon by painter's or by poet's eye—how then should humble prose do justice to it? Seated upon the first slope of a gentle hill, midway of the great valley heretofore described, the village looked due south, toward the chains of mountains, which we had crossed on the preceding evening, and which in that direction bounded the landscape. These ridges, cultivated halfway up their swelling sides, which lay mapped out before our eyes in all the various beauty of orchards, yellow stubbles, and rich pastures dotted with sleek and comely cattle, were rendered yet more lovely and romantic, by here and there a woody gorge, or rocky chasm, channelling their smooth flanks, and carrying down their tributary rills, to swell the main stream at their base. Toward these we took our way by the same road, which we had followed in an opposite direction on the previous night—but for a short space only—for having crossed the stream by the same bridge, which we had passed on entering the village, Tom Draw pulled down a set of bars to the left, and strode out manfully into the stubble.

"Hold up, good lads!—whe-ew—whewt!"—and away went the setters through the moist stubble, heads up and sterns down, like foxhounds on a breast-high scent, yet under the most perfect discipline; for at the very first note of Harry's whistle, even when racing at the top of their pace, they would turn simultaneously, alter their course, cross each other at right angles, and quarter the whole field, leaving no foot of ground unbeaten.

No game, however, in this instance, rewarded their exertions; and on we went across a meadow, and two other stubbles, with the like result—but now we crossed a gentle hill; and, at its base, came on a level tract, containing at the most, ten acres of marsh land, overgrown with high coarse grass and flags—Beyond this, on the right, was a steep rocky hillock, covered with tall and thrifty timber of some thirty years' growth, b^æ wholly free from underwood;—along the left-hand

fence ran a thick belt of underwood, sumach and birch, with a few young oak trees interspersed;—but in the middle of the swampy level, covering at most some five or six acres, was a dense circular thicket composed of every sort of thorny bush and shrub, matted with cat-briars and wild vine, and overshadowed by a clump of tall and leafy ashes, which had not as yet lost one atom of their foliage, although the underwood beneath them was quite sere and leafless.

“Now then,” cried Harry, “this is the ‘Squire’s swamp-hole,’—now for a dozen cock! hey Tom?—Here, couple up the setters, Tim; and let the spaniels loose—now Flash! now Dan! down charge, you little villains!”—and the well broke brutes, dropped on the instant—“How must we beat this cursed hole?”

“You must go through the very thick of it, G—d d—n you!”—exclaimed Tom, “at your old work already, hey? trying to shirk at first!”

“Don’t swear so! you old reprobate—I know my place, depend on it”—cried Archer—“but what to do with the rest of you!—there’s the rub!”

“Not a bit of it”—cried Tom—“here, Yorkshire—Ducklegs—here, what’s your name—get away you with those big dogs—atwixt’ the swamp hole, and the brush there by the fence, and look out that you mark every bird to an inch!—You Mr. Forester, go in there, under that butter-nut; you’ll find a blind track there right through the brush—keep that, twixt Tim and Mr. Archer; and keep your eyes about you—there’ll be a cock up before you’re ten yards in—Archer, you’ll go right through—and I’ll ———.”

“You’ll keep well forward on the right—and mind that no bird crosses to the hill—we never get them, if they once get over!—All right—In with you now! Steady, Flash! steady! hie up, Dan!” and in a moment Harry was out of sight among the brush wood, though his progress might be traced by the continual crackling of the thick underwood.

Scarce had I passed the butter-nut, when, even as Tom had said, up flapped a woodcock scarcely ten yards before me in the open path, and rising heavily to clear the branches of a tall thorn bush, shewed me his full black eye, and tawny breast, as fair a shot as could be fancied—“Mark!” holloed Harry to my right, his quick ear having caught the flap of the bird’s wing, as he rose—“Mark cock—Frank!” Well—steadily enough, as I thought, I pitched my gun up! covered my bird fairly! pulled!—the trigger gave not to my finger. I tried the other—“Devil’s in it, I had forgot to cock my gun!”—and ere I could retrieve my error, the bird had topped the bush, dodged out of sight, and off—“mark! mark!—Tim”—I shouted—

“Ey! ey! sur, Ay see’s um!”

“Why, how’s that, Frank?” cried Harry—“could’nt you get a shot?”

“Forgot to cock my gun,” I cried—but at the self same moment the quick sharp yelping of the spaniels came on my ear—“steady, Flash! steady, sir!—mark!”—but close upon the word, came the full round report of Harry’s gun—“mark! again!” shouted Harry, and again his own piece sent its loud ringing voice abroad—“mark! now a third! mark, Frank!”—

And as he spoke I caught the quick rush of his wing, and saw him

dart across a space, a few yards to my right—I felt my hand shake; I had not pulled a trigger in ten months, but in a second's space I rallied—there was an opening just before me between a stumpy thick thorn-bush which had saved the last bird—it was not two yards over—he glanced across it!—he was gone—just as my barrel sent its charge into the splintered branches!—

“Beautiful!”—shouted Harry, who, looking through a cross glade, saw the bird fall, which I could not—“beautiful shot, Frank! Do all your work like that, and we'll get twenty couple before night!”—

“Have I killed him?” answered I, half doubting if he were not quizzing me.

“Killed him? of course you have; doubled him up completely!—but look sharp, there are more birds before me! I can hardly keep the dogs down, now!—There! there goes one—clean out of shot of me, though—mark! mark, 'Tom!—Gad, how the fat dog 's running”—he continued—“he sees him—ten to one he gets him!—there he goes—bang!—a long shot, and killed clean!”—

“Ready!”—cried I—“I'm ready, Archer!”—

“Bag your bird then—he lies under that dock leaf, at the foot of yon red maple—that's it—you've got him!—steady now, till 'Tom gets loaded!”—

“What did you do?” asked I, “you fired twice, I think!”

“Killed two!” he answered—“ready now” and on he went, smashing away the boughs before him, while ever anon I heard his cheery voice, calling or whistling to his dogs, or rousing up the tenants of some thickets into which even he could not force his way;—and I, creeping, as best I might, among the tangled brush, now plunging half thigh deep in holes full of tenacious mire, now blundering over the moss-covered stubs, pressed forward, fancying every instant that the rustling of the briars against my jacket was the flip-flap of a rising woodcock.—Suddenly, after bursting through a mass of thorns and wild-vine, which was in truth almost impassable, I came upon a little grassy spot quite clear of trees, and covered with the tenderest verdure, through which a narrow rill stole silently; and as I set my first foot on it, up jumped, with his beautiful variegated back all reddened by the sunbeams, a fine and full-fed woodcock, with the peculiar twitter which he utters when surprised.—He had not gone ten yards, however, before my gun was at my shoulder and the trigger drawn—before I heard the crack I saw him cringe; and, as the white smoke drifted off to leeward, he fell heavily, completely riddled by the shot, into the brake before me—while at the same moment whirr-r-r! up sprung a bevy of twenty quail, at least, startling me for the moment by the thick whizzing of their wings, and skirring over the underwood right toward Archer.—“mark, quail!”—I shouted, and, recovering instantly my nerves, fired my one remaining barrel after the last bird—it was a long shot, yet I struck him fairly—and he rose instantly right upward, towering high! high! into the clear blue sky, and soaring still till his life left him in the air, and he fell like a stone, plump downward!—“mark him! 'Tim!”—

“Ey! ey! sur—he's a de-ad un, that's a sure thing!”

At my shot all the bevy rose a little, yet altered not their course the least, wheeling across the thicket directly round the front of Archer,

whose whereabouts I knew, though I could neither see nor hear him. So high did they fly that I could observe them clearly, every bird well defined against the sunny heavens—I watched them eagerly—suddenly one turned over, a cloud of feathers streamed off down the wind;—and then, before the sound of the first shot had reached my ears, a second pitched a few yards upward, and after a heavy flutter, followed its hapless comrade. Turned by the fall of the two leading birds, the bevy again wheeled, still rising higher and now flying very fast; so that as I saw by the direction which they took, they would probably give Draw a chance of getting in both barrels,—and so indeed it was—for, as before, long ere I caught the booming echoes of his heavy gun, I saw two birds keeled over—and, almost at the self-same instant, the cheery shout of Tim announced to me that he had bagged my towered bird! After a little pause again we started, and, hailing one another now and then, gradually forced our way through brake and briar toward the outward verge of the dense covert—before we met again, however, I had the luck to pick up a third woodcock, and as I heard another double shot from Archer, and two single bangs from Draw, I judged that my companions had not been less successful than myself. At last, emerging from the thicket, we all converged, as to a common point, toward Tim; who with his game-bag on the ground, with its capacious mouth wide open to receive our game, sat on a stump with the two setters at a charge beside him.

“What do we score?” cried I, as we drew near—“what do we score?”

“I have four woodcock, and a brace of quail,” said Harry.

“And I—two cock, and a brace!” cried Tom—“and missed another cock—but he’s down in the meadow here, behind that ’ere stump alder!”

“And I—three woodcock, and one quail!”—I chimed in, nought abashed.

“And Ay’s marked doon three woodcock—two more beside yon big un, that measter Draa made siccan a bungle of—and all t’ quail—every feather on um—doon i’ t’ bog meadows yonner—ooh! but we’s mak grand sport o’ t’!” interposed Tim, now busily employed stringing bird after bird up by the head, with loops and buttons in the game-bag!

“Well done then, all!” said Harry—“nine timber-doodles and five quail, and only one shot missed—that’s not bad shooting, considering what a hole it is to shoot in. Gentlemen, here’s your health,” and filling himself out a fair sized wine-glass-full of Farentosh, into the silver cup of his dram bottle, he tossed it off; and then poured out a similar libation for Tim Matlock. Tom and myself, nothing loth, obeyed the hint, and sipped our modicums of distilled waters out of our private flasks. “Now then,” cried Archer, “let us pick up these scattering birds—Tom Draw, you can get yours without a dog!—and now Tim, where are yours?”

“T’ first lies oop yonner in yon boonch of brachens, ahint t’ big scarlet maple—and t’ other” ———

“Well! I’ll go to the first—you take Mr. Forester to the other, and when we have bagged all three, we’ll meet at the bog meadow fence, and then hie at the bevy!”

This job was soon done, for Draw and Harry bagged their birds cleverly at the first rise; and although mine got off at first without a shot, by dodging round a birch tree straight in Tim's face, and flew back slap toward the thicket, yet he pitched in its outer skirt, and as he jumped up wild I cut him down with a broken pinion and a shot through his bill at fifty yards, and Chase retrieved him well.

"Cleverly stopped, indeed!" Frank holloaed, "and by no means an easy shot! and so our work's clean done for this place, at the least!"

"The boy *can* shoot *some*," observed Tom Draw, who loved to bother Timothy—"the boy *can* shoot *some*, though he do come from Yorkshire!"

"God! and Ay wush Ay'd no but gotten thee i' Yorkshire, measter Draa!" responded Tim.

"Why! what if you had got me there?"

"What?—whoy, Ay'd clap thee iv a cage, and hug thee round to t' feasts and fairs loike—and shew thee to t' folks at so mooch a head—Ay'se sure Ay'd mak a fortune o' t'!"

"He has you there, Tom—Ha! ha! ha!"—laughed Archer—"Tim's down upon you there, by George—Now, Frank, do fancy Tom Draw in a cage at Borough-bridge or Catterick fair!—Lord! how the folks would pay to look at him—fancy the sign-board too—the Great American Man-mammoth!—ha! ha! ha!—but come, we must not stay here talking nonsense, or we shall do no good—shew me, Tim, where are the quail?"

"Doon i' t' bog meadow yonner!—joost i' t' slack, see thee, there!" pointing with the stout black thorn—"amang yon bits o' bushes!"

"Very well—that's it, now let go the setters, take Flash and Dan along with you, and cut across the country as straight as you can go to the spring head, where we lunched last year—that day, you know Tom, when McTavish frightened the bull out of the meadow—under the pin-oak tree. Well! put the champagne in the spring to cool, and rest yourself there till we come; we shan't be long behind you!"

Away went Tim, stopping from time to time, to mark our progress, and over the fence into the bog meadow we proceeded—a rascally piece of broken tussocky ground, with black mud knee-deep between the hags, all covered with long grass. The third step I took, over I went upon my nose, but luckily avoided shoving my gun-barrels into the filthy mire. "Steady, Frank, steady! I'm ashamed of you"—said Harry—"so hot and so impetuous; and your gun too at the full cock—that's the reason, man, why you missed your first bird this morning. I never cock either barrel till I see my bird; and, if a bevy rises, one only at a time! The birds will lie like stones here—and we cannot walk too slow! Steady, Shot, have a care, sir!"

Never in all my life did I see anything more perfect than the style in which the setters drew those bogs—there was no more of racing—no more impetuous dash—it seemed as if they knew the birds were close before them. At a slow trot, their sterns whipping their flanks at every step, they threaded the high tussocks.—See! the red dog straightens his neck, and snuffs the air.

"Look to! look to! Frank—they are close before old Chase!"

Now he draws on again, crouching close to the earth—"Toho! Shot!"—now he stands—no! no! not yet—at least he is not certain!

—he turns his head to catch his master's eye—now his stern moves a little—he draws on again. There! he is sure now! what a picture—his black full eye intently glaring, though he cannot see anything in that thick mass of herbage—his nostril wide expanded, his lips slaving from intense excitement—his whole form motionless, and sharply drawn, and rigid, even to the straight stern and lifted foot, as a block wrought to mimic life by some skilful sculptor's chisel,—and scarce ten yards behind, his liver-colored comrade backs him—as firm, as stationary, as immoveable, but in his attitude, how different!—Chase feels the hot scent steaming up under his very nostril—feels it in every nerve, and quivers with anxiety to dash on his prey, even while perfectly restrained and steady—Shot, on the contrary, though a few minute's since he too was drawing, knows nothing of himself, perceives no indication of the game's near presence, although improved by discipline, his instinct tells him that his mate has found them. Hence the same rigid form, stiff tail, and constrained attitude, but in his face—for dogs *have* faces,—there is none of that tense energy, that evident anxiety—there is no frown upon his brow—no glare in his mild open eye—no slaver on his lip!

“Come up, Tom,—come up, Frank, they are all here—we must get in six barrels—they will not move—come up, I say!”

“And on we came, deliberately prompt, and ready—now we were all in line—Harry the centre man—I on the right, and Tom on the left hand!—The attitude of Archer was superb—his legs, set a little way apart, as firm as if they had been rooted in the soil—his form drawn back a little, and his head erect, with his eye fixed upon the dogs—his gun held in both hands, across his person, the muzzle slightly elevated, his left grasping the trigger guard—the thumb of the right resting upon the hammer, and the fore finger on the trigger of the left hand barrel—but as he had said, neither cocked!—“Fall back, Tom, if you please, five yards or so”—he said, as coolly as if he were completely unconcerned—“and you come forward, Frank, as many—I want to drive them to the left, into those low red bushes,—that will do—now then, I'll flush them—never mind me, boys, I'll reserve my fire”—and, as he spoke, he moved a yard or two in front of us, and under his very feet, positively startling me by their noisy flutter, up sprung the gallant bevy—fifteen or sixteen well grown birds, crowding and jostling one against the other—Tom Draw's gun, as I well believe, was at his shoulder when they rose—at least his first shot was discharged before they had flown half a rood, and of course harmlessly—the charge must have been driven through them like a single ball—his second barrel instantly succeeded, and down came two birds, caught in the act of crossing—I am myself a quick shot—*too* quick if anything—yet my first barrel was exploded a moment after Tom Draw's second—the other followed, and I had the satisfaction of bringing both my birds down handsomely—then up went Harry's piece—the bevy being now thirty or thirty-five yards distant—cocking it as it rose, he pulled the trigger almost before it touched his shoulder, so rapid was the movement; and, though he lowered the stock a little to cock the second barrel, a moment scarcely passed between the two reports—and almost on the instant two quail were fluttering out their lives among the bog grass. Dropping his but, without a word, or even

a glance, to the dogs, he quietly went on to load—nor indeed was it needed! at the first shot they dropped into the grass, and there they lay as motionless as if they had been dead, with their heads crouched between their paws—nor did they stir thence till the tick of the gunlocks announced that we again were ready. Then lifting up their heads, and rising on their fore-feet, they sat half erect, eagerly waiting for the signal.

“Hold up, good lads!” and on they drew, and in an instant pointed on two several birds—“Fetch!” and each brought his burthen to our feet—six birds were bagged at that rise, and thus before eleven o’clock we had picked up a dozen cock, and within one of the same number of fine quail, with only two shots missed.—The poor remainder of the bevy had dropped, singly, and scattered, in the red bushes, whither we instantly pursued them, and where we got six more—making a total of seventeen birds bagged out of a bevy twenty strong at first.—One towered bird of Harry’s—certainly killed dead—we could not with all our efforts bring to bag!—one bird Tom Draw missed clean; and the remaining one we could not find again—another dram of whiskey, and into Seer’s great swamp we started—a large piece of woodland, with every kind of lying.—At one end it was open, with soft black loamy soil, covered with docks and colts-foot leaves under the shade of large but leafless willows, and here we picked up a good many scattered woodcock; afterward we got into heavy thicket with much tangled grass, wherein we flushed a bevy, but they all took to tree, and we made very little of them—and here Tom Draw began to blow and labor—the covert was too thick, the bottom too deep and unsteady for him. Archer perceiving this, sent him at once to the outside; and three times, as we went along, ourselves moving nothing, we heard the round reports of his large calibre—“a bird at every shot, I’d stake my life”—said Harry, “he never misses cross shots in the open!”—at the same instant, a tremendous rush of wings burst from the heaviest thicket—“Mark! partridge! partridge!” and as I caught a glimpse of a dozen large birds fluttering up, one close upon the other, and darting away as straight and nearly as fast as bullets through the dense branches of a cedar brake,—I saw the flashes of both Harry’s barrels, almost simultaneously discharged—and at the same time over went the objects of his aim;—but ere I could get up my gun the rest were out of sight.—“You must shoot, Frank, like lightning to kill these beggars—they are the Ruffed Grouse, though they call them partridge here—see! are they not fine fellows?”

Another hour’s beating, in which we still kept picking up, from time to time, some scattering birds, brought us to the spring head, where we found Tim with luncheon ready, and our fat friend reposing at his side, with two more partridge, and a rabbit which he had bagged along the covert’s edge!—Cool was the Star champagne; and capital was the cold fowl and Cheshire cheese; and most delicious was the repose that followed, enlivened by gay wit and free good humor, soothed by the fragrance of the exquisite cheroots, and moistened by the last drops of the Farentosh qualified by the chrystal waters of the spring. After an hour’s rest, we counted up our spoil—Four ruffed grouse, nineteen woodcock, with ten brace and a half of quail besides the bunny, made up our score—done comfortably in four hours.

"Now we have finished for to-day with quail," said Archer—"but we'll get full ten couple more of woodcock—come, let's be stirring—hang up your game-bag in the tree, and tie the setters to the fence—I want you in with me to beat, Tim—you two chaps must both keep the outside!—you all the time, Tom; you, Frank, till you get to that tall thunder-shivered ash tree; turn in there, and follow up the margin of a wide slank you will see;—but be careful, the mud is very deep, and dangerous in places!—now then, here goes!"—and in he went, jumping a narrow streamlet into a point of thicket, through which he drove by main force;—scarce had he got six yards into the brake, before both spaniels quested; and, to my no small wonder, the jungle seemed alive with woodcock—eight or nine at the least, flapped up at once, and skimmed along the tongue of coppice toward the high wood, which ran along the valley, as I learned afterward, for full three miles in length—while four or five more wheeled off to the sides, giving myself and Draw fair shots, by which we did not fail to profit; but I confess it was with absolute astonishment that I saw two of those turned over, which flew inward, killed by the marvellously quick and unerring aim of Archer, where a less thorough sportsman would have been quite unable to discharge a gun at all, so dense was the tangled jungle! Throughout the whole length of that skirt of coppice, a hundred and fifty yards, I should suppose at the extent, the birds kept rising as it were incessantly—thirty-five, or I think nearly forty, being flushed in less than twenty minutes—although comparatively few were killed, partly from the difficulty of the ground, and partly from their getting up by fours and fives at once. Into the high wood, however, at the last we drove them; and there, till daylight failed us, we did our work like men! By the cold light of the full moon, we wended homeward, rejoicing in the possession of twenty-six couple and a half of cock—twelve brace of quail—we found another bevy on our way home and bagged three birds by moonlight—five ruffed grouse, and a rabbit. Before our wet clothes were well changed, supper was ready, and a good blow-out was followed by sound slumbers and sweet dreams, fairly earned by nine hours of incessant walking!

TEN MINUTES' RUN WITH A WOLF.

"1st Hunter. Well, brother, what sport?"

2d Hunter. I've bagged a Wolf!

1st H. A Wolf!

2d H. Yes, and a d—d old one, too!"

OLD PLAY.

"The Bobtail"* from Billesdon though famous in story,
Could ne'er hold a candle to "Piggy"† for glory;
And a Wolf is a beast—though I ne'er knew one did—
Who can run without stopping from Tours to Madrid."

HAWKE.

NEW YORK, June 13th, 1839.

MR. EDITOR—While strolling a few evenings since through the American Museum in your city, with a sportsman of the "Old School," my attention was drawn to the figure of a Wolf, which (by the bye) is admirably preserved, and represented in a springing attitude. The very position of the Wolf recalled a scene that had long since slumbered, and if you think the anecdote worthy of record "here you have it."

* "The Bobtail," a well known fox at Billesdon, Leicestershire, in the olden times;

† "Piggy," the Wild Boar.

It was on a lovely autumnal morning in the month of October, 1832, that I trotted along with a small party of right good sportsmen towards the forest of Villandry, in the South of France. We were bent on unkennelling a grisly old wolf, a regular "Artful Dodger," who had given us the slip on more than one occasion. As we jogged along all in the highest spirits, the laugh and the joke went round, and we were within three miles of the "rendezvous" when we met Old Degrasse, our garde de chasse. The old man was quite out of breath, and pointing to a small covert about a quarter of a mile from the road he exclaimed, "Messieurs! Messieurs! le vieux martin est la—le gros loup que vous avez chassé autrefois, est dans ce petite bois."

Calling a halt each man carefully loaded his "fusee," and after arranging the plan of attack, we were soon near the retreat of our old friend. According to the French custom, each sportsman posted himself at a certain point by the cover-side, and it fell to my lot to be stationed about 150 yards on the left of my old friend the Hon. Martin Hawke, one of the best sportsmen in the world, and as fine a horseman as ever threw his leg over a "pigskin." Old Charles, our huntsman, having given us time to take our posts, uncoupled his hounds, consisting of fourteen couple of the best French and English blood. In a few minutes we heard the deep and pleasing notes of Musico, Tonnere, Fannor, and Bravo, backed by the light "whip, whip, whip," of President, Polydore, Mariner, and Merrylass (English dogs). In less than five minutes away stole the wolf at best pace, with his head down and stern extended, with the fourteen couple close at him, midway between Mr. Hawke and myself. At him we went full tilt; there was no shelter for him within three miles, and acting on the principle that

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

he made for the forest at full speed. The wolf had nearly eighty yards start before we could let our horses out, and my Honorable friend was minus his hat and wig before we had gone a mile and a half; nothing daunted, in went the "persuaders," and we took hedge and ditch in pursuit, with our guns in hand, till we arrived within a few hundred yards of the point ahead, when the wolf inclined rather to the right, which gave my friend an advantage which his unerring eye at once perceived, and as the wolf sprang over the ditch which separated him from the cover, Mr. Hawke, now about thirty yards behind him, at full speed, fired with his right arm extended. The ball took effect immediately above the rectum, and penetrating the body came out at the shoulder, the wolf falling dead on the opposite bank. Long before our brother sportsmen were "up" the neighboring hills had re-echoed our loud "who-whoop! who-whoop!" and they viewed with astonishment the grim monster stretched on the bank, with the hounds tearing and baying around him. I have had the luck to be "in at the death" of many a wolf, but never witnessed a chase so "short, sharp, and decisive" as the one I send you.

Mr. Editor, a sea will soon separate us, but I hope ere long to have another look at your sports, and wishing you cordially success,

I remain very truly yours,

Κρυννος.

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

BY AN AMATEUR.

ON THE DEFECTS OF HORSES.

THE eyes of the horse you intend to purchase being sound, the next part to be examined is the nose. For this purpose, pinch the nostrils together so as to prevent him from breathing for about a minute. On removing the hand the horse will snort, and you will then be able to see whether he blow out any thick tenacious mucus; if so, he has probably a cold, and possibly the glanders. In the latter disease the mucus is frequently fetid, and streaked with blood, and there are glandular enlargements under the jaws. Where these last exist, in combination with a foul and sometimes bloody discharge from the nostrils, if you are not a veterinary surgeon, and capable of ascertaining, that, instead of the glanders, the horse has a severe cold with the remains of a swelling left by the strangles (a disease to which every horse is liable), have nothing whatever to do with him, and if you err, it will at least be on the safe side. But, unless you should be tempted by a fine horse, suffering from a heavy cold, being offered to you at a low price, that complaint alone, setting aside any dread of glanders, should be sufficient to deter you from buying him; for many horses are simultaneously attacked by inflammation of the wind-pipe, which is a species of influenza, or *distemper*, as it is generally termed, to which of late years horses in this country have been peculiarly obnoxious, and, on recovering from which, very many are found complete roarers, or in some degree touched in the wind. The roaring in these cases is commonly produced by the permanent thickening of the wind-pipe in some part or other (a common result of inflammation), which, by diminishing the natural calibre of that tube, impedes the free exit of the air from the lungs. Of roaring, and the best mode of detecting it, I shall have to speak in its proper place.

It is certainly, in some cases, a point requiring very nice discrimination to detect the difference between the two complaints I have mentioned when glandular swellings under the jaw accompany a cold, and I would not advise any person to become the purchaser of a horse in the latter state, without previously consulting some veterinary surgeon of eminence, and being sure that the horse on recovery will be worth much more than the price asked for him. I have heard of a race-horse, (belonging I think to the late Duke of Bedford) that happened to fall into the state I have mentioned, and was sold at Smithfield for two pounds as a glandered horse. His owner commenced feeding him on hot grains put into a nose-bag, and the head being thus frequently kept in a sort of vapor-bath, the horse, whose complaint was really a very severe cold, after a time recovered, and was bought back by his former master for a very large sum. Such anecdotes as these, whether true or false, usually make too great an impression upon men who are rather sanguine on the subject of horses, and they are apt, without consideration, to make up their minds to buy the first

* Continued from page 308.

fine-looking but suspicious animal they may meet with, in the hope that a similar piece of good fortune awaits them. It is, however, much better, and will in the end be found more advantageous, to give a fair sum for a sound and promising horse, than to buy a screw even for a song.

The next part requiring examination is the mouth, both for the purpose of ascertaining if any disease exist there, and for determining the age of a horse by the appearance of the teeth. On this latter point I shall briefly confine myself to a description of the marks by which the age up to eight or ten years may be pretty correctly determined, leaving the subject of the anatomical changes in the mouth to abler hands. A horse at five years of age has forty teeth, of which twenty-four are grinders, situated far back in the jaw, and with which we have little to do. The teeth of the colt are very easily distinguished from those of the horse by their peculiar whiteness and want of size. A colt, up to the age of three years, has no permanent front teeth, or nippers, but there are marks, especially about the grinders, by which the difference of age may be ascertained. Thus, the first grinder on each side will be found a permanent tooth at two years of age, and the general appearance of the colt, his size and development of muscle, will distinguish him from the yearling. Moreover the tail of a yearling colt is curly and short in comparison to that of a two-year-old, at which period the tail begins to grow straight, and the coat loses the rough appearance which it has up to this time. At three years of age the two centre nippers will have given way to the permanent teeth, which are larger and more yellow than their predecessors. Thus a colt at this period will have in front of each jaw two permanent and four colt's teeth. A year later you will find that two more sucking teeth have been replaced by the permanent or horse's teeth, and there will then consequently be four of the latter and two of the former in front of each jaw. This change *begins* to take place some months before the age of four years, at which time the growth of the permanent teeth is complete. At this period the cunning dealer draws the remaining colt's teeth, and will pass a mare off as being full five years old, by bidding you remark that she has no colt's teeth; nor will he scruple to say the same of a horse if he thinks his customer rather green. But you must in the first case notice the number of teeth in the jaw, and in the second remark that the tush is wanting.—Now horses invariably have tushes, whereas in the mare's mouth they are in almost every case wanting. Extraction of the colt's teeth generally accelerates the appearance of the permanent teeth by which they are replaced; but as the trick is generally resorted to with a forward and well-grown colt, you can only be deceived in his age by a few months, and that is not of much consequence.

At four years and a half the corner teeth are found to have given way to the permanent nippers, which are fully developed at the beginning of the fifth year; and the tush, which pushes through the gum about the same period, and which is situated a little posterior to the front teeth, is also at the same time nearly full grown. In each corner permanent tooth will be remarked a deep depression, shelving away from the fore part of the tooth nearly to the gum posteriorly.—Its color is black, or nearly so, and this is called the *mark* in a horse's

mouth. Before six years of age the tush is full grown, and has a slight groove on its internal surface (which gradually disappears with age, the tush itself becoming more rounded and blunt), and at six the mark in the corner nipper no longer appears to dip down to the gum, but looks like a hole made in the enamel of the tooth. This hole very nearly disappears at the age of seven years (more especially in the mare), but the black mark still remains in the centre of the tooth, and is not totally worn away until the horse be full eight years old.—At this time he is said to be *aged*, because, after this period, there are no certain and infallible marks by which his age can be determined. Nevertheless an acute observer will not be very much mistaken in this particular for a year or two, even after all the marks in the tooth are obliterated. It is absolutely impossible to give, with any degree of accuracy, an account of those appearances which lead a good judge of horse-flesh to make up his mind as to the probable age of a horse after he has turned his eighth year, as nothing but experience can give this *acumen*, which to some men comes much more naturally than to others. However, as far as description will avail, I shall endeavor to point out those signs of age which do not altogether depend upon the mouth, and observation must do the rest.

In the first place, after the age of eight years, the teeth, on account of the shrinking of the gums, begin to appear elongated, and this increase in their length augments every year, together with other constitutional signs, which, when present in a great degree, can leave no doubt of the antiquity of their possessor. Of these I shall speak presently. Many people insist that the marks in the nippers of the upper jaw remain longer than those in the lower jaw, owing to the former being a fixed point upon which the latter is moved. Of this I am not prepared to say any thing, as I have always satisfied myself with the appearances I have already described and those I have still to mention. As the age of a horse increases, the teeth, in addition to becoming longer, lose their upright position and project forward, the upper teeth more particularly. They assume also an arched form, like the teeth of the tiger, and frequently become so prominent as to be much in advance of the teeth of the lower jaw. The ridges in the soft palate also become nearly obliterated; the muscles shrink, particularly about the jaws and neck; there is a deep pit above either eye; the back becomes hollow; and the posterior lip falls away from the jaw, or hangs much lower than its fellow. Grey hairs begin to be found sprinkled here and there about the dark-colored horse, especially about the face, and often in the mane, and the naturally grey horse becomes white. Added to this, there is an expression about the countenance which speaks of labor done and by-gone years, which it is as impossible to mistake as to describe. When all or most of these signs are combined in a horse, I would say,

“Hunc tu caveto,”

for a very old horse is a very bad subject for speculation. Your trouble in endeavoring to put him into condition will, with your corn, be quite thrown away; and perhaps, before you can get back your purchase money, the ravenous stomach of a pack of fox-hounds will have afforded a grave to the mortal remains of your venerable quadruped.

It is always necessary to examine the physical signs of age generally in the horse in addition to those furnished by the teeth; for, of course, the appearances of youth, adding considerably to his value, have in some measure been imitated by the tricks of "the fraternity," and principally in the following way:—When the marks are obliterated from the teeth, they are to some extent reproduced by the aid of a graving instrument, and the rasp speedily reduces their length. A hot iron is afterwards introduced into the hollow made in the corner teeth, in order to occasion a blackish mark; but this is seldom effected in a natural manner, for the mark is of a brownish hue, and moreover, a ring of a lighter brown encircling it is occasioned by the heat of the instrument employed. This operation has received—why I cannot say—the name of *bishoping*. Just before a bishoped horse is shown, it is usual to give him a few hard beans, the chewing which produces a deal of saliva, which prevents, in some instances, the detection of the imposition that has been practised.

In addition to this, a very small incision is made in the skin of the pit above the eye, and a blow-pipe being introduced, the cellular membrane is inflated until the hollow nearly disappears, after which the skin is pinched, or some adhesive matter placed on the incised part, to prevent the escape of the air.

When a low dealer cannot get at the tools needful for these artifices, or is not expert in their use, the most common trick played is the following. He stands by the horse in his stall, takes hold of his mouth, and then with one hand immediately strikes him on the lips.—This causes the horse to jerk up his head, and the manœuvre is repeated until he will not allow his mouth to be touched.

If by coaxing and gentle treatment you prevail on the horse to let you handle his head, a menace with a whip, scarcely perceived by you, sets the horse dancing immediately, for all dealers' horses are quite as well acquainted with the nature of a thong as the whip-maker who manufactured it. The dealer's man at last, seeing you bent on examining the mouth, succeeds in laying hold of the nose with one hand, and with the other, pretending to coax him and get his head down, slips the tip of his finger into his eye just as you are about to commence your inspection, and away goes the horse's head into the air immediately. All this while both master and man are assuring you with many oaths that the horse is just six years old, or at most seven—for be it known no dealer ever yet sold a horse of greater age—and at last perhaps, wearied out with your efforts, you are content to take their word on the very slight chance of their telling the truth for once. If, however, they acknowledge to seven years old, be assured the horse is aged, and perhaps five or six years older than he is represented to be. You must therefore note the other signs of age which I have enumerated; and I should also strenuously advise you to tell the dealer quietly that you *will* see the horse's mouth, even if it be necessary to apply the twitch for that purpose; and if he still throws any objection in your way, say at once that if you cannot inspect his teeth he will not suit you. This will never fail to bring your man to his senses, particularly when he sees he has not a flat to deal with.

Besides the examination of the marks in a horse's teeth, there are

some complaints of the mouth which it will be as well to notice, although I am not acquainted with any so serious as to deter any one from becoming a purchaser.

First then, there is a complaint called *Lampas*, to which all horses, especially when young, are subject. It consists in an enlargement and fulness of the palate, which projects beyond the teeth and prevents the animal from masticating his food. It is easily cured by scarification and astringent applications, the best of which perhaps is a mixture of salt and vinegar.

Ulcers of the mouth are not uncommon from sharp bits, and occasionally a small portion of bone will exfoliate from the same cause. In this latter case the fetid smell of the breath will lead you to detect the complaint, which is seldom serious if the cause producing it be removed.

Occasionally a general redness of the membrane lining the mouth or some part of it, will be observed, and—upon examining the grinders, which you will best do by pulling out the horse's tongue and holding it to one side—you will perceive a raggedness or elongation of one or more of them, which being removed by a rasp, the irritation of the mouth soon ceases.

On account of this latter malformation, horses, being unable to masticate their food, throw it up in small balls, which may sometimes be found in the manger. The same effect is produced by sore throat or any other impediment to deglutition, and such horses are termed *Quidders*. The natural consequence of quidding is of course low condition, and on this ground it is a habit which materially lessens the value of a horse so long as it lasts. In the case of elongated or ragged teeth giving rise to quidding, the evil is very easily removed; but where it is caused by sore throat, you must bear in mind that there is such a thing as influenza or distemper, of which complaint this is a prominent symptom, and also that its consequences are not unfrequently roaring, whistling or piping, chronic cough, or diseased lungs in some shape or other. Do not therefore buy a horse while he has a sore throat; but, if he please you in other respects, wait a couple of days and then examine him again, by which means you will see if the complaint have made any progress or not.

I have a word or two to say respecting the tongue. A short time ago a carter was brought before a magistrate for cruelty to a horse, inasmuch as, according to the statement of his accuser, he cut out the tongue of the horse he was driving. The man pleaded that he had no intention whatever of doing so, but as the horse would not back, he had jerked him suddenly with the bitt, and, to use his own expression, "the tongue jumped out of his mouth." At the time I read this I certainly did not credit the man's statement, deeming it impossible that a blunt instrument like a bitt could have produced such an effect. It has, however, since happened to me very nearly to do the same thing. A mare of mine, after having been bridled, made a dart out of the stable, when I caught the curb rein, and giving a smart jerk, cut her tongue more than half through. I did nothing whatever to it; the bleeding soon stopped, and in a few days it healed perfectly; but so deep was the cut that I had my apprehensions lest the part by which one half of the tongue adhered to the remainder should not be sufficient

for its nourishment, and should become gangrenous and drop off. This accident has been a lesson to me which I shall not forget, and as it may happen to others as well as myself, my advice to you is, that while you are looking into a horse's mouth you may as well take a peep at his tongue.

Having satisfactorily ascertained the age of the horse you are about to purchase, you may pass your hand down his neck and assure yourself that there are no swellings in the course of the veins, the principal of which runs along the hollow nearly parallel to the crest at about the lower third of the neck. Swellings situated in the course of the veins and absorbent vessels are a symptom of farcy, a disease which not unfrequently runs into glanders. It is not unusual also, on an examination of these parts, to discover that the large vein of the neck is obliterated from inflammation following bleeding. This is generally considered a very serious evil, but, in truth, if it have existed long, and there be no general puffiness of the parts *above* the spot where this vein is obliterated, it is to be presumed that the neighboring veins have become sufficiently enlarged to carry on the circulation. Many marks of bleeding about the neck should lead you to suspect that the horse has either had a violent attack of illness, or that he is periodically subject to some complaint for the cure of which it is requisite to let blood. The vein on the off-side of the neck is generally preferred for bleeding, inasmuch as a horse, when shewn out to a customer, is always placed with that side against a wall or stable, and the marks of the lancet are therefore not discovered unless the examiner have the precaution to turn the horse round.

Having satisfied yourself of the state of these parts, you may lay your hand on the withers, and assure yourself that no fistulous sores exist there, as it is by no means an uncommon place to find them in. These, where they do exist, although admitting of remedy, are nevertheless generally tedious of cure, especially when they lead to diseased bone, and moreover, when healed, frequently leave an ugly scar, with a hollow in the top of the wither which is anything but ornamental. This disease is similar in its nature to *Poll Evil*, of which I have already spoken.

The shoulders may next be examined for unsightly scars left by tight or hard collars, or occasioned by any other cause, as abscess, &c. In purchasing a horse at the hammer for driving, take care not to infer from mere collar-marks that he is quiet in harness. If you put the question to the auctioneer, it is ten to one (unless he be authorized to warrant him for such a purpose) that he will reply, "I have no instructions about his going in harness, but he has marks of the collar." Now in those cases where a horse having marks of collar-work will nevertheless not draw an ounce, the auctioneer himself may be, and probably is, deceived, for these marks are purposely produced, either by first putting a tight collar on the horse and then working it about, and rubbing his shoulders with it until it produces the requisite scars; or a slight blister is applied in one or two places where the collar generally bears, so as to give the horse the appearance of having worked in harness. Excepting in the case of very low-priced horses, whose owners cannot be supposed to be in the habit of purchasing a new collar for every horse they possess, many marks about the shoul-

ders, so far from giving rise to the supposition that he is accustomed to harness, should lead to the very opposite opinion, for a good horse is always worth a well-fitting collar, the expense of which is trifling.

After the examination of the shoulders comes that of the fore-legs, a most important affair, and one which should never be hurried over. Their proper *position* has already been mentioned, but we have still to consider their defects and the diseases to which they are subject. The principal of these are splents, blows, strains, wind-galls, ring-bone, ossification of the back sinews, speedy-cut, and blemishes from various causes. Any one of these defects, excepting perhaps wind-galls and some blemishes, may produce lameness; therefore where this is occasioned by any cause, it will be needless to look for its origin, unless you think proper to speculate in an unsound horse with a view to his ultimate cure. I have purposely abstained from mentioning lameness of the shoulder, because this really is, in nine cases out of ten, a point upon which good authorities differ so much that I would always advise an opinion to be had from some expert and *well-practised* veterinary surgeon, where this complaint is suspected. I have seen Members of the Veterinary College declare a horse to be lame in the shoulder when he has really been so from disease or injury of the foot; and as for common farriers, they are proverbial for clapping a blister on to the shoulder and a seton in the chest, for every lameness of the fore-legs whose exact seat they cannot readily determine. Where a complaint is occasionally so puzzling to those who have made the disease of the horse their study, it would, therefore, be difficult to point out any method of determining with undeviating accuracy the seat of every lameness of the fore parts; and this is the less required, since lameness anywhere is a very sufficient reason for rejecting a horse altogether. The best criterion of this injury is the pain a horse with shoulder-lameness evinces on elevating the leg, or carrying it backwards, by which the humeral muscles are brought into action. It not unfrequently happens, however, that a good judge may detect a cause of lameness which may be easily removed, and may accordingly, through this knowledge, occasionally pick up a very good bargain.

The splent is an enlargement of some part of the shank bone. Young horses are particularly liable to them, and it is generally remarked, that, as they become older, the splents gradually diminish and very frequently disappear altogether. It is not often that you find a tolerably large splent, if it do not encroach upon the knee-joint or the back sinew, productive of lameness, unless a horse strike it with the foot of the other leg; but, on the other hand, you will sometimes be able to detect a splent, not larger perhaps than a pea, which is acutely sensitive, and gives rise to such lameness as, without experience in this disease, might appear to you quite disproportioned to its cause. If a good horse, having a splent of this description, is to be sold cheap, you need not hesitate to buy him, as a very trifling operation, which will not blemish him, and which consists in simply dividing the *periosteum*, or membrane covering the bone, will generally relieve him. The tension of this membrane by the increased size of the bone occasions the pain which the horse experiences; and once this is removed, he will in many, indeed in most cases, go perfectly sound. This then is one cause of lameness which is easily remediable, and may be de-

tected by pressure upon the affected part, which will make the horse immediately lift his leg, and shew other symptoms of pain, which can leave little doubt on the mind as to the nature of his complaint. A splent running into the knee-joint generally occurs on the inside of the leg, and is sometimes overlooked, unless both knees be carefully examined by standing in front of the horse.

It is not my intention, in this portion of my treatise at least, to dilate upon the proper means to be adopted for the cure of the ordinary diseases of a horse which really do not demand the attendance of a veterinary surgeon; but as I have mentioned the practice of dividing the periosteum, I may remark, that, although it will give relief, a horse is not on that account to be immediately put to work, otherwise the inflammation of the bone, which originally gave rise to the formation of a splent, will of course increase, and with it the splent itself. Cold lotions should be constantly employed, and when the inflammatory action is reduced, if the splent be still perceptible, a slight blister may remove it altogether.

A blow may give rise to a splent or to enlargement of any other part, the inflammation necessarily consequent on the injury producing a deposit of lymph in the part, which, becoming organized, leaves a permanent thickening in and around it. When of some standing, blisters will now and then remove this state of the injured part; and if it do not occasion an unsightly blemish, nor interfere with a horse's action, you must exercise your own judgment respecting the value of a horse of this description, and which must be estimated by his performances; for many a first-rate hunter, with the marks of several blows received in going across country, may be worth hundreds of guineas, whereas a common hack, not up to much weight, may, with similar appearances, not be worth as many shillings.

A strain generally happens in the back sinew. It is easily detected by the enlargement that follows it, which occasionally remains so great as to require the application of the actual cautery to remove it. On the first occurrence of a strain of the back sinew, lameness is sure to follow; and as bleeding, physicking, and poultices will frequently effect a radical cure, if you have an opportunity of getting a good bargain of a horse in this state, you need not hesitate to buy him, unless the injury be very severe indeed, for it sometimes happens that the ligament is ruptured when a horse is said to have *broken down* (a case frequently occurring to young race-horses while at their speed); and, under these circumstances, I would not advise you to have anything to do with him, unless you wish to become master of a stallion or mare in such a state for the purpose of breeding.

Wind-galls produce that puffy appearance so generally observed about the legs of a horse that has been hard-worked. Their nature is an increased secretion of the fluid that lubricates the tendons of the muscles. It is of the same description as the *synonia*, or *joint-oil*, as it is generally termed. With this, however, we have nothing to do, and I shall, therefore, content myself with stating, that, although a sure symptom of hard-work, and in many instances of what is called a *gummy leg*—that is, one that is rather fleshy than sinewy—it is a blemish which never of itself interferes with a horse's action. At the same time, a horse with very bad wind-galls, on account of the cause

from which they spring, will very frequently be found groggy either in the joints or feet, of which complaint I shall speak hereafter. It occasionally, though rarely, happens that a fluid tumor, similar in every respect to a wind-gall, occurs upon and below the knee. Here are situated some *bursæ*, or membraneous pouches, which secrete the liquid contained in a wind-gall. I never knew but one horse with this extraordinary blemish, and he had a double tumor over the knee, each as large as an orange. He belonged to a friend of mine, who refused nearly two hundred guineas for him in spite of his being so remarkably blemished. I have known horses fired for very large wind-galls, and completely cured; and really, where the operation is neatly performed, I prefer the blemish of the cure to that of the evil.

Ringbone is an osseous tumor about the coronet or upper part of the hoof, generally commencing in the side or quarter of the foot. It is very easily perceptible to the touch, and generally to the eye; and as it is a cause of lameness which is not easily removed, even by the application of the actual cautery, which of course must leave a serious blemish, it is a disease which renders a horse of very little value.

Ossification of the back sinew is likewise very easily distinguished. In pressing upon a sound back sinew with the thumb and two first fingers from above downwards, it should feel like a very tense cord, giving way slightly under the pressure applied to it, but springing back to its natural situation the moment that pressure is removed. When the sinew is ossified, of course this elasticity disappears, and I need hardly describe to any one gifted with the least sense of touch, the different sensation produced by handling a sinewy or a bony substance. An ossification of the back sinew may go on for some time without producing lameness, but, as it is almost sure to do so eventually, no horse having this disease, even in an incipient state, can be considered sound, although his action may be perfectly free and good.

A speedy-cut is caused by a horse either in his trot or gallop striking one leg with the foot of the other. Where a horse hits his legs about the pastern-joint, he is simply said to *cut before*, and the injury so received is considered a speedy-cut, as it more frequently depends on bad shoeing than on any other cause. But a horse, while going at a moderate rate, may move perfectly well and not touch either leg in any part; whereas, on increasing his pace, he may be found to cut one leg either just under the knee, or a little lower down. Horses with this habit are extremely dangerous to ride, for the injured part becomes so excessively tender, that on striking it they sometimes drop to the ground as though they were shot. A speedy-cut invariably leaves a mark, and frequently a swelling, which is extremely sensitive, by which it may be recognized. A horse with this fault may, however, be kept either in a stable altogether, or only walked out to exercise until the sore of the speedy-cut be healed, and the mark it leaves, if not of old-standing, obliterated. The only way then to determine if he cut about the legs, is to force him to his speed, and if he do not absolutely *cut*, but you still suspect him of *brushing* one foot against the opposite leg, you may mark the inside of the hoof with chalk or lime, and, after riding him smartly, examine if the opposite leg have a recent white mark on any part of it. If so, it must be evidently caused by the chalk or lime you have used. I have known young horses with speedy-

cuts whose action has subsequently so improved as to render them perfectly safe, and have one at this moment with a permanently enlarged knee from speedy-cut, that for the last two years has never touched a hair of either leg. Some people assert that very low condition will cause a horse to get into the habit of *speedy-cutting*, and that, on gaining flesh and strength, his action will alter and become free from fault. I am not prepared to deny this assertion, but should never purchase a horse with a speedy-cut myself in the expectation of getting rid of it by improving his condition. If a horse of this description be in other respects desirable, the effect of speedy-cutting may frequently be very greatly obviated by attention to shoeing, and by riding him in a boot. The inside of the foot should be rasped away as much as may be with propriety, and the shoe should never quite reach to the edge of the sole, by which precaution the iron can never inflict a wound. A speedy-cut may occasion lameness where a horse is frequently in the habit of striking it.

[London Sporting Magazine.]

CRUEL DEATH OF A DEER-HOUND.—A high-couraged dog was slipped after a deer among the cliffs and crags on the eastern side of Kilbreck (in the Dirriemore Forest, Sutherland). In the heat and recklessness of pursuit, he fell down a sloping but very steep precipice, and alighted on a narrow shelf formed by a projecting piece of rock; in fact, precisely in such a situation as my dogs were in, with the exception that these could be approached on one side, whereas this poor creature could neither ascend the steep bank from which he tumbled down, nor find any practicable passage by which he could escape from his position. The rocks opposed an insuperable obstruction from above, and the precipice menaced certain death below.—There was no escape—no means of rescue; the spot could not be approached by man; and the poor animal, expecting that assistance from his master which it was impossible for him to afford, kept up a continual howling for succor during day and night. He continued to linger in his frightful prison for several days, and the sounds of his voice grew feebler and feebler, until they ended in a sharp kind of whistle, interrupted by vain efforts to break out into a bark. Every kind of project was considered, but no means could be devised to save him, for the ground was of such a nature that no one could be lowered or pulled up by means of a rope. At length the faint sounds ceased—his flesh was carried away by eagles—and his bones are still whitening on the rock.

Scrope

STOCKHOLDER.—We desire to call attention to the fact that this celebrated racer is standing at the stable of Mr. A. B. NEWSOM, in Wilson County, *Tennessee*, eight miles from Lebanon, on the Cumberland river, and thirty-five from Nashville. A typographical error in the "List of Stallions for 1839," induces us to designate thus particularly the place of standing of this fine son of Sir Archy.

THE CANADIAN TRAVELLER TO HIS HORSE.

(TIME—*A winter night* : SCENE—*A pine forest.*)

ORIGINAL.—BY JOHN HOWARD WILLIS, ESQ.

THE ideas of the following lines were derived from the fact of a friend of the writer, some years ago, being “wolf-hunted” many miles, one dismal winter’s night, along a road through a dreary pine forest, when on his way to one of the numerous new back settlements in the Upper Province. He was only saved by the extraordinary speed and bottom of his horse, which, luckily for him, was from a prime blood stock. He was so severely pressed in this fearful midnight race for life, as to be obliged to “throw overboard” a heavy and valuably filled valise, and the fur robes and cushions of his sleigh to lighten it, all of which were found, next morning, scattered over the snow, rent to fragments by the fangs and claws of his fierce pursuers of the preceding night. They tell of deep sorrow frequently in a few hours changing the hue of a person’s hair. Be this as it may, the effects of a “terrible fright” were felt haplessly enough by the individual in question, inasmuch as the agony of being wolf-hunted a few miles through a gloomy pine barren, on a dreary Canadian winter night, operated to change to a “grisley grey” the raven pride of as fine and glossy a head of poodle hair as ever smote the eye and heart of a susceptible “Young Ladies’ Academy” belle, or revelled in the unctuous glories of kalydors, bear’s grease, pomade divine, or other similar oily abominations.

Dash on—dash on, my gallant bay,
 A mist was round the setting sun,*
 Gloom gathers o’er the close of day
 And yet but half our road is won ;—
 Dash—dash thee on, my trusty steed,
 With limb of strength and hoof of speed.

The blinding snow-drift whirls in air,
 How fiercely swells the frost-wind’s moan !
 Faint heart, in truth, would shrink to dare
 This mountain pass so drear and lone,
 Where lies, beyond its gloom-wreath’d crest,
 The home will give us food and rest.

I cast to thee a loosen’d rein,
 I may not check thy onward course,
 Nor need to urge with lash of pain
 Thy fleet career, my noble horse ;
 For, in thy master’s hour of need
 Thou failest not in heart or speed.

On, on we go—and sharply ring
 Thy bells out at each crack’ling stride,†
 While phantom voices seem to fling
 Their startling echoes far and wide,
 As, mingling with the howling blast,
 They sweep in dismal wailings past.

And still, as onward swift we go,
 Those blackly rising pine-trees crowd,
 And wave above the drift below,
 Like hearse-plumes o’er an out-spread shroud
 (In seeming ’mid this forest gloom) *
 Flung down within some mighty tomb.

* A mist round the setting sun of a Canadian winter day indicates, unfailingly, the near approach of a storm drift.

† Alluding to the well-known cracking noise in frosty weather, made by the pastern joints of a horse in quick motion.

On, on—my horse, nor fear to fail,
 Tho' toils and terrors round us rise,
 Long, long ere midnight's stars grow pale
 That home shall greet our searching eyes,
 Where waits a loved and gentle one
 Will bless thee for thy service done.

On, on—yet why that forward bound,
 Loud snort, and low prick'd ear, my steed—
 What can there be of sight or sound
 To stir thee to such furious speed?—
 I've known thee long, yet never knew
 Aught that could daunt thy mettle true.

But hark!—amid the gusts which scowl
 What swells upon the midnight wind?—
 God! 'tis the gaunt wolves' famish'd howl
 Which sweeps along our track behind—
 My horse, it is no common fear
 Now urging on thy mad career!

Dash on, dash on—nor pause, nor heed,
 These darkling woods may soon be past;
 No chance for life, my trusty steed,
 Have we but that thy strength may last
 To reach our own fair valley's brow,
 And 'scape the fiends who track us now.

On, on—'twas bravely charged by thee,
 And breasted well that drifted heap,
 We cannot shun that fallen tree—
 'Tis clear'd by one wild, furious leap;
 Nor crashing bush or brake may stay
 The fury of thy headlong way.

On, on—their pattering tread I hear
 Swift o'er the frozen crust draw nigh,
 And now I see, they are so near,
 The glaring of each demon-eye,
 And oh! more horrible than all,
 The foam-clots from their bared fangs fall!*

On, on—but yet a little space,
 Tho' gasping sobs proclaim thy strife
 Of heart and strength to hold a race
 So fearful for the prize of life,
 Hold on—nor for a moment slack,
 For yelling death is on our track.

A bound—thank Heaven! the wood is past,
 My gallant horse, 'twas nobly done,
 And see, yon twinkling light at last
 Tells cheerly that our home is won;
 And fainter dies upon the wind
 The hell-cries of the pack behind.

Quick flittings past each casement pane
 Show how thy bells have gladly rung
 Their welcome music once again;
 And now the door is widely flung—
 And hearts are prest which ne'er will slight
 Thy service on this fearful night.

QUEBEC, May, 1839.

* It is said that a species of hydrophobic fury comes over the wolf when hotly pursuing prey, and that the merest scratch from their fangs, when in this state, will produce the same direful effects as the bite of a mad dog, the foam round their jaws being equally as horribly poisonous.

Turfiana.

No. III.

"If thou dost play with him at any game
Thou'rt *sure* to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds!—Thy lustre thickens
When he stands by." ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"Come, Come; deal justly with me. Come, come; nay, speak."
"What should we say, my lord?"
"Anything,—*but* to the purpose!" HAMLET.

"Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company!" BEGGAR'S OPERA.

"But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,*
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial." JULIUS CÆSAR.

"This is the time for *layers*." MILLER'S GARD. DICT.

"Quick—quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us;—think on that." OTHELLO.

"Put armour on thine ears,—and on thine eyes!" TIMON OF ATHENS.

IN the number of our Magazine for February we stated that our limits would not then "allow us to bring our hasty sketch of the first branch of the subject (the Defaulters, &c.) to a conclusion;" and we were compelled to "adjourn the session" at the period of the Doncaster St. Leger for 1835, to another time. That time now presents itself—and we shall proceed with a subject the treatment of which by us, we have reason to believe, has been received with interest and attention by those competent to judge of its truth, usefulness, and potency. It is not our intention to drop the matters connected with the turf—hastily or inconsiderately—for we propose, in the course of our future numbers, time and occasion permitting, to take a dispassionate review of the patrons and high supporters of the turf,—the trainers and their head agents connected with it—the jockies that sway men's destinies on it—the constitution and character, and influence of the jockey club and its laws, (with suggestions for the useful, equitable, and effective extension of the latter)—of the judges elected for the important decisions (in the turf *exchequer*)—of the system of private trials as far as trainers, jockies, owners, and the public are concerned,—of commissioners, *touts*, and turf-trickery in its "lowest deeps,"—of Mr. Wetherby and his ill-compiled works,—and of Tattersalls and its yard of betters! The subject is in its vast capacity full of matter for "wide solution" and acute speculation,—and we shall hope to make the 1st of each month "our *settling* day," on some particular head. We know the horses—we know the *men*—and we know something of the turf contrivances; and it will be our wilful fault if

we do not make *past* and not "*coming* events, cast their shadows before !"

That dear antique toddling specimen of a trainer, old Edwards, (a character which is now almost become obsolete,) *commanded* the year 1836. With the exception of Brown of Lewes—and *perhaps* John Smith of the North—Forth, (silver-haired, fresh hued Forth) of Sussex—and the *Pieman*—I know not where we are to find the simple-looking-dwarf'd aged trainers, who stood with heavy stick in hand behind the fleet-one's heels, and *rowed* the lad into a more active whisp of the glowing skin,—or told him, *ex cathedrâ*, to "go to the colt's head," at the stable hour when the owner came to look at his costly toy. Sykes—Tommy Sykes complained of Mr. Gully *banishing* him in his old age to the Hambledon Hills to train a *southern* horse—Mameluke,—and yet we saw him watch the hind quarters of that splendid animal with a smile of approval which seemed cut in steel on his visage! Old Robson—the *patron* of the Grafton stud—used to follow his blood and blood-like flock into the paddock at Epsom—or to the courses at Newmarket—like a shepherd tending his lambs in some quiet moor-solitude : so placid, so pleasant, and so *true* was his expression. Dick Shepherd was not old enough to have arrived at this exquisite quietude of manner, but he was taciturn,—a fine commencement—had he not been cut off in the bloom of a *youth* of 50 or 60. Old Edwards was quiet, out of his cups, to such an extent, as to render the shadow of a hint a positive color ;—and from this placitude arose the division in his cabinet ;—each lad *trying* at exercise for facts ;—sons separating in cunning and commissions—fraternal vexations and distrusts,—wife-comfort-confidences,—and in fact great Jersey-annoyances ! When the old man, however, *did* deliver a judgment openly, fearlessly, and simply—it was, though not so distinguished for masterly eloquence or matchless reasoning as the decisions of Lord Stowell (the educated-*Edwards* of the consistorial court), as simple, profound, and conclusive. He spoke—as all real judges of *weight* should speak—after *public* trial ;—and when that decision could by possibility be brought collaterally to bear upon any future event—it was worth its weight in *gold*. Middleton, an infirm horse, would never have come to the post, it may be safely asserted, under any other management than that of the careful old man. In Scott's hands he would probably have stood until within a fortnight or three weeks of the event ; and then he would have achieved a trial-miracle—and retained a lame leg. William Chifney would have rattled him into a thousand pieces in less than no time, by the unsparing severity of his system—and Marson would probably have permitted the hard ground at Epsom to do that which he had been so carefully avoiding at Newmarket. Middleton was nursed for *the day*, and carried his pail of water (*carelessly* left, it is supposed, within his reach,)—right round Tottenham corner and triumphantly up to the winning post—and never ran again. This was judicious *plastering* of an infirm edifice—to meet the eye of the judicial *bricklayer*, Mr. Clarke. Robinson showed his quickness of suspicion by expressing a sly surprise at the distention of the animal, when he was girthing on the saddle before starting. Bay Middleton was an especial favorite with the old man—and the twinkle of the eye of this venerable and careful train-

er on the evening before the race ought to have "picked out the winner," in the mind of any one who had a thought to throw at a horse. The Derby over—in Edward's mind the St. Leger was over also.—Elis ran Bay Middleton to a head for the 2,000 gs. stakes—and Elis *must* be first at Doncaster, or he had no right to have been where he was at Newmarket; Elis won the St. Leger easily—having been the first noble animal that travelled in his own carriage and four, since the days of Sovereign in 1816—whose carriage, however, was an accomplished work by Herring. But I am diverging.—The death of old Edwards, however, could not silently be passed over when Bay Middleton was under notice—even though his proper place ought to have been in the intended future paper on the trainers.

This year of Bay Middleton and Elis was extremely severe to the Scott-party (although slightly alleviated by *Cyprian*, not usually a profitable connexion with any man)—for Gladiator was aggravated into a very kill-devil,—and terrified even Lord Jersey on the day—who ought to have had better nerve. Had we been the owners of Bay Middleton, well at the hour, with a full knowledge of his amazing powers, we should, as the Americans would say, "have looked steel-filings at any one asking us to hedge—and gone tarnation-eternally away from the ring and human nature—until that mighty whipper old Clarke had said his damn'dest to all the rest?" The earl, however, hedged at 7 to 4.—Hedge Bay Middleton!—oh! it was making the *Derby* the *Craven* stakes! How well the beautiful language of Shakspeare fits the earl—

"Be it oblivion,—or some *Craven* scruple,
Of thinking too precisely on the event;
A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *this thing's to do!*"

And the fear of the Gladiator too! Before the race the noble earl might prophetically have exclaimed in the double sense of the *poeta*—

"I see before me the *Gladiator* lie;
* * * * * his brow
Consents to death, yet conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;
And *through his side*, the last drops, ebbing flow
From the *red gash*, fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him,—he is gone

Ere ceas'd the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won!"

The Derby was not so disastrous in its results on the great-unbreached—as the St. Leger was; for Bay Middleton had won the Riddlesworth and 2000 gs., two public proofs of goodness, which nothing but rabid folly or *glove-going* vice, could stand against. To be sure a bit of hay in the throat, a day or two before the race, *spelled* up a reach at a cough—which blighted the hopes and books of many who expected and intended the best,—and encouraged those "hardy annu-als" that invariably appear in the parterre at Tattersalls, and either blossom on the settling day, or scatter their final *leaves!*—according to the temperature of the event. One great north country sportsman found that Lord Jersey could "show his eyes, and grieve his heart,"—and having himself originally come like a shadow—he did "so de-

part!" Several small boats broke loose on the great stream; but this—as the Thames accounts invariably prove—is usual in stormy hours. The solid vessels weather the tempest—when the *lighter-men* go down!

Scroggins was this same year to win the St. Leger, beyond the chance of error—and *Elis* was in the south at an unusually late period of the autumn. The Scotts again—unlike the Eldon race of old—had a *great party*—and all promised comfort, luxury, and conviviality,—when Lord Lichfield stepped in between the cup and the lip, and “broke up the meeting, with most admired disorder!” After exacting a book on his horse to the tune of £10,000—as the terms on which *Elis* was to go northwards—at a late hour,—up drew the van—down whisked the horse—out walked he on to the paddock at the late Mr. Bowe's.—In he went first at the race, in the opinion of Mr. Lockwood and all others,—and *Scroggins* was declared to be second. Excellent well! That admirable creature *Bee's-wing* allowed this situation to the pet of the Scotts, not choosing to be a profitless maid of all work!—The small fry, which play in such numbers about the *shallows* of the Malton stables, were sadly scattered during the disturbance of the moment,—but, like the minnows and stickle-backs of all streams, they speedily returned to the old spots to swarm as fussily and look out for fresh baits. We do not know of any things alive so numerous as the small-fry betters *shoaling* on the edges of the great Scott-river! Will. Scott, who is “the Triton of the Minnows,” loves to catch them with a landing net. He is fond of the sport—and an admirable fisherman!

It is to be feared that our delectable friend *Waggy*, who exerted himself with suicidal zeal, to get the amount of bets made up, required by *Elis's* noble owner—over-strained his book—and became a martyr to his own wilful generosity. He is, however, a natural-born fighter—like Jack Randall or Dutch Sam (“both in Arthur's bosom!”) and he *will* take the *liberty* of re-visiting a field, from which others would have made a *Corunna* retreat,—and he *will* persevere, over all disasters, in search of success,

“For *freedom's* battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won!”

And *Waggy*—though perhaps he *bleeds* less freely than the usual heroes who fight for liberty—*will*, like Steady, “be first in the throng.” He ought not to go.—“Oh we could better spare a *better man*.” He has a deal of strong coarse *dowlas* fun about him, which covers one all over with enjoyment, even as it were a pilot coat; and his power of countenance and lungs is wonderfully expressive and prominent. It is worth going two hundred miles in any of *Murphy's* worst days, to hear him descant upon the subject of *Crockford* in general—or a sporting man of fashion in particular.

The year 1836 will be memorable in the minds of those interested in turf matters, as being the one that effectively introduced the system of *vanning*, or carrying race-horses from one distant point of the country to another,—a system which has been now generally adopted by those who desire to carry on the exciting competition with a fair chance against their antagonist. If an animal can now be kept upon his own good exercise-ground to a late moment—which he now safely

can be—he can be *charmed* by four *posters* to the course he is destined for, when all his hard work is over—and the day's or two days' travelling is but healthful and valuable rest. It used to be proverbial that a south country horse had no chance for the great stakes in the north,—and certainly the fate of Mr. Udney's Tarandus—Mr. Batson's Serab—Lord Egremont's Chateau Margaux—Lord Exeter's Redgautlet—Lord Wharnccliffe's Dragon, and numerous others, would appear to bear out the truth of the proverb. The long journey from Ascot or Newmarket to Doncaster,—the perils of the road—the leg-weariness of travel—the change of stables, of air, corn, and water—the hurried work to make up for time lost in the long daily walks; all these directed their attacks against the constitution and condition of that hot-house plant, the race-horse; and we cannot be surprised that so little success distinguished the attempts of southern competitors. John Doe, who originally (in 1816) had springs put to a bullock caravan and brought Mr. Territt's Sovereign in it, at the rate of forty miles a day, safely from Worcestershire to Newmarket—also suggested a similar kind of conveyance to the Earl of Lichfield—and Mr. Herring, the great van-builder, completed the well-ordered machine for Elis. The inside is padded to prevent bruises, and some horses make very good travellers. Poor Drummer, however, Elis's companion, took his mode of transit very unkindly; and never, we understand, thoroughly got over the jumble. There is not an owner of race-horses of any repute that is now without his van. Lord George Bentinck has two, the Earl of Chesterfield and Mr. Greville each one. Lord Suffield sold his carriage to Mr. Ferguson, and it now carries that noble but ill-starred horse Harkaway to the courses he is not to run upon. The Marquis of Exeter has two; and the Duke of Cleveland is building one for the express purpose of bringing Kremlin from the north to try for the 50 sov. stake at Newmarket Craven meeting, and for the great Derby. The caravan is in shape something between one of Wombwell's great yellow dens upon wheels, and Sir Frederick Roe's omnibus; only it is a little more tasty in its decorations than either. It would be very convenient for those of the betting circles, who have pressing business any where but at Doncaster, *after* the St. Leger, if a van were to start at ten o'clock at night, which might be called the *Levanter's Eclipse*, or the *York and Doncaster Low-flyer*—no one to be booked that had a chance of ever paying anything to anybody, except the expenses of this journey to the metropolis,—and not more than twenty persons to be taken. It might change vehicles, &c. at Stamford, and be able to return to Doncaster by the Thursday to be in time for twenty more gentlemen who had mistaken their mark on the cup-race. Might not some of the great postmasters or coachmasters, whose speculations have been trespassed upon by the railroads, give this hint their serious attention. They may depend upon *loading* well, if the thing is done with spirit, quietness, and cheapness. The proprietors might sell twenty tickets of admission to the conveyance, previous to the race, which the purchasers might use or not as circumstances required. All creatures that are liable to be *preyed upon* have some prudent contrivances for escape—the mole* in the

* The mole, in its *boring* way of making its *advances*, and its pliant fitness for *backing out*, carries on that system *under* the turf, which its betters carry on *above* it. The getting away,

garden has his side alleys, and his remarkable power of *backing out*, at race-horse speed, in the hour of danger,—the rabbit in its warren makes a point, in his general arrangements, to secure a *bolt-hole*. No gentleman with a precarious book and a determined mind, would care to disburse his few guineas to ensure a quiet and comfortable retirement—should absence be desirable. The thing must be done, if *levanting* is to share in the general spread of improvement.

One more word in the way of suggestion as to caravans, and we have done on this head. In these days of enlightenment and reform, we do not see why a good party of eight might not *van* it down to Doncaster in a capacious and comfortable carriage—with a larder at the end, or bar for refreshments, and two card-tables, or a long library table, with calendars, lists, and periodicals,—and every possible comfort in the way of carpet and chairs. The Bull at Witham Common, or the George at Grantham would be capital head quarters for the night; and two days might be passed in a way to make the “noble sportsmen” think they were only in an improved Tattersall’s—*on wheels*!—We throw this out for Mr. Herring’s consideration.

But we must quit carriages, and all “their appliances and means to boot”—and plunge at once “amidst the *crowd*, the *hum*, the *shock* of men”—the concentrated force of this vivid Byronian line never being more fully realized than “at the Corner” at first,—on the course, which is the racing *hive* subsequently,—and finally in the shock at the wreck of settlement! Two more years of sanguine folly,—wanton extravagance,—desperate risk and cunning *above proof*,—yet remain to be tested;—and although they present but similar exhibitions of turf-drunkenness in the young, and of the power of seeing others under the table in the seasoned and experienced;—of certainties turned “the seamy side without,”—and of favorites on the turf, after a ring of a bell, the girthing on of a new saddle, the swing up of a new pair of leathers,—the heart-breaking struggle, to a cold steel and warm whip accompaniment,—finding at last that “a favorite has *no friend*!” The crowd of mercenary admirers is like a cluster of bees around the honeyed favorite, as he is led down the hill from the Warren, saddled and mounted,—and nothing is like his symmetry, and condition;—*tinkle—tinkle—tinkle*! The colors of the riders are flashed round an open space with lightning speed,—and lo! all is over! and an unnoticed 50 to 1 colt can hardly move on account of his popularity,—and the favorite is dragging along a savaged form and a jaded spirit, behind a little undersized boy in corduroys with a bottle;—unnoticed except with a curse,—unenquired after by the flushed and fed females in feathers and laughter;—unrespected even by those who had so long pampered and praised him,—and to whose withered mercies he is once more consigned!

even “*tail foremost*!”—“not *turning round*,” (that is, not hedging)—and at length, when arrived at “*some collateral gallery*,” (that is, when a branch road is gained,) its flight “*head foremost, as with other creatures*,” closely connects the mole with the *genus Levanter*.

“Whoever will examine the structure of the body of a mole, will, perhaps, find no creature more admirably adapted for all the purposes of its life. The very fur on the skin of this animal manifests what attention has been bestowed upon the creature, in providing for its necessities and comforts. This is singularly, almost impalpably, fine, yielding in every direction, and offering no resistance to the touch. By this construction the mole is in no degree impeded in *its retreat from danger while retiring backwards, as it always does upon suspicion of peril*, not turning round, which the size of its run does not permit, *but tail foremost*, until it arrives at *some collateral gallery*, when its flight is *head foremost, as with other creatures*.”—*Journal of a Naturalist*, p. 144.

The tender attentions of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should not be exclusively devoted to the poor. Mr. Thomas, a busy and well intentioned secretary we believe, should enlarge his sense of cruelty and his views for its suppression;—and not confine his supervision to the mere two-penny post horses,—the cab No. this or that,—or the hackney coach of any given number:—where an animal looks poor, is poor, or is in vulgar hands, the zeal of Mr. Thomas is at fever heat;—but when a steeple-chase-horse belonging to a gentleman breaks his heart at the winning-post,—or a racer has his life and soul *jobbed* out of him,—or a fine half-bred refuses to rise in consequence of a broken spine, occasioned by being put at an impracticable fence;—why then “poor Tom’s a’ cold!” Humanity will bear promulgation and extension at times and in circles where Mr. Thomas would at present consider it an improper interference with the subscribers to his society to interfere! These few observations are written in no ill spirit towards Mr. Thomas,—and are put forth with a view only to the extension and equalization of his observations.

The Derby day of 1837 found the Duke of Rutland’s Rat-trap a very high favorite,—with Caravan close behind him. Hibiscus was pronounced to be a splendidly formed specimen of the English Race-horse—and Mango found friends amidst the few, who generally in this troubled sea, put out in safety! The betting was extremely heavy. The Squire had in this race that rogue of a horse, Mahometan,—who could run “an’ he would:”—and this sanguine sportsman backed the beast in a manner that deserved a better fate. Harry Edwards rode the varlet like a Prince—and lodged him, in spite of himself, third. A very good judge—the very best judge,—told us just before starting that if from the appearances of the animals he saw—he was obliged to stand £1,000 between 1 and the field, he would put his money on Caravan. Phosphorus, who had had friends from his good running at Newmarket,—where, it was said, he only wanted a longer course to have beaten Rat-trap,—was lame!—From 12 to 1 he dropped to 50 to 1—and no *well-informed* takers. It was stated that Lord George gave him in as a *cockboat* in a bet of £5,000 with Lord Suffield,—and he turned out to Caravan’s noble owner a *lifeboat*! Phosphorus was first, Caravan second,—the only two placed. Rat-trap would not or could not stay the course,—and Hibiscus would not, *because* he could not run in. The sea of betting having been very heavy, could not easily subside on the settling day—*much* and *many* were lost! Too late, the desperate horse-marines saw the rocks, against which they had obstinately closed their eyes,—and acknowledged the fatal effects of the *breakers* which they ought to have known would swamp them. Indeed, too late. “Around the waves *Phosphoric* lightning broke!” These lost mariners differed from prudential mariners in general; for they were *overwritten*, and not *underwritten*!

Some youngish bettors won, and surprised themselves (being unable to hedge) at the extent of their own judgments. One medical sportsman won £2,000, or some such sum, and what is more extraordinary, received his money. He had better have stuck to his morning journeys about town,—for his sporting turn did not, we believe, prosper in the end;—he might exclaim with Macbeth—“The road hath done me

justice,—but the gaming table hath been my ruin !” Rat-trap caught several,—who *rattled* !

Bell's Life was fortunate in hitting off a prophecy. Some gentleman in rhyme, without reference to lameness, coughing or drawing,—had looked at the Newmarket running and had selected Phosphorus as the first, and Caravan as the second horse—and he was by sheer luck made to speak the truth. Subsequent attempts have been judiciously aimed at,—but if the writer remembers the old Scottish sport, he will admit that the *Popinjay* is not easily *hit off*. VATES has been a little too flourishing in his subsequent guesses,—but allowances must be made for a winner of the Derby.

Miss Letty (in Scott's stable) won the Oaks,—to the great contentment of Mr. Justice, who was very constant to the lady. The Oaks race, however, from its recent *mildness*, does not cut off so many *buds* of bettors, as it did in the severe old times.

The St. Leger followed, as regularly as one paddle-bar of a steam-boat wheel follows another,—and occasioned the usual splash—*dropping*, and obscurity. Epirus (brother to Elis—forget not that) was first favorite, being in Scott's stable—and really we thought they were *all* in earnest. Mahometan, like the fabled hare, had many friends,—and settled down at the start (James Robinson being upon him) as second favorite. The Doctor and Abraham Newland had their admirers,—and speculation took a wide range and loose turn. The cluster mustered—and away ! Down came Epirus at the rise of the hill,—William Scott having tried, without reason, one would say, to get his favorite *Rowton-inside path*. The rider broke his collar bone—and was much shaken. At the close of the race,—Mango was first, being *fortunately* not shut out, and Abraham Newland second. Mahometan was *not* third this day, although Robinson shot him at the *fall*. The too sanguine easy Squire, lost something smart between Mango and Mahometan,—the only winner that could have really *hornetted* him. We hate to see a free and ready sportsman get into that cursed *Long Lane*, which is proverbial for having no turning. The law in luck should be the same as it is in steeple-chasing,—a man should be prohibited from going more than a hundred yards along any long lane.

This was a really tolerable race as to settlement—the respectable doing the respectable,—and the apparently respectable scrambling through. A Manchester professional man, well known as light in business and slight in settlement,—and a Liverpool sportsman (not the *Sefton* of Croxteth) made a desolate and *scarce* week of it ;—and a brothel keeper of Air Street, proved a broken *Reed* to many who relied on him for small support ;—giving as his reason for not paying, that “he never thought Mango would win !” But those who deal with such characters deserve the natural results of the connexion !—what could be expected from a shifty practiceless country attorney,—from the penniless dependent son of a minor Liverpool merchant,—or from the keeper of a house of ill-fame—whose breath and bread of life depend upon heartless depravity—the ruin of the unwary and undisturbed infamy !

At the last year we are arrived. Good horses in 1838 were really assembled to struggle for superiority. That sound valuable animal,

Grey Momus, after perhaps too many public rehearsals, settled down as the *élite* of the field, on the brow of the hill,—Cobham, Scott's annual tender for the contract, being second favorite ;—and Phoenix, an unworthy half-brother of Bay Middleton,—Ion, and Young Rowton, standing at respectful distances. Sir Gilbert Heathcote had a truly nice brown horse, got by Velocipede, out of a Moses mare ; but so strong was the prejudice against his stable, that few but the trainers, sporting tradesmen, and publicans of Epsom,—and the gallants of Sutton and its neighborhood,—having a dash of the desperate Stock Exchange blood in them, came forward as supporters. 1000 to 15, and 50 to 1, were hawked about all the winter,—and 1000 to 30 might have been had on the morning of the race, to win the amount of ten thousand pounds. Here however the old language fails,—for, though expected by very few,—“the race *was* to the swift, and the battle to the strong.” Amato got but an indifferent start,—but he went easily with his horses round the course,—came at the grand stand without difficulty, when Jim Chapple called upon him,—and carried him in “like oil.” The joy at an old sportsman like Sir Gilbert Heathcote, winning the Derby, after so many honest, but *fat*, and therefore fruitless attempts, was uproarious and delightful. Sherwood, the trainer, we believe, had trained Amato as he wished, that is, with good work as well as good oats ;—and we sincerely rejoice that a true and valuable servant has been allowed his talents fair play. Sherwood has a promising team for the next Derby, and as he has learned his way home to the judge's chair once,—he may do it again, before his knowledge cools. Let it not be forgotten, that success, like music, sometimes deals its harmonies out in triplets. Petre won the Leger three years successively. John Scott has won the Oaks the three last years successively, with wretched things out of his stable ;—and why should not Sir Gilbert “have a run upon his color !”

Perhaps a Derby was never settled in so orderly a manner as the last ;—credit was given when wanted,—money was accepted without a murmur, when proffered,—and, with the exception of little Thomas, the established levanter, who came on the settling day and received all he could get,—and shirk'd all which his creditors could by *no industry* get, and who complained of a lost pocket book,—bolted and stopped certain bills of exchange within it,—returned,—recovered the object of his loss from Tattersall's,—and re-bolted !—there was hardly a dissentient voice in the whole yard. If Thomas comes again,—then he is immortal !

The only event connected with the present Derby to which we shall allude, as illustrative of the probity of turfites of the fourth or fifth estate, is one connected with the trainer, and a neighbor in whom he confided. Sherwood commissioned his *friend*, as we are credibly informed, to take the early odds respecting Amato for the Derby to ten pounds, and the *friend*, on his return from town to Epsom, informed the trainer that he had taken £100 to £10. The race over, the money was won,—and paid. “Now mark how a plain tale shall set him down.” The commissioned *friend* went to a *gossamer*-Crockford in the city, and took the odds, at the time he was authorized to do so, and to insure himself from being called upon, in case Sir Gilbert's horse did not win, he caused the layer of the odds to put down the

bet to Sherwood. This was over insuring;—for a Cambridge gentleman subsequently met the trainer, and congratulated him on his success at Epsom; remarking that he had won *five hundred pounds* of one of his city friends! “The honorable members mutually explained,” and the friend was ultimately induced, under a *compulsory sense* of honor, to pay over to Sherwood the suppressed one hundred pounds of the odds;—thus we see fraud, as well as “curses,—will, like chickens, come home to roost.”

“—— And shall we trust such *creatures*,—no, as soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June,—
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,—
Or any other thing that's false!”—

The two last races, to which we have devoted our attention, in these papers, namely the Oaks and St. Leger,—require very few words from us—for perhaps they proved the most placid and unspeculative events that modern times have produced. Condition we know for the Oaks, is everything:—the season of the year is unpropitious for these *ardent* young things. Many who figure at Newmarket in a first rate style, begin, when they arrive at Epsom, “to pale their ineffectual fires.” Calisto* was the charm of the year, but ran second at Newmarket: The Duke of Grafton's *Chemist*, a poor thing, being first,—and Industry third. Vespertillio, Barcarole, and one or two others, shewed great promise of superiority,—but all fell sick, and therefore Calisto became a wondrous favorite! What was the finish? Industry first and Calisto second! Lord Suffield and others were respectable sufferers.

“——— Last stage of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,”

—we proceed to notice the fourpenny-halfpenny race for the St. Leger;—poor dying Doncaster!—seven horses only in the year 1838 to start for the St. Leger! Were it not for a few brief observations, we should pass it over, like one of W. G.'s accounts of a ditch-mile thing at Newmarket. With a short field—and a long-bruised turf-fate,—it is hard to think that Lord Chesterfield won a comparative trifle upon Don John. Perhaps a better horse for action, strength, and lightness, never appeared on the turf; and yet the owner,—who has lost thousands upon cripples and slow ones of his own and others,—had not his confidence insured to a *Mellish* firmness, so as to recal a part, and a considerable part, of his losses. His lordship and his friends won, we believe, little or nothing. Betting was languid. Ion was expecting to have a Talfourd *run*,—but tragical was the catastrophe!—and the only winners, that we have heard talked of, have been a butcher and a baker or so,—on the outskirts of the ring;—inspired by Yorkshire hints, distilled through London Yorkshiremen.

I can say with Lord Byron, “my task is done”—on this head;—and again with him, “would it were worthier!” Looking back upon my record, I cannot but sicken at the repetition of low dishonesty, practising successfully on integrity of every grade;—at the permission of thieves,—keepers of houses of ill-fame,—owners of *fences*,—swell mob-men,—penniless nobodies,—and notorious sharpers and *hellites*,

* Calisto died recently of the strangles.

being permitted into the society of the highest, the noblest, and most influential sportsmen of the age!—but, until better regulations are established at Tattersall's, Newmarket, and the other leading places of sport, (upon which we propose fully to treat under another head of our subject,) no security can be obtained against the *swell mob* in all its branches.

Here we conclude for the present. Our task is far from a pleasing one. We have perhaps withheld names too delicately, and we are still in doubt whether the wilful defaulters ought not to be properly displayed to the public. Subject to a careful revision of the lists, in order to separate the miscreants from the miserably unfortunate, we shall probably recur to this subject at the end of the papers, and deal out ample justice to all.

ON ACCLIMATING CATTLE IN LOUISIANA.

MY DEAR P.—I send you an article “On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana,” which you may publish either in the “Spirit” or the “Register” as you may deem most proper. The knowledge of the fact of the standard of the pulse of Cattle in Louisiana being different from that in a northern climate, was acquired in the following manner.

About three years ago one of my friends having bought, in conjunction with myself, some imported cattle, we naturally read with avidity all the books we could obtain, which were likely to give us any information that would enable us to preserve the lives of our stock—a thing every one assured us we should not be able to accomplish. The books best, by a long remove, stated that the average pulse of the ox was forty pulsations in the minute, and that more than that indicated fever. This, we conceived, was a valuable fact, and one which we determined never for one moment to forget. It was the want of this knowledge which had been the cause why so few imported cattle had as yet been preserved in our district.

Things went on, however, very well for some time, until a fine Devon Bull was supposed one morning not to be exactly right, and I, as surgeon, was immediately sent for. On my arrival the pulse was felt, and oh, horrible to relate! was found to be seventy at the least! “What must be done in such a dreadful case?” “Be done! why bleed, certainly, until the pulse is reduced to its natural standard, as the book says,” (for at that time we ever spoke as if there was but one book in the world, and that the “Treatise on Cattle.”) The bull was consequently tied up, and John set to work with a pair of fleams; but in vain—he could not even get through the cuticle. Had Ajax a shield of seven such hides as his, ’twas no wonder that he considered himself safe from behind his *bull-wark*.

But the Devon was not fated to escape thus, and

“the tough bull hide
Which Death so often dashed aside,”

was destined to be severed *propius manubus*. I laid bare the vein with a sharp knife, and made a large “orifice,” as the term is. The purple stream gushed forth, and we both remarked that if that did not save him, heaven only knew what would. The hand, as recommended, I kept steadily on the pulse, which certainly did not decrease as rapidly as I had expected; it however at last got down to sixty, and in communicating the fact, I asked my friend what he thought of it? “Think?” said he, “why I think that there is not half enough taken yet, and that in certain cases we must use strong measures or none at all.” It came down to fifty, and the animal began to have some strange tricks of the eye. “Fifty,” said I; “don’t you think that will do?” “Well,” replied my friend, “do as you please, but you take the responsibility. I say do as the book says, and bleed him down to forty!” Having especial cause to think that my learned friend understood the nature of *bulls* better than I did, I yielded, and as the pulse got to *forty-five* I looked at

the animal's piteous face and instantly stopped the blood. But alas, 'twas too late, the whites of the eye were turned up, and in a few moments his soul was winging its way to the paradise of bulls, which I should think likely to be one of those "green sunny spots" in the Emerald Isle, so frequently spoken of by her bard.

Days and weeks passed and yet the last look of that poor animal would haunt me in my dreams—"the air had scent of blood." So, my dear Sir, as a charm against those "thick coming fancies" that keep me from my rest, have I sent you my confession, and if by these means one more bull is permitted to enjoy his shade in this world instead of being made a shade of in the next, my object will have been accomplished.

Yours, &c.,

J. S. OF LOUISIANA.

It appears that nature, in creating and placing animals on different portions of the globe, has, with that wonderful power with which she is endowed, planted in the system of each, a capacity of resistance to the specific diseases of the locality of which it is a native. But this adaptation of constitution to climate, appears to be, not so much the result of original conformation as the effect of certain causes acting in early youth, when the system of every animal is with most wonderful facility accommodated to the situation and circumstances in which it is to exist. Though, at the same time, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the particular action or tone of the system of the parent may be communicated to the *fœtus in utero*, at least to a certain degree. The process of change which the constitution of an animal which is a native of one climate must undergo before it becomes capable of resisting the specific diseases of another of which it is not a native, is commonly called acclimating—one of the most mysterious operations of nature that we are acquainted with, and with which no process of reasoning but that of induction could familiarize us. Nearly all animals on being removed from their native climate, experience less or more of this change, and in some its operation on the system is so violent that death is the inevitable consequence. Thus, the mocking bird of America will not live in England. The Reo-negro cock dies if taken from the banks of the Oronoco; and the Lama of South America, it is said, will not exist out of a certain latitude. Even man, the lord of every clime, seems somewhat subject to this universal law; for the hardy Switzer taken from his mountain home to the plains of the sunny South, languishes and dies beneath Italian skies and amidst Italian song, because he can no more hear the *rantz de vache*, or see Mont Blanc sitting "in his robe of clouds and diadem of snow."

In bringing horses or oxen from the climate of Kentucky and Tennessee to that of Louisiana, it is well known that the process of acclimating must take place, but this process in the horse appears to be accomplished without much danger, while in the ox it is frequently fatal. Why this should be the case, has not yet been explained, nor indeed have the causes of the difficulty of acclimating either yet been understood. Hence, the methods of treatment to effect this object have been various and capricious, and seldom persevered in with that steadiness and constancy which can alone ensure success.

An examination of the arterial system of the ox will, I conceive, most materially contribute to instruct us in the predisposing causes of disease, and consequently, in the most proper manner of preventing and treating it. The average pulse of the ox, in a cold climate, is stated to be

about forty* in a minute, and when the pulsations are more frequent than this, the animal is supposed to be in a state of fever. This, it is most singular to state, is not the case in the climate of Louisiana, the pulse of the ox being there in its natural state, sixty-eight or seventy-five, and rising, on the slightest excitement, as high as eighty. What may be the cause of this incongruity of the pulse in different climates, we do not pretend to know; but such is certainly the fact, and the knowledge of it, we conceive, will be found of vast value to those who are endeavoring to improve the race of cattle in that State.

It is evident that the system of an animal must undergo a most violent change, and one which, under circumstances the least exciting, must prove fatal, if it be taken to a situation which requires that the heart's action shall be increased more than one third in a given space of time—it is also evident that any thing which has a tendency to increase a disposition to that action should be most carefully avoided, so that the requisite change on the system may be produced as gradually and imperceptibly as possible. This increased action of the heart the system of the ox is the less prepared to endure, in that the arteries of that animal are smaller in proportion than they are in the horse,† and consequently less capable of sustaining any suddenly increased action.

TREATMENT.

From the above facts it is plain that the most proper dietetic treatment to be resorted to, must be strictly antiphlogestic—the quantity of food which the system would in ordinary circumstances require, must be diminished, and all the common exciting causes of increased arterial action—such as the heat of the sun, quick action of any kind, &c. &c.—avoided. Besides these, medicines which have a tendency to diminish the heart's action, must not only on the first attack of fever be resorted to, but should, we think, even in a state of health (tho' no general advocate for such treatment), from time to time be administered.

Bleeding, tho' the most valuable of all remedies on the attack, must not previously be resorted to, from a tendency which it has to produce in the system increased action for the purpose of re-producing the matter taken away. Proper doses of the *digitalis purpurea* may also be resorted to—and indeed all remedies which have a tendency to diminish the heart's action—shade, and a plentiful supply of *water*, for the animal to stand in during the heat of the day, I conceive also to be of all things the most essential.

J. S. OF LOUISIANA.

* The average pulse of a full grown healthy ox is about forty.—*Library of Useful Knowledge, Cattle*, page 153.

† *Library of Useful Knowledge—Cattle*, page 173.

MEMOIR OF DON JOHN,

WINNER OF THE GREAT DONCASTER ST. LEGER IN 1838.

THE present number of the "Register" is embellished with a highly finished Engraving on Steel by *Prud'homme*, an eminent artist of this city, of "THE GREAT ST. LEGER FIELD IN 1838, with a PORTRAIT OF DON JOHN." The original picture was done in oil by J. F. Herring, the celebrated animal painter, expressly for the London "Sporting Review," for which it was engraved by Scott. Of the fidelity of the likeness, and the exquisite finish of *Prud'homme's* engraving, they are the best judges who have seen the original in the "Review," and we respectfully invite a comparison; it would be a splendid illustration even for an English sporting magazine, and we are confident no engraving of a horse executed in this country is comparable with it.

Don John is believed to have been not only the best horse of his year, but it is doubted by very many English turfmen of sound judgment, whether *Plenipo'*, The Queen of Trumps, or Bay Middleton, could have wrested his honors from him. "Vates," in speaking of his St. Leger race, remarks that "Don John made all the running, and fairly shamed the vaunts and calculations of the Southrons; I verily believe he could have walked in. I fancied with many others that a mile was his *forte*; whereas he appears to have as fine an idea of 'perpetual motion' as ever fell to the lot of quadruped." The field consisted of but seven, the smallest that for five-and-twenty years has started for the Leger, but the disparity of numbers was amply compensated by the performance and promise of the horses. The placing was as follows:—

TUESDAY, Sept. 18, 1838.—The *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the owner of the 2d horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes; St. Leger Course; sixty-six subscribers.

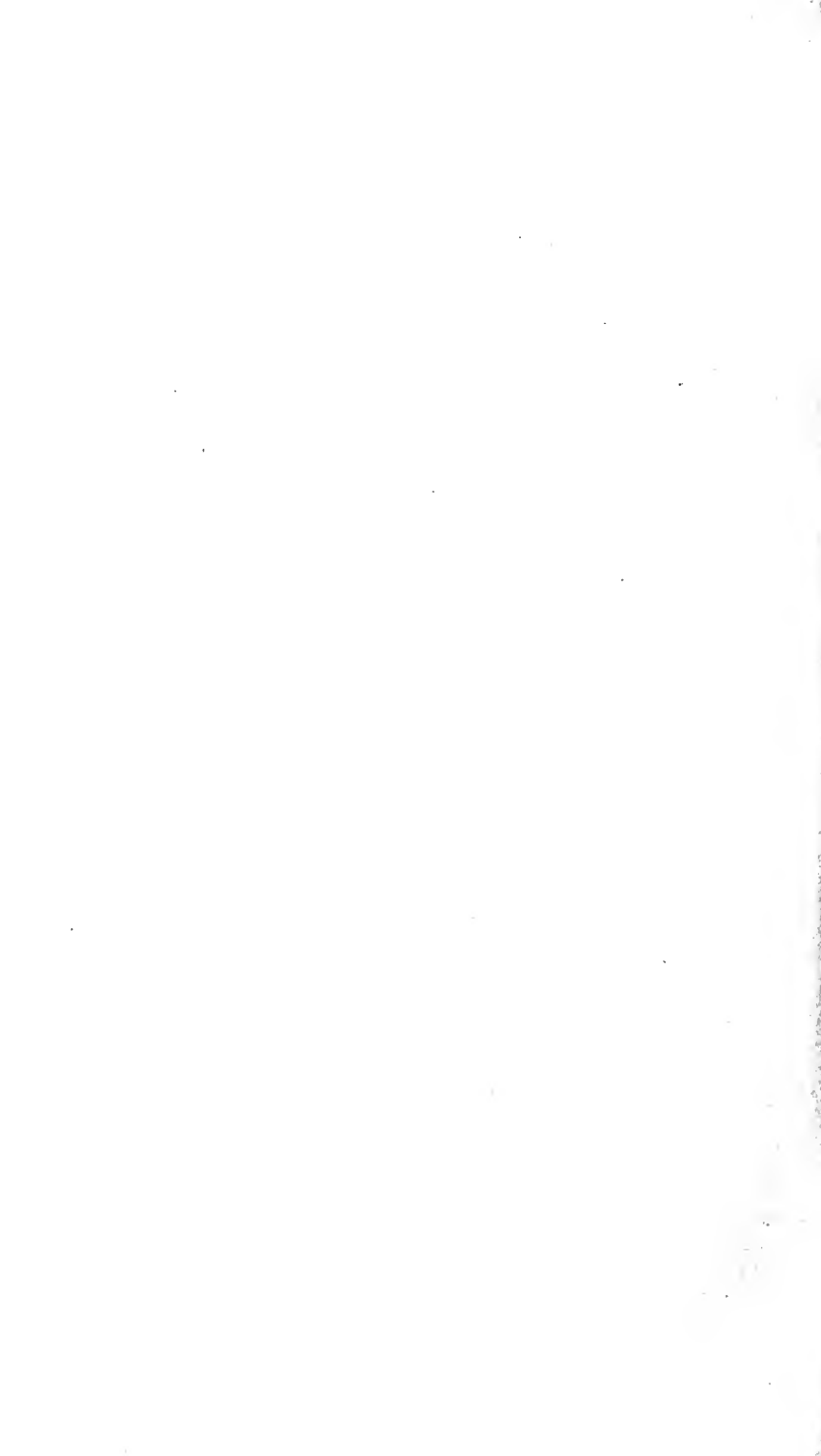
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. <i>Don John</i> , by Tramp or Waverley, out of Sharpset's dam by Comus.....	W. Scott. 1
Col. Peel's br. c. <i>Ion</i> , by Cain, out of Margaret by Edmund, out of Medora by Selim.....	A. Pavis. 2
Time, 3:17 by Bell's Life—3:16 by two Americans.	

THE FOLLOWING WERE NOT PLACED:

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. <i>Alzira</i> (brother to <i>Henriade</i>), by <i>Voltaire</i> , out of Matilda.....	J. Day..... *
Mr. Combe's ch. c. <i>Cobham</i> , by The Colonel, out of <i>Frederica</i>	J. Robinson..... *
Mr. Parkin's br. c. <i>Lanercost</i> , by Liverpool, out of Otis by Bustard.....	H. Edwards..... *
Mr. Fairlie's ch. c. <i>The Hydra</i> , by Sir Hercules, out of Zebra by Partisan.....	Chapple..... *
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Saintfoin</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Mangel Wurzel.....	P. Conelly..... *

The length of the St. Leger Course is precisely one mile six furlongs (three quarters of a mile) and one hundred and fifty-five yards, which is exactly 285 yards short of two miles. The race was timed by John Connah, Esq., of this city (the importer of Apparition and others), and Flintoff, the well-known agent of Messrs. Jackson, Polk and other Southern importers, who made it one second less than that reported by the Editor of "Bell's Life in London," who pronounces it the quickest he can call to mind. Don John (a 3 yr. old of course) carried in this race 119lbs., being one pound more than a *six-year-old* would have carried in Virginia. The Queen of Trumps won the St. Leger in 1835 by a length, in 3:20, as timed by two Tennessee





turfmen, though the English timers made it 3:17. Touchstone, in 1834, won it in 3:20. It should be remembered that Don John won handily by six lengths! On the following day he came out for the Cup, which he won, running two miles and five furlongs, with 101 lbs. on his back, in 4:44—equal to 1:48 per mile!

Don John stands fifteen hands three inches high; his color a good bay, with a white hind hoof. He is a splendid animal to the eye, and perhaps had too much the character of a Park horse to induce those not previously enlightened as to his speed and stoutness, to place much reliance upon him for the Leger, as it so very often happens that such very good looking horses are deficient in lasting qualities. Such, however, is not his case; he is honest as well as speedy, as his performances have thoroughly demonstrated. He resembles *Boston* in several essential points, particularly in his shoulder and arm, as well as his coupling, flank and quarter. Boston's hocks come low down to the ground, while Don John's cannon bones are of unusual length; of this particular conformation we shall speak presently, after introducing his pedigree and a summary of his performances.

Pedigree.—Don John was bred by Mr. Garforth, and was sold when a foal to Mr. Ridsdale for 100 guineas. At the sale of that gentleman's stud he passed into the hands of the Earl of Chesterfield (being then a yearling,) for 140 gs. He was foaled in 1835—was got by Tramp or Waverley [the latter horse is known to be his sire], out of a Comus mare (bred in 1820 or 1821 by Mr. Garforth,) her dam Marciana by Stamford, out of Marcia by Coriander—Faith by Paolet—Atalanta by Match'em—Lass of the Mill by Oronooko—Sister to Clarke's Lass of the Mill by Traveller—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound, her dam by Partner, out of Miss Doe's dam by Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb, etc.

Performances.—1837. Won the Two-year-old Stakes at York Spring Meeting easily, beating Alzira, f. by Jerry, out of Purity, Wee Willie, Ares, and Vertumnus. Won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster in a canter, beating Barbarina, The Fairy Queen, Miss Fanny colt, Apollonia filly, and Charley Boy.

Won the Claret Stakes at Heaton Park, beating The Fairy Queen with the greatest ease.

1838. Walked over for a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, in the Newmarket Craven Meeting.

Won the Great St. Leger on Tuesday, Sept. 18, going at his rate, beating Ion and five others.

On Thursday, Sept. 20, he carried off the Gascoigne Stakes without a struggle, no competitor coming out to dispute the prize.

The same day he won the Doncaster Cup in his usual style, beating Bee's-wing, The Doctor, and Melbourne.

On Wednesday, in the following week, Don John walked over for the Heaton Park St. Leger.

1839. On Friday, April 5, he ran second to Grey Momus for the Port Stakes, "the heavy state of the ground, as well as being not up to the mark, telling against the Leger winner."

On Tuesday, April 16, he won a Sweepstakes of ten subs. at 300 sovs. each, over the Beacon Course, beating Alemdar, Morella. and Caroline Elvina.

After the manner of Amato carrying off the Derby, Don John won all his races to the close of the campaign last season, never having encountered a worthy competitor, and therefore his speed remains unascertained. Because Grey Momus caught him amiss this Spring and beat him, is no evidence of his want of either the speed or stoutness which distinguished him in his two or three-year-old form. Had Harkaway come out for the Doncaster Cup last season, as he ought to have done, a severe struggle would in all probability have

occurred between him and Don John. Harkaway is one of the best horses that ever appeared on the turf; he possesses superior speed and superior power also, as is incontestibly proved by his various performances; but after what has occurred—after the disgraceful trickery which has characterized his proceedings in England, not the least dependence can be placed on the party who direct his movements. Amato and Don John, beat the same style of nags (I on the best of them) in the same manner; the present season we hope will bring these two superior racers together, and if Harkaway was certain to go in the same race, it would be worth making a trip across the Atlantic to see it.

An extended notice of Don John in "The Sportsman"* is accompanied by the following remarks:—

"Notwithstanding the number of persons who obtain a livelihood by dealing in horses, of grooms and stable-keepers, whose active attention is daily devoted to these highly interesting animals, as well as myriads of professed amateurs, very few real judges of them are to be met with: those who make it their business to purchase "machiners," acquire the tact of selecting suitable objects with that sort of skill and discrimination which gives them confidence, and they offer a price according to the length of time they conceive the creatures capable of continuing to work; and indeed so nicely is this business managed, so well the descending gradations understood, that even a glandered horse will sell for a trifle—having still "a month's work left in him."

"Remarks somewhat similar are applicable to those who trade in nag horses, hunters, and all the superior equine varieties; these persons, after having ascertained the quality of a nag, and perceived that he possesses superior speed, for instance, will then point out the cause of this superiority very knowingly; but place a strange horse before them, and we are doubtful if an individual amongst them could describe the genuine principles of power and speed, of progressive motion, and decisively state that the individual must necessarily be fleet or otherwise, according to his conformation. Mr. Reid Denham, who pursued the avocation of horse-dealing for many years, who was highly respected by "the magnates of the land," and who, we believe, now enjoys (near Chesterfield, Derbyshire) the fruits of his long-continued and successful exertions, is one of the quickest and best judges of a horse who ever fell under our observation: shrewd, cunning, and somewhat eccentric, his decisions were rapid and absolute, but reasoning was out of the question. Yet, if a judgment respecting the qualities of a horse can be formed on systematic principles (of which we feel an unqualified conviction) a person understanding these principles will be able to give a definite opinion at first sight, supported by satisfactory and even incontestible reasoning. Thus if Grey Momus be placed before a competent judge, the latter would immediately perceive that he possesses more strength than activity; he would perceive that his quarters were well set-in, well let down, and muscular; and consequently as far as the propelling power, or the leverage of progressive motion is concerned, Grey Momus is unobjectionable—superior, indeed, to the generality of his racing fra-

* A monthly sporting magazine published in London, and edited by Mr. T. B. JOHNSON, author of "The Sportsman's Dictionary," who is also the editor of the sporting department of a weekly London journal called "The Era."

ternity ; but, unfortunately for this honest running nag, when the accomplished judge's eye falls upon his shoulders, he instantly perceives they are overloaded, and must act as a counterpoise to the operations of his quarters ; Grey Momus's shoulders are too heavy ; consequently, when galloping, the quarters have to carry or force forward additional weight every stride, thus effectually preventing that degree of speed otherwise derivable from his great posterior power.

"The principles of power and speed in the horse are presented with some degree of variation, but nothing can be more ridiculous than the inconsiderate observation that "horses go in all forms ;" Camel and Mameluke were both superior racers in their day ; they possessed a similar degree of speed, were equally well formed forward, but presented a considerable variation behind : the quarters of Mameluke are well set in and widely spread, but the lateral muscular development immediately above the hock is defective, as are his gaskins also. The quarters of Camel are not well set in, while his gaskins are superior to those of any other nag we ever saw, accompanied by a remarkably well-defined and powerful lateral muscular development."

In a previous paragraph we alluded to the peculiar conformation of Don John's hind legs, as compared with Boston's, or with those of Black Maria or John Bascombe ; he varies from the generality of stout and speedy racers both in this country and England, in the length from his hock to the ground, which in him is greater than usual—a form regarded as inimical to speed, but inconsiderately so, beyond all question. The fleetest, the most powerful, and probably far the best racer the world ever saw, was long from the hock to the ground ; we allude, of course, to English Eclipse, whose rate of going was never accurately ascertained, for he could not only beat, but with the greatest ease, distance all his competitors ; yet he was never touched with either whip or spur, but held in hand in all his races. A great many instances among the best racers that have figured on the American Turf within the last thirty years, might be cited in favor of our theory. Further, if we leave example out of the question, and resort to comparison for an elucidation of the subject, we shall find much in favor of the form in question ; the more forward a horse can bring his hind feet every stride, the greater or more swift must be his progressive motion, and the point at issue is, whether a long or short hind leg is best calculated for the purpose. The hare is the fleetest quadruped in creation, by comparison ; she is long from the hock to the ground, and brings her hind feet more forward every stride than any other four-legged animal : if, therefore, we perceive this formation presented by this extraordinary little creature, it cannot fail to assist her stride, and why not assist that of the horse also ?

The quarters of Don John are widely spread and very powerful, with sufficient laxity of loin to give freedom in the action of the gallop ; round carcase, brisket deep and low dropping, shoulders well formed, neck light, head handsome, and manifesting in an unusual degree the characteristics of the Eastern original, arm long and powerful, pastern longer than usual, but wiry. Hence Don John must necessarily possess superior speed, and superior powers of endurance—abundantly testified by his performances.

The editor of the "Sportsman" in the course of his article remarks to the following effect. He says "rather more than twelve months have elapsed since we listened, on Newmarket Heath, to some very extraordinary notions respecting the cause of speed, expressed by the owner of a stud, whose nags were then exercising. This gentleman entertained an opinion that speed originated internally: that, in fact, the viscera constituted the organs of celerity, and that no satisfactory judgment of the quality or capability of a horse could be formed from the external appearance of his conformation. It must be admitted, most assuredly, that if the lungs of a horse be diseased, his wind will be affected; and so of the other viscera, if they be disordered or impeded in their operation, the animal must suffer accordingly; but the impetus cannot be derived from the viscera—such doctrine is absurd. The organs of power and speed are presented externally to view; and if the horse be well formed, the lungs, the heart, &c. will not be impeded in their action."

The engraving of Don John in "The Sportsman," represents him with Scott on his back, galloping up to the starting post, which imparts a vigorous spirit to the picture otherwise unattainable; but we still prefer the one given in the "Review" (from which the one in this Magazine is copied,) as quite as much superior to it in point of truth and beauty, as it is better than those given in the other two English Sporting Magazines. The fact of his being painted in such a position, probably suggested the following ideas to the editor in regard to the gallop, which will be read with interest:—

"We have more than once heard the gallop described as a succession of jumps; we have also repeatedly observed this notion maintained in several catchpenny publications, huddled together as a job by low minded designing knaves, for the purpose of extracting money from the pockets of the inconsiderate part of the community; but nothing can be more erroneous: in the action of the gallop, the horse beats one, two, three, four, with his feet as regularly as possible: in the hand gallop, the feet may be heard reaching the ground in succession very distinctly; but, as the animal increases his pace, the feet of course move more rapidly, and render the space between the coming down of each foot less perceptible. In a manner equally ignorant, it has been remarked, that leaping is merely an extension of the gallop: in the act of leaping, the horse's fore legs are both lifted from the ground, when he springs from his hind quarters, and his four feet are off the ground for a certain space; therefore, the leap cannot be an extension of the gallop.

"Nature acts by laws equally wise and equally wonderful, and hence we find the organization of the incalculable varieties of creation adapted to their wants and their habits of life; if therefore we look at the horse in a state of unlimited freedom, existing in the plains where he can find pasturage, and offering no violence to any other animal, swiftness has been given him for the purpose of outstripping his enemies, and particularly to enable him to avoid the attack of ferocious animals, while leaping to any great height or distance was not necessary; the progressive motion of the horse is more fleet than that of any other animal; but leaping is not his forte; he is rarely able to leap his own height; while feline animals can bound many

times their own height, as exemplified in the domestic cat; such creatures, be it recollected, seize their prey by springing upon it, and therefore nature has kindly endowed them with the power for that purpose: however, if they thus excel the horse in leaping, they are far inferior to him in progressive speed, clearly indicated in their conformation, while the shape of their hinder parts shows whence they derive their surprising spring; their quarters are very widely spread, much elongated, tapering to the hock, whence to the ground they are short; they are thus enabled to draw their hinder parts under their body, and spring to a very great distance or to a very great height. It would therefore appear, that short hind legs (from the hock to the ground) are better calculated for leaping, than conducive to progressive speed, all of them remarkable for the extent of the bound or spring, while their progressive speed is of a very inferior description; their gallop, unlike that of the horse, consists of a succession of bounds, distressing to the animal, and by which it very soon becomes fatigued.

“If we recur to the greyhound, we shall perceive that he is short from the hock to the ground, as we have already noticed; he is fleet, but his leaping is more extraordinary than his speed; he can bound to a very considerable distance, and leap several times his own height. The hare, on the contrary, whose formation of the part in question is the reverse of that of the greyhound, is immeasurably fleetier than the latter, (being not more than a sixth of his weight) but makes a poor figure in leaping. May it not, therefore, be reasonably concluded that short hind legs are intended to assist the impetus in leaping, rather than accelerate progressive motion? If these conjectures be correct, and the preceding analagous observations point strongly to their accuracy, it consequently results that the length of Don John’s hind legs must be considered rather as a perfection, than as detrimental to speed.”

Lord Chesterfield, the owner of Don John, is widely known as a most generous supporter of the Turf; but notwithstanding the unsparing expense which has characterised his Lordship’s proceedings, he has been unfortunate up to the season of 1838. His Priam filly Industry carried off The Oaks last year, and Don John the St. Leger—two stakes second in importance to The Derby only. We therefore cherish the hope that his turn has at length arrived. It is a little singular that Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who carried off The Derby of 1838 with Amato, an untried horse, had scarcely won a race for years! There is a gentleman of New Jersey who has been breeding from the best stock and training for several years—until last season without the least success. The first race he won was a sweepstakes that netted him over \$4000, and this spring he has won another with a colt also bred by himself, of nearly the same amount. “There is a tide in the affairs of men,” etc. We have heard with peculiar gratification that Lord Chesterfield has not only expressed a warm desire to visit this country and bring over his stable, but that he is anxious the “National Match between England and America” should be made up. He took a lively interest in the matter when suggested, and his influence and best wishes are secured in favor of its consummation.

SAND EATING BY HORSES.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, May 25, 1839.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me through the pages of your highly interesting and valuable, and (I must add) improved work, viz., the “Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,” to submit to yourself and your correspondents a query or two relative to the Horse.

1st Why is it that many horses eat sand, and some with as much avidity as they do their grain?

2nd. And what mode, or means, or treatment, would you suggest as a preventive or cure for this disagreeable and noxious habit?

It will not be a satisfactory reply to say that *salt* is not administered in a sufficient quantity, for I have myself supplied several horses which I have in my possession with the greatest abundance of it. In fact, I have kept both the rock and grain salt in their boxes *at all times*.

I have supposed that it arose from a vitiated state of the stomach, or the digestive organs. I have heard from some of the initiated in the veterinary art, that horses were, like ourselves, subject to heartburn, and that sand relieved them; but I am disposed to attribute this vitiated appetite to an absence of the requisite irritation of the proper organs for a wholesome digestion of their food. You know that the work upon Farriery, put forth by the “Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge” across the water, maintains that bots are necessary to the healthy existence of the horse, on the same account—viz, the healthy preservation of the digestive functions by the irritation which they produce upon the insensible coating of the stomach. Now for an individual case in my own stable at this moment. I have a fine young horse, which never rolls, unless he gratifies his *bad* taste with a mouthful of sand at the same time. I believe, in fact know, that he has been affected with ascarides or small white worm, which *may possibly* be the cause of the habit of which I am making my inquiries—but I think not.

I have supposed that lime *might* cause him to relinquish his habit, from the fact, that whenever placed near a wall or tree which is white-washed, he becomes actually ravenous and completely scales all the whitewash from the same which is within his reach. Yet he eats heartily, and else, appears to be in health with the exception of a cough, which he has had for months, varying in its severity from time to time.

With these data, Mr. Editor, although crudely and hurriedly thrown together, I hope you or some of your contributors will throw some satisfactory light upon the points submitted. I will only add that I have given lumps of *chalk*, which he devoured rapidly; but I did not continue giving it, apprehending inconvenience from its astringency.

With wishes of a heavy patronage for your labors,

I am yours, respectfully,

INQUIRER.

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

1838.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., BERTRAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 23, 1838.—Purse \$300, ent. \$10; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying a feather —3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. Vance Johnston's ch. c. <i>Authentic</i> , by Imp. Leviathan,—Timoura by Timoleon, 4 y.	2	1	1
J. J. Harrison's b. c. <i>Southerner</i> , by Mucklejohn, out of American Citizen's dam, 4 yrs.	4	2	2
Gen. Thos. B. Scott's ch. f. <i>Big Nancy</i> , by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 2 yrs.	3	3	3
Jas. H. Bradfute's b. c. <i>Quietus</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs.	1	dist.	
J. M. Vance's b. g. <i>Emerald</i> , by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy, aged.	5	dr	
Wm. A. Cary's b. f. <i>Betsey Jones</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.		dist.	
Dr. W. A. Leland's ch. c. <i>Red Bill</i> , by Bertrand, out of the Duchess of Marlboro', 4 yrs.		dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:53—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 24—Purse \$500, ent. \$20; conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. m. <i>Hortense</i> , by Pacific—Bett Bossley by Little Wonder, 5 yrs.	1	1	
Jas. H. Bradfute's br. c. <i>Melzare</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.	2	2	
J. J. Harrison's b. f. <i>Ione</i> , by John Richards, out of Lady Morgan's dam, 4 yrs.	6	3	
J. M. Vance's ch. m. <i>Jane Lamar</i> , by Reynold's Contention, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.	3	dist.	
W. R. Peyton's ch. f. by Rattler, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	4	dist.	
Cornelius Robinson's ch. c. <i>Linwood</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.	5	dist.	

Time, 3:54—3:52.

THURSDAY, Jan. 25—Purse \$700, ent. \$30, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. f. <i>Zelina</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.	1	1	
Col. Vance Johnson's b. h. <i>Paul Jones</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.	4	2	
J. J. Harrison's gr. h. <i>Turnbull</i> , by Phenomenon, dam by Andrew, 5 yrs.	2	3	
J. H. Bradfute's br. c. <i>Melzare</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	3	4	
C. Robinson's b. c. <i>Aleber</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs.	5	5	

Time, 5:53—5:48.

FRIDAY, Jan. 26—Purse \$1000, ent. \$40, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. H. Bradfute's b. f. <i>Mary Wynn</i> , by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	1	1	
Taylor & Johnson's imp. br. f. <i>Maria Black</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 3 yrs.	2	2	
J. J. Harrison's gr. c. <i>Kite</i> , by Bullock's Mucklejohn—Eliza Splotch by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.		dist.	

Time, 8:12—8:24. Run during a rain storm. Track very heavy.

PORT GIBSON, Miss., CLAIBORNE COUNTY COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31, 1838—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats.

L. F. Norris' ch. f. <i>Sally Harrison</i> , by Frank—Eliza Wharton by Blackburn's Whip, 4 y	2	1	1
David Kenly's b. c. <i>Rockett</i> , by Rockett, dam omitted, 4 yrs.	3	3	2
William Pryor's ch. c. <i>Bob Long</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs.	4	2	dist.
Joseph Nicoll's b. f. <i>Rosalba</i> , pedigree omitted, 3 yrs.	1	4	dist.

Time not given.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

John H. Walker's ch. m. <i>Mary Jones</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	1	1	
Col. A. L. Bingham's imp. ch. f. <i>Matilda</i> , by Merchant—Mandolina by Cervantes, 3 yrs.	2	dr	
T. B. Magruder's b. c. <i>Blacklock</i> , by Lance, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.		dist.	

Time, 3:49.

FRIDAY, Nov. 2—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. m. <i>Angora</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Patty Puff by Pacolet, 6 yrs.	1		
H. Johnson's gr. h. <i>John Anderson</i> , by Pacific, dam by Florizel.		dr	

SATURDAY, Nov. 3—Proprietor's Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

William Pryor's ch. c. <i>Bob Long</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	1	1	1
L. F. Norris' <i>Ellen Breckenridge</i> , by Trumpeter—Love's grey mare by Robin Grey.	4	2	2
John Grissom's ch. h. <i>Hallelujah</i> , by Sir Charles, dam unknown, aged.	2	3	dist.
T. B. Magruder's <i>Sugar Lips</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles.	3	dist.	

Time, 1:51—1:56—1:53.

NECKLEBURG, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 2, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

William McCargo's (P. N. Edgar's) b. f. <i>Elpinice</i> , by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Virginian.	1		
James Williamson's gr. f. by Escape, dam by Director.		dist.	
David McDaniel's br. f. by Jackson, dam by Virginian.		dist.	

Time not kept.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. <i>Jane Hilliard</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.	3	1	1
John C. Claibourn's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs.	1	3	2
James Williamson's gr. f. <i>Wild Flower</i> , by Escape, dam by Director, 3 yrs.	2	4	3
David McDaniel's b. h. <i>Pioneer</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs.	5	2	dr
Williamson & Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Mercury, out of Chockaluck, aged.	4	5	dr

Time, 4:11—4:11—4:14.

THURSDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 James Williamson's ch. f. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough—Mary Wasphy Don Quixotte, 4 y. 1 f
 David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins—Betsey Laker by Sir Charles, 4 y. 4 2
 William McCargo's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 4 yrs. 2 3
 John C. Claibourn's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs. 3 4
 Time, 6:14—6:34.

FRIDAY, Oct. 5—Handicap Purse \$100, for all ages, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 G. Williamson & J. M. P. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, pedigree above, aged, 115lbs. 1 1 1
 James Williamson's b. c. *John Kennedy*, by Imp. Fyde—Polly Kennedy by Napoleon, 3 y. 3 2 2
 John C. Claibourn's b. f. by Mons. Tonsen, 4 yrs. 2 4 3
 David McDaniel's b. c. *Ed*, by Mons. Tonsen, dam by Columbus, 4 yrs. 4 3 4
 Time not given.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$25 each. Mile heats.
 William McCargo's b. f. by Imp. Hodgeford. 1 1
 David McDaniel's br. f. by Jackson, dam by Sir Charles. 3 2
 James Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Fyde, dam by Ragland's Diomed. 2 3
 Time not given. GEO. M. BRANCH, Sec'y.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

THURSDAY, May 3, 1838—Match, \$1000 a side, Three mile heats.
 D. F. Cooper's gr. h. *Bule Summer*, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archy, 5 yrs. 103lbs. 1 1
 Frost & Edgar's ch. h. *Laplander*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, 8 yrs. 120lbs. 2 2
 Time, 6:10—6:15.

FRIDAY, May 4—Match, \$1000 a side, Two mile heats.
 John Frost's ch. h. *Franklin*, own brother to Laplander, 6 yrs. 114lbs. 1 1
 D. F. Cooper's ch. h. *Tartar*, by Arab, dam by Conqueror, 7 yrs. 120lbs. 2 dist.
 Time, 4:07—4:00.

SATURDAY, May 5—Citizens' Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 75lbs.—4, 90—5, 103—6, 114—and aged 120lbs., allowing 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.
 John Frost's gr. m. *Jane Yatenam*, by Johnson's Medley, dam by Sir Solomon, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Maj. Thomas Stephenson's b. m. by Bertrand, dam by Ganymede, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 4:08—4:10. D. KIMBAL, Sec'y.

MOUNT PLEASANT, TENNESSEE.

WEDNESDAY, May 9, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.
 F. Zollicoffer's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy. walked over.
 Thomas Hent's ch. f. by Constitution, dam by Stockholder. paid forfeit.
 N. G. Murphy's b. f. by Desaix, dam by Gallatin. " "
 N. F. Smith's ch. f. by Scroggins, out of Reel Foot. " "
 H. B. Porter's ch. f. by Carroll, dam by Roanoke. " "
 William Thomas' b. c. by Scroggins, out of Anne Boleyn. " "
 Nimrod Porter's ch. c. by Sir William, dam by Roanoke. " "

THURSDAY, May 10—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.
 H. Smith's gr. f. *Betsy Boston*, by Stockholder, dam by Eagle. 2 1 1
 L. J. Polk's b. c. *Stockton*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison. 1 2 2
 L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. by Merlin, dam by Pacolet. 3 dist.
 James Kirkman's imp. ch. f. by Aaron, dam by Schamler. pd. ft.
 Time, 1:59—1:54—2:01.

FRIDAY, May 11—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$100 each P. P. Mile heats.
 Wilkinson Barnes' ch. c. by Scroggins, dam by Conqueror. 4 1 1
 H. Smith's b. c. by Jefferson, dam by Stockholder. 3 4 2
 Thomas M. Williams' b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy. 1 2 dist.
 L. J. Polk's b. f. by Scroggins, dam by Arab. 2 3 dr
 L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. by Merlin, dam by Sir Archy. pd ft.
 Time, 1:56—1:58—2:00.

SATURDAY, May 12—Proprietor's Purse \$150, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 Lucius J. Polk's b. c. *Stockton*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 1 1
 W. H. Boddie's b. f. *Wild Irish Girl*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Tonsen, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 1:58—1:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side, One mile.
 Dr. Robard's (R. K. Polk's) gr. g. —, 5 yrs. 110lbs. 1
 S. Nowell's ch. g. —, 6 yrs. 118lbs. 2
 Time, 1:56.

TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Dec. 4, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 121lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 Smith & Hent's ch. c. *Tishomingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 1 1
 J. C. Gabness' ch. c. *Oliver Twist*, by Sir Charles, out of Prince George's dam, 0 yrs. 2 2
 J. J. Burton's (Col. Comis') b. f. *Talladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs. 3
 Time, 4:37—4:40.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Smith & Head's bl. f. *Sally Metcalf*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 1
 Dr. W. A. Leland's b. f. *Lady Margaret*, by Stockholder, dam by Dion, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 6:56.

THURSDAY, Dec. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Col. John Long's gr. m. *Merrin Eve*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs. 3 1 1
 Smith & Head's b. f. *Frances Purcell*, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs. 1 2 2
 Dr. W. A. Leland's b. h. *Bay Bull*, by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs. 2 3 3
 Time, 9:13—9:54—10:04.

FRIDAY, Dec. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Col. John Long's ch. f. *Miss Meadows*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 2 1 1
 J. C. Cabiness' ch. c. *Oliver Twist*, pedigree above, — y. s. 1 2 2
 Smith & Head's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. L. viat. n. dam by Imp. Boaster, 3 y. both.
 Time, 2:11—2:10—2:14—2:16.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA, CAMDEN COURSE, N. J.

TUESDAY, May 22, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.
 Walter Livingston's b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jeannina by Rattler. *Abram*. 1 2 1
 Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *John Linton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy. 2 1 2
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Mous. Tounson, out of Sampson's Sir Charles mare. 3 3 3
 Wm. Gibbons' b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Silly Slouch by Virgman. dist.
 Time, 1:50—1:50—1:51.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match. \$1000 a side, 11 lbs. on each, Four mile heats.
 Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Berger*, by Mr. Hey—Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 1 1
 D. Tom's (Mr. McClellan's) ch. h. *Bloody Nothing*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by Duroc, 5 y. 2 2
 Time, 7:58—8:10.

WEDNESDAY, May 23—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs.—4, 101—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; m's and g's allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branca's) b. f. *Jane Rowlet*, by Nullifier, out of Jeannina by Rattler, 4 yrs. 1 1
 James B. Kendall's (Edward Pendleton's) br. f. *Louisa Lee*, by Medley, out of Brunette by Telegraph, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 4:21—4:23. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 James H. Hellings' ch. c. *Chester*, by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Samuel Lard's ca. f. *Ann Calender*, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Gracchus, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 2:01—2:07. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, May 24—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 1
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. m. *Atalanta*, by Indusury—Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 6 yrs. dist.
 Time, 7:14. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 James B. Kendall's b. m. *Medora*, by John Richards, dam by Valentine, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Joseph H. Hellings' ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Robinson by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 2:02—2:04.

FRIDAY, May 25—Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Col. W. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Bail's Florizel, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Samuel M. Neill's ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, the dam of Tarquin and Suffolk, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 8:36—8:41.

MADISON, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27, 1838—Association Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 12lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings Two mile heats.
 James Dunn's b. c. *Collier Jr.*, by Collier, dam by Whip, 4 yrs. 1 1
 James Lindsay's b. f. *West Florida*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 4:04—4:00.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Association Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 James Dunn's b. f. *Mary Burnham*, by Archy Montoro, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 1 1
 John W. Kennedy's ch. f. *Susan Wallace*, by Collier, dam by Comet, 4 yrs. 2 2
 James Lindsay's ch. c. *Hunchback*, by Clodhopper, dam by Madison, 4 yrs. 3 dist
 Lowery & Boyce's b. f. *Huntress*, by Hancock's Hamiltonian, dam by Old Court, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 1:59—1:56. Mary Burnham carried 5lbs. over weight.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Thomas B. Warfield's ch. h. *Medalion*, by Bertrand, out of Sophia Wynn by Blackburn's Whip, 6 yrs. 2 1 1
 James Lindsay's b. f. *Josephine*, by Bertrand, dam by Darneby's Diomed, 4 yrs. 1 2 2
 Lowery & Boyce's ro. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Paeolet, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time not given. JAMES C. CALDWELL, Sec'y

PHILADELPHIA, PA., HUNTING PARK COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25, 1838—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Joseph H. Hellings' ch. c. *Chester*, by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... *Phil.* 2 1 1 1
 Barnes B. Smock's ch. f. *Mary Otterson*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Lady Pilot, 3 y. 1 2 2 2
 Thos. Calvert's b. f. *Fanny Eclipse*, by Eclipse Jr., dam by John Richards, 3 yrs... 3 3 3 dr
 John Porter's gr. g. *Trouble*, by Medley, dam unknown, 5 yrs..... 4 dr
 Time, 1:56—2:00—2:01—2:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Three subs. at \$100 each, with \$100 added. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Elliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge... *Abram.* 1 1
 James B. Kendall's ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancy by Alfred..... 2 2
 B. B. Smock's br. g. by Stranger, dam by John Richards..... 3 3
 Time, 1:56—1:52.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

D. Abbott's gr. h. *Manalopan*, by Medley, out of Betsey Richards by John Richards, 5 yrs..... *John Haggerty.* 1 1
 James B. Kendall's br. f. *Louisa Lee*, by Medley, out of Brunette by Telegraph, 4 yrs.... 2 2
 Time, 3:50—4:00. Track heavy, and raining.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. h. *Champagne*, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs..... *John Haggerty.* 4 1 1
 Dr. Coryell's ch. c. *Shepherd*, by Dashall, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs..... 1 3 3
 Joseph Hellings' ch. h. *Bloody Nathan*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by Duroc, 5 yrs..... 3 2 2
 B. B. Smock's ch. h. *Oliver*, by May-Day, dam by John Richards, aged..... 2 4 dr
 Time, 6:01—5:57—6:00. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

James B. Kendall's br. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam by Hickory, 4 yrs..... *Dick Kendall.* 1 1 1
 Dr. Coryell's ch. c. *Shepherd*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Joseph Hellings' ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough—Mary Robinson by Sir Archy, 4 y 3 3 3
 Time, 1:57—1:56—1:57. The weather stormy and the track heavy.

JAMES BROWN.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., BEECHLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 18, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Arthur Fox's ch. g. *Copperas*, by Moccasin, dam by Cedar, aged..... 2 1 1 1
 John G. Harley's b. f. *Nancy Dawson*, by Weehawk, dam by Rockingham, 4 yrs.... 1 2 2 2
 Stephen Morgan's b. c. *Spallanzani*, by Spallanzani, dam by Cherokee, 2 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 2:10—2:34—2:37—2:23.

Spallanzani threw his rider at the first quarter of the first heat.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 19—For a splendid Service of Plate, value \$400, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Stephen Morgan's imp. b. c. *Yorkshire*, by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 R. T. Blanchard's b. m. *Lucy*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Davis's Hamiltonian, 5 yrs.... 2 dr
 Time, 4:34.

THURSDAY, Sept. 20—J. C. Purse \$500, ent. \$50, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Stephen Morgan's b. c. *Yorkshire*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Thomas J. Robinson's ch. f. *Miss Leisurely*, by Cherokee, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.
 Time, 6:50.

FRIDAY, Sept. 21—J. C. Purse \$800, ent. \$80, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Thos. J. Robinson's b. h. *Jim Allen*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Hancock's Hamiltonian, 4 y 1 1
 Stephen Morgan's b. c. *Yorkshire*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 9:03.

FLORENCE, ALABAMA.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28, 1838—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Mons. Tonson—Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 5 yrs... 2 1 1
 Davis & Ragland's ch. m. *Piony*, by Count Badger—Pocalontas by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs... 1 2 2
 Time, 6:16—6:30—6:36.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29—Purse \$—, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

James H. Moore's ch. h. *Sportsman*, by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs..... 2 1 1
 William H. Gee's b. g. *Van Buren*, by Wild Bill, 4 yrs..... 3 2 2
 L. P. Cheatham's b. f. *Julia Hayes*, by Imp. Fyde, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 1 3 dr
 Time not given.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30—Purse \$—, conditions as before, Mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. m. *Victoria*, by Eclipse—Catherine Warren by Virginian, 5 yrs... 2 1 1
 J. H. Moore's ch. f. *Belle of Winchester*, by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... 3 3 2
 Davis & Ragland's b. f. *Salutarus*, by Count Badger—Pocalontas by Sir Archy, 0 yrs. 1 2 dis
 Time not given.

EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR BY AN OLD READER.

The following letter was received sometime since, but having been mislaid we have not had an opportunity hitherto of laying it before our readers. It was addressed to our predecessor, not to the present Editor of the "Register," and little did the writer imagine, probably, when penning his letter, that it would ever fall into our hands. We trust that the promises held out in the Notice accompanying the Index have been fulfilled in such a degree that the work may still command the good opinion of our correspondent; and we need hardly add that we should be happy to number him among its regular contributors, albeit he lends the "Spirit of the Times" one of Quentin Durward's "good Scotch knocks." By the way, "talking of guns," the idea of not being able to find a pedigree, or race, or what not, in the "Spirit," *because of its form*, strikes us as rather the oddest thing we have heard of since that case of "absence of mind" in which a poor nervous devil imagined himself a tea-pot, set down upon the grate and presently began to sing—or the one in which a man mistook a wet towel for a late newspaper, and never discovered the difference until he attempted to tear off a corner to light a cigar! If the readers of the "Spirit" would sew the numbers together, or have the volume bound at the end of the year, they would have no trouble, with the assistance of the copious Index given annually, in finding any *sporting* matter contained in it. The leaves should be carefully cut as soon as it is received, and secured with a pin or a needle and thread, and there would then be no necessity for turning over and twisting the leaves about. However, we shall not seek to controvert our correspondent's opinion, but are glad that while we have "some half dozen or more subscribers" to the weekly journal in his place of residence, we have one advocate of the Magazine as staunch as himself.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, April 5th, 1839.

DEAR SIR—I have this day received the Index to the 9th volume of the "American Turf Register," together with your address to your patrons, to which corps I think I may justly claim to belong.

Although not a turfman, nor yet a breeder, still, I have been a regular subscriber to this work for nine years, and no one among them, I am sure, feels a more lively interest in its future prosperity than I do. I am truly, heartily gratified to learn that this useful work, this work of incalculable value, is to be continued, and that the 10th volume has been commenced under auspices so favorable to the great objects contemplated in its commencement.

I have ever regarded it as being by far the best and most valuable work of the kind ever published in this country, the opinions of all the advocates of the "Spirit" to the contrary notwithstanding. I do not mean by this, to find fault with the articles or matter contained in other works of the kind, nor the ability with which their Editorial departments are filled, but I do mean to say and maintain, that as a *useful register and reference book*, it has no equal in this country to my knowledge.

The "Spirit of the Times," though edited with great ability and conducted with a spirit and liberality worthy of the age in which we live, *will not do for a reference book*. Experience satisfies me of this fact. There are perhaps a half dozen or more subscribers to it in this place, who I believe have taken it for three or four years, and some probably from its commencement; yet if the pedigree of any horse in the country is called for, or the particulars of any interesting race are wanted, my book-case is almost invariably resorted to—not because the same information is not contained in the "Spirit," *but because it cannot be found*. Works in the common newspaper form are

rarely, if ever, filed and bound into books, for the obvious reason that they make a volume too unwieldy and altogether unfitted for the library, while pamphlets are always, by careful hands, preserved for their usefulness and convenience, and at the same time to fill and adorn the library.

Be assured, sir, that it requires but an effort to replace this valuable work upon that high and elevated ground which it once so conspicuously occupied. If it shall be conducted in the manner promised in your address, I for one, promise and assure you, that it will never want for patronage—the times themselves forbid it.

Missouri is still somewhat in the back ground with regard to the Turf, and also in some other respects, yet we flatter ourselves that the day is not distant when we shall be able to place ourselves alongside of the best of our sister States. We have a climate surpassed by none in the world for stock raising—a soil as rich, luxuriant and productive as the heart of man could desire. If we but do our duty, we must prosper.

But I have run away with this matter—my business was to inform you of the great match which has lately been concluded between Col. T. W. PATTEN's *Franklin*, by Flagellator, and Mr. D. F. COOPER's *Duke Sumner*, by Pacific, four mile heats, for \$2000 a side, \$1500 forfeit, to come off over the Fayette Course on the 29th day of May. Franklin is seven, the Duke six years old, and by the rules of our Club (which are bad enough in all conscience) will carry 114 and 120lbs. The friends of both horses are in fine spirits, and all hands anticipate fine sport. No doubt many "*Spanish castings*," and perhaps a good share of the "*mint drops*," will change owners on this occasion.

The result of this race will be communicated as soon as it is terminated, as well as all other matters of interest in this region. If there is any thing above worthy of a place in the "*Register*," it is at your service, *without the name* of your very obedient humble servant,

C. F. J.

P. S.—I enclose five dollars for my subscription to the 10th volume.

C. F. J.

Quere by the Editor—Is not the above a model for a postscript ?

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AMERICAN SPORTING GALLERY.

A Portrait of *Wagner*, painted in New Orleans, by TROYE, and one of *Monarch*, painted in South Carolina, by DEVEAUX, for Col. HAMPTON, expressly for this paper, are on their way to this city, to be engraved in the most expensive and superb style. The most eminent artists in town are now engaged on Portraits of Imported *Leviathan* and *Shark*, from paintings by Troye, the first having been painted for JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Alabama, and the latter for Capt. STOCKTON, of New Jersey. Troye is now engaged in Kentucky upon a portrait of *Mingo*, for Gen. IRVINE, of Philadelphia, which will be engraved in the same style of art as those of *Black Maria* and *John Bascombe*, which have already been published. The series will form an AMERICAN SPORTING GALLERY, worth of itself more than the price of subscription to the "*Spirit of the Times*." Not one of the series will cost us as little as FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, while three of them will cost nearly double that sum.

[From the "*Spirit of the Times*" of June 15.]

Notes of the Month.

JULY.

THE DERBY.—The arrival of the British steam ship *Great Western* puts the editor in possession of “newspaper reports” of the Epsom and several other important Meetings, from which we make but a single extract or two, preferring to wait for the official reports as given in “Bell’s Life in London” and the Sporting Magazines.

For the Derby Stakes of 1839 there were 143 subscribers at 50 sovs. each, h. ft. Twenty-one started, but three only were placed, as follows :—

W. Ridsdale’s c. <i>Bloomsbury</i> , by Mulatto, out of St. Giles’ dam.....	1
Fulwar Craven’s b. f. <i>Deception</i> , by Defence, out of Lady Stumps.....	2
Mr. Thornhill’s c. <i>Euclid</i> , by Emilius, out of Maria.....	3

The betting was 30 to 1 vs. the winner, who had never started ; the value of the stakes was £3,550, or about \$17,000. The owner of *Deception* has objected to the stakes being paid over to Mr. Ridsdale, on the ground that *Bloomsbury* is “by Tramp or Mulatto,” as stated in the Stud Book, and not by Mulatto alone, as given in the Calendar. The decision of the Club, whatever it may be, will not affect the bets.

The race for The Oaks (for fillies exclusively) came off on the day before the *Great Western* sailed, and we have no authentic report of the result, though we have been informed by a passenger that a rumor that *Deception* had won was current at Bristol ; this fine filly was the first favorite for The Oaks, 11 to 10 being the odds against her ; it was supposed that twelve would start.

Harkaway started for the Chester Trades Cup, but was beaten by Cardinal Puff (whom he had previously beaten), but came out on the following day for the “Late Stand Cup,” and won it cleverly. The day after, he was plated for the “Stand Cup,” his jockey was weighed, and he was brought to the post, but it was evident from circumstances that subsequently transpired, that Ferguson, his owner, had no intention of starting him, and it has been proposed that he be “ruled off” every course in the Kingdom.

NAMES CLAIMED.—The name of *Olympius* is claimed by Mr. Jas. Long, of Washington City, for his ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla Junior. Also, that of *Cassandra* for a yearling br. f. by Imp. Priam, out of the same mare.

That of *Great Western* by the Hon. Balie Peyton, of New Orleans, for his br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria. That of *Hector* was claimed near two years since by the same gentleman, for his colt by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Shepherd.

That of *Herald* by Col. W. Hampton, of Columbia, S. C., for his ch. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Imp. Delphine. The last three and the first, are nominated in the “Peyton Stake” at Nashville, Tenn.

BLOOD SALES.—Mr. N. Rives, of Richmond, Va., has sold *Boston*, the celebrated crack, to Mr. James Long, of Washington City, for \$12,500—about three quarters of his value.

Mr. Joseph N. Burch, of Piscataway, Md., has sold his b. c. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro' by Rob Roy, 4 yrs., to Mr. Edward H. Pendleton, of Baltimore, for \$2300.

Mr. J. J. Holmes, of Monmouth Co., N. J., has sold his b. c. *Fifer*, (own brother to Mr. Van Mater's *Hornblower*), by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 3 yrs., to Mr. Floyd P. Gerow, of Augusta, Ga., for \$500. Mr. J. Longstreet, of Middletown, N. J., has sold to the same gentleman a ch. f., own sister to *Clarion*, by the same horse, out of an Oscar mare. They will be trained in South Carolina this season.

Walter Livingston, Esq., of Richmond, Staten Island, has sold one half of his interest in his b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler, 4 yrs., to Mr. Otway P. Hare, of Petersburg, Va., for \$4000. The colt was sold a few weeks previous to his engagement for \$3000, to which \$1000 was to be added if he won. Mr. H. took half of the engagement and ran the horse himself: it will be seen by the Racing Calendar that *Job* won the stake, to which there were four subscribers at \$2000 each, P. P., Four mile heats.

RACING ON DITS.—John C. Stevens, Esq., of this city, has placed his fine colt *Fordham* in the stable of Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Va., to be trained for the Fall campaign. Mr. Pendleton has also sent *Wonder* to the same stable. *Boston* will remain there for the present; there is a possibility of his going to New Orleans next winter.

Col. Hampton, of S. C., is about to send *Monarch* on to "the Old Dominion" to be trained for his match with *Portsmouth*; he will probably be accompanied by Stewart, Col. H.'s trainer. It is understood that *Kate Seyton* (not Seaton), belonging to the same gentleman, will return immediately home from Virginia, and the match between her and *Passenger* drawn, in consequence of five heavy engagements upon her in Georgia and Carolina. Both matches were made before an opportunity was afforded of consulting Col. H. relative to their engagements.

Mr. McCargo's stable from Virginia is now in Kentucky, where it will be trained for the Fall Meeting at Louisville; it includes Billy Townes, Missouri, a sister to Duane, and several others. Mr. Campbell's stable, including Wagner, Altorf, Glorvina, and others, from Louisiana, is at Cincinnati, where it will be trained for the Western Campaign.

The fine Leviathan filly *Vashti*, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs., owned by Mr. D. McDaniel, of Raleigh, N. C., unfortunately broke down on the 6th of last month, in the 2d heat of a three mile race over the Union Course. She was distinguished as the winner of a very fine race at four mile heats, beating Steel and Portsmouth in three heats,—winning the 2d in 7:46; it is understood that she will be bred this season to Monmouth Eclipse. Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins, broke down in the same heat, in the same leg, and nearly at the same moment.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

AUGUST, 1839.

Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF MR. STEVENS' JANETTE; *on Steel*, by DICK after TROYE.
 RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND; *on Steel*, by DICK after LANDSEER.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In the July number of the "Register" we expressed the intention of commencing in the present, the re-publication of the ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR, and if the labor was not beyond our strength, to supply the pedigrees of the winners at least. We were induced to make such an intimation, from the fact that we had ordered in England, in addition to our other Sporting publications, a copy of JOHNSON'S "British Turf Register" from its commencement, as well as his Book and Sheet "Racing Calendar," in which are given the pedigrees of the horses on the Turf in a more convenient form for reference than they are to be found in WEATHERBY'S Calendar, which we have. The unexpected detention of the "British Queen" in which they were to be shipped from London, places it out of our power to commence the English Racing Calendar in this number, unless we publish it without the pedigrees, so that we have concluded to defer it until we can make it intrinsically valuable to all our readers.

We are indebted to B. O. T., and T. D. J., the amanuensis of H. E., for several interesting facts relative to *Janette's Memoir*. Can any one supply us with the produce of her dam—her breeder's name, and any other particulars relative to her early history?

"Senex" writes that Secretaries of Clubs should be more careful, and goes on to point out several errors that have occurred in pedigrees. For instance, on page 15 of the Racing Calendar, the Secretary of the Club at Washington gives *Rob Roy* as the sire of Wonder's dam, while the Secretary of the Baltimore Club, on page 16, gives *Rattler*. The first is correct. On page 15, also, Jemima Wilkinson by Rattler, is given as the dam of Tom Walker; it should read Experiment's dam by Rattler. For "Trenton by Monmouth Eclipse," it should read, Trenton by Eclipse Lightfoot. When we are positively certain we of course correct a pedigree that is erroneous. It not unfrequently occurs that different pedigrees of the same horse reach us the same week, from different Secretaries; if we cannot ascertain which is the correct one, what are we to do? We have as much authority for the one as for the other; it has occurred but twice, however, that we have been obliged to publish a pedigree in two different ways. The Secretary of the Washington Club wrote us that Wonder's dam was by Rob Roy, and insisted upon it, while the owner of Wonder was equally sanguine that Rattler was the sire of his dam. It turns out, however, in this case, that the Secretary was correct.

Letters and Communications from the following gentlemen will be attended to in our next:—M. W., of Chester C. H., S. C.—G. W. O., Cecil Co., Md.—J. B. R., of York, Ill.—H. H., of Bainbridge—W. B., of Bardstown, Ky.—T. M. D., of Jasper Co., Ga.

We would like to oblige T. W., of Lexington, Miss., and will publish his article if he should still prefer it, though we cannot think it would serve the cause he advocates. Several friends of his "farther North," have taken up the matter with zeal, and it would look like "running the thing into the ground" to press the matter further. The Racing Calendar of the last campaign "heaps coals of fire on the heads" of —'s detractors, and from present indications the "roasting" will be "ditto repeated" this Fall.

The names of Jim Loudon, Sie Guillett, London Briggs, Bob Walker and Jesse Scott, are bespoken.

J. S. M. R.'s request shall be communicated to the parties.

G. B. C., Esq., of Southampton, shall hear from us through the mail. Is there no way in which he can be induced to become a regular correspondent?

J. A. J., would find a good "market to purchase" Durham cattle in this section of the country. He is referred to page 111, of the Register for 1839.

We hail with the utmost pleasure the re-appearance of "*Panton*" and "*Pendleton*," in the pages of this magazine. There are but five selected articles in the present number, and if the old and favorite correspondents of this work can be brought back to "their first love," in addition to the new ones that have sprung up, we may challenge competition with the most original, useful and elegant sporting periodicals in the world.

Among our new Correspondents "*J. Cypress, Jr.*" stands conspicuous, as the elegant writer of those delightful sketches in the "American Monthly Magazine," under the designation of "FIRE-ISLANDANA," which attracted so much attention in this country and Europe some years since.

Ere this, probably, our correspondent "*Kuvynos*" has set his foot on the shores of Old England—his native home. He carried with him the affectionate remembrances of many a transatlantic friend, which his good sense and manly bearing won for him during a brief sojourn in this country. We anticipate the utmost gratification personally and for our readers, by the continuation of his correspondence.

We are obliged to omit in this number a list of the foals of the present season in the Breeding Studs of WM. WILLIAMS and BENJ. OGLE TAYLOR, Esqrs., and the Addition to the Stock of HENRY A. TAYLOR, Esq., the two pages devoted to the register of Stock being in type before their arrival. A List of Mr. E. H. BOARDMAN'S Stud is also in type.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE DR. T.

JOB, BY ECLIPSE—HIS MATERNAL ANCESTRY, ETC.

THE pedigree of the renowned horse whose name precedes this article, recalls some curious reminiscences and associations. It is of "the first water,"—"sans tache"—from "Castianira, the dam of Sir Archy." She was imported (by the late Col. TAYLOR) almost contemporaneously with Diomed (by the late Col. HOOMES)—the two illustrious progenitors of our American Sir Peter.

Noli-me-tangere, Job's great grandam, out of Castianira, was bred also by the late Col. Taylor, and got by his famous race horse Topgallant, another renowned son of Diomed, that, among other exploits, beat the famous race mares Amanda (Duroc's dam), and Lavinia, winner of the great Stirling Stakes—(see Portsmouth's pedigree). *Noli-me-tangere* was also a first rate race nag. At three years old she beat Dr. Brown's Wonder, six or seven years old, then very distinguished. Subsequently, when owned by Dr. T., she ran a memorable race of four heats, (that she ought to have won had she been judiciously managed), in which she was beat by Mr. Loughborough's Columbia, a renowned daughter of Oscar. Dr. Brown's fleet Gentle Kitty, by Archibald, having severely contested the first and second heats, fell dead during the race, having broke her heart. A Jersey mare, of some fame, was in the race. Run Oct. 1813 or 14.

Topgallant partook very much of the same blood as the invincible Florizel, both sons of Diomed, their dams by Shark, and grandams by Harris's Eclipse, son of Fearnought. Dr. T—— purchased of Col. T., both sire and daughter. The latter, in due season, was sent to the harem of her more than half-brother, Sir Archy. On her return from that visit, the Dr.'s farm being somewhat deficient in pasturage, he persuaded a sporting confederate, who likewise had no small passion for "blood," to take the mare to his neighboring farm, with the understanding that, for her keep and the rearing of her foal, the latter should become their joint property. On producing a filly (Job's grandam) the Dr.'s love for *the* blood became so strong as, in the end, to prove wholly irresistible. He claimed the pre-emption right. His partner, equally attached to an undoubted Sir Archy, of the purest lineage, was not to be tempted by money. Time rolled on, and all efforts at negotiation proved ineffectual. To guard against accident, his shrewd partner, with a ginlet, quietly bored a hole into one of the ears of the filly. His mark did not preserve her for him. Between an evening and a morning she disappeared from his pasture. A horse plated for a race seemed to have been used to aid her escape. Such an one was at that time in Dr. T——'s stable. One of his agents was for two days absent from the city, and it was therefore concluded she was secreted about fifty miles distant. About the same time the Dr. applied to a friend to give pasturage to one of his mares on his plantation, in a secluded nook of country, about that distance from Washington. She had been there but a short time when an application was made to him, by the Dr., to have her cropped

by his overseer, as a previous operation was not wholly satisfactory. This gimlet hole was not, perhaps, effaced. This was objected to, and mainly on the ground that his overseer, an odd genius, too, was no adept in such matters. Presto, "the cropped mare," as she has been since termed, disappeared. She was removed by the direction of her owner. Nothing more was heard of her by the writer, until Jemima, Job's dam, appeared at the post, on the race-course at Washington, in a great sweepstakes. She won, beating Busiris and others, as Mr. Hugh Burwell's entry, the produce of the mare in question, by Sir Archy and Dr. T.'s Rattler. Jemima ran afterwards with indifferent success, and in the splendid race won by Tychicus, on the Central Course, beating Lara, Celeste, Lady Relief, and others, besides herself, she is not remembered to have been nearer than fourth or fifth, in either of the three heats.

Rattler, as a son of Sir Archy, was perhaps too nearly allied to "the cropped mare" to get from her a first rate racer. But her blood has told in the next generation, in the cross that so admirably unites, Eclipse upon Rattler. This is but one of many incidents to show the value of blood, as inherited by Job, and appreciated by Dr. T—— and his sagacious partner. Their estimation of such genuine Sir Archy blood seems not to have been too high. None combine so much of it, from the very fountains, maternal and paternal, as the famous Job. Eclipse, his sire, is grandson of Diomed, the great grandsire to Jemima, both by Rattler, and "the cropped mare." Perhaps no horse in the country has as much of the Diomed and Sir Archy blood as Job. He is the very horse to go to England, as having the best crosses of our American Stock, besides being a first rate race-horse himself, to cross upon the Velocipedes, Whalebones, Sultans, Emiliuses, Filho-da-Putas, Tramps, Cattons, &c. &c. Job's dam has two crosses of our famed Sir Archy, besides being descended from his dam.

Having adverted to the preceding anecdote of the late lamented Dr. T——, as connected with Job's origin, some tribute is due by the writer to the memory of this eccentric and philanthropic man. "*De mortuis n' l nisi bonum.*" If in his love of horses as well as of man a casuist may not exactly square with his ethics, allowance must be made, on account of his ardour, for his imperfect sense of right, and for his oblique manner of doing himself justice, under the belief, perhaps, of the impossibility of his coming by his own in any other way. The Dr. was the keenest of turfites—he loved the sport for itself, not for gain. He never bet, nor engaged in sweepstakes or matches, and yet no sum that he could compass prevented his purchase of "the pure blood." He went entirely for it. No personal fatigue or deprivation presented an obstacle to the gratification of his dominant passion. Yet he was illy provided for its indulgence. His horses, at times, were nearly starved for the want of provender. The want of such timely provision must have lost him many of his races. He was often wofully beaten. His horses involved him in law suits.

" His horses *unfed* lost him his races—
His lawyers *unfee-d* lost him his cases."

He was, however, most ably defended in the Rattler case, by the

able Jurist, Walter Jones, Esq., whose eloquent speech and brilliant sallies on that occasion is well remembered. Besides owning such fine horses as Rattler, &c., the Dr. contributed to our breed of horses by importing Cliffden, ancestor to the famed Lady Cliffden, Mingo, Argyle and Prince George. Dr. T. was also zealous in the pursuit of science and the fine arts—remarkable for his taste and the purity of his designs—a poet, a painter, and an architect. He was also devoted to ancient and modern literature. He aspired not only to be our Cadmus, and to furnish us a national language, but to precede Fulton in the application of steam to the purposes of navigation, making some futile experiments upon the Delaware. This involved him in a controversy with the world's benefactor. Whatever the latter performed the other claimed to have discovered. Fulton at last retorted—"But, Dr., I have discovered how to convert saw-dust into plank!" "That has been discovered long ago," replied the Dr. "But," added Fulton, "by my plan deal saw-dust can be converted into oak plank." The Dr. had to confess this was "new," even to him. Being foiled in pugilism, he complained that his antagonist did not understand "science;"—knocked down by another, a "Mr. Magruder," an "intruder," "ruder and ruder," who, (he had to lament) "did not comprehend wit." The Dr. was altogether an humorist, but he sometimes shared poor Sancho's fate. He was the cause of wit in others, and was made to administer a strange diet to promote conception.

He was no believer in the dynasty of Napoleon. When his star shone the brightest, he predicted his early downfall. When Joseph was King of Spain, the Dr. imported a Maltese Jackass, and named him "King Joe," remarking that "King Joe, without *jo-king*, was the greatest ass in America."

"Take him for all in all we ne'er shall look upon his like again"

AMICUS.

COLLINEOMANIA.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY J. CYPRESS, JUN.

"TOXOPH. Of the first finders out of shoting, diuers men diuerslye doo wryte. Claudiane the poete sayth that nature gaue example of shotyng first, by the Porpentine; whiche doth shote his prickes and will hitte any thinge that fightes with it: whereby men learned afterwarde to immitate the same in finding out both bow and shaftes. Plinie referreth it to Schythies the sonne of Iupiter. Better and more noble wryters bringe shoting from a more noble inuentour; as Plato, Callimachus, and Galene, from Apollo. Yet longe afore those days do we reade in the bible of shotinge expreslye. And also if we shall beleve Nicholas de Lyra, Lamech killed Cain with a shafte. So this great continuance of shoting doth not a lytle praise shotinge: nor that neither doth not a lytle set it oute, that it is referred to the inuention of Apollo, for the which poynt shoting is highly praised of Galene: where he sayth the mean craftes be first foud out by men or beastes, as meaning by a spider, and suche other: but high and comendable sciences by goddes, as shotinge and musicke by Apollo. And thus shotinge for the necessite of it used in Adam's days, for the noblenesse of it referred to Apollo, hath not been ouelie comended in all tinges and wryters, but also had in greate price, both in the best commune wealthes, in warre time for the defence of their countrie, and of all degrees of men in peace tyme, bothe for the honestie that is ioyned with it, and the profyte that followeth of it."

ROGER ASCHAM.

WE have heretofore reviewed the Brigades of ancient hunters, as they tramped before us magnificently upon the parade ground of his-

tory; from Captain General Nimrod, and stately-riding Queen Diana, down to those savage Loco Focos, Robin Hood and Little John.* Something now is due to the venatical artillery of later days. The hunter tribe is not extinct. Collineomania rages yet. Human nature is still projectilitarian. The same excellent love of destruction that moved the old world to swing the catapult, and scatter javelins and arrows, urges on this modern age of civilization and philanthropy, to throw rockets, hot water, and cold lead.

But our present business is not with human wars, and the Peace Society. Whether the shooting of men be honest and honorable, we leave to the determination of that fighting school of the General Assembly, which shall prove itself to be most meek and most forbearing.

Beasts, and birds, we have an unchallengeable right, and oftentimes, unquestionable duty, to transfix. This birth-obligation of every freeman, was first imposed by that never-to-be-too-much-prized article in the constitution of human nature, which gave to the lords of the creation, dominion over the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea. We have the authority from Heaven, and the recommendation from Earth. "Kill and eat," was hieroglyphicied upon the shooting jacket of Esau. Peter, the Apostle, saw it in his dream, as the tenth chapter of Acts bears testimony. And now we are all shooters. To be a Collineomaniac, is only to fulfil worthily, and with prudent enthusiasm, a duty, which nature hath allowed, good example hath approved, and honesty, skill, art, health, and happiness, recommend.

To descend, from ancient fashions of contrived death, to Joe Manton, Westley Richards, Miss Nancy Hawkins, and percussion caps—is it a fall, my countrymen, or not? That thought suggests gunpowder. Talk of the invention of the printing press, and all its attendant honors of light and knowledge! it has not effected one tithe of the changes in the physical condition of the world, which have been wrought by the discovery of the virtue of combined nitre, sulphur, and granulated charcoal. We fling no more javelins,—we thrust no more spears,—unless it be into a porpoise or a whale, but we kill our lions with four pounders from the back of a well-trained elephant, our buffaloes with Kentucky rifles, and our woodcock with the familiar pills of number Eight. That is a pathetic discourse, which Cervantes reads in Don Quixotte of the death of Chivalrie in the elaborations of Rogers, Pigou and company. But it is not all true. Strength, muscular excellence, personal skill, and all honorable accomplishments have not lost their recommendation utterly. It is true, that the tyrants of the land have been changed from stalworth knights and grim barons, into bank directors, and obtainers of other people's goods under peaceable pretences, for whom it is not necessary to know any thing but arithmetic, and a little criminal law: but the honest hunter's vocation and the amateur's occasional indulgence, require all the virtues which belonged to a lover of the sport in the olden time. A man must sometimes stand up against a grizzly bear, and use his shooting-knife, after he has put a dozen buck-shot into that "interesting individual." We have known a well-antlered deer, who did not believe his time had come, to make good fight in the last

*Vide American Monthly Magazine, for March, 1836.

moment of his translation. Wing-tip a wild gander, and what man-baby can pick him up? Then, for endurance, patience, steadiness of nerve, a good eye, and a well disciplined heart ;—no modification of saltpetre can manufacture them. No: we do not believe that true chivalry is gone. It will live so long as there is a running buck or a flying bird. When that time arrives, the millennium will be here, and we shall want to shoot no more.

What good reason have we to doubt that ancient chivalry knew gunpowder, or at least, the expansive force of marine acid, and the oxymuriate of potash, or something else that had the true grit and stuff? Every body has heard of the "*Greek fire*." But what was it? Salmoneus, king of Elis, manufactured such capital thunder and lightning, that Jupiter became jealous, and cut him down with an original thunderbolt. (For the place of his residence in the infernal regions, see Lemprierés's directory.) Roger Bacon, in his treatise, "*de secretis operibus artis et naturae et de nullitate*," speaks of the facility of making thunder and coruscations in the air, and the ease of taking cities thereby. He thinks that Gideon defeated the Midianites, by a similar device. (See Judges, chapter vii.) Polydore Virgil refers the detection of the grace of the subtle mixture to a chemist, who accidentally put some of the sublime composition into a mortar, and covering it with a stone, was thereby blown into the upper air, and on his dying descent, bequeathed the mysterious cause of his exaltation to his head apprentice. Some attribute the discovery to a monk of Fribourgh. Others say that Swartz was the original patentee, and that he sold his copy-right to the Venetians in 1340, which, (it being war-time) made all Italy cry out against the monstrous innovation as not fair-play. Another author says it was used by the Moors in 1343, when besieged by Alphonso, king of Castile. The bishop of Leon gives an account of a sea-fight between the kings of Tunis and Seville, in which those of Tunis, "threw out of certain tubes, thunderbolts of iron." We believe, earnestly, that the genuine old sporting men knew the virtue of powder and shot, but kept it private. Witness the cunning, lurking alternative of "*other pastimes of the field*" slyly hinted at, for those who knew, in the "*Basilikon Doron*," of the learned king James. Here are his own words :

"It ever hath been of old antiquitie used in this realme of most noble fame, for all lustye gentlemen to passe the delectable season of summer, after divers manner, and sundry fashions of disports, as in hunting the rede and fallowe deer, with houndes, greyhoundes, and with the bowe, also in hawking with hawkes, and other pastimes of the field."

Those were times, however, when only monopolists shot. Westley Richards could not have sold a gun to a man. His trade would have been confined to paper-title-gentlemen; and he would have been compelled to contract "by His Majesty's authority." Those were times, when our fathers,—pure-born—freely hating—proud—submitted to slavery, because not shut out from hope; looking to the New America as the Canaan of their liberty, where they might dare to keep their own fire-arms, and shoot without fear of encroachment upon the special monopolies of the Norman Game Law.* Thank God! we

* "However, upon the Norman conquest, a new doctrine took place, and the right of pursuing and taking all beasts of chase, or venary, and such other animals as were accounted game, was then held to belong to the king, or to such only as were authorized under him."—*Blackstone*.

have equal rights, in matters of venation, here. No puny-faced spawn of a title, King or Queen, Duke or Squire, shall tread down our grain, or riot in our meadows, by virtue of a ribbon. We are all noblemen in Columbia, and he is the King who is most eloquent to a bevy of quail getting up,—talking with both barrels in quick succession. Our game laws go for the protection of game, not for the benefit of corporations, individual or collective. Every farmer is master, owner and Sovereign of his own ground. No idle jackass, that is privileged by law to wear a herald's device, at a Queen's coronation, can send his game-keeper into our quiet woodland, to kill birds for him, while he lies by, and luxuriates, and prepares his oath as to the contents of his game-bag. Alas! for the slavery of the Welsh and Cornish:—shall we say, for every county in Old England,—from which the people have not had knowledge or power to come out *Puritan*;—but whose language is a scoff, and whose daughters are a tribute to the protection of Lord Melbourne!

We are off the road. Pull to the right.

Ten thousand blessings upon our republican institutions. The question is not, "At whose preserve shall we stand envious wishers?" but, "Boys, where shall we go?" Shall Nova Cesarea, or Mattowacs, ring with funeral volleys, over our ruffed grouse; or shall we sacrifice Guilford quail upon the dangerously won graves of Goffe and Whalley, prayed against in the British Episcopal prayer-book, as murderers of Charles the first,—sweet saint!

Non sum qualis eram, we can all, nevertheless, say, in a plural sense. The shooting is not as it has been. We must fulfil our true duties of observance of the game-laws, enacted for the benefit of all, or else be content, by and by, with the pulling at tossed pennies, or turkeystied up. Who would not have rejoiced to have shot and died two hundred years ago, if he could have been on the stand of John Megapolensis, junior, minister, who testifies after this wise, in a letter copied into Hackley's State papers, translated from the original and beautiful Dutch?

"In the forests, is great plenty of Deer, which in Harvest time are as fat as any Holland deer can be. I have had them with fat more than two inches thick on the ribs, and likewise that they had no other than clear fat, and could hardly be eaten. There are also many turkies, as large as in Holland. The year before I came here, there were so many turkies and deer that they came to the houses and hog-pens to feed, and were taken by the Indians with so little trouble, that a Deer was sold for a knife, a loaf of bread, or even for a tobacco-pipe, but now we commonly give for a Deer six or seven guilders. In the Forests, are also, Partridges, Pheasants, and Pidgeons, that fly in flocks of thousands, and sometimes 10, 20, 30 and even 40 or 50. are killed at one shot: we have here, too, a great number of several kinds of Fowl, Swan, Geese, Ducks, Widgeons, Teal, and Brant, which are taken by thousands upon the river, in the spring of the year, and, again, in the fall, fly away in flocks, so that in the morning and evening, a man may stand ready with his gun before the house, and shoot them as they fly past."

That thought is almost too much to think. Sweet is thy memory, dear Mr. Megapolensis! If it was given to you to paint Heaven half so well as you adorned Earth, there could not have been an unconverted sinner in the whole valley of the Mohawk!

We have killed wild geese in our time: and we know what it is to bring down a glorious gaggle of honkers to our stool. We have seen their sinewy wedge splitting the wind, as they rushed to their illimi-



table and unknown domains at the North, matched, married, and fierce for the indulgence of safe love, where no poaching egg-hunter knows to tread; yet half lingering, wondering, doubting, pitying, willing to wait for the wooden devices, which we have anchored in the shallow feeding-grounds, as a picture-gallery of their uncles, cousins, and sweet-hearts.

Hawnk! Hawnk! we have roared out, and tore our gasping throat, and low in our skulking boat, or close in our floating battery, have we fallen, when the music of the flying march of the anseric host thrilled upon our ear. Hawnk! Hawnk! They come, they tear the yielding air, with pennon fierce and strong; on clouds they leap, from deep to deep, the vaulted air along—tear—air—strong—along—break forth my soul into a song!—

They come, they tear the yielding air, with pennon fierce and strong,
On clouds they leap, from deep to deep, the vaulted dome along;
Heaven's light horse, in a column of attack upon the pole;
Was ever seen on ocean green, or under the blue sky,
Such disciplined battalia as the cohort in your eye;—
Around her ancient axis, let old Terra proudly roll,
But the rushing flight that's in your sight, is what will wake your soul.

Hawnk! Honk! and forward to the Nor'ward, is the trumpet tone,
What goose can lag, or feather flag, or break the goodly cone,
Hawnk! onwards to the cool blue lakes, where lie our safe love bowers,
No stop, no drop of ocean brine, near stool, nor blue light tory,
Our travelling watchword is "*our mates, our goslings, and our glory!*"
Symsonia and Labrador for us are crowned with flowers,
And not a breast on wave shall rest, until that Heaven is ours.

Hawnk! Hawnk! E—e hawnk!

J A N E T T E ,

ETCHED ON STEEL BY DICK, FROM A PAINTING BY TROYE.

WE purposed to have accompanied the portrait of this fine mare with a Memoir, but have been compelled to omit it in the present number of the "Turf Register" in consequence of the illness of Mr. Henry Elliott, of Baltimore, who had volunteered to supply several interesting facts relative to her early history. We are assured by Mr. E.'s accomplished lady, Madame Celeste, that he had commenced a letter to us when overtaken by illness. Mr. E. owned and ran Janette in 1826-7, when he sold her to her present owner, John C. Stevens, Esq., of this city.

Janette, the subject of our engraving, is celebrated as the sister to Sir Charles and the dam of Fordham, as well as by her own performances on the Turf, which were numerous and of a high character. From the fact that there were four or five Janette's on the Turf contemporary with her, and that during that period no sporting publication existed in the United States, it is rendered a task of no ordinary difficulty to compile an *accurate* Memoir,—and we have preferred to delay the one in question to render it more complete, and to avoid errors of either omission or commission.

LUZBOROUGH AND HIS GET.

MR. EDITOR: I discover in the Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, in the Turf Register, under the head of LUZBOROUGH (imported,) one race only is given to Chevalier and none to Leila. It is probable omissions of the same kind have occurred in other cases. Now, I beg you to understand, that I do not mean to hint any blame whatever as justly chargeable against either the late or the present editor of the Register. The omission is mainly attributable to the negligence of the *proper persons* who should publish, but fail to do so, an accurate and authentic account of the races run over their courses. Hence it happens, that the secretary fails to forward to you an account of the races, and you have not the proper materials to give a perfect list of winning horses.

Leila, Mr. G. C. Hurt's, won \$250, three mile heats at Dresden, Tennessee, last fall.

Chevalier, Mr. Hurt's, won \$100, mile heats, at Dresden Tennessee; \$300, three mile heats, at Jackson, Tenn. [this race is given in the Turf Register;] \$200, two mile heats, at Sommersville, Tennessee; \$400, four mile heats, at La Grange, Tennessee; \$350, at Memphis, Tennessee, three mile heats; and \$500, mile heats, at — Mississippi.

All these races were run last fall, so that Chevalier was a winner last year, six times instead of once, as reported, and won at all distances, to wit: twice, mile heats; once, 2 mile heats; twice, 3 mile heats; and once, 4 mile heats.

As I noticed the omissions mentioned above, I have supplied them, though I have not given all the particulars, nor is it in my power to give them. The main facts, however, it is important to record in exhibiting a list of winners in this country. It is due not only to Luzborough, but his get also, particularly that superior colt, Chevalier, whose career has been very brilliant, and who is unquestionably one of the very best sons of Luzborough, whether we regard his blood, form, or performances. In symmetry of shape, in pedigree, in action, Chevalier has few equals and no superior.

Now, whether it be proper "to stay the exultation of the Luzborough party," as has been earnestly urged by a correspondent of the Turf Register, would depend very much on the measure and extent of their exultation. I do not mean to go into an examination of the match of Portsmouth and Boston, in this place. That the friends of Boston have no just cause of dissatisfaction, is evident from the fact that he was trained and managed by Col. William R. Johnson. Portsmouth met Boston, and beat him fairly, and so far as superior training and management would go, they certainly were not on the side of Portsmouth. If, however, the Luzborough party did exult at the triumph of the adventurous colt, their exultation has been tempered with great prudence and discretion, for I have heard little of it.

Luzborough made two full seasons in Virginia, but no fuller, perhaps, than Sir Charles or Eclipse, and in respect to good tried mares—good runners—or the dams of good runners—mares bred by racers and sportsmen—I have no doubt several horses in Virginia had the advantage of Luzborough. In another respect he was unfortunate. His get have not been trained, managed and brought for-

ward under the best auspices. Leviathan and Tonson have been peculiarly fortunate in the *quality of their mares* and the management of *THEIR get on the Turf*. And yet it is saying nothing for Luzborough but what is fully warranted by facts, when we assert that in each of those years, Luzborough got the best colts east of the mountains, if not in the United States, to wit: Picton and Portsmouth.

June 11, 1839.

J.

THE SPORTING LOOKER-ON AND REFLECTOR.

THIS month—July—has had its whims and oddities,—quite as original and amusing as any thing springing out of the inventive brain of Mr. Hood. I have kept my eyes upon the passing events, and truly they are worth *distilling* into my journal.

HER MAJESTY may exclaim in these days of party malignity, folly, and the ardour for scandal and lying, in the words of HENRY THE FIFTH;—

“Upon the Queen! Let our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the Queen;—she must bear all.
O, hard condition! Twin born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel than his own wringing.”

Loyalty has funny ways of shewing itself,—as will be seen by an amusing raffle in honor of the Queen, for a grunter!—a ball to follow, at which of course the beauties of Old Street and “that country” stirred their *pettitoes* to some tune.

“On Tuesday a man was taken to the Station-house for drunkenness, when on being searched the following extraordinary printed card was found in his possession; “A raffle and ball will take place at Mr. Morgan’s, the Sun Dial, Goswell-street, for a live pig, on Thursday evening, June 20, 1839, in commemoration of *Her Majesty’s accession to the throne*. Tickets *eight-pence* each, and *two-pence* allowed for refreshment. The ball will commence at eight o’clock,” &c.

Spurious loyalty does not rest with the pig;—the yeomanry of West Pennard, Dorsetshire, are about to present Her Majesty a cheese of *ten hundred pounds weight*, in testimony of their patriotic feeling, &c. I suppose the favoured ministers at dinner, will attend to the *cheese-parings*.

The following is one of the *well-dressed lies* (not flies) of the day; It will find its myriad of believers.

“LITTLE BELL, THE JOCKEY.—As Mr. Forth was one day walking down Oxford-street, he perceived a child riding and managing with great dexterity, a very frisky horse. Forth being in want of a lad in his training stables, made an offer to the boy, *which he most eagerly accepted*. The boy rode at Ascot, and made his running so well, and with such judgment, that he won his race. Lord Errol afterwards *presented the little fellow* to her Majesty, who very kindly addressed him, “*Well, my boy, what do you weigh?*” Upon which the little boy Bell, in a *most unsophisticated but knowing way*, answered, “Please, Ma’am, master said I wasn’t to tell!”

Dear little *unsophisticated knowing* child! As if Forth would engage a lad on a frisky horse out of the streets!—as if it could be possible Her Majesty would ask about the urchin’s weight!—and, as if “my little boy Bell” would have the audacity to say to the Queen, “Please *ma’am*, master said I wasn’t to tell!” it being well known

that the Shylock weight of flesh, is ascertained by scale before and after starting.

Bell is indeed so light, that he has been *blown* away since Ascot, as appears by the following advertisement in Bell's Life:—

"NOTICE.—Henry Bell, of the age of 13 years, or thereabouts, who rode the feather weight at Ascot for Mr. Forth, and who is apprenticed to Mr. Forth, left his service clandestinely on the morning of the 10th June. Any person harbouring or employing the said Henry Bell, after this notice, will subject himself to an action which will be immediately commenced."

The Bloomsbury affair, as connected with the late Derby, has shown that money will make noblemen, as well as mares, to go. Mr. Fulwar Craven, backed it is well known by a certain noble lord and Lord Lichfield, have come "*the before and behind*, Mr Honeycombe" upon poor Bloomsbury, in a way amazingly to confound the simple owners of the horse. What can simple owners do against *coronet quest* law? Not a word was said against the pedigree of Bloomsbury, until the very moment of his winning the race: then, an error, evidently previously known, is started against him on the ground of a description of pedigree not concurrent with the one in that humbug work, Mr. Weatherby's Stud-Book. How long will the farce of this ill-conducted racing establishment, and of the works from it, be borne? Mr. F. Craven gives notice to Mr. Weatherby not to pay over the stakes—a direction of course complied with: Mr. Ridsdale's party, all on the *qui vive*, scramble up a case, and appeal to the Epsom stewards: the stewards give Mr. Craven "short notice of trial" (*too short he says*,) and decide, on an *exparte* statement that Bloomsbury is entitled to the stakes: Mr. Craven attends at Tattersall's on the settling day, and protests against the decision; and of course the number of non-payers exceeded the usual allowance: Mr. Ridsdale, we believe, immediately caused an action to be brought for the recovery of the stakes. This is "*the behind*, Mr. Honeycombe"—part of the case.

At Ascot, Bloomsbury was in two valuable engagements; and here, as he was *pretty certain* to be the winner, the objection to his pedigree was made *before* his starting: thus throwing upon Mr. Ridsdale the *onus* of proving his horse to be entitled to the stake, instead of rendering it incumbent upon the objector to make out a case for his objection. Bloomsbury won both stakes. The stewards, desirous of putting a speedy end to these disastrous turf disputations, named an early though not an unseasonable day, for the hearing, and Mr. Ridsdale came prepared with his witnesses. Lord Lichfield, however addressed a letter to the stewards, stating that he could not compel unwilling witnesses forward to make out his case; that a subpoena and an oath were necessary to get at his object:—and (citing the case of Sir M. Wood v. Atkins) he felt *he*, like Parson Trulliber, ought not to "fight with them" before the stewards—but must "shew himself a good christian, and take the law of them!" Thus a member of the Jockey Club refuses to abide by the laws which he administers; thus, a nobleman of high birth, character, and enterprise is hurried by the indescribable frenzy of the *gambling* of sporting, to rebel against a course which no commoner dare pursue.

The ample bosom of the law has now received to it, both of these

objectors,—sporting infants that are, like Polonius, invited to a supper, not “where they *eat* but where they are *eaten*.” They are pressed to a bosom, not where they will find suck, but where they will be sucked. A court in the perfection of legal forms and ignorance will sit in ridiculous solemnity; and twelve rare loggerheads will put their twelve scooped turnips together, and find a verdict out of vacancy.

The case is bad for the turf; wrong on the part of Mr. F. Craven, Lord Lichfield, and their patters on the back; and cruel indeed upon Messrs. Ridsdale, who have rushed instantaneously and open-breasted against the spears of the opposing party. Let a law court be established by these precedents to be the court of appeal against questionable pedigrees, and woe be to those, on some important day, who have dared to “cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of law.”

There should at once be a generous abandonment of an attempt to get a few hundreds, on the part of noblemen, high on the turf, unless they go by *FACTS* and not by *suspicion*, and nothing yet hints to the public, from the objecting parties, at more than *suspicion*.

New Sporting Magazine, for July, 1839.

ALFRED SELBORNE.

COMPARISON OF THE SPEED OF HORSES:

In the haste with which the last double number of the Register (*for May and June*) was hurried to press, we are mortified to find that in an article under the head of “*Comparison of the speed of horses*,” several typographical errors occurred. The editor was temporarily absent when the proof was read, and the article was printed without his revision. Care will be taken to avoid the necessity for any apology of this kind hereafter; but the editor cannot suffer the occasion to pass without intimating to correspondents the importance of their writing out their manuscript clearly, especially those in which dates and figures occur. The extra postage that might be charged on their communications is not worth thinking of in comparison with the risk encountered of perpetrating errors. Many have a habit of contracting words to such a degree that coupled with an indistinct hand-writing, it is next to impossible to arrive at the writer’s meaning.

The article referred to, is commenced on page 345, and the reader will oblige us by making the following corrections on the margin, as pointed out by our correspondent:

OWING to errors of punctuation and of the figures employed for the sake of abbreviation, one article, at least, that you, Mr. Editor, have thought fit to publish, conveys such different ideas from those intended, that their correction seems necessary. In the double number for May and June, of the Turf Register, page 345, twelve lines from the bottom (of the text,) instead of “two heats,” read “as the time of the *second* heat”—3:45. Five lines thereafter should read “7:54—7:58:” this race, won by Henry, is believed to be the best time in which four mile heats have been *ever* run at Newmarket, near Petersburg, Va.; however, subsequently, after two very slow heats, the third and fourth heats, won by Trumpator and Ariel, were in 7:57 and 8:04. Four lines further, instead of “two heats,” should again read “*second* heat.” In the last line instead of a comma, a period, followed by capital letter “A” should indicate a full stop. This, in truth, ought to be a distinct paragraph. To make that passage wholly intelligible, the two sentences are repeated, slightly altered, (to be

more clear) and should read thus: "The same autumn I saw John Richards beat his sister, Betsey Richards, on the Newmarket course, running his second heat in precisely Henry's time, (his second heat,) 7:58; the first heat was somewhat slower; but the last two miles of it, had been run in 3:48, the *precise* time of Portsmouth's last two miles, his second and best heat, in his match, two mile heats with Boston, on the same course and at the same weight. At a jockey club race, at Fredericksburg, in 1802, I observed that "twelve started." The frequency of races at short intervals, may prevent our seeing such assemblages now-a-days except in sweepstakes, and that rarely. In page 347, seven lines from the top, instead of "a two mile heat of four miles," read "a *second* heat of four miles." There is a still more obvious typographical mistake, a few lines further on;—the date of Mingo and Post Boy's race, of three mile heats, was certainly *not* June, 1839. [It was run on the 7th May, 1835.]

In the preceding article, page 344, instead of "a chance," read "a Chance;" meaning to refer to a mare got by the celebrated imported horse, Chance.

Both articles question the length of the Kendall course. It seems due to himself, and to the fame of Argyle, Wonder, Reliance, Balie Peyton, Vashti, Master Henry and others, that its proprietor should furnish your work, for publication, a certified copy of the certificate by the county Surveyor, after he shall have accurately measured the track. The proprietor of the Louisville course may see the propriety of his doing the same, to set at rest the question as to the speed of certain Kentucky nags. Otherwise many will continue to doubt these extraordinary performances.

A note to page 345, indicates the precocity of several of the Sir Archy stock.

To the list of famed winners of four mile heats, at three years old, Janette, (V. L.) Isabella, Bertrand, Betsey Ransom, Kate Kearney, Trifle, &c., should be added, Mary Randolph, Fanny Wyatt and Count Zaldivar. No other three year old of *any* other stock, is remembered to have won four mile heats of late years, with the exception of Argyle. But have not most of the stock, that traces to Diomed, trained off early? This has been denied; but my opinion remains unshaken. Diomed, the best three-year-old of his year, in England, performed admirably well at three and four years old; but indifferently afterwards. Sir Archy, Florizel and Timoleon, probably the best of his descendants, were withdrawn from the Turf, when four years old. It may be added, all the Diomed and Sir Archy stock, with the single exception of American Eclipse, whose durability may be traced to Mambrino, (and that he ran but a single race, until five years old, and but rarely afterwards,) performed best at three and four years old. Lady Lightfoot and Sally Eubanks are the only winners descended from Sir Archy, that are recollected to have preserved their fame, when aged. Contention, Sir Charles and his daughter Trifle, and several of Industry's get performed well at six, and Andrew at five; Wagner, another son of Charles, is performing well at the same age. Bertrand left the turf at five, uninjured. For his durability he may have been also indebted to his Mambrino cross. The same may be said of Mingo, but he

broke down at six. These are but few exceptions from the long catalogue of renowned winners from the Archy stock. If there be an error in these deductions, the writer who questioned the accuracy of a former opinion on this head, may be able to adduce proofs to sustain his position. Henry and John Richards never won nor made good races one year after they were four years old. Post Boy, Decatur, and the best of Henry's stock, that had previously acquired celebrity, greatly fell off the autumn after they were five.

SENEX.

RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND.

A Hit at the Times!

ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK, FROM A SKETCH BY LANDSEER, R.A.

No artist of the present day wields a pencil at all comparable with Landseer's, in the spirit and fidelity of his animal pictures. His sketches of dogs, especially, are so strikingly life-like, that wherever you meet with them, you at once know them to be the production of his masterly pencil, just as you recognize an old acquaintance upon meeting with a favorite pointer or setter after a long absence.

We were prompted to select the peculiarly felicitous specimen of Landseer's comic humor, embodied in the sketch given in the present number of the Register, by several circumstances, the most material of which was the fact, that in an article which will be found subjoined, the writer undertakes to prove the *Antiquity of Ass-Racing over Horse-Racing!* It is not enough to say that TOM HOOD is the writer of the ingenious essay, for it is not only the most original and witty thing he ever penned, but it surpasses any extravaganza we ever read. It is a miracle of ingenuity, wit and humor, and our subscribers must unbutton their jackets when they sit down to read it. Such an article is worthy of an illustration on steel, and the writer of a monument of brass.

Our artist, Mr. Dick, has made a most spirited and capital engraving of Landseer's sketch. Refer back to it and see what a Gil. Patrick rush the rider of the "cider nag" is making. The way he carries his extra weight, too, is a caution to seven Crocketts! He takes "a clove hitch" with his own tail around that of the cocktail, and having strapped a strapping portmanteau underneath, who can say he is not prepared to go a distance and hold on? But the *Donkey*-stir crack is our favorite. "There's no danger of his rider's breaking a stirrup, or of the saddle slipping on his withers! His rider has taken a strong bracing pull and no mistake—*on his tail!*" The circumstance of there being two upon one seems clearly enough to say "Heads I win—tails you lose!" It is not likely to be "all Dicky" with Jack, for he looks too lazy to bolt, and too slow to tire himself. The use of the crupper upon a race horse has long since been abandoned without finding a substitute. Two new patterns are here offered, that are warranted not to chafe, though they might be galling to the feel-

ings of modern jockies. Like *Boston*, the favorite here appears to be ridden without spurs, and you see it is two to one *on* the "old White-nose." Rather *Long* odds, it may seem to those who hav'n't the gumption to see that he has not yet made a run! The go along appears to be pretty much out of the cocktail already, for you can see as clear as mud that his jockey's whip-hand is at work! But look at the other crack! See how he picks up his feet and how he gathers after every stroke! Is it not apparent that he has not yet straightened himself? Look how his rider sits well back, instead of throwing his weight on the fore-legs of his nag. Already he points his finger in derision at the cocktail, and you may almost hear him bluffing off his jockey by saying "I'll go you *two* better!"

Badinage apart, our engraving is a sly but well conceived and pertinent caricature that will be well understood by those proprietors of race courses who are in the habit of resorting to "Mule-races," and "Foot-races" and "Gander-pullings" and "Cock-fights" to swell the receipts of enclosures devoted to the legitimate SPORTS OF THE TURF. Wherever the Sports of the Turf have been brought into discredit, it will be found, nine cases in ten, that the mis-management of the proprietors of the course has been the primary cause; the real friends of the Turf have more to fear from them than from open and declared enemies. Whoever heard of racing being unpopular in a section of country where the courses were managed by men of character and respectability—on the ground of any objection against racing itself? The Charleston races are the most popular, the most fashionable and the best attended of any in the United States. Race week, in that city, has been aptly termed "the carnival" of South Carolina—the annual jubilee of the State. The reason is perfectly obvious; the course and its appointments are under the control of gentlemen of the highest character, and nothing is permitted to interfere with the legitimate Sports of the Turf, which are managed with a degree of spirit, liberality and scrupulous propriety unknown elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic. In Charleston a gentleman feels no more hesitation in enjoying *with his family* the festivities and enlivening sports of the race-field, than he would the attractions of the Theatre or any other rational source of amusement. The consequence is that the ladies' pavillion during the meeting and the Jocky Club Ball at its close are crowded with the *élite* of the beauty, the fashion, and the chivalry of the State.

The number of gentlemen interested in the success of the Turf in this country, has more than doubled within the last ten years, and it is daily becoming more and more popular. The great practical advantages to be derived from its extension and successful prosecution are deemed so important in a national point of view, that many of the Governments of Europe are lending it their aid, and keenly watching over its interests. We have nothing here to do but to go on and prosper, keeping in view this single fact, that if the legitimate ends of the Turf are staunchly maintained, it must become at length universally and eminently popular with all classes of society, while its friends will best subserve its true interests and their own, by frowning down those individuals whose mal-practices have so long been "RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND!"





THE ASS RACE.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

"Thou didst run Jack."—PRINCE HAL.

It is not without serious misgivings that I propose to throw on the annals of sporting a new light, which will dazzle very offensively in the eyes of those who have a regard for the Turf. The ghost of O'Kelly seems prophetically to cast a shadow across the paper, whilst Fancy forestalls the indignant frowns of the noble Richmonds, Graftons, Exeters, and Fitzwilliams, who have honored the high mettled racer with their patronage. Sam Chifney makes a rush at me, and Boyce prepares to punish me. I consider myself lashed by all the six different whips with which ***** won the same identical Derby! The very horse lifts his foot for my behoof; and I feel, by anticipation, the cholic that must ensue from a cold plate applied to the pit of the stomach. Moral courage, however, will not be denied; and accordingly, in spite of O'Kelly, and the Jockey Club of Sam Day and the Derby Day—of all whips and all spurs to boot—in spite of the spite of iron shoes, and at the risk of being put under the turf by those upon it, I must declare to win with the following opinion: viz., that whatever may be the antiquity of horse-racing, ass-ditto came in before it by many lengths.

There!—I'm off!—and methinks I hear all the clamor that such an assertion must necessarily excite. The uproar about the Grand Stand, when all are a-betting in the noise, is a whisper to it! The mob hoot, as when a stray dog has profaned the space between the cords. The betting-ring closes round me, like a circle of Mohawks, with a prisoner at the stake. The judge wishes he was a criminal judge, for my sake; and the clerk of the course tenders the use of one of the ropes, with a promise to see me "well up at the end." Every horse becomes a roarer with indignation; the grooms threaten to exercise me; and the stable-boys, one and all, commend me to a severe heat in a place I will not mention to ears polite. Even the pick-pocket bellows "Duck him!" and the thimble-rigger cries "Shame!" It cannot be helped! There is no reason to believe that the notion just started is a false start; and nothing, therefore, is left for me, but to get away from the rush, and make play as well as I may.

Ass-racing, then, is, according to all appearance, the old original sport. At what particular date it originated is involved in obscurity; but there is good ground for placing it, as the donkey-rider seats himself, very far back. Taking it for granted that riding preceded racing, the animal first broken in to the saddle was unquestionably the ass. I cannot help feeling that such a bit of news must be as "a bit of raw" to the gentleman who, as the illustrator of the turf, the chace, and the road, has acquired such a triple celebrity under the name of Nimrod; it must be *Shagreen* indeed to him, to be told that his great namesake, the first mighty hunter on record, rode to cover—if he did not use Shank's naggie—on a clever Jack instead of a clever hack; and threw his leathers—if he wore leathers—across an animal called (out of delicacy I will use asterisks) an ***. Such, however,

was the case. In the ancient Egyptian sculptures, we find no trace of a mounted cavalier, though ass-men and mule-men both occur; from which we may fairly infer, that the use of the horse for riding was unknown. The employment of the ass for the same purpose, at a very remote period, is, on the contrary, certified by the evidence of Scripture. It is expressly stated that Abraham "saddled his ass," preparatory to his journey with Isaac to the mount of sacrifice; whereas, the "horse and his rider" make their first appearance among the host of Pharaoh, at the passage of the Red Sea. It is also remarkable that the ass is mentioned in the Tenth Commandment, as a property likely to be coveted, whilst the horse is passed over in silence; and again, it is twice named, with the same omission of the nobler animal, in the enumeration of the possessions of Abraham. "He had sheep," we are told, "and oxen, and he-asses, and men servants, and maid servants, and she-asses, and camels." It may safely be assumed, then, that in the patriarchal times, the animal in question had the call of the horse, though he now has nothing but a bray.

The primitive ass was, however, a very superior creature to the degraded, degenerated brute, the Jack-of-all-trades we now see on commons, about the streets, or, as the Scotch would call it, ganging his lane; that is to say, in a lane with a gang of gypsies. He has lost caste: he is a *pariah*—a despised forlorn drudge, without rest to the sole of his foot; a proverb, and a byword, with "suffering for the badge of all his tribe,"—in short, the Jew amongst quadrupeds. Yet formerly he was High and Jack, as he is now Low and Jack, in the game of All-fours. We must not take our notion of him from such shaggy Ursa-Minors as Moreland delighted to paint; or the like of those which Gainsborough has depicted in the plate annexed to this article. No, nor even from Number forty-seven, "the beautiful Zebra" which had the honor of carrying Mrs. Trolloppe at Ems. The ancient ass was a noble animal, second only to the horse; a nob so to speak, and not a snob. Instead of toiling under sacks of scouring-sand, he scoured the desert himself, free and wild as those early Sandemanians the Arabians; and quaffed at will at its watering-places, without the dread of a back-fair of fat and forty oppressing his lumbar processes. When he did lend a back, it was to princes and rulers of the people. "Speak," exclaims Deborah, "speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." Kings even disdained not to bestride him,—he was F.R.S. as well as A.S.S. in his own right. As for his going, instead of no pace at all, or only one picked up on *Crawley* common, he was swift of foot, as Job witnesses; so much so, according to some authorities, as only to be overtaken by successive relays. And now, let me ask, was such a flier likely to "waste his *fleetness* on the desert air?"

The probability is, rather, that his running capabilities were very early called into play. From riding to racing is but a stride; and the antiquity of some kind of trial of speed is beyond a doubt. The race is alluded to in the sacred writings, as not belonging to the swift; and supposing the expression to refer only to foot races, although it is by no means clear that such is the case, nothing could be more natural than for men who had personally competed in speed, to indulge the same spirit of emulation by proxy. They would instinctively be

led from backing themselves, to pit their respective animals against each other; indeed, so innate is this propensity, that the locomotive powers of birds, as well as beasts, and even of vermin, have been employed for its gratification. Races of ostriches and camels are recorded by eastern travellers; and if my classical reminiscences be correct, there have been swimming matches between tame fish. Coursing is, as the name implies, only a race by dogs; and the air has been made a race-course, as well as a course of post, for carrier-pigeons. In default of such, or better competitors, sporting men have been known to back a wood-louse, or stand upon a maggot; and the Russians have (or had) a betting-ring of their own, in the shape of a circle, on a board, whereon certain nameless insects are started from the centre to race to the circumference. The propensity has even been attributed, in terms, to things inanimate: thus we hear of a mill-race, a particular rapid in the channel is called the Race of Portland, and a certain point of land is named the Start. A spirit of such *raciness* in man would be sure to be soon employed to give a relish to his pastimes; he would take, as naturally as a sky-lark, to standing on his bit of turf; and if we grant the institution of the sport in the patriarchal ages, the entries in the world's first *Leger* were undoubtedly of donkeys. Mounted on a favorite blood ass, of unrivalled bottom, without blemish or stain, and fleet as the winds, what more natural than for the exulting rider to chant loudly the praises of the desert-born that bounded under him? and what more likely than that some young frolicsome companion, a rival, perhaps, in other matters, returned him boast for boast, citing the pedigree and performance of his own thorough-bred? On such occasions a challenge to run is inevitable; and no doubt many such matches were made, and came off; whilst, currency being scarce in those days, bets were offered and taken in Jerusalem *ponies*.

Calculating, then, all the chances of the argument, it is the Allied Sovereigns to a parish pound, that to an ancient sportsman a race with an ass was as common as a run with a Jack to a modern troller. Like all other popular amusements, however, it appears to have undergone its vicissitudes. It was superseded by horse-racing in Rome and Greece, where the Olympic games were instituted for four-year-olds, while donkey-racing was abandoned to the lower orders. That paltry coin—the Assarium, so called, probably from being the money most current on the ass-course—sufficiently indicates the class of its frequenters; for the celebrated ass of Apurleius, surnamed the Golden, might be called so rather in reference to the tawny color of its skin, than to the value of the stakes, or the metal of the cups it had carried off. But this chapter in the annals of ancient sporting is particularly meagre. All we know with certainty is from Euclid, that there was a Pons Asinorum, or Ass-bridge, for every donkey to get over at the beginning of the course.

On coming nearer to our own times, and pursuing the enquiry on English ground, every doubt begins to clear up. And here it is that I have most reason to apprehend the resentment of all persons who pride themselves on owning, breeding, training, running, trotting, walking, sitting, or standing, or throwing somersets on, horses. I am well aware of their prejudices, and how rudely they must be shocked

by the mere mention of a donkey as a racer; while to aggravate the affront, they will conjure up on one hand the figure and action of a Mameluke or a Priam, and on the other the shape and going of as abject a neddy as ever staggered under a brace of costermongers. They will contrast the pace of The Colonel or Fleur-de-Lis, with the crawl of the "hanimal wot carries wedgeables;" and think of the glorious hoof of Eclipse, set in precious metal, along with the inglorious one never set in anything unless a plug. They will fancy the proud snort and laughing neigh of the wide nostril'd blood-horse, and then the snub-nose of the ass droning to what Wordsworth calls "the dry see-saw of his horrible bray." They will do all this—they *do* do all this—and the tumult revives! The Grand Stand won't stand it. The noble jockies aim their club at me! Tattersall prepares to knock me down, and Gulley doubles his invincible fist, and swears that I shall wear his colors. The ladies, even, who have lost or won gloves on a favorite, forget their gentle natures, and suggest horse-whips! Herring turns a red-herring with rage, and Cooper grasps his maul-stick! Not a farmer who has ridden his cocktail for a Hunter's or Yeomanry Stakes,—not a boy who has been jockey at a poney race, but longs to ride over me and back. I am, in fancy, cobbed, Suffolk-punched, hacked, colted, and nagged at,—horsed and flogged—rubbed up and rubbed down—Burked and Bishoped. I am posted, railed at, and roped! It is enough to make moral courage itself a levanter. But Truth must not be frightened from her propriety. If we allow any weight to etymology (and surely so mature a science ought to carry more than a feather), we must give in to the irresistible conviction that two of our principal race-grounds were originally devoted to Asinine contests. Nor is there occasion for any such torturing procrustean process as that by which some of our antiquarians have docked, or let out syllables, or topsy-turvey'd them altogether, to suit a theory of their own. The simple doubling of a consonant in one case (or its restoration, rather, for as people "drop a line" they may easily drop a letter,) and a very moderate allowance for popular verbal corruption in the other, will suffice to lead to the above conclusion. It is only necessary to read *Ass-cot* for *Ascot*, and to restore *Donkey-stir* from *Doncaster*, to obtain at once two names of striking significance as to the original purposes of those celebrated localities. *Runnimeade*, or, more properly, *Runny-mead*, is equally open to speculation. It is certainly suggestive of some sort of races, long prior to the *Magna Charta Stakes* being run for on the spot; and we may reasonably infer that they were contemporary with, and of the same nature, as those of the two great meetings in *Berks* and *Yorkshire*. Indeed, there is collateral evidence to support as clear a case, perhaps, as was ever established by etymological deduction. For instance, the mere substitution of one vowel for another, will give us *Jackey Club* in lieu of *Jockey Club*; the word *Assay*, implying a *trial of metal*, speaks decidedly to the point; and as for the Judge of *Assize*, that functionary, in pronouncing upon human necks at his present post, has clearly bolted out of his course.

Taking for granted, then, that what are now called meetings were formerly *Assemblies*, there is room, in the absence of circumstantial information, for much curious speculation. The antiquities of Sport-

ing, in truth, present a wide field which has never been thoroughly beaten; and as regards ass-racing, it has evidently never been drawn at all. It would be interesting to learn who were the most distinguished patrons, long long *years* ago, of the Thistle Stakes, or the Bray Stakes, or whatever else they might be christened—what was the extent of their studs—and which were the favorite breeds. A few well-attested pedigrees would be valuable documents; a list of nominations could not but be a treat; but a card of the running asses, with the colors of the riders, would be a prize indeed! The following particulars would also be worth knowing. Imprimis: the maximum price of a crack—how the animal was trimmed—if cropped, nicked, or docked—and what was the fashion of a blood tail. If he shewed at the warren; and, considering his native stubbornness, whether he was brought to the post, or the post was brought to him. In what manner he was started—whether with the Shaksperian “away, away, you are an ass!” or by a simple “Go it, Ned!”—the amount of stakes and the penalty for crossing and jostling. The scale of weights—probably extending to hundred weights, as the animal is known to live to a century—and when he was considered aged. If “Jack and Jill ran up the hill” at Epsom, indiscriminately, or there were separate days for the sexes. In how many minutes they ran the D. M., or Donkey Mile. If the SWEEP-stakes were ridden by climbing-boys, and what was the costume—tops or *Jack*-boots—with whips or cudgels—the correct betting phraseology: for instance, whether a favorite was backed against the *field*, or against the *common*—in short, a thousand little particulars which will naturally suggest themselves to a sportsman disposed to try back on the subject.

There now remains only one question to discuss, and that is, the propriety of reviving the ancient sport. For my own part, I must acknowledge a strong opinion, that it is as worthy of public and private patronage as the more popular pastime. I know the unpalatableness of the notion—that a falling iron will hardly make it go down with man or horse;—there is a general *neigh* from the one, and an universal groan from the other,—to every upturned nostril it seems *Assy-Fatida*! Still as an Englishman, and a lover of my country, I feel bound to urge it. It has always been considered a most patriotic work to breed colts and fillies expressly for the course; and whenever our national sport has been censured, on the score of the gambling, dishonesty, and cruelty, attached to it, the evils of the practice have been held to be more than counterbalanced by the great improvement in the breed of horses. To apply the same argument to the ass, where shall we, where *can* we, find an animal offering more room for improvement, whether in figure or pace? In fact, during the South Sea mania (and some useful schemes originated from it—witness the Royal Exchange Assurance) there was actually a project for importing Asses from Spain, to better the native stock. Had it been carried into effect, the establishment of Donkey Races would most probably have ensued; and by this time we might have seen Childerses and Eclipses, little inferior in speed to the owners of those celebrated names. A distinguished naturalist, indeed, in treating of the mule, has mentioned “a race between a horse and an ass,” but unfortunately, without stating which was the winner. Nor would it

be safe to decide upon conjecture—an ass, it must be remembered, takes a great deal of beating. Pace, however, ought not to be the sole consideration. To some sportsmen, the speed of greased lightning, *in vacuo*, seems to be a desideratum; they would fain have fliers, that only Cowley's Post-Angel could jockey: but, perhaps, as much swiftness as is desirable or possible is already attained; and as far as the improvement of the breed is concerned, these great horse exhibitions might be abandoned, as his Grace of Bedford gave up the cattle show, when oxen were fat enough. To a large class, indeed—the spectators—the pace is already too good. I have heard a foreigner complain, at Epsom, that the race was over whilst he was wiping and putting on his spectacles; and it is a very common outcry, with parties not professed betters, that the winning post was passed before their wagers could be agreed upon. The natural consequence is, for the excited spirit of speculation to seek out other channels, and thus encourage the modern knights of the garter, the thimble-riggers, and the red and black knaves of *Rouge-et-noir*. It would be quite otherwise with ass-racing. The looker-on would have a meal instead of a snatch; and the tyro, in swaggering, would find time, not merely to back, but to hedge, and if he thought proper, lay it on again, during the progress of a heat. Even the mature scholar, more rapid at his book, would find one inducement to lay out his money in the comparative certainty of fair play. The notorious tricks practised on the race-horse, such as making him a clothes-horse for damp linen, or giving him oxalic acid, by mistake for Epsom salts, have before now disgusted the patrons of racing; nay, driven some of them from the turf, whilst the tender constitution of the animal, the susceptibility of his lungs, and the ticklishness of his legs and feet, are enough of themselves to keep a backer in the state of a Margate packet, with its sixty horse power of vibration. What an awful sound is the cough of a colt to his supporter, who knows too well, in spite of all the old women, that putting the colt's foot in its own mouth will not cure it! The noise of a roarer is as terrific to his backer as the voice of a lion; and a little high-blowing acts on his nervous system precisely as it does on the leaves of an aspen. With what enviable serenity, on the contrary, may a gentleman "keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack"! Bating *assnick*, as some call it, he is as safe as the Bank. His life is what Mr. P. Farren, a great authority on assurance, would emphatically pronounce a good one. He is as hard as nails. He will bolt a Scotch thistle, nay, a bunch of nettles, with a hedgehog amongst them, without a wheeze; and as to colds, a laundress might rough dry the monthly wash of a ladies' boarding school on his loins. To crown all these advantages, must be added the facility of the sportsman's having a stud of his own; a luxury, as regards horses, which requires a princely revenue for its support. The comparative expense would be hundreds for thousands; and there are scores of public spirited country gentlemen, in every county in England, who might aspire to keep a racing stable, and thus assist in the regeneration of a quadruped, at once cheap, useful, hardy, enduring, and of great capabilities as to expedition. The "exclusive" spirit of the patrons of such genteel things as the Drawing-room Stakes, would be sure to set itself against the intro-

duction of the ass on the course. He has unfortunately the character of being low and underbred, and accordingly ranks with the "unwashed" of the human species; he would be thought as much out of place amongst race-horses, as a professor of "*hops in pockets*," from the Borough beside the *gallopers* of Almack's. It would be well however to remind such aristocratic personages, that though now an *Emigré*, and under a cloud, the quadruped in question, under the most *ancien régime* in the world belonged to the animal *noblesse*, the steed being, in comparison, but a *parvenu*. The regular record of his paternal ancestry, as well as of his maternal Jenny-alogy, is indeed not extant; but the circumstance only proves—and many human commoners might console themselves with the same inference—that his family is older than the Herald's college. That it was a highly distinguished one, is vouched for by the historical facts, that his name has been worn by monarchs and princes, as a title of honour. Hamor, the cognomen of a Hivite noble, signifies an Ass; Mirvan, the last Khalif of the Omniades, was surnamed Hemar, after the same animal; and Baharam, King of Persia, bore also the addition of Jowr, or the wild ass. A stud-master ought not to lose sight of these sponsorships in naming his stock; for the reciprocity system would justify his adoption of even regal titles. There is reason, indeed, to believe, that the modern appellation of Donkey was derived from a certain Don John, Prince of Asturias, afterwards familiarized as Don Jackey, and thence, by abbreviation, Donkey. At all events, he was a grandee, and should figure as such in the nominations. To a few of the entries, a literary interest might be attached, by borrowing the names of popular characters from novels, or even the titles of the books themselves,—e. g. Mr. Hook's "*Jack Brag*," or Monsieur Balzac's "*Peau de Chagrin*;" in short, any other names that have had a run. The first experiment might then be safely and quietly made at any of those sea-side resorts, where, sanctioned by fashion, the *coastermonger* rides, as unabashed as a *costermonger*, on an ass. By favour of the proverbial dulness of watering places, the establishment of Donkey-races would, probably, be hailed as a public benefit; as not only extending the range of amusements, but also promoting health, by supplying a new racing, bracing, pastime in the open air. Moreover, the spirit of speculation, or gambling, if it must be called so, would turn with alacrity from the eternal raffle, and backing a mere numeral, to taking the odds against a sleek, well-bred, high-conditioned favourite; while the ladies, at least, would be well contented to see the chance determined by the skilful, perhaps graceful, riding of a good looking gentleman-owner, in smart tops and leathers, a handsome zebra silk jacket, and jockey cap. The public mind thus prepared, at Margate or Ramsgate, for the novelty, the next step would be Brighton, where, by proper management, the Stewards of the course might be coaxed to admit a Long-Ear Stakes, by way of *entremet*, amongst the *vol-au-vents*, of their bill of fare. Such an "infusion of new blood" would perhaps tend to give interest even to a good day's sport; but it might be booked to enliven a dull one, for, at any rate, an ass-race would be as attractive as one of those matches between fifth and sixth-rate horses, which country gentlemen are so apt to get up over a bottle of *slow-juice*. It could not fail to produce

what might be called *jockey-larity*—an article often much needed to give a fillip to those sadder and wiser men, who feel, like Peter Bell, that they have “done” what they ought not to have done. To such over-weighted spirits a donkey race would be as good as a touch at the claret or the champagne; and many a face that might win the Doleful Stakes by a good length, at remembering the pull-up of Cocksure at the distance-post, would relax into a candidate for the shorts, while recalling how *Ass of Trumps* set off at a kicking pace,—had it all his own way, and came in, tail foremost, as full of running as a cracked pitcher.

It would be a national disgrace—a reproach to the public spirit of merry England, if a sport which holds out such serious and comic advantages should fail to be established on our Turf. But Hope promises better things. The prophetic spirit descends upon me, and lo! the scene changes. The noble members of the Jockey Club are wearing their blandest smiles. The *Legs* forget that they ever had any kicking in them. The two Sams volunteer to ride, and a distinguished individual, decorated with the Order of the Thistle, pledges himself to give a Plate. It is June 1939! and a mob, outswelling any that ever mustered on Epsom Downs, is clustered on Ascot Heath. The bell rings—the course is cleared, and—they’re off! The riders are in fancy dresses, and the Venetian Carnival, with its horse racing, is a funeral to it, for fun! Here they come!—there they go! The crowd closes behind them,—and what a shout rends the Welkin, and then a flourish as of *braying* trumpets. Easy! Hee-zy! Holloa! Holl-er! Huzza! Hooraw! Heehaw! Bravo, donkeys! Hasses for hever! I distinguish every cry, and Fancy even forestalls the report of the *Times* to come.

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The ASSYRIAN STAKES, 5 sovs. each, h. ft., 22 subs. Gentlemen riders.	
Mr. Carnaby's h. a. <i>Shamble</i> ,—pepper-and-salt body, sky-blue sleeves, red cap.....	1
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Mr. Suttaby's b. a. <i>All-up</i> ,—black, black cap, with brass plate in front.....	3

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN,

WITH REMARKS ON M. SUE'S ROMANCE.

It will be recollected by our readers, that the January and February numbers of the “Register” contained a brief epitome of M. EUGENE SUE’s romantic History of the Godolphin Arabian, copied from the London Sporting Magazine. The question raised as to the origin of that celebrated horse, by the French Author, created more than ordinary sensation, and like our English contemporary, we hastened to present the matter to our readers. The editor of the London Magazine referred to, in his number for May, introduces the article subjoined in the following words:—

“It may be said we ought not to have opened our pages to a fiction, but in doing so we hoped to draw a reply from some of our correspondents qualified for the task, which would set at rest the disputed point; and we less regret having complied with our friend’s request, as it enables us to give the true history, as far as is known,

of that celebrated horse, which will not only prove interesting to our readers, but contains 'a more authentic statement of facts connected with the Godolphin Arabian than has ever before been made public.'"

Having published the original article, it would be manifestly improper to omit the corollary; the subject, however, is so intrinsically interesting, and so much valuable information has been elicited in the discussion, that we do not regret having occupied so much space with it.

"Fingere qui non visa potest:
 Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto."

It is now several weeks since I first observed in the newspapers a notice of a certain "History of the Godolphin Arabian," by M. Eugene Sue. Having been from my youth up tolerably well versed in the pedigrees of the olden time, and, as I think, having quite as much, if not more information on the subject than any person now in existence, I turned with some degree of avidity to its perusal. However, in a few moments, I threw it down in a pet exclaiming, "Confound this Frenchman! A pretty fellow is he to write about the Godolphin Arabian! Is there no other subject he can find to exercise his imagination and his pen upon but *this*—which no Frenchman ever did or ever will know anything about? I wish now I were a Reviewer, just for his sake: wouldn't I clap my finger on the crazy bone of his elbow and stop his scribbling *pour la presse* for the time to come?" Some little time after, I met also with the notice contained in your February Number of this same work of M. Eugene Sue; and although it is evidently written by a gentleman who is at home with the subject, and who can detect at a glance the almost entire falsity of the Frenchman's narrative in the abstract, yet he does not appear sufficiently acquainted with the true history of this celebrated animal to correct his fabrication in detail. I am therefore of opinion that my own observations on the work of M. Eugene Sue will by no means prove uninteresting to your Sporting Readers, since I shall not only point out his errors, but offer perhaps a better and more authentic statement of the facts connected with the Godolphin Arabian than has ever before been made public.

Monsieur Sue's ignorance—and, what is more remarkable, his unparalleled assurance in supposing it possible that a Frenchman could write on any matter connected with the English Turf without making a fool of himself—reminds me of my old friend Billy Pierce's remarks upon that gallant and distinguished officer, Sir J. B——, now Lord Str——d. Sir John, as the Steward of Doncaster Races, had occasion to decide a dispute as to jostling to the prejudice of a horse trained by my old acquaintance, commonly designated on the Yorkshire courses by the name of "T'au'd one," that is to say, "the old one"—and a very descriptive epithet it was, for everything about old Billy seemed to belong to a different age and generation from the present. We may suppose, as Sir John dismissed the complaint, that it was not substantiated; but Mr. Pierce insisted upon this, that Sir John could not distinguish between a race and a charge of cavalry, and that he could by no earthly explanation be made to comprehend in what a "jostle" in racing consisted. So cantankerous was Billy on the subject, that I remember his accosting an old gentleman, whose erudition he held in high esteem, and who was at that time leaning

on my arm, in the following manner: "Mr. —, you can tell me, Sir, wasn't this Sir J. B——'s father or grandfather hanged?"—"No, Mr. Pierce," replied my old friend; "not hanged, but perhaps you allude to the Admiral, who was shot."—"I thowt," rejoined Billy, "it was summat o't sowort, and it's much of a muchness between hanging and shooting; but I'll uphould ye, Mr. —, this Sir J. B—— will *never do for the Turf*—he may be well enough for a General, but he'll *never do for the Turf*! He wants it *here*, Sir," added Billy Pierce, putting his finger in a most expressive manner on his forehead; he wants it *here*!" Now, though I entertain a very different opinion from Billy respecting the distinguished individual who had excited his spleen, and as to the relative quantity of intellect required in a trainer and a general officer, yet I confidently predicate of M. Eugene Sue that "he wants it *here*—*he will never do for the Turf*!" Still, however, the Godolphin Arabian is not a subject for every scribbler to forge memoirs upon, and it is fit that M. Eugene Sue should be shewn to his proper place in the temple of fiction; and I therefore enter upon my undertaking without any further delay.

I see, by your notice of the work in the number for February, that the narrative of M. Sue begins in the year 1732 with the visit of a Quaker gentleman to Paris in that year, who, by a train of incidents bordering upon romance, is led to purchase the Godolphin Arabian out of a wood-cart at three times his estimated value. This last incident is not by any means in keeping with the character of the stiff-necked and broad-brimmed race; for, without at all impugning their general benevolence, I may safely assert that friend Obadiah is a very good hand at making a bargain, and a most unlikely person unnecessarily to make a present of ten Louis-d'ors to a brute of a carter. That this is all fiction is certain, because the horse in 1732 had been in England at least two years. On this point there can be no mistake, as he was in the possession of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the country, by whom he was imported—namely, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, ancestor of the present Earl of Leicester. It is unlucky for M. Eugene Sue that the authentic records of the Turf attest the fact of the Godolphin Arabian having been in Mr. Coke's possession as early as 1730; he could not, therefore, be one of the eight Barbary steeds sent to Louis the fifteenth by the Bey of Tunis in 1731—M. Sue's own date of the present. The age of the horse when bought by Mr. Coke was supposed to be six years, a fact which it is obvious his mouth would determine with quite sufficient accuracy at that time.

I cannot pretend to guess the exact train of ideas by which M. Sue arrived at his own particular fiction, but Mr. Weatherby observes in his Stud Book, "the Editor was once informed by a French gentleman, whom he had not had an opportunity of seeing since, that this horse had actually drawn a cart in the streets of Paris." This is the sole authority for the tradition—an anonymous French gentleman! At all events the Arab was acting in the stud of Mr. Coke (not of Lord Godolphin) in the unenviable capacity of teaser to Hobgoblin in the year 1730, two years before the fictitious story of the Arabian is dated in the work of M. Eugene Sue: nor is there any confirmation of the story of his having drawn a cart, though it seems probable, that, having *casually* fallen upon this anecdote, he, not hav-

ing read it in Mr. Weatherby's book, furnished M. Sue with the first idea of his romance. Again, this is confirmed by the fact of the brief account given by Mr. Weatherby, stating two or three things, which, if M. Eugene Sue had known, he would not have fallen into the mistakes of which he has been guilty: for Mr. W. states explicitly, that the Arabian was still in Mr. Coke's hands in 1731, when Lath, his first progeny, was first begotten. Had this Frenchman ever consulted our Stud Books, he would have dated his narrative two or three years earlier in order to have given it something like probability. I may as well observe in this place, that the previous history of the horse's earlier life is false, even supposing M. Sue to have made an error in his dates; because, had he been one of eight Barbary coursers belonging to the King of France, Mr. Coke, who imported him, must have known this fact. How he came into France is perfectly uncertain; but the total absence of any pedigree or usual attestation is supposed to be a sufficient evidence that he had been stolen when very young, though whence we know not. Popular opinion stamped him an Arab, but we are informed that good judges thought it more probable that he was really a Barb.

The story of the Quaker, the wood-cart, and the Mute, being cast aside, let us proceed to the horse's career in England. M. Eugene Sue sells him to one Rogers, who kept the Golden Lion, Charing Cross. This again is a blundering edition of the account given by Mr. Pick, of York, in his Stud Book, who seems to be of opinion that Mr. Coke, after importing the Godolphin Arabian, presented him to Roger Williams (the Rogers of M. Sue), who kept, not the Golden Lion, Charing Cross, but the St. James's Coffee House, further westward, and represents Mr. Williams as presenting him to Lord Godolphin, by whom he was sent down to his stud at the Gogmagogs previously to the season of 1730. All this, however, is wrong. In addition to Mr. Weatherby's statement, I have at this moment before me the assurance of a Clergyman, that in his father's copy of the Stud Book (Weatherby's), there is a MS. note in the margin, opposite to Mr. Weatherby's account of the Godolphin Arabian, which states that the writer (decidedly the best judge of such matters then in England) had been informed by Mr. Coke, of Longford, a descendant of the donor, "that in the year 1736 his ancestor made a present of his whole stud to Lord Godolphin,"—the stud in question containing the Arabian and Hobgoblin, besides Lath, then four, and Cade, two years old; others there doubtless were unknown to us. Though I have no doubt this is the true statement of the facts, yet Mr. Roger Williams might have been an agent of Mr. Coke in the purchase of the Arabian—might even have sold him to that gentleman; but he could, I think, never have had the Godolphin Arabian given to him by Mr. Coke. Mr. Coke of Longford's personal recollection must have extended to within thirty years of the time, and it is very improbable that he was misinformed about the matter.

M. Sue says, "that from his shape and substance it was evident that the Arab could perform a lengthened course without difficulty, and that his speed was prodigious. add to which his uncommon beauty." His picture shows that he was very ugly; and from it one would be apt to suppose that he was not likely to have been useful as a hackney

or charger, much less as a racer; for, though evidently in certain parts of his person exhibiting great strength and power, he appears to have stood over his knees to the degree of deformity, and his neck was preposterously large; his back, too, fallen with age, certainly presents as ugly a representation of horseflesh as ever bothered an artist. It is therefore probable, that though an unsightly horse, he was of a very superior breed, and that having been stolen young, and therefore being accompanied by no attestation of his blood, he was little prized until his value was by chance discovered.

M. Eugene Sue ignorantly supposes him to have gone direct to Lord Godolphin, and describes his neglected state at Gogmagog when both he and his rival Hobgoblin were still in Mr. Coke's possession. M. Sue also describes the progeny of the latter horse as being at that time the crack of Newmarket. The fact is, that Hobgoblin ran in 1729, being then only five years old: he covered in 1730 and 1731, and was racing again successfully in 1732*; and therefore here again M. Eugene Sue's information is at a discount. Further, we are told that Hobgoblin being in such repute, Lord Godolphin purchased Roxana, by Childers, out of Monica, in order to secure the best colts in the world to his own stud. Here again, however, he is unhappy, for Roxana was not by Childers out of Monica, but by The Bald Galloway, who was an English-bred horse, *entirely* of foreign blood, and her dam was Own Sister to Chaunter,† a famous horse, who was likewise purely and *entirely* of Oriental pedigree. She bore a colt called Roundhead to Childers, in 1733, and then, as by this time Lath was a yearling, probably shewing great promise, she was again put to the Godolphin Arabian. In 1734 she produced her most celebrated son, Cade, and died when he was only ten days old; hence his name. This was, however, two years before Mr. Coke presented his valuable stud to Lord Godolphin.

It may be as well to observe here, that Lord Godolphin was in partnership with Lord Chedworth in his racing engagements, as the latter nobleman was also at another period with the Hon. Mr. Dutton. These partnerships were conducted with great spirit, and in particular I may mention that they purchased some capital mares and colts from a Mr. Robinson, of Easby, in Yorkshire. One of these mares, the noted "Grey Robinson," was the dam of Regulus, bred by Lord Chedworth, and which horse is generally esteemed to have been the *best* of all the sons of the Godolphin Arabian, having never been beaten, or even put to any difficulty in winning any of his races.

The truly French most ridiculous story of the duel between Hobgoblin and the Arabian, as well as the fanciful picture of Newmarket in 1738, when the father-steed was brought out, bedizened in a most unlikely fashion, to see his three sons, all the property of Lord Godolphin, win three great races on the same day—a sight the glory of which, had it really happened, he would not have particularly well understood—these tales are pure and unadulterated fiction. M. Eugene Sue here blunders at every step; Lath, he says, was then five, Cade four, and Regulus three years old; unluckily, however, Lath was then six years old; Cade never started until 1740; Regulus

* Pick, in giving an account of his race with Fearnought, in this year, which he lost, describes him as Mr. Coke's. He won twice afterwards in that year.

† Chaunter was by the Acaster Turk, dam by the Leeds Arabian.

must have been indeed a very precocious colt, for he was not foaled until 1739; added to this, he never was in Lord Godolphin's stud at all, since, on the death of his breeder, Lord Chedworth (about 1744), he was sold, having then never started, to a Mr. Martindale, in whose possession he ever after remained.

We are then informed that it was in consequence of Lath's beating all the English-bred horses—confirming, as this superiority did, the excellence of the Arabian blood, as evinced by the produce of Mr. Darley's horse—that the Arabian cross came into fashion at Newmarket. The truth is, that from the reign of Charles the Second, none but horses bred from Oriental blood had any chance of winning in England: at the same time, the crosses effected in this country were gradually producing a larger, a speedier, and probably a better animal than the Eastern horse. For example, the degraded Hobgoblin, whom M. Eugene Sue makes the Hector to his four-footed Achilles, the ideal Scham of his narrative, was by Aleppo, son of the Darley Arabian, out of a mare by Hautboy. Hautboy was by one of the Darcy Turks, out of a Royal Barbary mare. The above dam of Aleppo was the property of Sir M. Pierson, and thorough-bred. Hobgoblin's dam also was purely of foreign blood, though for two or three generations in England. If it were worth while, I would undertake to prove that the English race-horse is in fact a new breed, formed by crossing various Oriental breeds together; and if there was any aboriginally English blood in the breed, it can no more be traced than three drops of Sherry in a glass of water. This, however, would be a new field, and would carry us off the scent of M. Eugene Sue; and I am anxious to finish my story, which is growing more lengthily than I at first intended.

The next matter which I have to notice is the affectionate and faithful attachment of the Godolphin Arabian's cat to that celebrated father of the English Turf. Even this is garbled in a most unnecessary manner; the truth being that the cat was comparatively a late acquaintance, and instead of preceding him to the tomb, as M. Sue has it, we are assured on much better authority, that after his death poor Puss never left his corpse, but sat upon it all the time it was in the act of being drawn to its grave under the archway at the Gogmagog stables, and, after having seen it covered up, went sorrowfully away, and was never again seen alive. She was found some few days afterwards dead in the hay-loft—thus affording a practical illustration of Mercutio's observation that "care will kill a cat."

But there was one matter connected with the funeral with which it is much to be lamented that M. Sue was unacquainted, for there are few incidents in his fictitious narrative half so well suited to the talent for embellishment, such as it is, of which he appears to be possessed! How unfortunate is it, that his meagre gleanings of English racing lore did not impart to him the very important fact, that at the funeral cake and ale were given to all the good people who attended! I do not perceive that there is any mention of this circumstance, which in his hands could scarcely have failed to have produced a valuable episode on the ceremonial observed at the obsequies of English race-horses.

I trust that what I have stated will bring my readers to the conclu-

sion I have myself arrived at—that this is a new attempt in that “most disreputable walk of literature,” the editing of forged or fictitious memoirs, in which so many *petits littérateurs* have been employed since the peace, and by which so many French publishers have gulled the public. His predecessors having exhausted everything from a Prince Cardinal to a lacquey or chambermaid, M. Eugene Sue has dashed into a new line—But the authentic history of the Godolphin Arabian is not altogether a matter without interest to English Sportsmen, and the readers of “The Sporting Magazine” have now before them perhaps a more accurate account of his adventures than they have ever before had an opportunity of perusing.

York, March 25, 1839.

CENTAUR.

ON PAVING OR BOTTOMING OF STABLES.

HYDE PARK BARRACKS, April, 1839.

As experiments have lately been made, and are now under observation, in regard to five standings bottomed with Asphalte in these barracks, I take the opportunity of offering a few practical observations, since it is a subject of importance to every owner of horses.

The compelling a horse to stand constantly on an inclined plane is no doubt productive of permanent injury; but this is often of such slow growth that the cause is overlooked or passed unheeded; still it is so much a deviation from a natural state, that very little reflection is necessary to produce conviction that many evils must result from it.

Independently, however, of the degree of slope given to a stall, the state of the horse undergoes various modifications according with the nature and arrangement of its surface.

With almost every kind of paving some degree of deviation from a plane unyielding surface exists; this enables a horse to take that position which is the most easy, and with litter in the stall the facility to do so is increased.

A horse's legs may aptly be compared to props supporting a cylinder, represented by the animal's body: when this is horizontal, the legs have merely to support the weight without muscular exertion being required, or an undue strain of ligaments being occasioned; but when one end of this cylinder is raised, as is the case with a horse standing in an ordinary stall, it acquires a tendency to slide or fall backwards, which with the horse is only counteracted by muscular exertion, or, by the body being thrown forward, bringing the fore-legs to an acute, and the hind legs to an obtuse angle with it. With feet resting on a plane unyielding sloping surface, it must be evident that this position can only be attained by subjecting the posterior or flexing parts of the limbs to an undue degree of stretching and exertion, thereby producing stiffness, and ultimately lameness. That horses rest themselves and even sleep without lying down, is a well-known fact; but to enable them to do so, their position in standing must be suitable.

In stalls paved with ordinary stones in the common way, the bottom

is very irregular: at first the lateral faces of the stones are not placed in correct apposition; the edges of the stones soon get worn away, and the interstices are deepened by the broom in sweeping. The elevations and depressions become in this way extremely varied, and the horse may stand with the ground surface of the foot level, or with the toe depressed to a degree to which nature points as being the most conducive to ease in standing.

Experience shows that horses almost invariably avail themselves of this facility for standing with the toe depressed, more especially so as regards the hind-legs. When this way of standing is carried to excess, which it frequently is where the stones are rounded on the surface and the interstices large, a contracted state of the posterior ligaments is induced. The change, though it hardly can be doubted, is, however, so slow, that in short periods it cannot be detected. It is very common to see old horses step mainly on the toe of the hind feet. That horses become contracted and stiff in their joints by work, is perfectly true, still it is but reasonable to believe that the unnatural mode of standing here pointed out contributes towards increasing this infirmity.

From the fact that horses retained in a stall merely by a rail across it will most commonly be found with their heads from the manger, and consequently lowest before, it has been supposed that to reverse the usual inclination of standings might be advantageous. But I think it very probable that light and cheerfulness may have as much to do with this disposition in the horse as that of a desire to stand downhill.

Stalls paved nearly level, but having a slight depression in every direction towards a point near the centre, with a grating over a cess-pool, or communicating with an under-ground drain, closed by a stink-trap, I believe to be the most conducive to the well-doing of horses; they certainly are the least outrageous against nature, and admit of variety in the mode of standing by change of position. With a sufficient length of halter-rein the horse may stand back and have his fore feet the lowest; by standing forward, this position may be reversed; both varying in degree as instinct may point out; or the horse may stand level or nearly so.

A surface drain for the escape of urine appears to be in most instances useless. A part of the urine soaks into the ground and becomes innocuous, a part is swabbed up by the litter, and the rest escapes by evaporation. Under-ground drains require to be closed by an air-trap to prevent a current of air setting into the stable, and which must necessarily be foul from the accumulation of acrid matter it has to pass over.

All that I have hitherto said on this subject applies to stalls which have a previous bottoming; it now remains to offer a few remarks on the bottoming with Asphalte, which is supposed to be impervious.

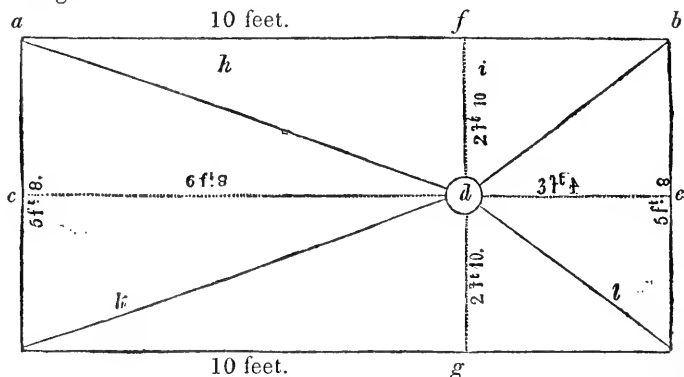
This composition appears to possess the requisite degree of hardness, and is probably sufficiently durable. It would no doubt answer very well if laid in a dishing form, with a grating near the centre of the stall through which the urine might pass off; but laid as a continued inclined plane from manger to gutter, it is the worst bottoming that can be employed. The urine which is not swabbed up by the

litter is diffused over a large surface ; none of it soaks into the ground ; and the atmosphere of the stable becomes impregnated with peculant matter in an increased degree by its absorption : for before it can reach a drain it is too much diffused to run off. Besides, the horse has scarcely any means of alleviating the unnatural degree of strain imposed upon the posterior part of the limb ; even standing obliquely in the stall affords but very imperfect relief.

An instance worthy of remark has occurred in one of the stalls bottomed with this composition in the Hyde Park Barracks : it must not, however, excite surprise, as similar cases are by no means uncommon. An accidentally soft place exists in one of the stalls, a few inches distant from the heel-post : the horse in seeking relief has found this out : it admits the toe of the shoe deep enough to prevent slipping, and the horse is continually found standing with the toe of the foot in the depression, and the heel of it propped up against the post.

The best form for the bottom of a stall is that which gives a general dishing towards a grating in the centre, as from side to side, and about two-thirds from the front towards the back termination of the standing, which may be taken at ten feet, beyond which the space or gangway should be level, and the wider this is the better ; the lines on the side of each standing should have a slope of about three inches from the front wall to the termination of the standing, and from each side to the centre of about two inches, with a grating at that part for the urine to pass into an under-ground drain or cess-pool. As to difference whether for mares or geldings, it is hardly necessary when the grating is suitably placed.

The annexed diagram will in some degree illustrate the description I have given.



a to *b*, 120 inches, slope 3 in.=1 in 40.

c to *d*, 80 inches, slope 1 in.=1 in 20.

e to *d*, 40 inches, slope 1 in.=1 in 40.

f to *d*, 34 inches, slope 2 in.=1 in 17.

g to *d*, the same as *f* to *d*.

In paving, the straight lines will be those indicated by *h i* and *k l* ; and the intermediate spaces between these and the boundary lines of the standing should be gently dishing.

The circle indicating the drain ought to be at least eight or ten inches.

It is not necessary that the precise degrees of declination here indicated should be rigidly adhered to, but something like an approximation to them will be found to answer the purpose.

The real Dutch clinker is better than stones for paving with; but if the latter are used, the size on the surface cannot be too small.

I shall here for the present let the matter rest, believing that I have said enough to draw attention to this very important subject. I may hereafter give it further consideration, as much yet remains to be said upon practical details.

F. C. CHERRY,

[London Sporting Magazine for May, 1839.]

Vet. Surg. 2d Life Guards.

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS ;

OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE THIRD.

So thoroughly was I tired out by the effects of the first day's fagging I had undergone in many months, and so sound was the slumber into which I sank the moment my head touched the pillow, that it scarcely seemed as if five minutes had elapsed between my falling into sweet forgetfulness, and my starting bolt upright in bed, aroused by the vociferous shout, and ponderous trampling—equal to nothing less than that of a full-grown rhinoceros—with which Tom Draw rushed, long before the sun was up, into my chamber.

"What's this—what's this now?"—he exclaimed—"why the d—! arn't you up and ready?—why here's the bitters mixed, and Archer in the stable this half hour past, and Jem's here with the hounds—and you, you lazy snorting Injun, wasting the morning here in bed!"

My only reply to this most characteristic salutation, was to hurl my pillow slap in his face, and—threatening to follow up this missile with the contents of the water pitcher, which stood temptingly within my reach, if he did not get out incontinently—to jump up and array myself with all due speed; for, when I had collected my bewildered thoughts, I well remembered that we had settled on a fox-hunt before breakfast, as a preliminary to a fresh skirmish with the quail.

In a few minutes I was on foot and in the parlor, where I found a bright crackling fire, a mighty pitcher of milk punch, and a plate of biscuit, an apt substitute for breakfast before starting; while, however, I was discussing these, Archer arrived, dressed just as I have described him on the preceding day, with the addition of a pair of heavy hunting spurs, buckled on over his half-boots, and a large iron hammered whip in his right hand.

"That's right, Frank"—he exclaimed, after the ordinary saluta-

tions of the morning—"why that old porpoise told me you would not be ready these two hours; he's grumbling out yonder by the stable door, like a hog stuck in a farm-yard gate. But come, we may as well be moving, for the hounds are all uncoupled, and the nags saddled, —put on a pair of straps to your fustian trowsers, and take these racing spurs, though Peacock does not want them—and now, hurrah!"

This was soon done, and going out upon the stoop, a scene—it is true, widely different from the kennel door at Melton, or the covert side at Billesdon Coplow, yet not by any means devoid of interest or animation—presented itself to my eyes. About six couple of large heavy hounds, with deep and pendant ears, heavy well-feathered sterns, broad chests, and muscular strong limbs, were gathered round their feeder, the renowned Jem Lyn; on whom it may not be impertinent to waste a word or two, before proceeding to the mountain, which, as I learned, to my no little wonder, was destined to be our hunting ground. Picture to yourself, then, gentle reader, a small but actively formed man, with a face of most unusual and portentous ugliness, an uncouth grin doing the part of a smile; a pair of eyes so small that they would have been invisible, but for the serpent-like vivacity and brightness with which they sparkled from their deep sockets, and a profusion of long hair, coal-black, but lank and uncurled as an Indian's, combed smoothly down with a degree of care entirely out of keeping with the other details, whether of dress or countenance, on either cheek. Above these sleek and cherished tresses he wore a thing which might have passed for either cap or castor, at the wearer's pleasure; for it was wholly destitute of brim except for a space some three or four inches wide over the eyebrows; and the crown had been so pertinaciously and completely beaten in, that the sides sloped inward at the top, as if to personate a bishop's mitre—a fishing line was wound about this graceful and—if its appearance belied it not most foully—odoriferous head-dress; and into the fishing line was stuck the bowl and some two inches of the shank of a well-sooted pipe. An old red handkerchief was twisted rope-wise about his lean and straggy neck, but it by no means sufficed to hide the scar of what had evidently been a most appalling gash, extending right across his throat, almost from ear to ear, the great cicatrix clearly visible like a white line through the thick stubble of some ten days' standing that graced his chin and neck. An old green coat, the skirts of which had long since been docked by the encroachments of thorn-bushes and cat-briars, with the mouth-piece of a powder-horn peeping from its breast pocket, and a full shot-belt crossing his right shoulder—a pair of fustian trowsers, patched at the knees with corduroy—and heavy cowhide boots completed his attire. This, as it seemed, was to be our huntsman, and sooth to say, although he did not look the character, he played the part, when he got to work, right handsomely. At a more fitting season, Harry in a few words, let me into this worthy's history and disposition. "He is"—he said—"the most incorrigible rascal I ever met with—an unredeemed and utter vagabond—he started life as a stallion leader, a business which he understands—as in fact he does almost every thing else within his scope—thoroughly well! He got on prodigiously!—was employed by the first breeders in the country!—took

to drinking, and then, in due rotation, to gambling, pilfering, lying, every crime, in short, which is compatible with utter want of anything like moral sense, deep shrewdness, and uncommon cowardice. He cut his throat once—you may see the scar now—in a fit of *delirium tremens*, and Tom Draw—who, though he is perpetually cursing him for the most lying critter under heaven, has, I believe, a sort of fellow feeling for him—nursed him and got him well; and ever since he has hung about here—getting at times a country stallion to look after, at others hunting, or fishing, or doing little jobs about the stable, for which Tom gives him plenty of abuse, plenty to eat, and as little rum as possible, for if he gets at a second glass it is all up with Jem Lyn for a week at least. He came to see me once in New York, when I was down upon my back with a broken leg—I was lying in the parlor, about three weeks after the accident had happened!—Tim Matlock had gone out for something, and the cook let him in—and, after he had sat there about half an hour, telling me all the news of the Races, and making me laugh more than was good for my broken leg, he gave me such a hint, that I was compelled to direct him to the cupboard, wherein I keep the liquor-stand;—and unluckily enough, as I had not for some time been in drinking tune, all three of the bottles were brimful; and, as I am a Christian man, he drank in spite of all that I could say—I could not leave the couch to get at him—two of them to the dregs; and, after frightening me almost to death, fell flat upon the floor, and lay there fast asleep when Tim came in again; who dragged him instantly, by my directions, under the pump in the garden, and soused him for about two hours, but without producing the least effect, except eliciting a grunt or two from this most seasoned cask. Such is Jem Lyn, and yet, absurd to say, I have tried the fellow, and believe him perfectly trustworthy—at least to me! He is a coward, yet I have seen him fight like a hero more than once, and against heavy odds, to save me from a thrashing, which I got after all, though not without some damage to our foes, whose name might have been legion!—He is the greatest liar I ever met with; and yet I never caught him in a falsehood, for he believes it is no use to tell me one!—He is most utterly dishonest, yet I have trusted him with sums that would, in his opinion, have made him a rich man for life, and he accounted to the utmost shilling—but I advise you not to try the same—for if you do he most assuredly will cheat you!”

Among the heavy looking hounds, which clustered round this hopeful gentleman, I quickly singled out two couple of widely different breed and character—your thorough high-bred racing fox-hounds, with ears rounded, thin shining coats, clean limbs, and all the marks of the best class of English hounds. “Aye! Frank”—said Archer, as he caught my eye fixed on them—“you have found out my favorites. Why, Bonny Belle, good lass, why Bonny Belle!—here Blossom, Blossom, come up and show your pretty figures to your countryman!—Poor Hanbury—do you remember, Frank, how many a merry day we’ve had with him by Thorley Church, and Takely forest?—poor Hanbury sent them to me with *such* a letter, only the year before he died—and those, Dauntless and Dangerous, I had from Will, Lord Harewood’s huntsman, the same season!”

"There never was sich dogs—there never was afore in Orange,"—said Tom. "I *will* say that though they be English—and though they be too fast for fox—entirely—there never was sich dogs for deer"—

"But how the deuce"—I interrupted—"can hounds be too fast, if they have bone and staunchness!"

"Staunchness be d—d,—they holes them!"—

"No earthstoppers in these parts, Frank," cried Harry—"and as the object of these gentlemen is not to hunt solely for the fun of the thing, but to destroy a noxious varmint, they prefer a slow, sure, deep-mouthed dog, that does not press too close on Pug, but lets him take his time about the coverts, till he comes into fair gunshot of these hunters who are lying perdu at his runs to get a crack at him."

"And pray," said I—"is this *your* method of proceeding?"—

"You shall see, you shall see—come get to horse, or it will be late before we get our breakfasts, and I assure you I don't wish to lose either that, or my day's quail-shooting. This hunt is merely for a change, and to get something of an appetite for breakfast. Now, Tim, be sure that everything is ready by eight o'clock at the latest—we shall be in by that time with a furious appetite." Thus saying he mounted, without more delay, his favorite, the gray; while I backed, nothing loth, the chesnut horse; and at the same time to my vast astonishment, from under the long shed out rode the mighty Tom, bestriding a tall powerful brown mare, showing a monstrous deal of blood combined with no slight bone—equipped with a cavalry bridle, and strange to say, *without* the universal martingale—he was rigged just as usual, with the exception of a broad-brimmed hat in place of his fur cap, and grasped in his right hand a heavy smooth-bored rifle, while with the left he wheeled his mare, with a degree of active skill, which I should certainly have looked for anywhere rather than in so vast a mass of flesh as that which was exhibited by our worthy host. Two other sportsmen, grave, sober-looking, farmers, whom Harry greeted cheerily by name, and to whom in all due form I was next introduced, well mounted, and armed with long single-barrelled guns, completed our party; and away we went at a rattling trot, the hounds following at Archer's heels, as steadily as though he hunted them three times a week.

"Now arn't it a strange thing"—said Tom—"arn't it a strange thing, Mr. Forester, that every critter under heaven takes somehow nat'rally to that are Archer—the very hounds—old Whino there! that I have had these eight years, and fed with my own hands, and hunted steady every winter, quits me the very moment he claps sight on him—'by the Eternal,' I believe he is half dog himself."

"You *hunted* them indeed"—interrupted Harry—"you old rhinoceros, why hang your hide, you never so much as heard a good view holloa till I came up here—you *hunted* them—a man talk of hunting, that carries a cannon about with him on horseback—but come, where are we to try first, on Rocky hill, or in the Spring swamps?"

"Why now I reckon, Archer, we'd best stop down to Sam Joneses—by the blacksmith's—he was telling t' other morning of an eternal sight of them he'd seen down hereaway—and we'll be there to rights!"

—Jem, curse you, out of my way, you dumb nigger—out of my way, or I'll ride over you”—for, travelling along at a strange shambling run, that worthy had contrived to keep up with us, though we were going fully at the rate of eight or nine miles in the hour.

“Hurrah!” cried Tom, suddenly pulling up at the door of a neat farm-house on the brow of a hill, with a clear streamlet sweeping round its base, and a fine piece of woodland at the further side—“Hurrah! Sam Jones, we've come to make them foxes, you were telling of a Sunday, smell h—ll right straight away. Here's Archer, and another Yorker with him—leastwise an Englisher I should say—and Squire Conklin, and Bill Speers, and that white nigger Jem—look sharp, I say—look sharp, d—n you, else we'll pull off the ruff of the old homestead.”

In a few minutes Sam made his appearance, armed, like the rest, with a Queen Ann's tower-musket. “Well! well!”—he said—“I'm ready—quit making such a clatter—lend me a load of powder, one of you; my horn's leaked dry, I reckon!”

Tom forthwith handed him his own, and the next thing I heard was Jones exclaiming that it was “desperate pretty powder,” and wondering if it shot strong—

“Shoot strong—I guess you'll find it strong enough to sew you up, if you go charging your old musket that ways”—answered Tom—“by the Lord, Archer, he's put in three full charges.”

“Well, it will kill him, that's all”—answered Harry very coolly—“and there'll be one less of you—but come! come! let's be bustling, the sun's going to get up already—you'll leave your horses here, I suppose, gentlemen, and get to the old stands—Tom Draw, put Mr. Forester at my old post down by the big pin-oak at the creek side—and you stand there, Frank, still as a church-mouse: it's ten to one, if some of these fellows don't shoot him first, that he'll break covert close by you, and run the meadows for a mile or two, up to the turn-pike road, and over it to Rocky hill—that black knob yonder, covered with pine and hemlock. There are some queer snake fences in the flat, and a big brook or two, but Peacock has been over every inch of it before, and you may trust in him implicitly—Good bye—I'm going up the road with Jem to drive it from the upper end”—and off he went at a merry trot, with the hounds gambolling about his stirrups, and Jem Lyn running at his best pace, to keep up with him—in a few minutes they were lost behind a swell of woodland, round which the road wheeled suddenly. At the same moment Tom and his companions re-appeared from the stables, where they had been securing their four-footed friends; and, after a few seconds, spent in running ramrods down the barrels to see that all was right, inspecting primings, knapping flints, or putting on fresh copper caps, it was announced that all was ready; and passing through the farm yard, we entered, through a set of bars, a broad bright buckwheat stubble—and scarcely an hundred yards had we proceeded, before up sprang the finest bevy of the largest quail I had yet seen, and flying high and wild crossed half-a-dozen fields in the direction of the village whence we had started, and pitched at length into an alder brake beside the stream.

“Them chaps has gone the right way”—Tom exclaimed, with a deep sigh, who had with wondrous difficulty refrained from firing into

them, though he was loaded with buckshot—"right in the course we count to take this forenoon. Now, Squire, keep to the left *here*, take your station by the old earths there away, under the tall dead pine—and you, Bill, make tracks *there*, straight through the middle cart-way, down to the other meadow, and sit you down right where the two streams fork; there'll be an old red snooping down that side ere long, I reckon. We'll go on, Mr. Forester, here's a big rail fence now—I'll throw off the top rail, for I'll be d—d if I climb any day when I can creep—there, that'll do, I reckon; leastwise if you can ride like Archer—he d—ns me always, if I so much as shakes a fence afore he jumps it—you've got the best horse, too, for lepping—now let's see—well done!—well done!"—he continued, with a most boisterous burst of laughter—"well done, *horse*, any how!"—as Peacock, who had been chafing ever since he parted from his comrade Bob, went at the fence as though he were about to take it in his stroke—stopped short when within a yard of it, and then bucked over it, without touching a splinter, although it was at least five feet, and shaking me so much, that, greatly to Tom's joy, I showed no little glimpse of daylight.—"I reckon if they *run* the meadows, you'll hardly *ride* them, Forester"—he grinned—"but now away with you—you see the tall dark pin oak, it hasn't lost one leaf yet, right in the nook there of the bars you'll find a quiet shady spot, where you can see clear up the rail fence to this knob, where I'll be. Off with you, boy—and mind you now, you keep as dumb as the old woman when her husband cut her tongue out, 'cause she had too much jaw."

Finishing his discourse, he squatted himself down on the stool of a large hemlock, which—being recently cut down—cumbered the wood-side with its giant stem, and secured him—with its evergreen top now lowly laid and withering—from the most narrow scrutiny; while I, giving the gallant horse his head, went at a brisk hand-gallop across the firm short turf of the fair sloping hill-side, taking a moderate fence in my stroke, which Peacock cleared in a style that satisfied me Harry had by no means exaggerated his capacity to act as hunter, in lieu of the less glorious occupation to which in general he was doomed.

In half a minute more I reached my post, and though an hour passed before I heard the slightest sound betokening the chase, never did I more thoroughly enjoy an hour. The loveliness of the whole scene before me—the broad rich sweep of meadowland lying, all bathed in dew, under the pale gray light of an autumnal morning, with groups of cattle couched still beneath the trees where they had passed the night!—the distant hills, veiled partially in mist, partially rearing their round leafy heads toward the brightening sky!—and then the various changes of the landscape, as slowly the day broke behind the eastern hill!—and all the various sounds of bird, and beast, and insect, which each succeeding variation of the morning served to call into life as if by magic!—First a faint rosy flush stole up the eastern sky, and nearly at the self-same moment, two or three vagrant crows came flapping heavily along, at a height so immeasurable that their harsh voices were by distance modified into a pleasing murmur!—And now a little fish jumped in the streamlet; and the splash, trifling as it was, with which he fell back on the quiet surface,

half startled me,—a moment afterward an acorn plumped down on my head, and, as I looked up, there sat, on a limb not ten feet above me, an impudent rogue of a grey squirrel, half as big as a rabbit, erect upon his haunches, working away at the twin brother of the acorn he had dropped upon my hat to break my reverie, rasping it audibly with his chisel-shaped teeth, and grinning at me just as coolly as though I were a harmless scare-crow!—When I grew tired of observing him, and looked toward the sky again, behold the western ridge, which is far higher than the eastern hills, had caught upon its summits the first bright rays of the yet unseen day-god; while the rosy flush of the east had brightened into a blaze of living gold, exceeded only by the glorious hues with which a few slight specks of misty cloud glowed out against the azure firmament, like coals of actual fire—again a louder splash aroused me; and, as I turned, there floated on a glassy basin, into which the ripples of a tiny fall subsided, three wood-ducks with a noble drake, that loveliest in plumage of all aquatic fowl, perfectly undisturbed and fearless, although within ten yards of their most dreaded enemy. How beautiful are all their motions!—there! one has reared herself half way out of the water—another stretches forth a delicate web foot to scratch her ear, as handily as a dog on dry land;—and now the drake reflects his purple neck to preen his ruffled wing, and now—bad luck to you, Peacock, why did you snort and stamp?—they are off like a bullet, and out of sight in an instant. And now out comes the sun himself, and with him the accursed hum of a musquitoe—and hark!—hush!—what was that?—was it?—by heavens, it was the deep note of a fox-hound!—aye! there comes Harry's cheer, faintly heard, swelling up the breeze. "Have at him, there! Ha-a-ve at him, good lads!"—again! again! those are the musical deep voices of the slow hounds—they have a dash in them of the old Southern breed—and now!—there goes the yell—the quick sharp yelping rally of those two high-bred bitches.—By heaven! they must be viewing him!—how the woods ring and crash!—"Togather hark!—Togather hark!—Toga-a-ther!—For-ra-ard, good lads, get for-a-ard!—Hya-a-araway!"—Well holloaed Harry—I could swear to that last screech, out of ten thousand, though it is near ten years since I last heard it! But heavens! how they press him!—hang it! there goes a shot—the squire has fired at him, as he tried the earths! now, if he have but missed him, and Pan, the God of hunters, send it so, he has no chance but to try the open—By Jove he has! he must have missed, for Bonny Belle and Blossom are raving half a mile this side of him already. And now Tom sees him—how quietly he steals up to the fence—there! he has fired! and all our sport is up!—No! no! he waves his hat and points this way—Can he have missed?—No—he has got a fox—he lifts it out by the brush, there must have been two, then, on foot together—he has done well to get that he has killed away, or they would have stopped on him!—Hush! the leaves rustle here beside me, with a quick patter—the twigs crackle—it is he!—move not—not for your life, Peacock!—there! he has broken cover fairly—now he is half across the field—he stops to listen—ah! he will head back again—No! no! that crash, when they came upon the warm blood, has decided him—away he goes, with his brush high,

and its white tag brandished in the sunshine—now I may holloa him away—“Whoop! gone awa-ay! whoop!”—I was answered on the instant by Harry’s quick “Hark holloa! get awa-y—get awa-ay!—to him hark! to him hark! hark holloa!”—Most glorious Artemis, what heaven stirring music!—and yet there are but poor six couple; the scent must be as hot as fine, for every hound seems to have twenty tongues, and every leaf an hundred echoes!—How the boughs crash again! Lo! they are here—Bonny Belle leading—head and stern up, with a quick panting yelp—Blossom, and Dangerous, and Dauntless, scarcely a length behind her, striving together, neck and neck—and, by St. Hubert, it must be a scent of twenty thousand, for here these heavy southrons are scarcely two rods behind them. But fidget not, good Peacock! fret not most excellent Pythagoras!—one moment more, and I am not the boy to balk you—and here comes Harry on the gray; by George, he makes the brush-wood crackle—now for a nasty leap out of the tangled swamp—a high six barred fence of rough trees, leaning toward him, and up hill!—surely he will not try it. Will he not though?—see! his rein is tight yet easy! his seat, how beautiful, how firm, yet how relaxed and graceful—well done indeed!—he slacks his rein one instant as the gray rises—the rugged rails are cleared, and the firm pull supports him!—but Harry moved not in the saddle, no, not one hair’s breadth—a five foot fence to him is nothing—you shall not see the slightest variation between his attitude in that strong effort, and in the easy gallop—if Tom Draw saw him now, he could have some excuse for calling him “half horse”—and he does see him—hark to that most unearthly yell—like unto nothing, either heavenly or human!—he waves his hat and hurries back as fast as he is able to the horses, well knowing that, for pedestrians at least, the morning’s sport is ended. Harry and I were now almost abreast, riding in parallel lines, down the rich valley, very nearly at the top speed of our horses; taking fence after fence in our stroke, and keeping well up with the hounds, which were running almost mute, such was the furious speed to which the blazing scent excited them. We had already passed above two thirds of the whole distance that divides the range of woods, wherein we found him, and the pretty village which we had constituted our head quarters, a distance of at least three miles—and now a very difficult and awkward obstacle presented itself to our farther progress, in the shape of a wide yawning brook between sheer banks of several feet in height, broken, with rough and pointed stones, the whole being at least five yards across—the gallant hounds dashed over it; and, when we reached it, were half way across the grass field next beyond it—“Hold him hard, Frank,” Harry shouted—“hold him hard, man, and cram him at it!”—and so I did, though I had little hope of clearing it. I lifted him a little on the snaffle, gave him the spur just as he reached the brink, and with a long and swinging leap, so easy that its motion was in truth scarce perceptible, he swept across it; before I had the time to think, we were again going at our best pace almost among the hounds. Over myself, I cast a quick glance back toward Harry, who by a short turn of the chase had been thrown a few yards behind me. He charged it gallantly—but on the very verge, cowed by the brightness of the rippling water, the gray made a half stop,

but leaped immediately, beneath the application of the galling spur—he made a noble effort, but it was scarce a thing to be effected by a standing leap, and it was with far less pleasure than surprise, that I saw him drop his hind legs down the steep bank, having just landed with his fore feet in the meadow. I was afraid, indeed, he must have had an ugly fall, but, picked up quickly by the delicate and steady finger of his rider, the good horse found some slight projection of the bank, whereby to make a second spring—after a heavy flounder, however, which must have dismounted any less perfect horseman, he recovered himself well, and before many minutes was again abreast of me! Thus far the course of the hunted fox had lain directly homeward, down the valley; but now the turnpike-road making a sudden turn crossed his line at right angles, while another narrower road coming in at a tangent, went off to the southwestward in the direction of the bold projection, which I had learned to recognize as Rocky hill—over the high fence into the road—well performed gallant horses!—and now they check for a moment, puzzling about on the dry sandy turnpike. “Dangerous feathers on it now!—speak to it, speak to it, good hound!” How beautiful that flourish of the stern with which he darts away on the recovered scent—with what a yell they open it once again! Harry was right, he makes for Rocky hill, but up this plaguy lane, where the scent lies but faintly. Now! now! the road turns off again far westward of his point—he may—by Jove, and he *has* left it! “Have at him, then, lads, he is ours!”—and lo! the pace increases. Ha! what a sudden turn, and in the middle too of a clear pasture—“Has he been headed, Harry?”—“No! no! his strength is failing”—and see, he makes his point again toward the hill—it is within a quarter of a mile, and if he gain it we can do nothing with him, for it is full of earths—but he will never reach it—see he turns once again—how exquisitely well those bitches run it—three times he has doubled, now almost as short as a hare, and they, running breast high, have turned with him each time, not over-running it a yard. See how the sheep have drawn together into phalanx yonder, in that bare pasture to the eastward, he has crossed that field for a thousand—yes! I am right—see! they turn once again—what a delicious rally—an outspread towel would cover those four leading hounds, now Dauntless has it—has it by half a neck, “he always goes up, when a fox is sinking”—Harry exclaimed, pointing towards him with his hunting whip—aye! he has given up his point entirely, he knew he could not face the hill—look! look at those carrion crows—how low they stoop over that woody bank—that is his line!—here is the road again—over it once more merrily! and now I view him—“whoop!—Forra-ard, lads, forra-ard!” he cannot hold five minutes, and see, there comes fat Tom pounding that mare along the road, as if her fore feet were of hammered iron; he has come up along the turnpike, at an infernal pace, while that turn favoured him, but he will only see us kill him, and that too at a respectful distance—another brook stretches across our course, hurrying to join the greater stream along the banks of which we have so long been speeding—but this is but a little one—there we have cleared it cleverly—now! now! the hounds are viewing him—poor brute! his day is come—see how he twists and doubles—ah, now they

have him—no! that short turn has saved him, and he gains the fence—he will lie down there—no! he stretches gallantly across the next field—game to the last, poor devil! There, “Who—whoop!—Dead! dead! who—whoop!”—and in another instant Harry had snatched him from the hounds, and holding him aloft displayed him to the rest, who had come up along the road!—

“A pretty burst”—he said to me—“a pretty burst, Frank, and a good kill—but they can’t stand before the hounds, the foxes here, like our stout islanders—they are not forced to work so hard to gain their living—but now let us get homeward, I want my breakfast, I can tell you, and then a rattle at the quail—I mean to get full forty brace to-day, I promise you!”

“And we”—said I, “have marked down fifteen brace already toward it!—right in the line of our beat—Tom says!”—

“That’s right, well! let’s go on,”—and in a short half hour, we were all once again assembled about Tom’s hospitable board, and making such a breakfast, on every sort of eatable that can be crowded on a breakfast table, as sportsmen only have a right to make—nor they—unless they have walked twenty, or galloped half as many miles, before it. Before we had been in an hour, Harry once again roused us out—all had been, during our absence, fully prepared by the indefatigable Tim; who, as the day before, accoutred with spare shot and lots of provender, seemed to grudge us each morsel that we ate, so eager was he to see us take the field in season. Off we went then—but what boots it to repeat a thrice told tale—suffice it, that the dogs worked as well as dogs can work—that birds were plentiful, and living good—that we fagged hard, and shot on the whole passably, so that by sun-set we had exceeded Harry’s forty brace by fifteen birds, and got beside nine couple and a half of woodcock; which we found, most unexpectedly, basking themselves in the open meadow, along the grassy banks of a small rill, without a bush or tree within five hundred yards of them.

Evening had closed in, when we reached the well known tavern-stand, and the merry blaze of the fire, and many candles, showed us, while yet far distant, that due preparations were in course for our entertainment.

“What have we here?” cried Harry as we reached the door—“Race horses? Why, Tom, by heavens we’ve got the flying dutchman here again—now for a night of it!”—and so in truth it was, a most wet, and right jovial one, seasoned with no small wit—but of that more-anon!

Mr. Ridsdale is said to have won near forty thousand pounds by the Derby. A thousand to fifteen were given freely, with the full certainty of pocketing the smaller sum, and very little expectation of having to “fork out” the larger.

London Era.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

ALDIE, VIRGINIA, June 18, 1839.

A quiet observer—one who delights in horse-flesh—can find much to amuse him in a racing campaign, independent of the thrilling excitement of the race-field, and its uncertainty. There are a thousand other things, which fill the heart with pleasure. The crowd—composed of so many with different sentiments, feelings, and judgments, affords him ample food for speculation and philosophy, and if he be one who delights in the study of Man—who is fond of watching the passions, and ferreting out the causes that bring them into play, I would bid him go to the race-field. I love to see the impatience of the multitude—the constant asking, “what in the world keeps away the horses?”—the offer here and the acceptance there—the gathering into small groups, of the “knowing ones,” the *sharps*, as they are termed—calculating the chances and shaping the betting—the eagerness of the *flats* to ascertain how certain men bet—the laying back for the long odds—the whispers about certain horses not doing well—a slight cough—a delicate appetite, &c., are all weighed, and ’tis only the blast of the bugle that reminds them of the necessity of prompt action, and some one more impatient, or perhaps bolder than the rest, leads off with possibly 100 to 30—the crowd catch it up and the betting is brisk. Another blast of the bugle and the riders are up—a tap of the drum and they are off—dozens are seen with “*independent seconds*” in their hands, carefully noting the time—a mile has been run, and still the silence of the course equals the grave-yard—a half-mile more—look—an outsider still leads—he is running at his ease—his rider has a steady pull—he has links that are not let out—“\$100 he wins the heat!”—“I take it!” comes from a dozen voices—the nearest one books it—“Will you go it again?”—“Not yet.”—“Look at the favorite—he makes his run—he comes up—they go like twin bullets—he draws out his head—they are swinging round the turn—the disadvantage throws him back—they are on the straight stretch—“100 to 60 on the favorite”—’tis taken—again he draws out—“100 to 30”—“100 to 20”—“100 to 5”—“100 to 1,” and he comes home a gallant winner by half a length!

Now is the time for the exercise of judgment; the cooling off of the horses—their distress and their recovery are carefully noted—some are hedging, while others are taking the odds; some fellow who has a few hundreds staked against half as many thousands, is making strong calculations on the rich harvest that awaits him—his pulse beats quick, and his restless eye too plainly tells of the struggle within—Hope still clings to him, and pours into his ear her golden song—he has already made a disposition of his winnings—a fast trotter—a superb cab—or a splendid three-year-old must be purchased. He is among the crowd, but not one of them—hark to the bugle—it brings him back to *earth*—once more ’tis sounded—its note grates harshly on his ear—look at the favorite—his sides are glossy and shining as the turtle dove’s breast—that eye, too, is bright, and the firm and elastic step tells not of distress, or fatigue. Gil. is on his back, and look how beautifully he sits—one would suppose he

was part and parcel of the horse—his calm quiet look—his honest countenance, and a certain expression of confidence strike terror to the *odds takers*—the drum taps—they are off—another outsider is making gallant flings for fame—how nobly he cuts out the work—"a streak of lightning *can't catch him!*" shouts one—"But *Rocker can!*" shouts another. Now Gil. is going up—one touch of the spur and the gap closes—he has drawn his whip—twice has he applied it—noble horse—he has reached him—nose and tail they swing into the last quarter stretch—"at him, Gil."—by Jupiter he is at his saddle girth—now he is at his neck—only ten yards more—Gil. has taken a fine pull—he sends both rowels in to the head, and lands him at the post a winner by fifteen inches, amidst the shouts of hundreds, and the low but bitter growlings of thousands.

The race is over, and I must conclude with the promise to give you from time to time more reminiscences, and a chapter or two on men, horses, riding, management, &c.

Ever yours,

N.

"JOHN BULL IN AMERICA."

PACKET SHIP "SUSQUEHANNA," off Cape May, June 22, 1839.

Farewell, a long farewell!—Henry viii.

MR. EDITOR: We have had a fine run down the noble Delaware, and are already on the troubled waters of the deep; my fellow passengers have mostly taken to their berths; their souls begin to sicken "o'er the heaving wave;" every few minutes a faint voice is heard, exclaiming, "Steward, Steward," and certain utensils bearing the names of Spode and Copeland are in general request. All this is unpleasant enough, so to keep the mind employed, I take this opportunity of thanking you for the file of papers and magazines you were so kind as to send me. The "Spirit" stirring columns of the "Times" and the racy articles of the "Register," will not fail of relieving the monotony of the sea voyage and serve to

"Cheer the wanderer on his trackless way."

This day two months, I landed on the shores of North America from the Southern Continent, and I need not tell you, for you are already aware, how delighted I have been with my visit. The first sporting character I fell in with was an oddity; his shrewd and concise remarks on horse-flesh, training, and racing, pleased me exceedingly, and I saw in the "twinkling of an eye," that in spite of his black skin, I was conversing with a man practically acquainted with these interesting topics. Who should this be, but "OLD CHARLES," leaning against the bulwarks of the steamboat, with about half a pound of "baccy" from Virginia in his cheek, and a scraper in his hand: he was watching the lads in charge of his master's horses, and I have seldom obtained more information in a short time than from this veteran trainer; his horses appeared to me to be rather too "finely drawn," the flesh, however, was well distributed, and the subsequent running of *Willis* on the Union Course, on Friday, May 10th, convinced me that I had judged hastily. You must excuse me for the

following suggestion, but I should consider it but fair on your part, who give to your American readers so many fine engravings of English horses, and jockeys, if you would give us in return a portrait of an American "artiste" and where can you find a happier subject than "Old Charles?" He is well known, and his merits are duly appreciated on every course in the United States, and there is so much character in every wrinkle of his old phiz, that it would be next to impossible to fail in a likeness.

Nothing in America surprised me more than your race-horses, for although I was well aware that the gentlemen of the American Turf, had of late years been importing our "best blood" at liberal prices, I was not prepared to see the system carried to such a degree of perfection, in a country, where, comparatively speaking, the Turf is of so recent a date. I firmly believe that any sportsman, even of your own country, who will look back upon the annals of the American Turf, only thirty years ago—when a great majority of the "Tracks," where thousands of dollars are now run for every spring and fall, were covered with the primeval forest—will share both my pleasure and surprise.

I confess, Mr. Editor, that my pleasure in seeing this, (as an Englishman) is not wholly unalloyed, for there is no disguising the fact, and fact it is, that if this enterprising spirit of importation continues another thirty years, instead of the American carrying his dollars to Newmarket, the Englishman will be obliged to send his guineas to America. This will be "turning the tables" with a vengeance, and while I cannot but admire the spirit of your sportsmen, I do lament that some of the best horses of our country have fallen into the hands of those who care not a jot for the "honor and glory" as long as they pocket the coin, but

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames!

I employed the last morning I could spare at New York, in a visit to the establishment of Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS, on Long Island. His ranges of loose boxes, his circular training ground for wet weather, his neat paddocks with the sons of Priam and Trustee frisking about them, his private race course, with his beautiful and well arranged farm; in short all the et cetera of the domicil, approach as near the beau ideal of perfection as any establishment of the sort in this sublunary world can be expected to do. On my return I fortunately fell in with five or six American Trotters taking their exercise. Among them was the celebrated horse *Dutchman*; he is indeed a noble shaped animal, and about as well put together for trotting as any horse I ever saw; his contest with "Rattler" certainly stands in the first rank of trotting feats; for although we hear every day wonderful stories about trotting, I doubt if there are many who can "come to the scratch" when needed, and perform before thousands of spectators, twelve miles in the almost incredibly short space of 32 minutes, 46½ seconds.

I have already, in these cursory remarks, ventured to touch upon your racers and trotters. With the former I have little doubt that you are able to compete—for four mile heats—with any horses in the world, and no other country possesses the same description of horse

as the American trotter. Should the match come off (which the members of your sporting circles seem so much to wish for) between the nags of Newmarket and America, it will be of the highest interest, and I can only say "*palnam qui meruit, ferat*"—which as you know, is the *French* for "let the best horse win." I could spin you a yarn on this topic, but the old ship is talking Dutch at a fine rate, and the pilot awaits my epistle, so,

Farewell to the shore where true Liberty rests,
Like the column of cloud o'er Niagara's crest,
Where science and pleasure advance hand-in-hand,
And the Goddess of Reason illumines the land.

Farewell to her mountains, her prairies and dells,
Farewell to her sportsmen, her beaux and her belles,
Farewell to her surges and loud roaring surf,
And though last not the least—Farewell to her Turf.

May Mingo and Priam, with Glencoe and Shark,
Produce her "repeaters" well up to the mark;
May the day never dawn when—for lack of a horse,—
My friend Captain B——h shall dispose of his course.

Our pilot, his bark is preparing for shore;
For England, "Old England," I'm steering once more;
Capes May and Henlopen retire from my view,
Once more then, believe me, yours truly—Adieu!
Vivite! Valete!

Κυρηγος.

ON DESIGNATING THE COLOR OF HORSES.

FAIRIE KNOWE, GA. May, 1839.

MR. EDITOR.—There is one practice common to turfites, breeders and writers, grown up of late, against which I desire, through your Magazine, to enter my protest and to ask your aid in the correction. It is the indiscriminate and careless use of the word *chesnut* in designating the color of horses. I presume we derive the term from the ripe fruit of the chesnut tree; if so let us give the name to that color only in the horse which approaches it most nearly. I observe, Andrew is called (and I think properly) a chesnut. Then we have Gallatin, Robin Hood and Red Gauntlet, all chesnuts, while they are as much like him in color as pink is like red lead, and no more. Let us suppose a person unacquainted with the subject, who is told Andrew is a chesnut; he will at once refer to the derivation and come to a correct idea of the horse; will he be able to do the same with regard to Gallatin, Robin Hood or Red Gauntlet? I believe not. Or let us suppose Andrew is pointed out to a tyro as a chesnut, and then be told the other horses I have mentioned are chesnuts. Can he form a correct idea of their color? Certainly not. Then why follow the practice? Years gone by, horses were called yellow sorrels, red sorrels and chesnuts, and the mind was enabled at once to conceive properly of their colors, and as words are intended to convey ideas, why pursue a practice calculated to breed confusion?

J. A. J.

The English authorities, of late years, discard any other term than *chesnut* to distinguish the varieties of the color.—*Editor*.

THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS."

REPLY TO "A." BY "PENDLETON."

MR. EDITOR—I am no physiologist, therefore I may not be able to appreciate the "New Theory of Stallions," in your March and April numbers of the "American Turf Register," above the signature of "A."

The Turf Register, in most cases with us, is considered orthodox. I shall take the liberty of making a few extracts from that work, that to my mind are not in support of A.'s theory of stallions, and also a discrepancy in my reading of the Turf Register, and his observations on the imported horse *Citizen*, and his stock.

I find that neither of the imported horses Diomed, Fylde, or Luzborough, left the Turf until they were aged; they had performed much service on the Turf, previous to their being withdrawn. Luzborough's winnings amounted to twenty-four races. Diomed begat Sir Archy in his twenty-seventh year. To the "high encomium on Sir Charles and his stock, that they ran fast and long," I will make an extract from the third volume of the "Register," page 18, from *an article* containing several queries, propounded by Sir John Sinclair, Bart., to Mr. Robson, a celebrated trainer at Newmarket:—

Second Query.—Do their perfections depend upon parentage, and whether most upon the male or female?

Answer.—Upon the parentage certainly, and on the female most.

As it regards Citizen and the number of his colts left, I would fain hope that "A." has not recently read the memoir of Imported Citizen, vol. II., page 209-10. As it regards the number of runners, and that "not one reached the head of the Turf," I will only give one, although the materials are ample, and the names of his colts.

Volume III. page 260 of the "Register," says that "Pacolet, by Citizen, was, in Virginia, the best 3 yr. old colt of his year, winning three sweepstakes and a Club purse, and beating Cupbearer, Monroe, and Conqueror." In page 262, Pacolet is spoken of in the following terms:—"Pacolet, 4 yrs. old, now considered the best horse in Virginia, won in the Spring the four mile heats at Richmond, beating Roxana, Maria, and five others—time of second heat, 7:54—the best ever run over the course."

As it regards A.'s ideas of the size of horses, they are to me indefinite, if they were predicated on this remark, which I don't pretend to say is his criterion.

"Hence, horses of great size, muscular power, and speed, if raced young, must break down."

I will present two horses that, so far as a man's ideas may arrive at facts historically, were the reverse of great size, or a very strong development of the muscular power, and I believe that so far as the annals of the Turf can perpetuate the fame of horses and their colts, that Imported Medley and our Native Mark Anthony will live with Highflyer or Velocipede; and for myself, I ask no better than Argyle, on the Turf at nine years old, and his daughter Kate Seyton at three.

My respects to the new Editor of the Turf Register. I am confident that if, by a removal to New York, the same change could be made on an old man, that has been made in the appearance and matter of the Turf Register, I could live a hundred years, and I would fill his blank with the same number.

PENDLETON.

[Another specimen of what a Postscript *should* be:]

I enclose you five dollars, my subscription for the Tenth Volume.

CURING THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

FAIRIE KNOWE, GA. May, 1839.

Mr. P.—The wolves in my neighborhood compel me to keep a pack of hounds. No person would give me a pack, and in attempting to raise one, I was encountered by the distemper. A friend directed me to draw the skin of the neck as high as I could with one hand and run a red hot iron through it with the other, just where the head joins the neck. I did so. The pup looked just as though he had been shot through the neck, behind the ears. He got well of the distemper. I have followed up the practice, and have lost no dogs by distemper since I commenced it. I use a spindle about the size of a large goose quill.

Your predecessor said, "he who gives information has a right to ask it"—can you or any of your correspondents say what improved short horned Durhams can be bought for, by one who does not want prize animals, (but the blood,) and where is the best market to purchase low in the United States. Your ob't serv't, J. A. J.

☞ See notice "To Readers and Correspondents."

LOCKJAW.

TENNESSEE, June 8, 1839.

In the course of my breeding I have lost one foal from *Tetanus*, and had well nigh lost a second. On the second or third day the navel was discovered to be swollen; the fourth day its jaws were clenched, and on the fifth it died. I did nothing, under the belief that nature would do the work. When the second foal, on the third day of its birth, was going in the same way, I bethought myself that an old horseman had assured me there was much virtue in calomel and honey. I mixed eight or ten grains of calomel in a table spoonful of liquid honey, and anointed the umbilical region, which was much swollen, and indurated. This was repeated with smaller quantities for several days; the swelling subsided and the subject recovered. I am neither physician nor farrier, and cannot assign the wherefore, but state the facts. They transpired in warm weather, in the month of June. I now always notice my young foals, and particularly in warm weather apply the calomel and honey, whether the navel is swollen or not. They are most usually inflamed in hot weather.

P.

THE AMERICAN TURF AND ITS CHRONICLING.

From the London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, 1839.

[Who would have believed a year since that an article written and published in a Sporting Magazine in London in the month of July, could be republished in an American Sporting Magazine the same month? The article below is extracted from the July number of the London (New) Sporting Magazine, and that portion of it relative to the intercourse between the two countries will be read with peculiar interest. As a large number of the readers of the "Turf Register" are not subscribers to the "Spirit of the Times," which is published in the same office, the following article will serve to show the opinion entertained of it abroad, *as a sporting chronicle*, though we confess our English reviewer has evinced a singular taste in his selections; his extracts are principally confined to whatever is novel, humorous or peculiarly graphic, in the sporting department of the "Spirit of the Times," instead of giving a taste of the quality of the essays on breeding, etc., the reports of any remarkable four mile race (which our English contemporaries always avoid), or any article which would impart to his readers a knowledge of the strength, stride, blood and performances of American horses, or of the Breeders and Turfmen of this country. Nevertheless, we like the article, as several of the most popular *Correspondents* of the "Spirit of the Times" are introduced to the notice of the British Sporting World, among whom "Pete Whetstone," "Boots," "Senex," and "N. of Arkansas," are conspicuous.]

SPORTING is, indeed,—to use an English phrase possessing a Kentucky relish,—“all alive and kicking” in the United States; and we must say, from what we have read and heard of it latterly, that racing never knew “such a gitting up stairs” in so short a space of time as it has experienced during a very few recent years. TROTTING (not *Bolton-Trotting*) was for a long time the order of the day; and our dear over-the-water relatives—our cousins on the other side of the Salt River—were mad in the encouragement of that nasty, awkward, ugly, chelsea-water-works-style of action (hip-bones and shoulder-bones in convulsions) which characterizes the fast trotter. A speedy toad would be a *trotter*; only it is impossible to get one fast enough. However, racing has become the rage, and surely all must allow that there is now “a method in the madness.” Blood stock, the best, is purchased at great cost; and breeding in the several States is become an object of infinite spirit and enterprise. The *lust*, too, of large stakes, of courageous, yet judicious match-making, and of the “enormous bliss” of dollar *planking* on results, is become so strong, so truly is it English in its features and its fervor, that our relationship is established beyond dispute. America is full-blood—out of us! Well may the lines of Don Juan be remembered:

“Her father’s blood, before her father’s face,
Boil’d up, and proved her truly of his *race*!”

From the list, which we gave in our last number, of the Stallions imported from this country by the Americans, our readers will be satisfied that stock of the purest strain must be secured; and in the spirit of true sporting, we shall expect that few years will run their dead-heat over our courses, before truly NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES will be got up between English and American colts and fillies—“the Great Atlantic Derby,” or the “New York and London Oaks.” Steam vans will carry out Jem Robinson, his brother John, and a bright chesnut! Lord George will *cross*, with Lord John Day, in the

"Liverpool" or the "British Queen;" while Nat and sixteen little *Days* (the period, by the way, consumed in the passage,) will whisk across for a ride—certain to be at home—as old Lady Day will be assured—in time for the York August and the Guy Stakes at Warwick. What can prevent these friendly struggles for blood-mastership? What is the Atlantic, we should like to know? What can it do? We have found out the secret of *her stable!* and we can do *her track* in less time than it takes a quick Jew to wink at an auction for a *silver* cruet stand, that is described in the catalogue as *plated*. Won't Capt. Stockton *jist* step over now and then—and walk back with Plenipo, Defence, and Deception—and with *gould* enough in his holy keeping to pave the city of New York so completely, as to get it a real city of London character with the Kentucky *yokells*? And is it, can it be, possible to prevent Crocky from venturing *his Boiler* alongside the *Boiler* of the Roscius or the Great Western; and trying the *planking* system in the States, against Portsmouth or Boston, so as to win such a heap of dollars as would take the American navy five years heavy work to bring them to England, and would render it necessary to have half of them laid out in building a store-house on Salisbury Plain, to hold the other half! This is no nonsense. This is founded on fact. There is no invention here. We see nothing that can prevent all this happening in *our* time. We well remember seeing Winsor light up his gas along the Carlton-house colonnade; and we thought it then, and said as much, a downright *lie*. We remember, too, when that Giant Steam was an infant, only so high; we remember it *going alone*, and thought it would never keep its feet;—and now doesn't it go!

"It walks the waters like a thing of life!"

Well! again we say to all America, that "we'll bet a dinner for the company" that there aint a tinge of falsehood in one word we have said. There!

"THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," a real *varmint* specimen of the American sporting periodicals, comes to us every now and then in little heaps; and we must say that the frenzy for the Turf, which rages with gentlemen breeders and farmers in the States, loses none of its life in the columns which describe and encourage the events of the course. In the New World they do somehow contrive to get the *steam up* in the English language, in a way of which we had no notion until the Americans showed it to us. Our slang is very smart and pretty; but it wants the *poetry*, the rich extravagance, of that which has beaten us. St. Giles's and Westminster are over-matched, and must "resign the belt." Our language must put on the gloves with the *Non Pareil*, and improve a bit.

The accounts of the races in "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" are indeed so *racy* that we intend to treat our friends to a few specimens; and we rather think (after the wishy-washy records we meet with in the London daily papers, of the struggles at Epsom, Doncaster, or Ascot,) a new light will be thrown over sporting minds. Our English turf historians must really be put out to Trans-Atlantic nurse!

In April last, at "the Petersburg (Va.) Spring Races," there was a grand contest between Portsmouth, a celebrated American flyer, and

old Boston, the well known clipper of the country. We should have got in London an account of both "looking and doing well," of "getting a fair start," of "winning cleverly by a length," and of "a good deal of money changing hands." What says the correspondent of "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES?" Here he comes with a rush!

"NEWMARKET, April 16th, 1839.

"The great struggle is over! the snake's dead and his length measured, and just afore he stretched out entire, he sort a curled up some, and come a heap short o' public expectation: but these things will take place sometimes, you know, in the best of that family. The match twixt *Boston* and *Portsmouth* (new, by rights, Portsmouth and Boston,) came off to-day midst the thousand thrills of applause that burst from exulting bosoms.

"Up to 4 o'clock yesterday evening, expectation was depressed, and disappointment was throwing its shadow over the sombre visages of the hundreds who had thronged to witness the progress and result of so exciting a contest,—it being seriously apprehended, from a series of strong presumptions that one of the parties (the 'Boss' of 'the Concern') would'nt come to taw 'before Tea.' *Little Boots*, however, was thar' among 'em, catching the odds on the event and laying on the heel-taps thick; and when it got to 'two to one' that *that ar* Boss would come up, like Mr. Hugh Watt's sheep, 'a missing,' why you might have seen him 'playing on the pint,' and pressing for the 'Cu' with the raal' red stack."

"But hark! what sound is that which rolls its thunder in the vale below? and what curling column of purple smoke is that that reposes in the distance on the serenity of the vernal even-tide? ['Go it, Boots!'] 'Tis the 'train' from the Norfolk boat!! The thundering of the wheel is hushed, and the shrill hissing of the vented steam tells us a visitor is there. Far down at the 'head of the stretch,' 'right on the turn,' there peered the dark outlines of the figure of a man. Up came 'Old Far,' rushing to our cosy little clique almost breathless with delighted hope; 'Stop! stop!' says he, 'I've got a pint to win, its 'old F—!' Who takes? *Little Boots* casts his peepers that way and considers him awhile; 'slowly, very slowly,' [as Willis says] came the indistinct 'stranger,' as he neared the Pavillion. He reached it: his eyes lit upon the shelves of the bar, 'transparent,' as my friend 'The Slasher' hath it, with the 'indigenous Apple Jack:;' 'twas more than human frailty could withstand; his 'parched lips' plead for 'a sprinkling,' and that 'ungodly swallow' of his 'sucked in' Poor *Little Boots* for an extra ten.—'Twas the man himself, for soon the 'badger on the cheek' was seen, and 'blue-ruin's blushes' shed their light upon his identity. 'The thing was out!—the race would be run 'certain.'

"But not so fast, if you please, Major *Boots*: suspense once more laid her leaden finger on the pulse of hope, and the shadow of disappointment rested on public expectation, as the 'light hair'd Boss' leaned towards 'a forfeit.' But night's shadows, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all 'them' shadows of uncertainty, and light were the slumbers that were broke by the breathless anxiety of 'speculation.'

"Awake!—'Tis morn—the fatal day; hope hangs breathless on a hint, and beautifully the sun through the mellow haze of spring sent his horizontal beam, as his 'broad golden disk' peer'd above the forest head; and gently in 'the grove' the merry tapping of the blacksmith's hammer on the 'plates,' gave its cheering music to the morn. Doubt was quelled, and certainty begat active scrutiny in the many 'rings' of anxious 'Speculation.'

"'Tis 10 o'clock; up roll the thousand columns of 'Olympic' dust as the glistening wheels whirl it in mid-air. The Pavilion's crowded to overflowing; the booths, the trees, fences, carriage tops, are burdened with the anxious throngs; and on the field, where the young rye waves its green blades in the breeze, a moving mass of *Hope-full* humanity is seen. Hope paints her bright pictures in the bosoms of all, and animation sparkles in their eyes. The horses are stript;—the spreading blast of the bugle breaks upon the mellow air, and the noble coursers prick their ears to its music; *it thrills through the grove, and awakens ambition's pulse*. Each eye the other with tremendous dread. Old Boston's rich satin glistens in the meridian sun, and *power's* bold lines course beautifully over his shape: majesty in his mien, and terror in his triumphant stride. But, nevertheless, the glossy silk (not reared upon the multicaulis, nor yet the meadow oat) of the dark, wiry, four year old, soon caught the eye; nimbleness in his pace, and his quick glance the fire of the 'forest born.'—Two to one on Boston, and few takers.

"They come to taw; Old Boston backs and hesitates for the conflict—the drum is tapped—off they go; the Luzzy on the inside, a whirling of it about thirty yards a-head in the first quarter, Boston scuffling along behind at evidently an inconvenient stroke. It very soon became evident that the 'Old Stager' was not himself, and would be beat. *But the whip and spurs take out the kinks, and he inches up a little*; the first mile is finished, and the gap still a wide one; as the last one runs out, that 'ar gap widens, and victory echoes in the thrilling shouts of the crowd. Long visages now made haggard the merry aspect of the Boston throng, and long 'rolls' of 'Johnny Brokenberry's, squint with their streaming I's, at something like a transfer. The heat was won easily by Portsmouth in 3:50.

"The odds now got 2 to 1 on Portsmouth, but the tale was told, and few takers toed the mark. *Both cooled off well*, and now they again go from the stand; Boston doing his best never reached the swift-footed Berry. Boots cotched the odds on Boston, and linkt into them natives smart, I tell you."

If *that* isn't a breather, there is no truth in woman! But, again, as to condition; in England, "looking well" is the eternal phrase—poh!

"The second day, only two entries again—Victoria and Sam Johnson. *The filly is a keener, but looked out of fix, her hair being the old coat of last year, and of a bad cast*. Sam stripped finely, and from his appearance and former exhibitions on this turf had at least the most friends."

That is style. The following passage, with reference to *Leviathan*, is interesting.

"In a former letter I furnished a brief notice of the most renowned three and four mile winners last year, their time, &c. It seems imported *Leviathan* now heads the list of American Stallions, as the getter of most winners. Eleven of Four mile heats, no other stallion having gotten more than three; eleven of three mile meats; and it appears he again heads the list as sire to more winners of two mile heats than any other stallion. In your last table I enumerate fourteen by him, twelve by Eclipse, eleven by Bertrand, eight by Sir Charles, six by Imp. Luzborough, five by Imp. Fylde; five by Medley, Mons. Tonson, and Woodpecker; four by Andrew, Imp. Barefoot, Medoc, and Pacific; three by Collier, Henry, Waxy, and Wild Bill; two by Imp. Autocrat, Industry, Lance, Sir Lovel, Star, Stockholder, Tycheus, Trumpator, &c. &c."

In the "Macon (Ga.) Spring Races," language is again well up in the stirrups. The following are all "alive, alive, o!" What will our readers think of five animals running six heats, in fact "all of them kings in their turns!"

[The entire report of the Macon races is here given which we need not quote; the race of six heats, referred to, was won by Head & Smith's *Frances Tyrrel*, mile heats.—Editor T. R. & S. M.]

With the following inestimably delectable *morceaux*, we must for the present quit the feast.

As to shape and make:

"Vashti is a bay, with a star and very slight stripe, about fifteen hands and an inch high; her head and neck are very pretty, and what is rather singular, considering the Muley blood in her veins, her ears are very finely shaped, and well set on. She has the finest thigh and gaskin we ever saw in anything of her measurement; through the flank, and across the loins and withers, she is also fine, with muscular arms and *hocks coming very low down to the ground*—altogether she is the finest *Leviathan* we have seen, and we would make a pilgrimage to see a race between her, Bee's-wing, and the Queen. She is in Porter's hands, and had the advantage in condition of any horse in the race. By-the-by, she will meet Boston at Camden next week, and we may calculate upon her making 'a flutter' on the Island—the first of *Leviathan's* get that ever got 'so far North!' Her dam, Slazy, was a hard bottomed mare, of whom it is remarked that she never was known to yoke a competitor without winning the heat.

"Portsmouth is a splendid colt, put up in the highest form; but his race with Boston, and the tremendous run he last week made at Washington, where he won cleverly in 5:47, 5:48½, must have made him sore; in the second heat of to-day's race, he lost off two of his plates, while a third got loose and turned on his foot! The 'old

Napoleon' very much fancied him before the race, but remarked after the first heat, although he won it, that he had not the action he had at Newmarket. He is a brown, with scarce a white mark, save a slight ring above the coronet of his off hind foot. As to a description of his 'pints' take Pete's—'jist imagine the pictur of a d—d thunderin' fine horse—the best four year old in the world,' and you have some idea of Portsmouth; but we must saddle and lead up."

As to condition :

"In the third heat Master Henry made play *from the tap of the drum*, was never headed, and won cleverly by several lengths. Argyle made a desperate rush in the last mile, and cut down Wonder, but could not live with the terrible stroke of the winner. This heat was run in 5:56. *The odds were now 10 to 1 on Master Henry, who blw out strong and cooled off finely, while Argyle was exccssivly distressed.*"

As to Boston and Portsmouth :

"I believe Portsmouth can beat Boston *threc* mile heats handily—but *four* would make a mighty howling on the heath—the little *black ram* has never tired yet, and he was as game yesterday as a fighting fowl. His exact proportions—beautiful symmetry, and fine stroke, make him a tremendous small horse, (and not so small either.) Boston's immense quarters, loin, back, &c.—his length of body and strength, enable him to go the distance. He is a choice horse, and if Portsmouth and he come together it will be a heavy betting race. Many think Steel will beat him if they come together. But racing is poor sport now-a-days in these parts. *They fight shy with cracks—share off the purses* and spoil the amusement and betting."

There is no "mistake" in such writing as this. If we could only get an own brother to such a reporter, we would *import* him as sure as our name is *Editor*. We don't care for his colour, nor whether he stands 15-2. We'll give the dollars for him! aye, *plank* 'em.

TYCHICUS AND AUTOCRAT.

In by gone days, by defending these noble steeds from injustice, they and their claims were more frequently before the public than seemed meet: but now that one is removed to that bourne whence there is no return—and the other far beyond the Alleghanies, their present estimation where they once did the "State some service," may be adverted to. One who "knows a hawk from a handsaw" in such matters, recommended to breeders, their blood, achievements and points, as a judicious cross for our Sir Archy and Eclipse stock. They might have profited by the suggestion. They constantly deplore the loss of Tychicus and the removal of Autocrat. Why so? Because their get, as winners, have been very successful, making extraordinary time, though but few have been trained. Wonder, Lily, and Antipator, have won for Tychicus imperishable fame; Czarina, Reliance and other winners, the same for Autocrat; three sweepstakes have been won by his get this spring; with the exception of the Sharks, I know of know blood in this quarter equally successful, in this respect. In a field of seven, the only Tychicus and Autocrat in it were 1st and 2d. Immediately after, an Autocrat won the second race that day; and the next week the two races of one day were won by Autocrats; and lately again, his son, a three year old, left the get of Chateau, Tranby, &c. in his rear. Their

time, too, is of the first order. No race of three mile heats has equalled Wonder's and Argyle's two heats! Wonder has always caused wonder. Every race he has run has been won in wonderful time; 3:49, 5:47½, 5:40, 5:45 and 7:40, in different races.* Czarina, won in 1:53 1:52 and has lately made a great race, a second heat of two miles in 3:43! But Reliance's race, 3:50, 3:49, 3:46, 3:52! an average for four heats of 3:48! eight miles in 15 minutes, 12 seconds! averaging 7 minutes, 36 seconds for each four miles run! 11:25 for six miles, average 5:42½ each three miles. JUSTICE.

* It must not be understood that Wonder was a winner in all the races in which this remarkable time was made.—*Editor*.

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS ON THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

(Resumed from page 344 in Number for May and June.)

In the great Northern event there is no cause for wonder at the excellence of the time, first and third heats, even "considering the state of the course," nor for the closeness of the competition, when the blood and training is regarded. By-the-bye, this race on paper suffers in comparison with Henry's three heats, over the same course, and at the same age, carrying 4lbs. more weight. He and Fordham may have both lost their races by mismanagement. I have great faith in maternal influences. In this respect, as race nags, having seen both of them run, Fordham's dam was greatly the best; but in other respects, though there be more breeding in, I prefer Job's blood as more renowned, when traced to the fountain—the maternal ancestry of Sir Archy himself. Job's dam, Jemima by Rattler, (if I be under no mistake), was out of an untried Sir Archy mare; her dam Dr. Thornton's famous race mare Noli-me-tangere, by the famed Topgallant, (son of Diomed, out of a Shark mare,) and she out of Sir Archy's dam, Imported Castianira. But Job and Fordham are very nearly allied in blood, as well as being of nearly equal powers. Both were got by Eclipse, out of mares of the Sir Archy stock; the first by his son Rattler, the other Janette, the own sister to Sir Charles, by Sir Archy. More may be expected from them in future.

Boston seems to be the best and last trump played, and it is to be regretted Balie Peyton was not up to his 7:42 on the Central, and therefore could not put him up to the Eclipse and Henry time, which I have no doubt he could have surpassed, the last race he ran on the Union Course, running at his ease, in as good time as any four mile heat has been run this season. I have no doubt, too, he was not himself, when beat, in not extraordinary time, by Portsmouth—having done better in both succeeding races, running his last two miles, at Washington, in a four mile heat, in 3:45. He occupies the very highest niche in Fame's temple. None but a powerful *Monarch* can dispute it with him. His time, as made last year, as long as he ran at all, has no parallel on this side of the water.

After that, I know no parallel, for three successive days, to the

time made on the Kendall Course, *if* it be a full mile. And for near forty years no second heat of two miles has been run in the time of Imported Sorrow and Czarina, by Imported Autocrat—3:43—the exact time of Gallatin's second heat, and the best in our Turf annals. They carried full weight, too. It is gratifying that they should be owned as they are: the winner by the brother-in-law to the popular Col. WADE HAMPTON, and brother to the famed orator, Senator PRESTON, of South Carolina.*

Wonder's previous performances, as well as Argyle's, would lead to the expectation of a great race from them, if altogether right, though 5:40 in a *second* heat, following 5:47½, is astounding; Julia Burton, too, having run a good second to Balie Peyton's extraordinary second heat, at Fairfield, in 3:45, led to expect fine time from her; but Reliance's third and fourth heats are *again* astounding, for both speed and bottom. Vashti's second heat had been a little surpassed by Lady Cliffden's, but ranks next to it.†

Notwithstanding these extraordinary performances, am I wrong when I say they, nor Henry's 7:37 do not surpass Leviathan's 7:53, carrying 137lbs.? Compare that with Eclipse's 126lbs., both aged, 7lbs. to a distance of 240 yards.

* * * * *

The campaign is now over. The Calendar furnishes the whole account. Boston continues the great champion of the Turf, though Monarch and Maria Black are about as highly esteemed in their localities. If there be not better horses on the Turf now than formerly, more "good 'uns" have run during the past campaign than on any former one; and excepting at four miles, the time has never been surpassed—1:48—3:43—5:40, and 7:46, have been the best examples of time, which was made in second heats. The time in some instances has been so extraordinary as to bring in question the length of the courses, or the correctness of the timers. The judges of Sorrow's extraordinary second heat, in the best time a two mile heat has been ever run in America,—“swear” to its correctness, and others are equally positive the course is “over a mile.” Sorrow was got by Defence, the sire of Deception, winner of the Oaks, and a good second in a capital Derby race.

Good time at two miles have been more frequently made during the last winter and Spring than formerly. Wagner sustains the fame of Sir Charles at the South-West, but his laurels have been partly wrested from him by Zelina, a fleet daughter of Leviathan; and she has been following in the “footsteps of her illustrious predecessor,” Maria Black, winner of the “best race run south of the Potomac,” beating Pollard Brown, The Poney, Melzare, &c. &c. We may expect to hear more from the three and four-year-old winners, that have lately acquired much fame for their sires—Priam, Argyle, Autocrat, Leviathan, Eclipse, Medoc, Shark, Roman, Tychicus, Fylde, Goliah, and others, besides the famed imported colts.

OBSERVER.

* Mr. HENRY A. TAYLOR and Col. JOHN S. PRESTON are the gentlemen alluded to. The two mile race run in 3:43, was won by Col. P.'s *Sorrow*.

† Had it not been surpassed in an eminent degree? Lady Cliffden, after running well up the first heat in 7:44, won the second and third in 7:43½—7:56½.—*Editor*.

Notes of the Month.

AUGUST.

MATCHES.—The match for \$20,000 a side, four mile heats, between Messrs. Rogers and Hatcher, is off at the latter's request. Mr. R. was to name the choice of Monarch and The Queen vs. the choice of Portsmouth and Omega.

A match for \$5000 a side, h. ft., two mile heats, has been made to come off over the Picton Course, Ala., on the 15th Oct. Mr. John Nicholls names (Henry A. Tayloe's) gr. f. *Czarina*, vs. Messrs. Long & Burton's b. f. *Cleopatra*.

A match for \$500 a side, two miles, has been made, to come off over the Prairie Course, St. Louis, Mo., on the 14th Oct. Messrs. Lane & Shacklett name *Bonny Black* vs. Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*.

Two matches have been made between Mr. Hugh L. French and Mr. John Mayse, to come off over the Fort Smith Course, Arks. The first is for \$1000 a side, two mile heats; Mr. F. names *Hannibal* vs. Mr. M.'s *Eliza Ross*. The second is for \$250, one mile; Mr. F. names *Belphe* vs. Mr. M.'s *Capt. Bluster*. The first match comes off on the 24th and the second on the 26th instant.

SALES OF STOCK.—R. D. Shepherd, Esq., of New Orleans, has sold his imported mare Moss Rose by Tramp, with a filly at her foot by Recovery, to Mr. Fergus Duplantier, of Baton Rouge, La., for \$2500.

Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, of Hicksford, Va., has sold a ch. filly but six weeks old, (by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Hope by Sir Archy,) to Capt. Geo. Sutton, of this city, for \$1000.

At the sale of the stock of the late Miles W. Dickey, Esq., of Georgetown, Ky., *Grey Eagle* was sold, with his engagement, to Mr. A. L. Shotwell, of that town, for \$6,250.

Mr. Joseph H. Van Mater, of Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J., refused \$8000 for *Hornblower* last week. Three gentlemen met at his house on the same errand, one from South Carolina, one from Virginia, and a third from Ohio. *Hornblower* is 4 yrs. old, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards.

The Hon. C. F. Mercer, of Va., has sold his brood mare *Lily*, by Eclipse, out of Garland (Post Boy's dam) by Duroc, to Col. C. F. M. Noland, of Batesville, Arks. *Lily* is in foal to Imp. Felt.

H. G. S. Key, Esq., of Leonardtown, Md., has sold his yearling b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Reliance, to Benj. G. Harris, Esq., of the same place, for \$1500. Mr. H. is the owner of Reliance, and claims the name of *Mary Key* for his filly.

Mr. Maurice E. Boyles, of Lagrange, Tenn., has sold *Rattler*, with the proceeds of his present season, to R. P. Stark, Esq., for \$5000.

ROANOKE COLT SHOW.—The first annual exhibition of an association bearing this name was held at Boynton, Va., on the 20th of June.

It was well attended by the breeders and turfmen of the Valley of the Roanoke, and went off with eclat. There were exhibited for the four prizes, eighteen 2 yr. old colts and fillies, and fourteen yearlings; very rarely has there been assembled a more blood-like and promising lot of young things. Wm. Townes, Esq., and Col. Charles P. Green, were the managers of the exhibition, and their arrangements gave great satisfaction. Col. J. P. White, of Pittsylvania C. H., Col. John Price, of Danville, and Richard Beasley, Esq., of Petersburg, were appointed Judges, and the following is their award of premiums :—

1st. The Premium for the best 2 yr. old (a Silver Tea Service, value \$160) was awarded to Wm. Townes' ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's dam by Sir Archy.

2d. The Premium for the second best 2 yr. old (Silver Goblets, value \$60) was awarded to Capt. John Eubanks' b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Comet.

3d. The Premium for the best yearling colt (a Silver Pitcher, value \$130) was awarded to Kemp Plummer's b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Shawnee.

4th. The Premium for the second best yearling colt (a Silver Plate, value \$85,) was awarded to Lewis Reed's br. f. by First Fruits, dam by Napoleon.

At a meeting of the Association, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz.: Wm. Townes, Esq., President; R. E. Chambers, Esq., Vice President; Col. C. P. Green, Secretary and Treasurer; W. C. Goode and Alfred Boyd, Esqrs., Stewards.

The regular annual meeting for 1840 is to take place at Boydton, on the third Thursday in June, it being the day after the commencement at Randolph Macon College. All entries to be made to the Secretary, (his address, Boydton, Va.) The subscription list to the different Stakes are now open, viz., for 2 yr. olds, yearlings, and sucking colts; entrance \$10.

THE DERBY AND OAKS.—The "Great Western" steam-ship brought us the intelligence in time for the July number of the Register, that *Bloomsbury* had won the Derby of 1839, and the arrival of the "Liverpool" confirms the report that *Deception* won the Oaks. On the opposite page we give an outline of the Derby winner, copied from one given in "Bell's Life in London."

NAMES CLAIMED.—The name of *Rowtonia* is claimed by Dr. R. A. Nott, of S. C., for a chesnut filly by Imp. Rowton, out of Amigo's dam by Kosciusko, foaled 27th Feb. 1838. Dr. N. has disposed of half his interest in the filly to Col. J. E. Ming, of Unionville, S. C.

That of *Kate Nickleby* by Mr. John H. Anderson, for his ch. f. by Wild Bill, out of Anna Aiken by Sir Charles. Also that of *John McGee* for his b. c. by Cock of the Rock, out of Selma by Timoleon. Also that of *Minerva Proffit* for his 2 yr. old filly by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophy Bess by Marcus Bel-air.

That of *Egremont* by H. G. S. Key, Esq., of Leonardtown, Md., for a 2 yr. old colt by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Lady Culpeper, the dam of Reliance and Mary Key.

That of *Hunterdon* by Mr. D. D. Schamp, of Hunterdon County, N. J., for his ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Trenton and Dayton, by Tuckahoe.



BLOOMSBURY, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1839.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of SAMUEL BUNCH, Esq., of near Rutledge, East Tennessee.

No. 1. MARIA SHELBY, full five feet high; foaled in 1830. She was got by old Stockholder, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet—Rosy Clack, the dam of Tennessee Oscar, Angora's dam, &c. &c. See pedigree of Stockholder, Pacolet, Rosy Clack, &c.

Produce.

No. 2. *Chesnut colt* by Imp. Leviathan, foaled 2d April, 1835. He is 16 hands high, and was three times a winner, his only races.

In 1836 she missed to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. *Chesnut filly* by Imp. Leviathan, foaled 27th March, 1837: 15 hands high.

No. 4. *Chesnut filly* by Imp. Leviathan, foaled 8th April, 1838; of good size.

No. 5. *Bay colt*, foaled 12th April, 1839; large and likely.

May 16, 1839. SAM'L BUNCH.

Pedigree of JONES' Virginian—

I have been called on for the pedigree of a horse called Virginian, now in Arkansas, the property of Mr. JOHN T. JONES, of that State.

Virginian was foaled in April 1832; he was got by Marcellus (formerly Red Rover,) who was got by Sir Charles, out of Shepherdess (the grandam of Andrew) by Phenomenon, grandam by Imp. Diomed, g. g. dam by Imp. Shark, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Medley. See Turf Register, vol. iii. p. 637.

Virginian's dam was Pink of Retreat, by Young Tom Tough, he by old Tom Tough; his dam by Imp. Buzzard, grandam by Jones' Wildair.

Pink was out of America, by Hoskin's Sir Peter, grandam Diana by Hoskin's Americus, g. g. dam the distinguished Minerva by Bellair, out of Col. Hoskin's old Kitty Fisher. See Turf Register, vol. ii. p. 622.

Tom Tough was out of Fairy by Imp. Escape—Fairy by Imp. Bedford, out of the imported mare Mambrino.

Given under my hand,

JEFFERSON MINOR.

Midway Essex Co., Va., June 10, 1839.

Blood Stock of J. B. RICHARDSON, Esq. of York, Illinois.

FAIRIE QUEEN, bay mare, bred by the

Hon. John Randolph; foaled 1832. Was got by Gascoigne, out of Miss Wakefield by Sir Hal—Grand Duchess by Gracchus—Imp. Duchess by Grouse—Georgiana by Matchem—Magnet by Matchem—Babraham—Partner—Bloody Buttocks—Greyhound—Brocklesby's Betty by Curwen Bay Barb—Hoby mare by Lister Turk.

Produce.

1836. B. c. by Imp. Claret.

1837. B. c. *Emancipat*,* by Imp. Emancipation.

1838. Ch. f. *Ion*,* by Imp. Emancipation.

1839. Missed to Imp. Zinganee.

June 25, 1839. J. B. RICHARDSON.

* The two making the word *Emancipation*.

Blood Stock of W. G. HARDING, Esq., of Belle-meade, near Nashville, Tennessee.

Sir—This is, I suppose, the acknowledged centre of the "race-horse region." Blood Stock here is all the go. To be without it is to be out of fashion, and destitute of taste. So I too have procured a little bit of the real grit, which by-and-by I hope to increase. I began with old

JULIET, by Kosciusko; bred by Col. Singleton, of South Carolina, and foaled in 1822—Her dam Blank by Archy, g. dam Imp. Psyche (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. i. p. 232) by Sir Peter Teazle; she out of Bab by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (sister to Saltram) by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap; her dam by Regulus, out of Sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crab; her dam Miss Slamerkin by young True Blue; her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Black-legged Royal mare.

This is considered here the very thing. Nothing else will do. She ran several races in both North and South Carolina. In vol. iii. p. 269 of the Turf Register, is an account of a very good and interesting race between Seagull, Juliet, and Frantic, Juliet winning the 3d heat in 3:51½, losing the 4th by a few inches—won by Seagull. She also ran a good three mile race at Milton, N. C., against the distinguished Mons. Tonson.

Since it is a custom to bespeak names in your valuable journal, I will claim for all mine at once, the Greek Alphabet, from Alpha to Omega, inclusive.

ALPHA, bay, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet ; the first colt bred by me ; foaled 10th March, 1836. Sold to John C. Beasley for \$1240, and taken to Louisiana last Fall.

BETA, ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet ; of good size and beautiful proportions. She is entered in the Criterion Stake, four mile heats, subscription \$1000 each.

GAMMA, gr. f. by Pacific, out of Melzare's dam by Sir Richard, grandam by Imp. Eagle, g. g. dam by Wilkes' Wonder—Chanticleer—Imp. Sterling—Clodius—Imp. Silver-Eye—Jolly Roger—Partner, &c. Gamma is a promising filly and has two engagements for next Fall.

I hope ere long I shall be able to send you a more interesting account of this Greek Alphabet.

June 1, 1839. W. G. HARDING.

Blood Stock of Dr. J. McK. GAGE, of China Row, near Unionville, S. C.

No. 1. **BEL TRACEY**, by Crusader, dam by Hephestion, grandam by Imp. Bedford, g. g. dam by Imp. Dare-Devil, g. g. g. dam Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon—Cades by Wormley's King Herod—Primrose by Imp. Dove—Stella by Imp. Othello—Tasker's Imp. Selima.

Produce.

1838. *Chesnut filly* by Imp. Rowton.

1839. *Muza*, b. c. by Imp. Nonplus. Muza was foaled 30th March, is marked with a star, and his right hind and left fore foot are white.

No. 4. **AMIGO**, by Crusader, dam by Kosciusko, grandam by Hephestion (the dam of No. 1.) She missed to Imp. Emancipation, and is now stunted to Old Jonathan.

No. 5. **OLD JONATHAN**, by Hephestion, dam by Imp. Bedford, the grandam of No. 1. He is a deep bay, with black legs, mane and tail, and now 25 years old. He was bred by Mr. Hopkins, below Columbia, S. C. When 3 or 4 yrs. old he beat Sylph, the dam of Col. Singleton's Godolphin, three mile heats. Of him Mr. B. F. Taylor of Columbia says "he was a race-horse at all distances." His pedigree has never been published, and as he has covered some thorough-bred mares this Spring, you will oblige me by doing so now.

July 3, 1839. J. McK. GAGE.

Blood Stock of Messrs. M. S. PERRY, and THOMAS J. STARKE, Fairfield District, South Carolina.

No. 1. **ATALANTA**, bay mare—bred by

late Hon. John Randolph of Virginia, foaled in 1828—was got by Roanoke, out of young Minikin by Gracchus—Old Minikin by President, (son of the celebrated American horse Meade's old Celer,)—Tristram Shandy,—Janus—Booth's celebrated Imp. mare

Produce.

1836. *Brown colt* by Imp. Sarpedon.

1837. Missed.

1838. *Chesnut Colt*, by Imp. Rowton, (dead.)

1839. *Bay filly* by Imp. Emancipation and stunted to Imp. Hibiscus.

No. 2. **ARAB**, a brown mare, bred by Col. Mackife of Rowan county, North Carolina ; foaled, spring 1830 ; was got by Col. John C. Goode's horse Arab, her dam by Col. Richardson's Financier—grandam by Virginia Diomed, and he by Imp. Diomed, g. g. dam by Imp. Buzzard—g. g. g. dam by Clockfast, g. g. g. g. dam by old Messenger.

Produce.

1838. *Brown filly* by Bertrand.

1839. *Brown filly* by Woodpecker, and stunted to Imp. Hibiscus.

No. 3. *Chesnut filly* foaled 21st March 1838, got by Imp. Rowton, out of Polly Medley, by Col. Johnson's Medley ; grandam Imperatrix, by Claibourn's Carolinian, g. g. dam by Ball's Florizel—g. g. g. dam by Bellair, (the son of Hart's old Medley,) g. g. g. g. dam by the distinguished old Celer. See Turf Register for Imperatrix and Polly Medley, in the November number of 1836.

No. 4. *Chesnut colt* by Eclipse, out of Polly Medley, the dam of No. 3—foaled in the spring of 1836.

No. 5. **MACAW**, a bay mare, bred by the late Hon. John Randolph of Virginia ; foaled in 1828—got by Randolph's Roanoke, out of Paroquet, by Imp. Merryfield ; her g. g. dam was an exceedingly fine Imp. mare, got by Poppinjay in England, (son of the Imp. horse Buzzard,) her grandam by the Imp. horse Precipitate, her g. g. g. dam Tiffany by O'Kelly's Eclipse—young Flag by Skim—old Flag by Crab—young Ebony by Childers—old Ebony by Basto. She was his Grace the duke of Rutland's famous Massey mare, got by Massey's black Barb.

Produce.

1837. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Rowton, (dead.)

1838. *Bay Colt*, by Imp. Rowton.

1839. *Bay filly* by Bertrand, jun. and stunted to Hibiscus.

June 16, 1839. M. S. PERRY.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1839.

Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY: *on Steel* BY DICK, AFTER A. COOPER.

PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION: *on Steel* BY DICK, AFTER HANCOCK.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES;

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

With this number of the "Register" its readers are presented with the commencement of the ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR, carefully compiled from the Sporting Magazines. The pedigrees of the winning horses have been almost invariably added, and we have employed all the leisure at our command in rendering it as complete and valuable as possible. Preceding the Calendar will be found a "Description of the Courses," and their length, with the "Abbreviations used in the Calendar," and other matters calculated to afford a better understanding of English Racing.

Several very valuable communications have been received which will appear in the October number; among them we have to express our grateful acknowledgments to "B." for an article on "The English and American Turf"—also to J. J., Esq., for a "Memoir of Lady Clifden."

Lists of the Blood Stock of several gentlemen have been received. All those now on hand will appear in the next number.

Mr. H. H., of Locust Grove; your request is complied with.

The friend who sent us a caricature from Columbia has our thanks, we had never met with it before.

J. C. S. need be under no apprehension about the pedigrees of his two mares. We know them well, and will send him the desired certificates directly.

The letter of H. L. G., of Alexandria, is beneath our notice.

T. B. T., of Mount Meigs, asks "How much is a head as used in the measurement of English Eclipse?" He misunderstands the Lecturer, who intends to convey the idea that the length of the head being ascertained, the other proportions of the animal are to be measured by it, as thus (see page 71):—"The neck should measure but one head in length;" that is, the neck should measure the same length as the head, *whatever length the head should be*. The proportions of a horse are not varied by the size, and to ascertain them correctly, get the length of his head, and measure with that.

The names of *Albornoz*, *Beatrice of Ferrara*, and *Multicaulis*, are claimed.

Notice to Subscribers.

We desire to call the attention of the subscribers of the "TURF REGISTER" to the terms of subscription. Since the Magazine fell into the hands of the present publishers, many of its oldest friends have assured them that it has been much improved, not only in the character of its contents, but in its typographical appearance and embellishments; indeed the editor has been frequently asked how he contrived to give so many and such highly finished engravings? The answer has been, that if the subscribers to the work would promptly comply with the terms of subscription, he would undertake there should be no falling off in its character and appearance—that he was determined to give the magazine a fair trial, whatever it might cost, and confidently relied upon the liberality of the Breeders and Turfmen of the country to support him. The magazine shall not languish in our hands; and though it must either pay for itself or be discontinued, while it continues to be published by the present proprietors, no outlay of time, labor nor money shall be spared, to make it equal in all respects to any Sporting Magazine in the language. Will its friends support it? From what we *have* done they may form a pretty correct estimate of what we are willing and able to do hereafter, provided they furnish us with the means. We desire to put the question distinctly to each of our subscribers—*Will you sustain us?* If they pay their subscriptions promptly, we shall "go ahead," and challenge competition.

If a portion of our Subscribers should fail to receive the *October* number, they must attribute it to our inability and consequent unwillingness to furnish so expensive a magazine without the slightest equivalent. If we choose to work for nothing, we are not equally willing to expend our limited means in forwarding the interests and contributing to the gratification of those who care not whether we sink or swim.

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS ;

OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE FOURTH.

WHEN we had entered Tom's hospitable dwelling, and delivered over our guns to be duly cleaned, and the dogs to be suppered, by Tim Matlock, I passed through the parlor on my way to my own crib, where I found Archer in close confabulation with a tall rawboned Dutchman, with a keen freckled face, small 'cute gray eyes, looking suspiciously about from under the shade of a pair of straggling sandy eyebrows, small reddish whiskers, and a head of carrotty hair as rough and tangled as a fox's back. His aspect was a wondrous mixture of sneakingness and smartness, and his expression did most villainously belie him, if he were not as sharp a customer as ever wagged an elbow, or betted on a horse-race.

"Frank"—exclaimed Harry as I entered, "I make you know Mr. McTaggart, better known hereabouts as the flying Dutchman, though how he came by a Scotch name I can't pretend to say—he keeps the best quarter horses, and plays the best hand of whist in the country ;—and now, get yourself clean as quick as possible, for Tom never gives one five minutes wherein to dress himself—so bustle."

And off he went as he had finished speaking, and I, shaking my new friend cordially by an exceeding bony unwashed paw, incontinently followed his example—and in good time I did so ; for I had scarcely changed my shooting boots and wet worsteds for slippers and silk socks—before my door, as usual, was lounged open by Tom's massy foot, and I was thus exhorted—"Come, come, your supper's gittin' cold—I never see such men as you and Archer is—you're wash, wash, wash—all day !—It's little water enough that you use any other ways."

"Why, is there any other use for water—Tom?"—I asked, simply enough.

"It's lucky if there aint anyhow—leastwise where you and Archer is—,else you'd leave none for the rest of us. It's a good thing you han't thought of washing your d—d stinking hides in rum—you *will* be at it some of these odd days, I warrant me—why now, McTaggart, it's only yesterday I caught Archer up stairs there, a fiddling away up there at his teeth with a little ivory brush—brushing them with cold water—cleaning them he calls it ! D—n all such trash, says I."

While I was listening in mute astonishment, wondering whether *in truth* the old savage never cleaned his teeth, Archer made his appearance, and to a better supper never did I sit down, than was spread at the old round table, in such profusion as might have well sufficed to feed a troop of horse.

"What have we got here, Tom?"—cried Harry as he took the head

of the *social board*—"Quail-pie, by George!—are there any peppers in it Tom?"

"Sartain there is,"—replied that worthy, "and a prime rump-steak in the bottom, and some first-best salt pork chopped fine, and three small onions—like little Wax-skin used to fix them, when he was up here all last fall."

"Take some of this pie, Frank,"—said Archer, as he handed me a huge plate of leafy reeking pie-crust, with a slice of fat steak, and a plump hen quail, and gravy, and etceteras, that might have made an Alderman's mouth water—"and if you don't say it's the very best thing you ever tasted, you are not half so good a judge as I used to hold you. It took little Johnny and myself three wet days to concoct it. Pie, Tom, or roast pig?" he continued—"or broiled wood-cock? Here they are, all of them."

"Why, I reckon I'll take cock—briled meat wants to be ate right stret away as soon as it comes off the griddle; and of all d—d nice ways of cooking, to brile a thing, quick now, over hot hickory ashes, is the best for me!"

"I believe you're right about eating the cock first, for they will not be worth a farthing if they get cold. So you stick to the pig, do you—hey, McTaggart? Well, there is no reckoning on tastes—holloa Tim—look sharp! the champagne all 'round—I'm choking!"

And for some time no sound was heard, but the continuous clatter of knives and forks, the occasional popping of a cork, succeeded by the gurgling of the generous wine as it flowed into the tall rummers—and every now and then a loud and rattling eructation from Tom Draw; who, as he said, could never half enjoy a meal if he could not stop now and then to blow off steam. At last, however—for supper, alas! like all other earthly pleasures, must come to an end—"The fairest still the fleetest"—our appetites waned gradually; and notwithstanding Harry's earnest exhortations, and the production of a broiled ham-bone, devilled to the very utmost pitch of English mustard, soy, oil of Aix, and cayenne pepper, by no hands, as may be guessed, but those of that universal genius Timothy—one by one, we gave over our labors edacious, to betake us to potations of no small depth or frequency.

"It is directly contrary to my rule, Frank, to drink before a good day's shooting—and a good day I mean to have to-morrow!—but I am thirsty, and the least thought chilly—so here goes for a debauch!—Tim, look in my box with the clothes, and you will find two flasks of curacao; bring them down, and a dozen lemons, and some lump sugar—look alive! and you Tom, out with your best brandy—I'll make a jorum that will open your eyes *tight* before you've done with it. That's right Tim—now get the soup tureen, the biggest one, and see that it's clean—The old villain has not got a punch bowl—bring half a dozen of champagne, a bucket full of ice, and then go down into the kitchen, and make two quarts of green tea, as strong as possible; and when it's made, set it to cool in the ice-house!"

In a few minutes all the ingredients were at hand—the rind, peeled carefully from all the lemons, was deposited with two tumblers full of finely powdered sugar in the bottom of the tureen—thereupon were poured instantly three pints of pale old Cogniac—and these were left

to steep, without admixture, until Tim Matlock made his entrance with the cold, strong, green tea—two quarts of this, strained clear, were added to the brandy, and then two flasks of curaçao! Into this mixture a dozen large lumps of clear ice were thrown, and the whole stirred up 'till the sugar was entirely suspended—then pop! pop! went the long necks, and their creaming nectar was discharged into the bowl—and by the body of Bacchus—as the Italians swear—and by his soul too, which he never steeped in such delicious nectar, what a drink that was, when it was completed. Even Tom Draw, who ever was much disposed to look upon strange potables as trash, and who had eyed the whole proceedings with ill-concealed suspicion and disdain, when he had quaffed off a pint-beaker full, which he did without once moving the vessel from his head—smacked his lips with a report which might have been heard half a mile off, and which resembled very nearly the crack of a first-rate huntsman's whip.

"That's not slow, now!"—he said, half dubiously—"to tell God's truth now, that's first rate—I reckon, though, it would be better if there wasn't that tea into it—it makes it weak and trashy like!"

"You be hanged!" answered Harry, "that's mere affectation—that smack of your lips told the story—did you ever hear such an infernal sound? I never did, by George!"

"Begging your pardon, Measter Archer"—interposed Timothy, pulling his forelock, with an expression of profound respect, mingled with a ludicrous air of regret, at being forced to differ in the least degree from his master—"Begging your pardon, Measter Archer, that was a roommer noise, and by a vary gre-at de-al too—when Measter McTavish sneezed me clean oot o' t' wagon!"

"What's that?—what the devil's that?" cried I—"this McTavish must be a queer genius—one day I hear of his frightening a bull out of a meadow, and next of his sneezing a man out of a phaeton."

"It's simply true!—*both* are simply true!—We were driving very slowly on an immensely hot day in the middle of August, between Lebanon Springs and Claverack—McTavish and I on the front seat, and Tim behind. Well! we were creeping at a foot's pace, up a long, steep hill, just at the very hottest time of day—not a word had been spoken for above an hour, for we were all tired and languid—except once, when McTavish asked for his third tumbler, since breakfast, of Starke's Farentosh, of which we had three two-quart bottles in the liquor case—when suddenly, without any sign or warning, McTavish gave a sneeze which, on my honor, was scarcely inferior in loudness to a pistol shot! The horses started almost off the road, I jumped about half a foot off my seat, and positively, without exaggeration, Timothy tumbled slap out of the wagon into the road, and lay there sprawling in the dust, while Mac sat perfectly unmoved, without a smile upon his face, looking straight before him, exactly as if nothing had happened."

"Nonsense, Harry," exclaimed I—"That positively won't go down."

"That's an eternal lie, now, Archer!" Tom chimed in—"leastwise I don't know why I should say so neither—for I never saw no deviltry goin on yet, that didn't come as nat'ral to McTavish, as lying to a minister, or"—

"Rum to Tom Draw!"—responded Harry—"But it's true as the gospel, ask Timothy there!"

"Nay it's all true—only it's scarce so bad i' t' story, as it was i' right airnest!—Ay cooped oot o' t' drag—loike ivry thing—my hinder eend was sair a moonth and better!"

"Now then," said I—"it's Tom's turn; let us hear about the bull."

"Oh, the bull!" answered Tom—"Well you see, Archer there, and little Waxskin—you know little Waxskin, I guess, Mister Forester—and old McTavish, had gone down to shoot to Hell-hole—where we was yesterday, you see!—well now! it was hot—hot, worst kind, I tell you—and I was sort o' tired out—so Waxskin, in he goes into the thick, and Archer arter him, and up the old crick side—thinkin, you see, that we was goin up, where you and I walked yesterday—but not a bit of it—we never thought of no such thing, not we! We sot ourselves down underneath the haystacks, and made ourselves two good stiff horns of toddy—and cooled off there, all in the shade, as slick as silk. Well arter we'd been there quite a piece, bang! we hears, in the very thick of the swamp—bang! bang!—and then I heerd Harry Archer roar out "mark! mark!—Tom, mark! you old fat rascal,"—and sure enough, right where I should have been, if I'd been a doin right, out came two woodcock—big ones—they looked like hens, and I kind o' thought it was a shame, so I got up to go to them, and called McTavish to go with me—but torights, jest as he was a gittin up, a heap of critters, comes all chasin up, scart by a dog, I reckon, kickin their d—d heels up, and bellowin like mad—and there was one young bull amongst them, quite a lump of a bull now I tell you; and the bull he came up pretty nigh to us, and stood, and stawmped, and sort o' snorted, as if he did'nt know right what he would be arter, and McTavish, he gits up, and turns right round with his back to the critter; he'd got a bit of a round jacket on, and he stoops down till his head came right atween his legs, kind o' straddlin like, so that the bull could see nothing of him but his t'other eend, and his head right under it, chin uppermost, with his d—d big black whiskers, lookin as fierce as all h—l, and fiercer—well! the bull he stawmped agin, and pawed, and bellowed, and I was in hopes, I swon, that he would have hooked him—but jest then McTavish, starts to run, goin along as I have told you, hind eend foremost—*bo-oo* went the bull, *a-boo-oo*, and off he starts like a strick, with his tail stret-on-eend, and his eyes starin, and all the critters arter him, and then they kind o' circled round—and all stood still and stared—and stawmped, 'till he got nigh to them, and then they all stricks off agin—and so they went on—runnin and then standin still,—and so they went on the hull of a hour, I'll be bounded—and I lay there upon my back laughin 'till I was stiff and sore all over—and then came Waxskin and old Archer, wrathful as h—l, and swearin'—Lord how they did swear!—They'd been a slavin there through the d—d thorns and briars, and the old stinkin mud holes, and flushed a most almighty sight of cock, where the brush was too thick to shoot them, and every one they flushed, he came stret out into the open field, where Archer knew we should have been, and where we should have killed a thunderin mess, and no mistake—and they went on damnin, and wonderin, and sweatin through the brush, till they got out to the far

eed, and there they had to make tracks back to us through the bog meadow, under a brilin sun, and when they did get back, the bull was jest a goin through the bars—and every d—d drop o' the rum was dranked up—and the sun was settin, and the day's shootin—that was spoiled!—and then McTavish tantalized them the worst sort. But I did laugh to kill—it was the best I ever *did* see, was that spree—Ha! ha! ha!”

And, as he finished, he burst out into his first hoarse laugh, in which I chorsud him most heartily, having in truth been in convulsions, between the queerness of his lingo, and the absurdly grotesque attitudes into which he threw himself, in imitating the persons concerning whom his story ran—after this, jest succeeded jest! and story, story! ’till in good truth, the glass circling the while with most portentous speed, I began to feel bees in my head, and till in truth no one, I believe, of the party, was entirely collected in his thoughts, except Tom Draw, whom it is as impossible for liquor to affect, as it would be for brandy to make a hogshead drunk, and who stalked off to bed with an air of solemn gravity that would have well become a Spanish Grandee of the olden time, telling us as he left the room, that we were all as drunk as h—l, and that we should be stinkin in our beds till noon to-morrow—a prediction, by the way, which he took right good care to defeat in his own person—for in less than five hours after we retired, which was about the first of the small hours, he rushed into my room, and finding that the awful noises, which he made, had no effect in waking me, dragged me bodily out of bed, and clapping my wet sponge in my face, walked off, as he said, to fetch the bitters, which were to make me fine as silk upon the instant.

This time, I must confess that I did not look with quite so much disgust on the old apple-jack; and in fact, after a moderate horn, I completed my ablutions, and found myself perfectly fresh and ready for the field. Breakfast was soon despatched, and on this occasion as soon as we had got through the broiled ham and eggs, the wagon made its appearance at the door.

“What’s this, Harry,” I exclaimed, “where are we bound for now?”

“Why, Master Frank,” he answered, “to tell you the plain truth, while you were sleeping off the effects of the last night’s regent’s punch, I was on foot enquiring into the state of matters and things; and since we have pretty well exhausted our home beats, and I have heard that some ground, about ten miles distant, is in prime order, I have determined to take a try there—but we must look pretty lively, for it is seven now, and we have got a drive of ten stiff miles before us. Now, old Grampus, are you ready?”

“Aye! aye!” responded Tom, and mounted up—a work of no small toil for him—into the back seat of the wagon, where I soon took my seat beside him, with the two well-broke setters crouching at our feet, and the three guns strapped neatly to the side rails of the wagons. Harry next mounted the box. Tim touched his hat and jumped up to his side, and off we rattled at a merry trot, wheeling around the rival tavern which stood in close propinquity to Tom’s—then turning short again to the left hand, along a broken stony road, with several high and long hills, and very awkward bridges in the valleys, to the North-west-

ward of the village. Five miles brought us into a pretty little village lying at the base of another ridge of what might almost be denominated mountains, save that they were cultivated to the very top—as we paused on the brow of this, another glorious valley spread out to our view, with the broad sluggish waters of the Wallkill winding away, with hardly any visible motion, towards the North-east, through a vast tract of meadow land covered with high, rank grass, dotted with clumps of willows and alder brakes—and interspersed with large deep swamps, thick-set with high grown timber—while far beyond these to the West, lay the high variegated chain of the Shawangunk mountains. Rattling briskly down the hill we passed another thriving village, built on the mountain side—made two or three sharp ugly turns, still going at a smashing pace, and coming on the level ground, entered an extensive cedar swamp, impenetrable above with the dark boughs of the evergreen colossi, and below with half a dozen varieties of rhododendron, calmia, and azalia—through this dark dreary track, the road ran straight as the bird flies, supported on the trunks of trees—constituting what is here called a corduroy road—an article which, praise be to all the gods, is disappearing now so rapidly, that this is the only bit to be found in the civilized regions of New York—and bordered to the right and left by ditches of black tenacious mire. Beyond this we scaled another sandy hillock, and pulled up at a little wayside tavern, at the door of which Harry set himself lustily to halloo—

“Why, John—hilloa, hillo—John Riker!”

Whereon, out came, stooping low to pass under the lintel of a very fair sized door, one of the tallest men I ever looked upon—his height too, was exaggerated by the narrowness of his chest and shoulders, which would have been rather small for a man of five foot seven—but to make up for this, his legs were monstrous—his arms muscular, and his whole frame evidently powerful and athletic, though his gait was slouching, and his air singularly awkward and unhandy.

“Why, how do, Mr. Archer—I had’nt heerd you was in these pairts—after woodcock I reckon.”

“Yes, John; as usual; and you must go along with us, and shew us the best ground!”

“Well, you see, I earn’t go to day—for Squire Breawn, and Dan Faushea, and a whole grist of Goshen boys is comin over to the island here to fish, but you earn’t well go wrong.”

“Why not—are birds plenty?”

“Well! I guess they be—plentier than ever yet I see them here.”

“By Jove! that’s good news,” Harry answered—“where shall we find the first?”

“Why, amost anywheres—but here jist down by the first bridge there’s a hull heap—leastwise there was a Friday—and then you’d best go on to the second bridge and keep the edge of the hill right up and down to Merrit’s island—and then beat down here home to the first bridge again—but won’t you liquor?”

“No! not this morning, John; we did our liquoring last night. Tom, do you hear what John says?”

“I hear, I hear,” growled out old Tom, “but the critter lies like h—l. He always does lie, d—n him.”

“Well, here goes, and we’ll soon see!”—and away we went again,

spinning down a little descent, to a flat space between the hill-foot and the river—having a thick tangled swamp on the right, and a small boggy meadow full of grass, breast high, with a thin open alder grove beyond it on the left. Just as we reached the bridge Harry pulled up. “Jump out, boys—jump out!—here’s the spot.”

“I tell you there aint none: d—n you! There aint none never here, nor haint been these six years—you know that now, yourself, Archer.”

“We’ll try it, all the same,” said Harry—who was coolly loading his gun! “The season has been wetter than common, and this ground is generally too dry. Drive on, Tim, over the bridge, into the hollow, you’ll be out of shot there—and wait till we come. Hollo! mark—Tom.”

For as the wagon wheels rattled upon the bridge up jumped a cock out of the ditch by the road side, from under a willow brush, and skimmed past all of us within five yards. Tom Draw and I, who had got out after Harry, were but in the act of ramming down our first barrels; but Harry, who had loaded one, and was at that moment putting down the wad upon the second, dropped his ramrod with the most perfect sang-froid I ever witnessed, took a cap out of his right-hand pocket, applied it to the cone, and pitching up his gun, knocked down the bird as he wheeled to cross the road behind us, by the cleverest shot possible.

“That’s pretty well for no birds! anyhow, ‘Tom,” he exclaimed, dropping his butt to load. “Go and gather that bird, Frank, to save time, he lies in the wagon rut, there. How now? down charge, you Chase—sir! what are you about?”

The bird was quickly bagged, and Harry loaded—we stepped across a dry ditch, and both dogs made game at the same instant.

“Follow the red dog, Frank,” cried Archer—“and go very slow—there are birds here!” and as he spoke, while the dogs were crawling along, cat-like, pointing at every step, and then again creeping onward, up skirred two birds under the very nose of the white setter, and crossed quite to the left of Harry. I saw him raise his gun, but that was all—for at the self same moment one rose to me, and my ear caught the flap of yet another to my right—five barrels were discharged so quickly that they made but three reports—I cut my bird well down, and looking quickly to the left, saw nothing but a stream of feathers drifting along the wind—at the same moment old Tom shouted on the right—“I have killed two, by George!—what have you done, boys”—“Two—I,” said Archer.—“Wait, Frank, don’t you begin to load till one of us is ready—there’ll be another cock up, like enough! keep your barrel—I’ll be ready in a jiffy!”

And well it was that I obeyed him, for at the squeak of the card, in its descent down his barrel, another bird did rise, and was making off for the open alders, when my whole charge riddled him—and instantly at the report three more flapped up, and of course went off unharmed—but we marked them, one by one, down in the grass at the wood edge. Harry loaded again, we set off to pick up our dead birds—Shot drew, as I thought, on my first, and pointed dead within a yard of where he fell—I walked up carelessly, with my gun under my arm, and was actually stooping to bag him, as I thought—when

whiz—one rose almost in my face ; and, bothered by seeing us all round him, towered straight up into the air. Taken completely by surprise, I blazed away in a hurry, and missed clean—but not five yards did he go, before Tom cut him down—“Aha ! boy, whose eye’s wiped now ?”

“Mine, Tom, very fairly—but can that be the same cock I knocked down, Archer ?”

“Not a bit of it, I saw your’s fall dead as a stone—he lies half a yard farther in that tussoc !”

“How the deuce did you see him ?—why you were shooting your own at the same moment !”

“All knack, Frank—I marked both my own and your’s, and one of Tom’s beside—are you ready ?—hold up, Shot,—there, he has got your dead bird—was not I right ?—and look to—for by Jove he is standing on another, with the dead bird in his mouth—that’s pretty, is it not ?”

Again two rose, and both were killed—one by Tom, and one by Archer—my gun hanging fire.

“That’s nine birds down before we have bagged one,” said Archer—“I hope no more will rise, or we’ll be losing these”—but this time his hopes were not destined to meet accomplishment, for seven more woodcock got up—five of which were scattered in the grass around us, wing-broken or dead—before we had even bagged the bird which Shot was gently mouthing.

“I never saw any thing like this in my life, Tom—did you ?” cried Harry.

“I never did, by George,” responded Tom—“Now do you think there’s any three men to be found in York, such d—d eternal fools as to be willing to shoot a match agin us ?”

“To be sure I do, lots of them—and to beat us too, to boot, you stupid old porpoise—why there’s Harry T——, and Nick L—— and a dozen more of them, that you and I would have no more chance with, than a gallon of brandy would have of escaping from you at a single sitting—but we have shot pretty well to-day. Now do, for heaven’s sake, let us try to bag them !”

And scattered though they were in all directions, among the most infernal tangled grass I ever stood on, those excellent dogs retrieved them one by one, till every bird was pocketed—we then beat on and swept the rest of the meadow, and the outer verge of the alders, picking up three more birds—making a total of seventeen brought to bag, in less than half an hour. We then proceeded to the wagon, took a good pull of water from a beautiful clear spring by the road-side, properly qualified with whiskey, and rattled on about one mile farther to the second bridge. Here we again got out.

“Now Tim,” said Harry, “mark me well ! Drive gently to the old barrack yonder under the West end of that woodside, unhitch the horses and tie them in the shade—you can give them a bite of meadow hay at the same time—and then get luncheon ready, we shall be with you by two o’clock at farthest.”

“Ay ! ay ! Sir”—and off he drove at a steady pace, while we striking into the meadow, to the left hand of the road, went along getting sport such as I never beheld, or even dreamed of before—for about five hundred yards in width from the stream, the ground was

soft and miry to the depth of some four inches, with long sword grass quite knee-deep, and every fifty yards a bunch of willows or swamp alders. In every clump of bushes we found from three to five birds, and as the shooting was for the most part very open, we rendered on the whole a good account of them—the dogs throughout behaved superbly, and Tom was altogether frantic with the excitement of the sport. The time seemed short indeed, and I could not for a moment have imagined that it was even noon, when we reached the barrack. This was a hut of rude unplanned boards, which had been put up formerly with the intent of furnishing a permanent abode for some laboring men, but which, having been long deserted, was now used only as a temporary shelter by charcoal-burners, hay-makers, or like ourselves, stray sportsmen. It was, however, though rudely built and fallen considerably into decay, perfectly beautiful from its romantic site; for it stood just at the end of a long tangled covert, with a huge pin oak tree, leaning abruptly out from an almost precipitous bank of yellow sand, completely canopying it; while from a crevice in the sand-stone there welled out a little source of chrystal water, which expanded into as sweet a basin, as ever served a Dryad for her bath in Arcady of old. Before it stretched the wide sweep of meadow land, with the broad blue Walkill gliding through it, fringed by a skirt of coppice, and the high mountains, veiled with a soft autumnal mist, sleeping beyond, robed in their many colored garb of crimson, gold, and greenery. Beside the spring the indefatigable Tim had kindled a bright glancing fire, while in the basin were cooling two long-necked bottles of the Baron's best—a clean white cloth was spread in the shade before the barrack door—with plates and cups, and bread cut duiy, and a travelling case of cruets with all the other appurtenances needful. On our appearance he commenced rooting in a heap of embers and soon produced six nondescript looking articles enclosed—as they dress maintenon cutlets or red mullet—in double sheets of greasy letter paper—these he incontinently dished, and to my huge astonishment they turned out to be three couple of our woodcock, which that indefatigable varlet had picked, and baked under the ashes, according to some strange idea, whether original or borrowed at second hand from his master, I never was enabled to ascertain. The man, be whom he may, that invented that *plat*, is second neither to Caramel nor to Ude—the exquisite juicy tenderness of the meat, the preservation of the gravy, the richness of the trail—by heaven they were inimitable.

In that sweet spot we loitered a full hour—then counted our bag, which amounted already to fifty-nine cock, not including those with which Tim's gastronomic art had spread for us a table in the wilderness—then leaving him to pack up and meet us at the spot where we first started—we struck down the stream homeward, shooting our way along a strip of coppice about ten yards in breadth, bounded on one side by the dry bare bank of the river, and on the other by the open meadows. We of course kept the verges of this covert, our dogs working down the middle, and so well did we manage it, that when we reached the wagon, just as the sun was setting, we numbered seventy-three birds bagged, besides two which were so cut by the shot as to be useless, six which we had devoured, and four or five

which we lost in spite of the excellence of our retrievers. When we got home again, although the Dutchman was on the spot promising us a quarter race upon the morrow, and pressing earnestly for a rubber to-night, we were too much used up to think of any thing but a good supper and an early bed.

BLOOMSBURY,

WINNER OF THE DERBY STAKES AT EPSOM, 1839.

THE following memoir is accompanied by a Portrait, engraved by Dick, on steel, from one given in the London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, which was engraved by J. W. Archer, from a painting by A. Cooper, R. A. Of four pictures of Bloomsbury, in our possession, we make no doubt the one selected is beyond comparison the most faithful; and it is so regarded by our contemporaries across the Atlantic, who pronounce it "an admirable portrait, about which there can be no dispute." Mr. Cooper appears to have obtained a *correct pedigree* of the *form* and *bearing* of the horse. Mr. Herring jotted down his points, in "Bell's Life in London," (given in our last) in an odd style of judgment; for he *thinned* his neck—made his head *merely* strong, shoulders *fine*, etc. etc. Bloomsbury is emphatically a coarse horse—a strapping colt—a fortunate one in himself, but not a fortunate one to his owners. He has won the Derby—and a lawsuit! He has caused a non-settlement of a settlement! He has embroiled lords with lords—lords with commoners—and commoners frightfully with each other! He has made Mr. Weatherby (the Stud Book and Racing Calendar man,) look "like a sick girl!" He has enriched butchers and waiters, and impoverished hazard men, peers, monoptics, and gentlemen! He has "frighted *Postmasters-general* from their propriety," like the bell at Cyprus! He has surprised with the wealth of hundreds, the *fungi* on the outskirts and in the sullen shades of the betting-ring: and, to crown all, he has given cause for a quarrel that has shaken the Jockey Club of England to its centre!

Bloomsbury, foaled in 1836, was bred by Mr. Cattle, of Sheriff-Hallon, near York, and was purchased by Mr. W. Ridsdale, who then trained for Lord Chesterfield, with whose horses he was reared from weaning time: on Mr. Ridsdale leaving the employment of the noble Earl, he took the colt with him to Newmarket, where he was trained. Bloomsbury is a bay colt, fifteen hands three inches high. According to the Racing Calendar, he was got by Mulatto—but by the Stud Book, he was got by Tramp *or* Mulatto—out of Arcot Lass, by Ardrossan, her dam by Cramlington out of Floyerkin by Stride—Little England's dam by Javelin—sister to Toby by Highflyer, etc. [*Vide* Skinner's Eng. and Am. Stud Book, p. 537.] It will be seen that Bloomsbury is half-brother to Mr. James Jackson's *St. Giles*, now standing in Alabama, and to the celebrated *Scroggins*.

The editor of "The Sportsman" gives a description of the subject of this memoir, which we quote. He remarks, that "while the front



WINNER OF THE DERBY STAKES AT EPSOM 1839

of Bloomsbury's head, and his nostrils in particular, manifest his Arabian paternity, it is too thick in the lower part, and is therefore heavy rather than handsome; neck light, shoulders finely formed, presenting the genuine obliquity, and thus allowing the free action of the fore legs; his withers high and somewhat pointed, very unlike those of Eclipse and many other superior horses; brisket deep and capacious; ribs deep forward, tapering finely off, and leaving the requisite space between the last and the hip; arms remarkably long; pasterns rather longer than usual; his toes inclining outwards; quarters widely spread and well let down; gaskins muscular and powerful. Joints remarkably large. If therefore we contemplate the conformation of Bloomsbury in regard to progressive motion, we perceive that his brisket is as well calculated for the purpose, relatively, as possible, dropping low, and being sufficiently capacious for the free action of the viscera; his loins being loose affords sufficient freedom for the bringing well up of the hind legs, and imparting a large stride; while his powerful quarters and posterior parts, whence the propelling power must be necessarily derived, are calculated for the purpose in a very superior manner. His large joints indicate a corresponding development of tendon; but as the horse does not attain maturity till he has reached his seventh year, the tendon of Bloomsbury, only half that age, does not appear in proportion to his joints. Had his debut, like that of Eclipse, been delayed till he had become of five years old, he would have been remarkable for power and speed—not equal in these respects to Eclipse, because his conformation is inferior to that of this justly celebrated horse, and power and speed are entirely the result of conformation. Bloomsbury is an overgrown colt, and therefore has not the strength to bring his hind legs so forward every stride as will be the case when he has attained maturity, and for which Eclipse was more remarkable than any racer that was ever seen. But is Bloomsbury likely “to train on” till he reach maturity? Most assuredly not, if he is to race as often as appearances seem to indicate. His constitution is no doubt very good, and he has been forced, by feeding and the system of the training stable, into what may be called a state of precocious maturity, or a year in advance of his real age; but experience abundantly proves that very few young racers are able to come out often and continue to train on, those which are overgrown being the more likely to give way under such unreasonably oft repeated and overstraining exertions. Highly raised pointed withers, such as those of Bloomsbury, are frequently accompanied by tender feet. This promising young racer is named for the Ascot Cup, for which he will have to carry, as winner of the Derby of the present year, 8lbs. extra, a circumstance which cannot fail to operate fearfully against him, should he start for this prize, which is evidently the intention of his owner. His allotted weight for the Goodwood Cup, as a three years old, is 7st. 4lb., to which if 8lb. extra be added, the amount is 7st. 12lb.—9lb. less than he carried for the Derby, but nevertheless 8lb. more than his competitors, as far at least as age is concerned. Bloomsbury is a very fine colt, but it would appear as if he were doomed to the fate of Elis, to be run completely out of racing form in one season.”

The editor of the “New Sporting Magazine,” in speaking of the

action of Bloomsbury, remarks that "his gallop is free and strong and will always carry him on, with his great powers, prominently in the greatest struggles." From the tenor of the articles in this magazine (which, by-the-bye, is the most spirited and able in England), we infer that its editors think less of Bloomsbury than of Deception, who ran 2d to him for the Derby, and two days after won the Oaks.

Owing to the derangement of Mr. Ridsdale's affairs, Bloomsbury appeared in the list of candidates for the Derby as the nomination of Lord Chesterfield, and thus he was named for all his approaching engagements. However, some months ago, his Lordship threatened to 'scratch' him for the Derby unless the stakes for this and his other engagements were paid in advance. It is not necessary to inquire into the cause which gave rise to this unpleasant feeling; since the money was advanced and the matter thus adjusted. Although Bloomsbury was a 'dark' horse at this period, and estimated very humbly indeed by the metropolitan speculators, it is evident he was differently regarded by some of the northern turfmen, while a few in the north west became aware of his superior powers of progressive motion; because, on the Earl of Chesterfield making known his intention respecting Bloomsbury, they complained loudly, and offered to remove the obstacle by the immediate advance of the money.

"The Derby day of 1839, will not be soon forgotten by those who assembled on Epsom Downs to witness the race; which was run on Wednesday, the 15th of May, beneath an atmospheric influence which would have appeared natural enough in the month of February, but which on this occasion seemed an outrage on the acknowledged order of the seasons. There was harshness in the impress of the atmosphere very unpleasant to the feelings, a keenly cutting wind whistled across the Downs, and the race for the Derby took place beneath a shower of snow! Bloomsbury appeared in the metropolitan betting list only occasionally, and then at a very unassuming estimate—1,000 to 15 being his general price, and he never rose higher than 50 to 1 till the morning of starting, when 30 to 1 became his price: hence his approach to the Derby appears a parallel case with that of Amato, winner of the Derby the preceding year."

The following is a list of Bloomsbury's performances, quoted from the Old "Sporting Magazine" for July:—

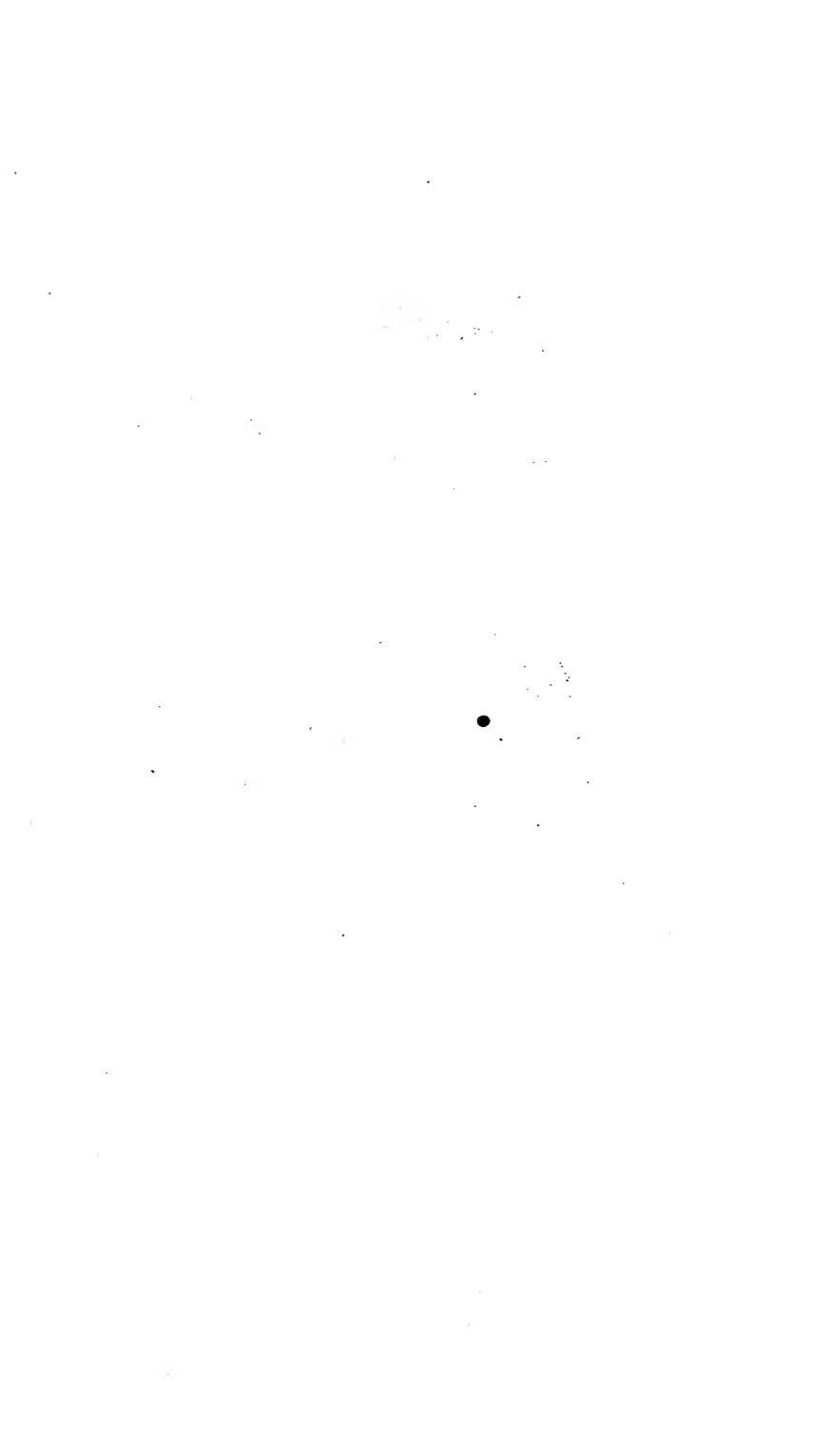
In the Newmarket First Spring Meeting 1839, Bloomsbury was drawn for the Clarendon Stakes of 200 sovs., h. ft.—Epidaurus walking over for it.

At Epsom (rode by Templeman), he won the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., 143 subs., beating Deception (winner of the Oaks), Euclid, Cæsar, The Corsair, Clarion, &c. &c.—Betting: 12 to 1 agst. Deception, 6 to 1 agst. Euclid, 7 to 1 agst. Cæsar, 16 to 1 agst. Corsair, 8 to 1 agst. Clarion, and 25 to 1 agst. Bloomsbury.—For this race he was objected to on the ground of being entered incorrectly in the Calendar (noticed elsewhere).

At Ascot (rode by Rogers), he won the Ascot Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., 17 subs., beating The Corsair and Macremma.—Betting: 5 to 1 on the winner.

At the same Meeting (rode by Rogers), he won a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., eight subs., beating Sister to Hector by Priam out of Miniature.—For both these latter Stakes he was objected to, the difficulty of his pedigree not having been settled.

Bloomsbury is entered for the 300 sovs. Sweepstakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting, the Doncaster St. Leger, and a 200 sovs. Sweepstakes at the same Meeting.





J. B. W. 1839.
WINNER OF THE OAKS STAKES. 1839

The English sporting periodicals caution their readers against backing Bloomsbury for the St. Leger, until his pedigree is purified. The owner of Deception claims the Derby Stakes, on the ground that Bloomsbury's pedigree was not correctly described; and at the date of our last advices the matter was not decided, an appeal having been made from the decision of the Jockey Club, to a court of law. The case is to be tried at Liverpool, and in the meantime a great number of speculators have refused to pay their losses on the race. Had the colt been named as having been got by Tramp *or* Mulatto, instead of by Mulatto alone, no objection could have been raised. Immense amounts having been laid out on the race, great confusion has been excited by the indefinite postponement of "the settling day."

DECEPTION,

WINNER OF THE OAKS STAKES, 1839.

THE portrait of this superb filly is engraved from one in the London "Sporting Review" for July, painted by Hancock. It is certainly a better picture, if not a better likeness, than any other we have seen of her; and like that of Bloomsbury, has been beautifully etched by Mr. Dick, expressly for this Magazine.

Deception, the property of Fulwar Craven, Esq., is a bay, fifteen hands and a half high. She was bred by Mr. Isaac Sadler, and foaled in 1836. She was got by Defence (one of the best bred sons of Whalebone), out of Lady Stumps by Tramp (son of Dick Andrews)—grandam by Cervantes, out of Fanny by Sir Peter, &c. She is described by the editor of the Old "Sporting Magazine," as having "a good lean, although not particularly small, head, nicely set on a well-proportioned neck; her shoulders are particularly lengthy and cleanly, falling well into her back; her legs are very good, and short from the knee to the pastern; her fore ribs, corresponding with her shoulders, are remarkably deep and roomy; her back ribs sufficiently open to admit of fine action in the hind-quarters, which are very lengthy, with finely developed muscles both in the thighs and second thighs; her hips are rather high and wide, affording great power of leverage; her hocks clean and strong. Like all the stock of her sire, she possesses an unusual degree of stoutness of heart and constitution, a fact borne out by her style of running for the Derby and Oaks. The pedigree of very few mares will bear the scrutiny which Deception's will. Her blood is uncontaminated by incestuous strains. Looking into the ancestry of our best racing stock, the Eclipse, Sir Peter, or Highflyer blood, Deception claims a happy combination of all. Her sire (Defence) is by Whalebone out of Little Folly by Highland Fling: he therefore conveys to his progeny the Waxy, Pot8os, Prunella, Eclipse, and Herod blood."

The pedigree given above is also objected to as not being described "according to rule," and the case is to be tried before a court of law.

In speaking of her race for the Derby, the "New Sporting Mag." states that "if ever perfect blood, perfect shape, and perfect action,

were demonstrated in a race horse, it was in Deception. The fine head and tapered muzzle; the light neck coming down symmetrically through well developed muscle, to the shoulders; the well set shoulders, *any thing* but straight; the good fore legs; the depth of girth; the apparent lightness of the loin, yet but a seeming lightness from the extent of frame; and the extraordinary length of quarters! finer and fuller hips, thighs, and hocks, no mare ever possessed. Perhaps, with this description, it is needless to say, that she had the action of a deer. We saw her half way up the hill, coming up to us, and nothing could be finer or prouder in her bearing, than when Trenn pulled her out of her canter, patted her superb neck, and turned her, with her startled ears, to walk down for the race. She *should* have won it! But we suppose it is upon the cards, that if ladies *will* contest with gentlemen, they come off second best:—Molineux *might* be expected to beat Taglioni."

The following summary of Deception's performances is quoted from the Old "Sporting Mag." for July:—

At Bath Spring Meeting 1838, Deception was beaten for the Western Stakes of 30 sovs. each, with 30 added, by Westonian and Lady Geraldine.

In June, at the same place, she won the Kelston Park Stakes of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added, 7 subs., beating colt by Sultan out of Clara.—Betting: 6 to 4 on the winner.

At Goodwood, she ran second for the Lavant Stakes, 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., having been beaten by Wapiti (Sister to Wintonial).—Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Wapiti, and 7 to 1 agst. Deception.

At the same Meeting, she was again beaten by Wapiti for the Molecomb Stakes of 50 sovs., h. ft., 19 subs., beating Vale of Belvoir, The Courier, colt by Priam out of Weeper, and Falsetto.—Betting: 4 to 1 agst. Deception, and even on the winner.

In August, at Salisbury, she won a 30 sovs. Sweepstakes, h. ft., nine subs., beating Sister to Carnaby, filly by Sultan out of Mrs. Baggs, and filly by Emilius out of Farce.

At Epsom 1839, she was beaten for the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., by Bloomsbury, although a good second.

At the same Meeting (rode by Day), she won the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., 95 subs., beating Carolina and Louisa, which were placed—La Bellezza, Dolphin, Hesione, Mickleton Maid, Reel, &c.—Betting: 13 to 8 on the winner, 9 to 1 each agst. La Bellezza and Louisa, 10 to 1 agst. Dolphin, 10 to 1 agst. Hesione, 11 to 1 agst. The Shadow, &c. &c.

At Bath (rode by Trenn), she won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., 23 subs., beating Westonian by Camel, and Science by Defence.—Betting: 6 to 1 on the winner.—Mr. I. Day (owner of Science) has claimed the Stake on the ground that Deception and Westonian went on the wrong side of a post. Mr. Wreford (owner of Westonian) has also objected to the pedigree of Deception.

Deception is entered for the Drawing Room Stakes of 25 sovs. each at Goodwood, and a Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each at Stockbridge.

The editor of "The Sportsman" remarks, that "Deception is one of those racers which may be said to have survived her two-year old public exertions; but what has become of Westonian and Wapiti by whom she was beaten? What has become of the greater part of the two-year olds who raced last year, particularly such of them as were brought repeatedly to the starting-post? Would that two-year old stakes were abandoned altogether! It unfortunately happens by the system of early racing, that the most promising 'young things' suffer more severely than those of inferior pretensions, as in the case of those already mentioned; and also that of Azdorf, Whim, Quid, Lais, Vexation, Alms, Vale of Belvoir, &c. &c. Further, the fleetness the progressive motion of the horse, the more forcibly must his weight be thrown, every stride, on his fore legs and feet; and consequently operate in the same proportion on the immature tendon, the pastern joint, and the fine network of the foot."

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

BY AN AMATEUR.

ON THE DEFECTS OF HORSES—CONTINUED.

THE changes of shape which a horse's foot undergoes are very frequently so gradual that Nature effects at the same time a corresponding change in the internal parts by which they adapt themselves to the horny substance which impedes their full development; and thus it not uncommonly happens that a horse will go perfectly sound and well upon a foot which, in appearance, is not at all in proportion to his leg. The feet of such horses are narrow and elongated; and provided they do not assume this form in a very great degree, and be not contracted at the heel, they may be perfectly safe and good: but this will rarely, if ever, be the case where the heel is deep, horny, and diminished in width. Again, a horse's foot may be very upright, like a mule's; but this may still not be an objection as simply regards the foot, but will decidedly be so if accompanying a very upright pastern. Of the flat foot I have already spoken, but in this case also there is a medium to be observed; for some horses with naturally flattish feet, will, if they be sound and hard, go with perfect freedom, and a slight disposition to this shape may be, in some measure, remedied by adopting the practice of shoeing with leather soles. Indeed it is a very good plan to shoe all such horses with a thick piece of leather interposed between the hoof and the iron, and cut out to the shape of the latter, so as not to cover the sole, but to diminish the jar upon the foot and leg during work. I have been in the habit of practising this method constantly during frosty weather, when the ground has been very hard, and have found it very beneficial. Indeed I am of opinion that it is a plan deserving of adoption with all horses and at all times. If the sole of the foot be tender, it should of course be protected by leather or some other substance; but where this is not the case, it will be sufficient to allow the leather only to cover the shoe, particularly if any disease of the frog require any remedial applications.

A good judge of the shape of a horse's foot will often discover that it may be materially altered by care and attention to shoeing. The generality of blacksmiths will invariably drive eight nails into each shoe, and thus two of them, which may very readily and advantageously be dispensed with, must be driven so near the heel as to diminish its power of expansion, and give rise to contraction of that part. Again, a person not much in the habit of examining a horse's feet, may consider some of them extremely ill-shaped from their excessive length; whereas a more acute observer will possibly remark that a great portion of the length results from a redundancy of horn having been left at the toe—a fault of the smith, which throws down many a horse—and, on ordering this part to be shortened, it is no uncommon thing to see a farrier knock off at one blow three quarters of an inch of horn, which should never have been suffered to acquire that length. Thus then, by the study of these and other points of

* Continued from the July number, page 394;

the horse, does a scientific man acquire experience which may, to him, be worth a great deal—for there is nothing where knowledge will go farther than in the purchase of a horse—since a really good one will always meet with a ready sale should you wish to part with him, whereas a brute may hang on your hands for ever, and be a daily source of discomfort to you into the bargain. I would recommend every man who wants to acquire a good idea of the proper formation of a horse's foot, to attend for some time at the forge of a shoeing-smith in full business, and then, for a few gallons of beer distributed among the men, he may pick up certain wrinkles that may afterwards repay him a thousand fold for his expenditure. The different modes of shoeing horses will also enable him, on perceiving any peculiarity in the formation of a horse's shoe, to discover the reason why he has been shod in a manner differing from that usually adopted; and this is a point of considerable importance, for some defects in the action of a horse, as cutting either before or behind, and forging, or striking the heel of the fore with the toe of the hind foot, may be either remedied, or at any rate diminished, by careful attention to shoeing. Thus a horse that cuts will be found to have the hoof left slightly projecting over the shoe on the inside, and perhaps made thicker on one side than on the other; and if he have this fault in a great degree, there may be but one or two nails driven into the foot on the inner portion of the shoe, and an extra one on the outer to hold it. When this is perceived, be sure that something wrong about the foot or action of the horse either actually exists or has existed. The paucity or total want of nails in any part of a shoe where they are usually placed, may also arise from the horse having been pricked in that part, or from his having bruised his foot from having been ridden without a shoe, or from quittor, or, in short, from any thing causing tenderness of the part, and therefore should immediately arouse the suspicions of a purchaser. Bar shoes also denote the presence of tenderness in some part, probably from bad corns or sand cracks; and indeed every deviation from the common mode of shoeing must have been occasioned by either peculiar formation of the foot, as where a flat-footed horse is shod with very broad shoes to protect the sole—by faulty action, as in the case of speedy and other cuts—or by accidents, such as pricks, bruises, the application of a too hot shoe, and the like.

Leaving the examination of the body for the present, it may be as well to proceed to that of the hind legs and feet. With regard to the latter, all the observations which have been made respecting the fore feet will equally apply to the hind, though it may be remarked *en passant* that they are far less frequently diseased than the fore feet, owing possibly to the action of the fore being generally higher than that of the hind legs.

The defects which I have already noticed in my enumeration of those of the fore legs under the heads of splints, wind-galls, strains of the back sinews, enlargements from blows, &c., will also be found to exist in the legs of the hind parts; but here splints are much more seldom met with than before. A horse, as I have already said, may cut behind about the fetlock joint, but no such thing as a speedy cut is here to be met with. To make up, however, for this, there are found two or three diseases about the hock-joint which I shall

now proceed to notice. These are, blood-spavins, bone-spavins, curbs, thorough-pins, capped-hocks, and cracked or greasy heels.

The blood-spavin (or as it is sometimes called bog-spavin) is a puffy elastic tumor on the inside of the hock: it is, in fact, neither more nor less than a wind-gall, of the part, but situated under the large vein which runs up the inside of the leg, and which, being compressed by this enlargement, no longer allows the blood to flow freely through it. This impediment to the circulation not only increases the size of the tumor, but occasions a general torpor and swelling in a slight degree of the limb in some cases, which offers an obstacle to its free action, and gives rise to very serious and incurable lameness. Should the enlargement be in its infancy, I would still recommend to you not to have any thing to do with any horse afflicted with this disease, unless he be destined for slow work; for much exertion will infallibly cause the tumor to increase, and with it of course the lameness attendant on it.

A bone-spavin is an increased growth of bone at the lower and most prominent part of the inside of the hock-joint. The well-formed hock gradually tapers down so as to unite almost imperceptibly with the soft parts; but where a spavin exists, after passing your hand over the inside of the hock from above downwards, you will find a slight prominence at the most depending point, or rather your fingers will pass somewhat abruptly down a sort of ledge formed by the enlarged bone. When you think you feel this, examine both hocks from behind, and look narrowly if they be of an equal size. It may happen that there may be a spavin in each; but this is not so frequently the case that you will be likely to meet with them both until you are competent to detect them; if so, you will be unlucky. When you are pretty sure you have detected a spavin, let the horse be first walked gently, and afterwards trotted with a loose rein, and if he go stiffly on the suspected leg, you may be tolerably certain that your conjecture is right.

I would not advise any one to purchase a spavined horse for quick work, unless he were in every other respect very good, and his price low. In this case, as the firing iron will often effect a cure, he may be bought on speculation and the operation tried. A horse with bone-spavin should always be examined before he is exercised, for the stiffness which even a small spavin will occasion goes off after he has been at work some time, and he then might be considered sound. This apparent freedom from lameness is, however, deceitful; for exertion only increases the inflammation of the part, and the tendency to deposit bony matter; and, when the horse has been allowed to rest for some time, he comes out lamer than ever.

A curb is situated some inches below the hock, and is an enlargement of the ligamentous bands of the part. On viewing the leg sideways, you will perceive a gradual bowing out in this situation, and, if it be large or inflamed, lameness will be the result. Pass your hand over it, and if it feel hot and tender, you may set it down as the cause of the lameness of the leg, if there be any. Now, if you have an opportunity of buying a good horse at a moderate sum on account of his being lame from a curb, you may do so without fear, for it is a complaint which will often yield to cold lotions, followed by stimula-

ting liniments and blisters; and, should these fail, a hot iron, run lightly over the part, will, nine times out of ten, effect a lasting cure and leave but little blemish: moreover the marks of cautery for this complaint seldom diminish the real value of a horse much, and you will thus be well mounted at little expense.

A thorough-pin is a soft-rounded swelling of greater or less dimensions, occurring just under the strong tendon which unites with the cap of the hock. It generally protrudes on both sides, and will swell out first on this side, then on that, with the motion of the horse. Occasionally where the coverings of the tumor yield more readily in one direction than another, it will protrude principally in that part. Its nature is similar to a wind-gall, and it is usually productive of some stiffness in the leg until exercise has produced absorption of the fluid it contains. Many people think a thorough-pin of but little consequence; but, for my own part, I do not like them by any means, although I have known many horses of great value that have had them—one in particular, belonging to a friend of mine, for which a horse-dealer offered nearly two hundred guineas. A thorough-pin of tolerable size, in my opinion, materially detracts from the value of the best horse in other respects that can be met with. There is no cure for it that can be depended on, and hard work will generally cause it to become larger.

As for capped-hocks, they are scarcely to be called a complaint, and are of no consequence whatever, except they be very large and unsightly, or are produced by kicking. They consist of a swelling on the very point of the hock; and as this is a part which is very liable to come in contact with the bar of a gig or carriage when a horse sets to kicking, their presence should excite the suspicion of a purchaser who is looking for a harness horse. The dealer of course has his story—"His man struck him with a pitchfork (not an unfrequent practice with an ill-tempered groom,) or a horse kicked him, or a bar fell on him," &c. As I have already more than once remarked, pay no heed whatever to the account of an interested person, who will not stick at trifles to palm a vicious horse on you, but have him put in harness, and if he should kick, there can be no mistake about the cause of his capped hocks; but if, on the other hand, he should happen to be in an amiable temper, look for the other signs of a vicious brute (respecting which I shall have something to say by and bye,) and take notice if there be any reluctance shewn to harness him, or any particular precautions used in putting him to.

Greasy and cracked heels may be immediately detected by the swelling which accompanies them, by the roughness of the hair covering the affected part, and by the exudation which oozes from it. I have purposely omitted to say any thing respecting cracked heels while speaking of the fore-legs, because this complaint occurs in almost every case behind. The reason of this is, that the hind feet being the farthest removed from the heart, the circulation of the blood is carried on there more sluggishly than elsewhere, and congestion is consequently more liable to ensue. A cracked heel presents always one and sometimes more fissures just in the bend of the foot behind the pastern or fetlock, from which escapes a stinking and tenacious discharge. Occasionally the whole leg swells, and a considerable

portion of it is involved in the disease, presenting an almost ulcerated surface, the ichor from which is extremely offensive. Very high living with little work will often engender this state; but it not unfrequently proceeds from a directly opposite cause, or is the result of constitutional habit of body. Thus, an ill-bred, gummy, sluggish brute is generally the subject of grease, and the complaint in such an animal is eradicated with great difficulty; therefore never buy a horse of this description; but a well-bred horse with cracked heels is not to be rejected on that account if he can be had for a certain sum, as a cracked heel may be cured by attention and care. Poultices while there is no inflammation, moderate diet, and cleanliness are requisite; and afterwards some astringent lotion, with good hand rubbing night and morning, and a neatly-applied bandage, will set all right. Cracks in the heels are commonly produced by neglect. A horse in cold weather comes home hot and fatigued, and his groom immediately, to save himself trouble, sluices his legs over with cold water, nor takes the trouble to dry them. He is then led into a warm stable; excessive reaction comes on; the part swells, and is painful; and eventually the distended vessels relieve themselves by discharging the fluid of which I have spoken. The reverse of this, or want of action in the part, will produce a similar result. Ulcers make their appearance about the heels, which are extremely difficult in some instances to heal, on account of the constant motion of these parts; but for all this I would not reject a good horse because he happened to have cracked heels, for a cure will eventually be effected. I should not omit to mention that this disease occasions lameness, and that, in some instances, to a very considerable degree. It is a singular fact, that, if a horse have one white heel, that one will be affected sooner than any other, thus shewing that (as in almost every animal) white is a tender color.

There is also another complaint generally affecting the hind-legs which must not be passed over in silence. This is called "string-halt," and consists of an increased action of one or both legs, which in trotting are suddenly, and as it were convulsively, drawn up towards the belly. The origin of this complaint is no doubt situated in the nerves supplying some of the muscles of the leg. Either there is a deficiency of nervous power in the muscles that extend the leg, or an irritation of the nerves supplying those whose action is to bend it. The principal seat of the injury has been said to exist in the spinal marrow, and there is no reason why such should not be the case in some instances; but the result might be the same were any portion of the nerves of the hind legs, springing from this source, in a diseased state.

As, however, I do not pretend in these remarks to enter upon the causes and cures of those diseases to which the horse is liable, I shall content myself with pointing out the effects of disease without inquiring into its origin. String-halt may then be said to be a convulsive action of one or more legs, and is hardly to be overlooked by a tyro in horse-dealing where only one leg is affected: the action of this leg will be so totally different from that of the other, that it must immediately strike the most casual observer.

This complaint is almost invariably confined to the hind-legs, and,

for my own part, I have never in my life noticed it, except on two occasions, to occur before. These were in the case of a brewer's horse, which I saw several years ago in a dray, lifting one fore leg as high again as the other, and battering the ground with it at a tremendous rate; and I have since remarked a thorough-bred horse with similar action of one fore leg, with this curious exception, that it only occurred now and then—for instance, for five or ten paces in walking a few hundred yards. When both hind legs are slightly and similarly affected with string-halt, a horse has the appearance of having particularly good action behind; and as a dealer will not fail to be loud in his praises of this peculiar style of going, a raw hand may very readily be made to admire what is really a fault. If, however, the question should be asked whether he has not string-halt, the answer is ready cut and dried: "Yes, Sir, I should think he has—string-halt in all four legs; for I never sees a hoss that can pick 'em up like him. Vy, Sir, I'll bet a wager as I'll make him pick his teeth with his fore feet if I takes him up with the curb." Now as a horse with string-halt behind, and that can "pick his teeth" with his fore legs, must have pretty high action (which, by-the-bye, is very generally admired,) his sale at a pretty long figure is the natural result; and his new master may afterwards find out that his action behind is a fault, and that he cannot pick his teeth quite so cleverly as his owner's pocket. It must not be forgotten also, that a horse with string-halt will not shew the complaint nearly so much after he has been exercised, and has got warm, as when he is first led out of the stable; consequently if you think of purchasing a horse with this complaint, you should always see him when he is first backed, and not after he has been ridden for some time. Now this peculiar action of string-halt, although unsightly, and possibly arising from some nervous affection, is not really of any very serious detriment to a horse in his work. I have seen as good hunters with this complaint as any I have ever known; and a racer called "Guildford," who won several times, had it, I think, to a greater extent than any other horse that has ever fallen under my notice, as he absolutely kicked his belly, or very nearly so, at every step he took. The action of string-halt does not interfere much with a horse's gallop, and, therefore, is not of so much consequence in a hunter, if otherwise good, as in a hackney.

Having examined a horse you have an idea of buying thus far, you are next to proceed to consider and test the all-important point of the wind and breathing generally. This is an affair requiring a good deal of experience and careful observation, and must not be done in a hurry. There are several different complaints affecting the air-passages with which it is absolutely necessary to be acquainted before you attempt to buy a horse on your own judgment. The principal of these are "broken-wind," "roaring," whistling," and "piping," to which I shall take the liberty of adding another, which I must denominate "gulping," as I know no other term by which I can better express it. I shall not attempt to offer any explanation of the cause of this extraordinary trick, which has never yet been noticed by any one, but have only to say, that I have met with two horses, that on being ridden fast, appeared every now and then to give a sort of convulsive gulp, somewhat approaching to hiccough; and as neither of them was

remarkable for good wind, it is not impossible that this singular noise may have been the precursor of some more serious evil. As I neither purchased the one nor the other, I cannot say whether they eventually turned out decidedly unsound in the wind; nor should I like to hazard the experiment of buying a horse with this habit, to call it by no worse name, at a sound price.

Dealers always judge of a horse's wind by the sound of the cough, which they produce by pinching the windpipe just behind the jaw. If a horse, on being treated in this way, give one long shrill cough, his wind is supposed to be good; but if, on the other hand, his cough be short, hollow, easily excited by gently pressing the windpipe, and frequently repeated, he is set down, and justly, as having unsound lungs. With respect to the first criterion, however, there is this to be observed, that although it may not be a bad one to commence your diagnosis by, you should always make the horse cough yourself, and not trust to a dealer to do it, as these gentry, by forcibly compressing the sides of the larynx or windpipe with one hand and the forefinger of the other, frequently contrive that the horse shall cough while the windpipe is kept in this state, and the air, then rushing through a very small aperture, makes the shrill noise which is esteemed a sign of good wind. This, however, is not always to be done, and a broken-winded horse will, after all pressure is removed, continue to cough short—much in the way that a sheep with unsound lungs may be heard to cough on a cold night—and thus make his malady manifest. If, however, you should be satisfied with the noise made on coughing, proceed next to examine the motion of the flanks in breathing. If the horse's belly swell out, and then contract, equably and regularly, his wind will probably be found good; but if, on inspiration, the retraction of the belly and flanks appear as it were to stop before it is completed, and then to be forcibly continued, the flanks being very much drawn in, and the borders of the serrated muscles of the ribs rendered very apparent, the horse is probably either absolutely broken-winded, or at least what is called "touched in the wind," which means a minor degree of the same complaint. A really broken-winded horse will generally make some noise like panting or blowing when ridden fast, but there are many horses that are slightly touched in the wind that are perfectly competent to do a good deal of work not requiring rapid motion. When you have examined the state of the wind in the manner I have pointed out, you may next proceed to determine whether your horse be a roarer, whistler, or piper. For this purpose place him against a wall, or one side of his stall, take hold of his bridle or headstall near his mouth, and hold his head high, then suddenly give him a smart punch in the ribs with your doubled fist, or strike him three or four times under the belly sharply with a stick, and if he gives a grunt at each blow, he is a roarer; whereas, if, after jumping about from the blows he receives, you hear him sobbing as it were, and drawing his breath quickly, the chance is he is a piper or whistler. Some people use these two terms synonymously, while others again employ them as denoting different degrees of the same complaint, distinguished only by the peculiarity of the noise made in each. I believe the sobbing horse to be the piper, and suppose him to be worse than the horse which merely seems to blow hard on going fast. Some

horses have a trick of making a noise with their nostrils, like a very loud purring, at every stroke of their gallop. This must by no means be mistaken for whistling, which merely resembles, but in a greater degree, the very hard breathing of some people who *all but* snore in their sleep, or who have a violent cold in the head. Now you will occasionally find horses, that from ossification of the cartilages at the top of the wind pipe (arising possibly from this tube being constantly and violently compressed by dealers essaying their wind), or from the sensibility of these parts being greatly diminished, cannot be made to cough at all. Some roarsers are of this kind, and where you find this to be the case, you must e'en trust to the other symptoms of unsound wind, and to a good rattling gallop, where you can get one, as a test of good or bad lungs. Roaring is not a disease of the lungs, but generally proceeds from some change in the structure of the windpipe, as ulcers of that part, and constriction of some portion of the tube from permanent thickening of the lining membrane consequent upon inflammation. Hence numbers of horses turn roarsers after having had the influenza or distemper, which has been so prevalent at certain seasons for some years. Sometimes a horse that roars in a very slight degree will not grunt on being struck; in which case you must make a man gallop him smartly, and then pull him short up close to you without giving him time to recover his wind. On listening attentively you will soon be able to detect any impediment to his breathing freely. Some horses have been said to have been cured of roaring by keeping their heads constantly tied up very high; but whether this be true or not I will not pretend to say. In a recent case of thickening of the lining membrane of the windpipe, I can conceive that such a mode of treatment, by disgorging the blood-vessels of the affected part, may be beneficial; but as I believe that no remedy whatever has yet been found generally successful in this complaint, my advice is never to purchase a roarer in the hope of curing him. I have also heard of horses on whom the operation of tracheotomy—which consists in making an artificial opening into the windpipe—has obviated the effects of roaring; but I believe these cases to be very rare, and their good effects probably greatly exaggerated, as most people are prone to laud whatever is extraordinary. Besides the very existence of such an opening exposes the horse to the danger of inhaling small and light substances, as hay-seeds, dust, &c., which, by irritating the lungs, may occasion a disease worse than that for which the operation was practised. It may not be amiss here to mention that a low dealer who sends a roarer up to auction, where they take them in on the morning of sale, will give him a quantity of shot mixed together with tallow, and this, extraordinary as it may appear, and difficult as it is to account for physiologically, will prevent the horse from shewing the usual symptoms of roaring for some hours, probably until the shot pass into the intestines.

I have now to notice another complaint or trick, whichever it may be called, which is termed "crib-biting." This is a most abominable habit, tending constantly to make a horse look poor and washy, and causing all his owner's pains to end in disappointment. Veterinary surgeons are unanimously of opinion that, in crib-biting, a horse

sucks in and swallows a vast quantity of wind, by which he inflates the stomach and intestines. I confess I am not altogether prepared to subscribe to this opinion. A horse, when crib-biting, lays hold of his manger with his teeth, and, holding on by them, contracts the abdominal muscles, and makes a singular noise in his throat, which is supposed to be occasioned by his gulping down air; but it appears to me much more probable that wind is expelled by this manœuvre, and that the distention of the stomach by gas generated there through weakness of that organ, and consequently indigestion, is the primary cause of a habit by which the stomach is temporarily relieved of the oppression it experiences. I have mentioned this view of the matter to one or two members of the Veterinary College, whose objection to it has been, that, if my opinion were correct, a horse could not by crib-biting distend his intestines. To this argument I do not yield an assent; for if it be true that a crib-biter really fills his stomach and bowels with wind (which I cannot say I have ever witnessed, though I have frequently heard it asserted,) I see no reason why a habit which tends to increase the weakness and irritability of the most sensitive viscus of the body—the stomach—may not produce an increased quantity of gas in it, which it is well known is secreted in an extremely short space of time, and thus account for that distention which is said to occur.

According to my view of the case (which I have entertained for many years,) improper diet, or too great a quantity of food, or natural weakness of the intestines, are the origin of crib-biting; and unfortunately it is a habit which, once acquired, is extremely difficult of cure. There is no trick that annoys and displeases me so much as this. I am naturally prone to give a great deal of attention to horses, and to superintend every thing that is done for them, the reward of which *surveillance* is that my horses have always been in good condition; but a determined crib-biter sets all your care at naught: you give him the best food, in small quantities at a time—you let him have salt to lick when he pleases—you perhaps give him tonics, and bestow upon him in clothing, grooming, bandaging, moderate exercise, and in all other ways that you can devise for his benefit, all the care and nursing that is lavished on a spoiled child; and, to reward your pains, you have a faint-hearted, tucked-up, washy devil, that looks, after a day's work, as though he belonged to some gipsy, and had just been taken off a common. Such a brute is really not worth his keep, unless you can cure him of his propensity, when his condition will probably improve.

Various remedies have been put in practice for the cure of crib-biting; among the most common of which is that of buckling a strap pretty tightly round the throat, and to the under part of this strap is frequently affixed a sharp piece of iron, which pricks the horse on his laying hold of his manger. As this strap must, however, be removed when the horse is fed—a time when he is most apt to indulge in his habit—it is merely a preventive so long as it is used, but does not make him forego the trick altogether. The only effectual plan that I am aware of for curing a crib-biter, or rather *some* crib-biters, is the following:—Turn him into a loose box without any rack or manger, and if possible without any projection that he can possibly lay hold

of, and put on him a muzzle made with thin but strong plates of iron round the mouth. A moveable manger must be brought for him when he is fed; but at this time there will be no necessity whatever for removing the muzzle, as he will very soon learn to take his food as well with it on as off. The bars of the muzzle must run from the nose towards the jaw, and not transversely, otherwise they will serve as a *point d'appui* for crib-biting. With some horses it is sufficient to cover the manger with a sheep-skin, the woolly side being uppermost, and to saturate it with tar-water. The expedient, although occasionally successful, will not avail in every case, and when it fails the muzzle is the only plan to be depended on.

Together with this mechanical contrivance, those remedies which tend to improve the tone of the stomach and bowels must be employed. I shall not here dilate upon these means of cure, but shall reserve what I have to say upon this subject for that portion of my *opusculum* wherein I shall treat of "Stable Management" in general.

[London Sporting Magazine for July, 1839.]

COST OF FOX-HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

Expenses from January 1st, 183 , to January 1st, 183 , for an establishment of twelve horses, and fifty couples of hounds.

	£.	s. d.	£.	s. d.
Huntsman	105	0 0		
First whipper-in £55, second ditto £45.....	100	0 0		
			205	0 0
Bills for clothes, boots,			55	0 0
HORSES.				
Four helpers at 12s. per week for 36 weeks.....	86	8 0		
Two ditto for 16 ditto.....	19	4 0		
Twenty loads of hay at £5.....	100	0 0		
One hundred and twenty-five quarters of oats at 30s....	187	10 0		
Straw, by contract.....	20	0 0		
Blacksmith.....	50	0 0		
Saddler.....	25	0 0		
Farrier.....	25	0 0		
Fourteen quarters of beans at 5s. per bushel.....	28	0 0		
			541	2 0
HOUNDS.				
Fifteen tons of meal, at £14.....	210	0 0		
Flesh	100	0 0		
Feeder, at 12s. per week, for 52 weeks	31	4 0		
Forty tons of coals, at 35s.....	70	0 0		
Druggist.....	20	0 0		
			431	4 0
Taxes for hounds and horses.....			72	5 0
Huntsman's book for carriage of goods and sundries.....	80	0 0		
Feasts for keepers, &c.....	32	2 0		
Repairs of kennel and stables	18	18 0		
			131	0 0
			1435	11 0
Earth stopping, and fees to keepers for finds.....			250	0 0
Annual allowance for purchase of horses.....			200	0 0
Total.....			£1885	11 0

[From F. P. Delme Radcliffe's late work on Fox-Hunting.]

PERMANENT AMERICAN SWEEPSTAKES.

THE suggestions made by the Editor and several correspondents of the "Spirit of the Times," of establishing *permanent* sweepstakes, after the manner of the Derby, St. Leger, and others in England, having received the favorable consideration of the racing public, one principal object of calling their attention to the subject, has been obtained. If intelligent and honorable gentlemen (such as the great body of the Breeders of blood stock and Turfmen in the United States unquestionably are) will give themselves the trouble to examine any new project, and reflect attentively upon the probable consequences of its adoption, they will be most certain to arrive at the correct conclusion, and then, if they can be brought to act in concert, the result must be beneficial. It is possible I may attach too much importance to the plan of establishing fixed annual sweepstakes, and I may have anticipated from them greater advantages than are likely to ensue; or I may have mistaken the proper mode of effecting the object, by means of a *National Convention*. Some of your correspondents, evidently entertaining the best feelings towards the advancement of the cause, seem to think the plan of any thing like a *National Stake* impracticable, from the great territorial extent of the confederacy, and the difficulty of transporting horses from the extremities to the centre. Others have doubts whether a convention of Turfmen can be obtained at all, to deliberate on the affairs of the Turf. However variant opinions may be upon these points, no one questions the advantages which would result from placing the condition of the Turf upon a more fixed and permanent basis; and with your permission, I will now proceed somewhat in detail, to present the subject in a more practical and tangible form.

The United States, as it respects the breeding of blood horses for the Turf, may properly be divided into two grand divisions, viz., the Eastern and Western. These are so entirely separated by natural boundaries, and so far asunder, that it has seldom if ever happened that a three-year-old race-horse has performed in both divisions. The distance, therefore, would present an insuperable obstacle to a national stake for *colts of that age*; but when this difficulty (which at first view appears so formidable) comes to be more closely analyzed, in connection with the Turf statistics of the country, and the geographical position of those States where breeding and racing most abound, it will not appear of such appalling magnitude, as to deter zealous sportsmen from the attempt to establish *one* place of meeting for four-year-olds and upwards, where all may stand nearly upon an equality, and where the best of his year may (barring unavoidable casualties) receive a just reward for his superior merits.

RACING STATISTICS.—One of the signal advantages of your invaluable sporting journal, and for which alone it deserves the patronage of every farmer who breeds a colt, is the accurate statistical intelligence it furnishes of all Turf transactions, condensed and arranged in tabular form, for the more convenient reference. I am

sensible that the mass of your readers can scarcely appreciate the incessant vigilance and the immense labor of collecting this information, and arranging it in a manner to present the whole at a glance, but all are ready to bear witness to their great value. From these tables it appears there are ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN* known and ascertained places of sport, or race-tracks, in the United States, each of which is under the jurisdiction of its own Jockey Club, and subject to its laws: at most of these courses there are two meetings annually, continuing from four to six days each, and races of heats are invariably run, generally from one to four miles each, the purses being graduated to the length of the race. Of these, forty-four may be said to belong to the Eastern division, and sixty-three to the Western. Of the former, Virginia is about the centre, and Tennessee in the West.

Eastern Division.

Virginia has		13 race courses.	
<i>North of Virginia.</i>		<i>South of Virginia.</i>	
District of Columbia	1	North Carolina	6
Maryland	3	South Carolina	10
New Jersey	4	Georgia	5
New York	1		
Pennsylvania	1	Total	21
Total		10	

Recapitulation :

Virginia	13
North of Virginia	10
South of Virginia	21—44

Western Division.

Tennessee		10	
<i>North of Tennessee.</i>		<i>South of Tennessee.</i>	
Kentucky	17	Alabama	10
Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and		Mississippi	8
Ohio	6	Louisiana	8
	—	Arkansas	4
Total	23	Total	30

Recapitulation :

Tennessee	10
North of Tennessee	23
South of Tennessee	30—63

Although, as above remarked, it has seldom or never happened that a colt in his three-year-old form has shown in both these districts, yet from the greater number of race-courses in the Western Division, and the proportionally increased value of the public purses, some of the veterans of the East have been attracted to the South-West, where they have invariably received a most hospitable welcome and a fair field.

BREEDING STATISTICS.—From another highly interesting table, in the first number of the New Series of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," (a work which, for variety and extent of useful information, and elegance of execution, is not surpassed by any other of the kind in the world,) we learn that there are in the

* Since writing this, several race courses have been discovered, which were omitted in the estimate, but as they do not materially change the position assumed, I will not alter the calculations on that account, and only notice the fact, to show that I am aware of some that at first escaped my observation, and that there may be many others at present unknown to me.

United States *one hundred and sixty-two* public stallions, thoroughbred, and their pedigrees given. Of these forty-six are in the Eastern Division, and *one hundred and sixteen* in the Western. The States which have the greatest number are—

Tennessee	37	Arkansas	7
Kentucky	36	Georgia	6
Virginia	23	North Carolina	5
Alabama	17		

By reference to the map it will be seen that Virginia is near the centre of the race-horse region in the Eastern Division, and that Tennessee bears the same relative position in the Western; and further, that Georgia occupies a middle position between the two.

Now in view of all these facts, and considering the rapidity with which race-horses and race-courses are multiplied, and the irregular manner in which the sports are got up and conducted, it early occurred to me that the interests of all concerned in breeding and racing, would be promoted by the establishment of *annual* sweepstakes at convenient points in each division, for three-year-old colts, and fixing upon some middle ground for four-year-olds from all parts of the country. Hence the original suggestion of *three* sweepstakes, one of which for three-year-olds in the Eastern Division, another for the same age in the Western, and a third on middle ground for four-year-olds and more advanced horses.

But this could not be carried out without the concert and union of the leading Turfmen throughout the country, and there seemed no better way, than to get them together to agree upon time and place; and while together, it occurred to me that such a body, so conversant with the condition of the turf, might form a separate Club and adopt rules and regulations which would exert a salutary influence on the whole country.

Gentlemen are no wise backward in subscribing for stakes, and those, too, for the largest sums. The moment one is proposed, it is carefully scrutinized, and if the conditions are not highly objectionable, or the place extremely inconvenient, they are not deterred by the amount. On the other hand, if the conditions, time and place are not to the fancy of a gentleman, he rallies his friends and proposes another at a different place, which in some respects would conflict with the former, and which might result in producing ambitious and excited feelings. Both these parties we may suppose are zealous supporters of the Turf, and if the opportunity had presented of comparing opinions, the objectionable features in the conditions of the stakes might have been so altered as to suit the views of both.

One man, with a long purse and a numerous stud, and perhaps several confederates, may prefer stakes for a large sum, with very disproportionate forfeits, while another in moderate circumstances and a limited stud, wishing to make but a single entry, would choose a lower entry and a higher forfeit. Such diversity of views and interests, of course, will always exist, but the most injurious consequences might in a great degree be obviated, by fixing upon certain places, and establishing thereat, annually, such stakes as would accommodate the greatest numbers. And this highly desirable object, it appears to me, can never be effected except by the concerted action of

the leading gentlemen connected with the Turf. When it is known that certain events will take place periodically, it will be an additional inducement to engage in breeding and racing, especially to all who are not too remote from the place of meeting ; and what is of vast importance, it will induce those having charge of the course and its appurtenances, to make ample preparations for an increased attendance of men and horses, and to provide every necessary accommodation both for training and racing.

Now suppose some forty or fifty gentlemen obligate themselves to each other to run three sweepstakes annually for three years, (and there are doubtless a hundred or more gentlemen who would be willing to enter into such engagements, if the time, place and conditions, were first settled to their satisfaction,) they would be enabled to fix upon places most convenient to the majority, and establish such regulations as would obviate existing evils and abuses of all kinds, which have gradually crept into use, and caused discontent among the votaries of the Turf themselves, and rendered the sport obnoxious in a certain degree, to the public. The Turf in the United States is yet in its infancy and although grown to be a leading feature of our national recreations, a great and flourishing national interest, yet no attempt has been made to systemise its operations, to improve and elevate its condition, and to correct irregularities. The longer things remain in their present disjointed condition, the difficulty of any thorough reform will be commensurate with the rapid increase of race courses and race-horses in all parts of the country. Although the public, with unbounded liberality, contribute *two or three hundred thousand dollars annually*, in purses and prizes, (which are, and of right ought to be, awarded as the respective Jockey Clubs deem fit, and with which we have no desire to interfere,) yet it is evident that sweepstakes are increasing in favor, both with Turfmen and the public, and it may not be hazardous too much to predict, that at no distant day they (sweepstakes) will be the most attractive events of every meeting. In amount, they will be as thousands to tens, compared with the Jockey Club purses ; and a corresponding improvement of the laws of racing, regulations of the course, appointments, and other preparations for training—in short, a better organization of the entire *material* in its present increased and yet increasing state, will become necessary to ensure the permanent prosperity of the turf. Suppose these forty or fifty, or, mayhap, one hundred gentlemen, should select *three* places of sport, one (say) within fifty miles of Petersburg, Va., for the Eastern division, one within fifty miles of Nashville, Tenn., for the Western, and a third within fifty miles of Augusta, Ga., and agree to run their sweepstakes both Spring and Fall at the two former, and about the month of February or March, at the latter (Georgia). Petersburg and Augusta are easily reached by steamers and railways (those admirable contrivances for annihilating space and time,) and these improvements are stretching out their arms to the West and South-West, and are prosecuted with so much energy, that at no distant day the whole country will be intersected with them. Nashville is conveniently situated to the great breeding States, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama, which have within their limits not less than ninety, out of the one hundred and sixty-two thorough-bred stallions

in the United States; and the approaches to it, by means of Mac-Adamized roads in every direction, are every day becoming more expeditious.

Whatever places this association of gentlemen should select would at once become the Metropolis of the Turf in their respective divisions, and they would assume the same prominence in this country, that Newmarket, Epsom and Doncaster hold in England. And what would racing in England (that paradise of the blood horse) be without her Newmarket, to train, educate and try the young things—Epsom for the annual festival of the Derby and Oaks, and Doncaster for the St. Leger?

The advantages which would inevitably result from such a union of interests, such a concentration of the energies of all in anywise connected with the Turf, are too obvious to require specification; and it is greatly to be desired that those gentlemen who are favorable to the proposition, will at once come forward and give it their cordial support, and lend to the cause the influence of their names. If any better plan can be devised for attaining the same object, gentlemen should speak out and let the public have the benefit of their reflections.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE PEYTON STAKES.

P. S. It may not be remembered by all, that the original proposition contemplated *three* stakes annually, \$1000 each, \$250 forfeit, for three years; but for permanent stakes, I would recommend a much lower entry, to render them acceptable to every breeder, upon something like the following plan:—For the three-year-old stake let the entry be made and the stake closed on the 1st of January, when the colt comes two years old—that is, let the stake to be run in 1841 close in January 1840—the entry about \$400 each, half forfeit, or only \$100 forfeit if declared and paid 1st January previous to the race: if more than forty remain in, divide the entries into two classes, if more than sixty into three, &c. Give the second horse \$—, and let the *winners* of the different classes run for the declared forfeits. Such a low entry would induce a numerous subscription, and the division into classes would increase the chances of winning, would increase the sport and provide a good field for each class. By this arrangement the best of the year would be brought together, and the comparative merits of each ascertained by repeated trials over the same course at the same meeting. Other sweepstakes would be started for various amounts and distances, and occasionally a heavy match; all of which would render these meetings both important to those connected with the Turf, and highly interesting to the whole community. Preparations would be made upon a scale corresponding with the public wants, and if these places should become what they ought to be, eligible for training, large numbers of horses might be expected to remain there the year round, which would be an immense advantage to the surrounding country.

Again—By a number of such sweepstakes at the *same* meeting, a better opportunity than often occurs would be afforded of testing the merits of a horse by the *time*. The length, form and condition of courses are so variant, (to say nothing about *watches*), that little can be known of the powers of a horse (except relatively with his

competitors in the race) from the time, as reported at most of the Jockey Club races. It is true that would be the case any where, but when there are large entries and numerous races at the same meeting, the result would be more satisfactory, than an isolated event over another course.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

BY A DOWN-EASTER.

The following queer report is copied from the July number of the London New Sporting Magazine—the very best magazine, probably in the English language. It will strike our Tennessee friends as rather funny that they should be classed abroad as “Down-Easters.” Who it is that has been “cavorting” over the signature of “Hiram Dodge” is beyond our knowledge, though we “guess” the Editor is pretty well informed as to the “local habitation” and the “name” of his correspondent, who must have been a pretty constant reader of “the New-York Viper.” Our friends “Pete Whetstone” and “Boots” seem to have founded a distinct class of sporting writers, and it is difficult to say whether their style is most popular at home or abroad.

ONE of our Turf reporters, on whom we have been accustomed to rely, having caught a severe cold in the head at Windsor, during the Ascot Race-week, from having (it is rumored) tried to work the problem of “sleeping in an open field, without shutting the gate,” has put us to sad shifts as to an account of the races at the queen-honored course. We have been troubled to the death as to what it was possible to do! Happily, however, a gentleman from Tennessee, U. S., was present at the expression of our difficulty, and with the frankness of his country, and the freedom and spirit of his style, he at once volunteered to supply all we wanted. We, like Ollapod, “jumped at the offer.” Our readers, therefore, will have the kindness to receive a disinterested, transatlantic, tarnation, out-and-out, slick-pure look at some of the events of the week. Our *down-east* correspondent (as our readers will observe) does not trouble himself much about correct returns or remarks on any other than one or two of the great races of the week; we know our regular lists will supply the correct returns.

————— Hotel, June 21, 1839:

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Well!—I ~~scease~~ ^{se} knew what I was promising to do, when I told you I would take the place of the young man who can't write for cold; though I don't see why he shouldn't hold the pen and sneeze at the same time. Lor! I writ last Spring twelve-month an account of the Baltimore meeting for the New York Viper, —though I had caught sich a cold, that I couldn't leave off spitting ice for three weeks. That *was* a cold! Howsoever, I'll try—though, mind you, my style may sit sour on the stomach of some of your readers—for I must go the real creaming, naked language, and no mistake—I must!

Ascot Heath is raaly a pretty bit of country, and the course is a good stretch—and if the live *hair trunks* are taken smartly round it—

I should say it's the sorter thing to peel off all the fat round the heart and leave it as clean and clear as a kidney. Lor! what sights of Ladies and gals! I saw two sweet young critturs kiss one another at meeting, and didn't it make me *cream* all over to see sich a waste of the *raw material*! One left-headed lout had the brazen to holloa something out to them sweet gals—and I soon began to feel my dander rising on him—and it's lucky he sloped off—for I was getting straight-waistecotty in my spirit and was walking up to him, bold as a sheep!—He'd a got a slice out of the middle of oblivion, if I'd given him a right-handed *hint*.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—One turn round and in, brought out eight critturs with skins as shiny as a turncock's shoulder! Me! But they looked as if they could go like a blue-streak. Grey Momus, a real snorter I should guess when he'd got his Sunday clothes on, was declared by him as owned him, to be coughing—and therefore that he wasn't to win as soon as he was beat. They don't start at the tap of the drum as they do in the States; but they seem to come off at a winks. The Grey's a good-made crittur indeed, and I should say measures more through the heart than most of 'em, but as it was known he had been mincing his food, why winning was like the four o' spades at Ecarté—a thing not in the pack. Howsoever, he footed handily all round the back stretch—and the rest followed, the activist critturs in creation. For near two miles nothing lapped him; but when he came the serpent round the last turn, you saw he was past winning. You might as well have tried to raise a *babby* on brandy and water, as to have landed him first! A horse called St. Francis licked up the guineas; and a nice clothes-horse looking crittur, with plenty o' room under his girths to show the landscape, called Sleight of Hand, was second.

The ASCOT STAKES went slick into the pocket of a nice white-haired clergyman called Forth—and dear! the boy was hardly a handful that rode for him. People said he was several ounces, good weight; but I saw he was feather-weight, and warn't to be asked out to tea at an empty house. "How old is he?" said I, to a short smart man near the scales. "Six," says he. I looked straight into him, and said—"Mister, don't you spit nonsense over a stranger." "What, don't you know?" says this aggravating crittur. "I don't," says I, "or I shouldn't pint an enquiry at you;" and I began to feel the screamer creeping up, to perch on the top of my heart. "Well, six he is," said he—and I thought it best to quit before I burst. But Lor! such treatment is enough to waken up the snakes in any man! I'm oil, if left smooth,—but I'm earthquake if ruffled! I'm pliant as whalebone, when I aint put up—but oh, my temper's a raal double jointed one when any body treads upon it!

The ASCOT DERBY STAKES put Bloomsbury and The Corsair together—and me! how they do keep on saying the first is born wrong. He can't have had two mothers—so he's safe on one side the hedge. The black horse looks number one in Perfection Row—and I wish I had one jist like him. "How shall I improve the pudding, Tom?"—"Make it jist like it is, *only bigger*, mother!" So I say—make him jist like he is, only not so leggy. They went off at a merry lick—came, looked at one part o' the common—and then the double-

fathered animal wouldn't keep company any longer—as the Help said to the Gal who'd been a little too kind to him. He's a nice goer, truly,—he laps along with perfect freality.

I wonder how the people will settle the squabble. Law an't the bosom to fly to, if either wants to get the money. There's a deal o' whispering in the dark. Both parties are laying so low and keeping so shady, it's hard to see. Mr. Ridsdale and his set are mighty up. But, Lor, that Lord George dodges so constant in the long grass, there's no glimpsing his rifle. There'll be raal gnawing off and swal-lering, I guess. When it does come off, there'll be a sight o' lint carried off with it!

Arter the race, a young lady with a tan-muzzle raised a very pretty song about gipseying a long time ago! though I don't think her hand was out at it, for want of practice. My! but she had an eye. It looked made of black-heart cherries and isinglass, with a slight dash o' tarnation light in it! Says I to a man at my side, “the song aint a screamer, but it does well enough between the races; it serves, as London Bridge does for the Cockneys—pokes I, ‘*pour passer la Thames!*’” He looked mad, I'd hit him so—right in his *Æolus* quarter! He was fairly winded! “Well,” he says, “he didn't think anything o' the song or o' the crittur as sung it.” “And,” says I, right straight, I says, “if you don't like the smell o' fresh bread, you had better quit the bake-house.” And so we parted. He looked at me, with a look jist as if he'd been sent for and couldn't go! As he walked away, I says, “Aye, the more you try, the more you'll find me a hot pickle; the harder you chaw, the worse it is!”—for I was all over hot blood at such a feller! I was biling too fast, as the gal said to the potatoes!

Arter the lady was over, I went home for the day.

The Cup day was uncommon full o' ladies; and the queen looked so as to make the republican feel very faint. There was a sweet pretty race by very young critturs, when a verdict was given for Defendant. But the skittish dears had to run again, not having lap'd ground enough. They cooled off well, and came again, and Jeffy beat Defendant by a throat latch. A small young man, John Day, crossed the pig skin for Jeffy; and an Irish young gentleman, Conolly, knotted the ribands for Defendant. I wonder how such little critturs are raised.

The Cup brought together only four hair trunks. Caravan would not stand St. Francis getting a mug to keep her Majesty's guineas in. Lor! but they went the blue-forker! I screeched for mad, and broke my stick! It is worse than wine for the spirits, is racing! it is!—It's raal brandy and water, without the water, and champagne used in-stead, in a hurry!

There was a bit of fun before the day had got into its debility. Little Mr. Day won a race on The Corsair,—but he couldn't turn the scale in his favor—and the loser was the winner. If he had but had some friendly hand to slip a few dollars into his pocket, all would ha' been right. But as it was, a good many dollars slipped out. A man near me, a loser, said something ill-natured; but didn't I look so much indignation into him, as made him turn all blue as new ink. I says, “you maun't go a fishing, if you cry when you lose your worm!

you'd better," says I, "get your mother-in-law to put you in the drawing-room, double-lock the door, and put the key in her pocket—for you're too weak to go alone." I was fair fevered. I felt my own pulse, and found I was going right away from myself. So I pulled up, and left him. I should have done something, if I had kept looking at such a crittur any longer! I was an angel till he gnawed me; but, Lor! I turned all alligator in two minutes.

Yours truly, dear Mr. Editor,
HIRAM DODGE.

STANZAS BY A SPORTING BACHELOR.

"Comparisons are odorous."—DOGBERRY.

Love is just like a *race-ground*—it is, by my soul,
Where losses or gains may betide us;
We men are the *racers*—and marriage the *goal*,
And Cupid the *jockey* to ride us!

To start in this race 'gainst a nymph that is old,
May prove or a gain, or an evil;
She's an angel—though ugly—if *weighted* with gold,
But if *saddled*—with debts—she's a devil!

The wisest and best, in this dangerous *course*,
Have oft been detected in *tripping*;
For the *curb* of discretion oft fails in its force,
When the passions are *spurring* and *whipping*.

There remains but one point of resemblance to trace,
Which the ladies oft find in a lover;
He's eager and warm, while he strives in the *race*,
But the *heat*, when he wins it, is over!

EXTERNAL CONFORMATION OF CATTLE, SHEEP, Etc.

AN ESSAY, BY MR. SPARROW.

Read at the last meeting of the London Veterinary Medical Association, and published in "The Veterinarian" for July.

WE are all aware of the great improvement which, of late years, has taken place in the various breeds of neat cattle, sheep, swine, &c., in this country. The primæval inhabitants of the world had no other wealth than their sheep and cattle, and their flocks were numerous and valuable. The riches of the father, and the dowry of the bride, were calculated by the hundreds or thousands of oxen and sheep, and camels and asses: such, indeed, are the dowries of the present day in Arabia and the north of Africa.

The principal riches of the Greeks and Romans were of a similar character; and, in turning over the pages of history, whether sacred or profane, we learn that pastoral avocations were by no means incompatible with the possession of the highest dignities. In modern times, many invaluable improvements in the breeding and the fattening of live stock have resulted from the labours of enlightened individuals. The names of Bedford and of Bakewell—of Leicester and of Spencer—will ever be connected with the progress of agricultural and national wealth.

It is to us, and to agriculturists generally, an interesting inquiry, whether the diseases of cattle have decreased with the increasing knowledge of the method of improving their respective breeds. The answer, I fear, must be in the negative. Then will follow the important inquiry, or rather, the answer has been already given, "Has veterinary science kept pace with the rapid march of agriculture?" Gentlemen, it behoves us carefully and anxiously to ascertain the cause of this. We must trace a portion, and a great portion of it, to the neglect of that division of our art which is most connected with the interests of the farmer; and it is, in a great measure, or altogether in consequence of this, that the empiric is not yet eradicated from the country. But this will soon be different. We can read the signs of the times, and see close at hand a noble expansion of veterinary instruction among veterinary pupils. I can look around me now and see many of my fellow-students, whose talents and love of their noble profession will blot out the memory of those pests who flourished only because we were not always competent to the discharge of the duties required of us. There is growing among those who stand highest in our ranks a determination to become masters of every branch of their profession: and here the best thanks of us all are due to Mr. Youatt, who first—who alone—has grappled with this stigma on our art, and written, scientifically and fully, on the diseases of Cattle and Sheep.

The character and the causes of the diseases of cattle not having been hitherto taught in this country, we need not be surprised that the external conformation of our domesticated animals has been so little spoken of. Some, perhaps, may ask, Of what consequence is their conformation to us? I reply, that it is of the greatest consequence. In my opinion, in order to be fully acquainted with the principles of health and disease—in order to be enabled to secure the one and to remove the other, the veterinary surgeon should surpass, in the knowledge of this, every one who has to do with live stock, whether it is the horse, the ox, the sheep, or the swine.

How is this knowledge to be acquired? By practice, assisted by a competent acquaintance with the anatomy and the functions of the different parts of these animals. This, pursued with proper industry, will make us perfect masters of this important science. I am told that so much importance is attached to this by Professor Dick, of Edinburgh, that it is usual with him to take a certain number of his pupils into the cattle market, and point out to them the external beauties and defects of the various animals—a plan of which I cordially approve, and which does him the highest credit.

Ere we enter more directly into our subject, the following table of the characters of the different breeds may not be unacceptable.

CATTLE.

Breed.	Horns.	Color.	Skin.	Size & shape.	Milk.	Qual. of Meat.	Constitution	Where found.
Devonshire	Medium length, and bent upwards	Red, with a light dun muzzle, and ring round the eye	Thin, but silky when handled	Good size, fine bone, short carcass.	Quantity & quality	Good.	Good	Devonshire, & almost every county
Hereford	Ditto	Red, with white faces	Thin and fine hair	Large size and small bone	Quantity small but rich	Good	Good	Herefordshire
Sussex	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto	Ditto	Good	Good	Sussex and Kent
Short-Horn	Short	Red and white mixed	Rather thin	Large	Quantity large	Improved	Good	All parts, particularly the London Dairies
Lancashire	Very long	Various	Thick and long hair	Large size	Small quantity	Good	Good	Lancashire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire
Galloways	None	Black and brindled	Rather thick and long hair	Large size and well shaped	Medium but rich	Excellent	Good	Galloway & Norfolk. The Duke of Norfolk fattens a great many
Suffolk Duns	None	Generally dun	Thinner than above	Medium size	Good in quality and quantity	Middling	Very fair	Suffolk and Norfolk
Highland	Medium size	Black, brindled, or dun	Thick	Small and well shaped	Small, but rich	Excellent	Good	The Highlands
Welsh	Rather long & thick	Black generally	Thick	Rather small	Ditto	Excellent	Good	Wales, and South of England

SHEEP.

BREED.	COLOR.	WOOL.	QUALITY.
Leicester . . .	White faces and legs..	Long and fine.....	Very fat and large.
Lincolnshire..	Ditto.....	Long, but not so fine..	Large and fat.
South Down..	Greyish faces and legs	Middling short and fine	Excellent.
Norfolk	Black faces and legs..	Short and middling fine	Good.
Merino.....	White faces and legs..	Very fine.....	Inferior quality.

Having offered thus much as introductory to the main question, I proceed now to consider "The External Conformation of the Ox, Cow, and Sheep."

To become a good judge or purchaser of domestic animals, it is essentially necessary that we should be well acquainted with their external conformation. Theoretical knowledge may be useful, but practice alone will make us perfect. It is also requisite that we should be conversant with the various breeds of oxen; for no particular breed can be selected as the standard of beauty or perfection, each being valuable in its kind, and each locality having its particular breed. To those who would wish to acquire a perfect knowledge of each particular breed, I would recommend the highly valuable works on "Cattle," and "Sheep," by Mr. Youatt.

For the sake of perspicuity, I will suppose the animal to be divided into the "Fore-hand" or "Quarter," the "Trunk" or "Body," and the "Hind-quarter."

The Fore-hand comprises the head, neck, breast, and fore extremities.

The Body contains the back, loins, sides, flanks, and udder.

The Hind-quarters comprehend the hips, thighs, and twist.

Bourgelat, to whom we are indebted for a treatise on the external conformation of the horse, commences his instructions with the following important observations:—

"There are no individuals, in any species of animals, free from deformities more or less apparent or essential, and in greater or lesser number. The science of external conformation consists in distinguishing the natural or accidental good or bad qualities—those which add to or diminish from his use and value. The consideration of individual form and relative structure and dimensions naturally lead to a view of the structure as a whole—as one entire and inseparable piece—the harmony of whose proportions, their unity and their beauty, constituting the sum of its serviceableness and worth.

BEAUTY and UTILITY go hand in hand.

For instance, in the *Body* are to be considered the back, and in that its situation and conformation.

In the Loins, their length and breadth.

In the Sides, their depth and extent.

In the Belly, its volume and its form.

In the Twist, its volume and condition.

In the Flanks, their spread.

With respect to "beauty of Form," there is no one who does not assume to himself the right of judging of it, but very few who possess the power, perhaps, to do so. The decision must be founded

upon a knowledge of certain established rules and demonstrations, whence are derived "THE LAWS OF BEAUTY."

What appears beautiful to one, may be deformity in the estimation of another: and even that which is really and truly beautiful, according to the acknowledged laws of science, may have no charm in the estimation of the uninstructed mind.

The first division of the frame is classed under the term *FORE-HAND* or *FORE-QUARTER*.

The Head should be small; the face long from between the eyes to the muzzle, tapering towards the nose. Across the frontal bone it should be broad, and wide also at the nostrils; but the muzzle itself should be fine and small. The occipital bone should be flat and strong, but the character of the horns will depend upon the breed. The ears should be large, and should stand a little erect, and thin. A full, clear, and prominent eye is an essential point. It is a mark of good breeding, and it tells of the health of the animal. The expression of the eye is a most important point in the ox, the cow, and the sheep. A heavy and dull eye shews a bad and slow feeder, a watchful and suspicious eye, shewing much of its white, is a sign of a fretful disposition, which is incompatible with quick and profitable feeding. A calm, complacent expression of the eye and countenance is indicative of a quiet contented character, and much flesh and fat will soon accumulate on such a beast.

The Neck should be light, tapering from the front of the shoulder, with a gradual rise to the head. The neck, however, should be in proportion to the other parts of the animal, although I should prefer a short neck to a long one.

The Shoulders should be rather broad across; for if these parts are properly covered, the other and prime ones may be safely considered to be ripe. The arm should be of a proportional size, and not too fleshy. The legs should be short rather than long, and cleanly made. They should be placed where they appear most easily to bear the weight of the body; and they should stand wide asunder, so as to give capacity to that most important part of the animal frame—the thorax.

On the form and size of *The Chest* depend the soundness, strength, and health of the animal. A capacious chest will afford room to well-expanded lungs; and in proportion to their expansion will they convert a given quantity of blood into a vital arterial fluid, and contribute to the nourishment of the frame.

In order to have a capacious chest, we must have depth, *i. e.* from the anterior dorsal vertebra to the *sternum*; but with this we must also have proportionate width. I have already observed, that in proportion as the fore extremities stand wide, we shall have rotundity of chest, and a predisposition to accumulate flesh and fat. The female with such a chest may not, perhaps, give so much milk; but the milch cow will be hereafter considered.

Of the *BODY* or *CARCASS* it has been lately and truly asserted, that the nearer a section of it, whether taken longitudinally, vertically, transversely, or horizontally, approaches to a parallelogram, the greater quantity of flesh will it carry within the same admeasurement. Then, in order that this form of a parallelogram may be ob-

tained, it is necessary that *the Back* shall be straight from the top of the shoulder to the tail—*the Ribs* should approach nearly to a circular form, the last rib terminating near the hip—*the Loins* should be long and wide—*the Flanks* should be deep and wide, not having that drooping of the belly which is seen in most cows.

THE HIND QUARTERS next require consideration. They comprise the hips, pelvis, thighs, and twist. *The Hips* should be sound and well covered with muscle and fat. *The Pelvis* should be large, especially in the female, in order that she may bring forth her young with less difficulty. The size of the pelvis is chiefly indicated by the width of the hips, and the breadth of the twist. The breadth of *the Loin* is always in proportion to that of the chest and pelvis. *The Thighs* should be well developed from the hips to the lower part of the thigh. *The Twist* (what an anatomist would call the perinæum) should be well made and wide—the seam in the middle being well filled, so that the whole may form nearly a plane. *The Tail* should be rather thick at the top, the lower part gradually becoming thin, indicating a strong spine and a heavy weigher. *The Legs* should be clean and straight, and *the Hocks* fine boned, and a little inclining inward.

In all domesticated animals the *Hide* or *Skin* forms one of the best criteria by which we can estimate their fattening properties. The touch is said to be good or bad, fine or harsh. When it feels soft and silky it is a proof of a tendency in the animal to take on meat.

A thick firm skin, which is generally covered by a thickset, hard, short hair, always handles hard, and indicates a bad feeder. A beast having a *perfect touch*, will have a thick loose skin, floating, as it were, on a layer of soft fat, yielding to the smallest pressure, and springing back towards the finger like a piece of soft, thick chamois leather. Such a skin will usually be covered with an abundance of soft glossy hair, feeling like a bed of moss, and hence the very appropriate term, *a mossy skin*.

This mode of judging of the thriftiness of the ox by the hide, can only be acquired by careful and long practice; but when it is acquired, it affords a sufficient means of judging of the feeding qualities of the ox, while the desirable properties of symmetrical form, fine bone, good disposition, and purity of blood, are the usual accompaniments of this mellow feeling.

It may be useful to pause for a moment, and look back on the path which we have trodden. I will suppose an ox possessing some good points, in fact, in good condition, and of a pleasing form, placed before a person who was not a judge of cattle. He would admire the beauty of the animal's shape, the glossiness of the skin, the mildness of the countenance, and the roundness and plumpness of every limb. No man but he who had been regularly initiated into the mysteries of the cattle breeder could go an inch farther. He could not tell by the expression of the eye, whether the animal were in good or bad health, or was a quiet or uncertain feeder; nor by the color of the skin whether he had arrived at perfect maturity;—nor would he believe that all these things were as plain to another man as the sun at noon day. I will reverse the case. I will place before him a store, a lean ox, he would be totally at a loss to decide either on his present

or his future condition. To him it may, probably, appear a poor unthrifty animal; while a cattle breeder would tell him that there was every point that he could desire, and that in less than a twelvemonth he would nearly double his present weight. Placing out of the question accident and disease, he who is well acquainted with the points of cattle can speak of the future almost as surely as of the present.

I have referred to the essential points of the fat ox,—what are those which will enable us to judge of a lean one. We can, to a considerable extent, examine the osseous structure of such an one. Is he made up of a mass of thick round bones?—he will be a slow feeder, and will scarcely pay for his keep. Are the bones small in proportion to the bulk of flesh—the head and face fine and clean—a clear eye—a large ear—a light neck—a well-formed chest—the fore and the hind legs clean—the joints small—the skin thick but elastic?—these are the main points; and if they are easily discoverable there will be no fear with regard to the future thriftiness of the beast.

Sheep, whether they are fat or lean, may as certainly be judged of by the same rules. If the head is clean and well set on—the eye clear and prominent—the bones small—the ears large, thin, and pricked up—the hair of the face and legs short and thick, and the feeling of the skin the same as in the ox, these are sufficient indications of a propensity to take on fat. I consider, however, that the neck of the sheep should be moderately thick, for I have found that it indicates the presence of plenty of muscle, and where we want it—along the whole course of the spine.

Many of the observations with regard to the conformation of oxen and sheep are applicable to swine. They should have broad straight backs, round chests, thin hair, thin skin, small tails, pricked ears, small and fine bones, and well-turned shoulders and hams.

These rules, gentlemen, are not founded on mere arbitrary assumptions—they are the result of the experience of the best breeders and graziers, and the veterinary surgeon should be as able to draw certain conclusions from certain facts as any of them. I am perfectly assured that this will, at no distant period, form a part, and a most important one too, of the education of the veterinary pupil.

It is time for me to close this Essay: I would, however, beg to be permitted to make one or two observations on *the points* of dairy cows. The principal points of good cow-stock, are a long and rather small head—a bright eye—the chops thin—the horns small—the neck rather thin than fleshy, and a good dewlap. The breast needs not to be so wide as in the ox, but it should not be too narrow—a tolerably full spine—the portion of the chest beneath the shoulders deep, yet with that barrel-like form of carcass which has been so strongly advocated. She should be well-formed across the hips, with good loins, but the thighs should be thin; and, above every thing beside, the elasticity of the skin should be that which is so highly valued in other cattle.

The most essential point in the dairy-cow is that of the *tackle* or *udder*. It should be capacious—of equal size before and behind, or, if there is any difference, fuller before, and the teats of a moderate size.

“ A.” ON STALLIONS.

SIR: Your correspondent, “Pendleton,” doubts the truth of my theory on stock horses; namely, that the most successful stallions in England and America, have been early withdrawn from, or that most of them have not been called upon for repeated exertions on the Turf. I do not mean to say this has been invariably the case, because in the olden time horses ran comparatively few races, and did not come on the Turf until their frames were fully developed and their limbs matured.

What I intended to say, is this, that in my acquaintance with the blood horse, here and in England, no horse has acquired or deserved much reputation as the sire of race horses, unless he was a horse of substance and power; and that in modern times, most of them, since the adoption of Colt Stakes, for two and three year-olds, have broken down at an early age; in this I think a recurrence to the books, and our recollections, will fully bear me out.

But first, a few observations on the horses named by him, as contradicting my theory—Citizen, I know as well as any man in the United States; if Pacolet was a first rate horse, he stands alone, the produce of five seasons and many of the finest mares in the country; this I consider a failure, and as “Pendleton” says much credit is due the mare, may not Pacolet owe some of his favors to his dam, as she brought racers from almost all the horses she went to.

Medley and Mark Anthony were both fine stallions and race horses, but they were not on the Turf at a time when colts ran from five to ten long races in the year, but came on the Turf only at four; fast, and though not heavy, were muscular, strong horses of their size. It was not the fashion in those days to feed young stock high, and breed them up to the present size; they grew up lean, and never until an advanced age reached that development of muscle now found in the race horse of England and America; add to which they still retained the form, as they had the near affinity to the Arabs, uninfluenced by the climate and high feeding of England and America.

First of American Stallions; Archy, Virginian, Sir Charles, Mercury, Tennessee Oscar, Pacolet, Medoc, are surely among our most successful, yet each of these broke down or were early withdrawn from the Turf. Eclipse, Pacific, Bertrand, have been considered by some equal to those named above; they each ran comparatively few races, and have therefore little influence on the question.

Of the horses in England, dead and alive, I have no hesitation to speak; but of the imported horses here, I must decline speaking, lest I may put some gentleman *in a snarl*.

Highflyer broke down at an early period; he was a horse of great substance, had fine racing powers, and became the most successful stallion of his day. His son, Rockingham, who was decidedly the best racer of his get, winning more races and money than any horse of his day—and from one of the finest mares ever bred in England—Purity by Matchem, from Mr. Pratt’s old Squirt mare, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and some of the first breeders in England, was yet a failure as a stallion.

Sir Peter, like his sire, broke down young—had all the same characteristics of speed, size, &c., and like him, too, became the favorite stallion of his day.

Here then, sir, are two horses of equal blood, one had raced long and successfully, the other broke down young—the first was an utter failure—the other as famed for success in the Stud as his half brother had been on the Turf: does this say nothing for my theory? But, sir, I will add others equally in point.

Emilius and Velocipede, among the elder Studs, have been at the head of the list, and Sultan, lately dead, won but few races. Of the young horses now standing in England, Plenipotentiary, Bay Middleton, and Elis, are surely considered the best there—each left the Turf at four years old—indeed, Bay Middleton did not run after he was three—yet these horses have at this time that sort of reputation no one here can afford to buy them.

Now I say, that all the most successful stallions of modern times, have been such as possess great power, fine racing pedigree (for this I hold as indispensable), and themselves shewing they had the gift of breaking down young, or leaving the Turf at an early period, and this not because they broke down, but having trained and run at an early period, their limbs were not sufficiently matured to sustain, at three years old, the weight and the muscular exertions of an aged horse; particularly in England, under the high weight of the Derby and the St. Leger. Inferior horses never run for these great stakes, and of course, when young, run only with light weights, and at a more advanced age, never suffer in handicapping—while the superior is often required to carry from fourteen to twenty-four pounds more than others of the same age: it results as a consequence, he must give way.

Now sir, I take it, like begets like, and if we wish to breed first rate horses, we must raise from those that have shewn themselves superior, even if that superiority has driven them early from the Turf—and let others of a different opinion breed from those that had not the speed or the power to break themselves down, and I promise them similar stock.

A.

MATILDA, *alias* THE CROPPED MARE.

MILLWOOD, Clarke County, Virginia, August 17, 1839.

MR. EDITOR: I deem it proper to take some notice of the "Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T." in the August number of the "Register," over the signature of "Amicus."

Jemima, Job's dam, was raised by me; she ran as my entry and property, at Washington, in the Fall of 1830. I understood that Dr. William Thornton, of Washington, had two fillies from Noli-me-Tangere, by Sir Archy; and in January 1824, I proposed to take one of them to breed from, on shares. I offered the same terms that were agreed on between Col. Tayloe and my relative Archibald Randolph, Esq., in the rearing of all the produce of Castianira (for Mr. Randolph

raised them all, and not Col. Tayloe); and in February following he sent the mare to me by his servant, stating that she was by Sir Archy out of Noli-me-Tangere. The mare was cropped before she came into my possession. Late in 1827, application was made to me, through Nathan Loughborough, Esq., of Georgetown, D. C., asking information respecting the mare. I invited an investigation, and requested Mr. Lufborough to urge the claimant to send and examine and identify the mare. I also wrote to Dr. Thornton, *demanding* why he had sent me a mare that another laid claim to; and in reply, he sent me his certificate, *under oath*, acknowledged before a Justice of the Peace in Washington, denying that the mare was, or ever had been, owned by any one but himself. Here the matter was dropped; no one ever came forward to claim the mare. Previous to Dr. Thornton's death, the produce of the mare was divided between us, and Jemima fell to me. In 1829, after Dr. Thornton's death, the mare and his interest in the produce, was sold by an order of the Winchester Chancery Court, to satisfy a judgment against him; at which time I purchased the mare. There is only two of the progeny of this mare living,—Jemima (Job's dam) by Rattler, and a Luzborough filly owned by me, foaled in 1834—a splendid animal.

Besides the two mares mentioned above, Matilda (so called by Dr. T.) had a colt by Gracchus, a colt by Contention, a filly by Rattler, a colt by Mons. Tonson, and a colt by Felt. Matilda is now 23 years old. The Luzborough filly is for sale.

GEO. H. BURWELL.

ON BREEDING FROM YOUNG STALLIONS.

[An interesting discussion being in progress in the pages of the "Register," relative to Stallions, we introduce the following article upon the subject from a foreign contemporary.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON."—SIR: It is to me matter of surprise that breeders of horses for the Turf should persist in putting the best horses to the stud whilst they are so young as only four years of age, as is very often the case with the winners of the Doncaster St. Leger, and the Epsom Derby Stakes. They are often sold, soon after winning those stakes, for a very high price, and in many instances are put to covering mares the very next season; and I will beg to ask any of your readers conversant with Turf matters, how many of these Leger and Derby winners produce Leger and Derby winners? I think they will not be able to show many instances of it: yet, from those races combining a longer distance, a heavier weight to carry, and a faster pace throughout, than most other races for three year olds, the winners of them must of necessity be innately strengthly and sound, and have every right to be considered the best horses of the day at their age. What makes it more surprising that they should continue to breed from such horses so young, is the broad fact before their eyes, that most of these winners are produced

from old horses and old mares. 'This fact is worthy of their serious attention; for the same result is found in breeding greyhounds, and a perusal of Mr. Thacker's work on coursing and breeding will explain to them the cause of the result; and that the too prevailing idea of the utility of breeding from animals in their season of youth and vigor is very fallacious. There is a time for all things; so with breeding animals for labor; there is a time to breed, a time to grow to maturity, and a time to labor. The province of nature, I conceive, during growth to be, to give perfection to the animal; labor in moderation during the latter part of the growth is essential towards that perfection; but it seems, by the best animals being produced from old parents, that the province of nature is still to labor for a time, in order to give the fullest and most perfect development to all the parts, to be settled and seasoned so that the power to labor is constitutional in them; then comes the province of nature for breeding and reproducing animals in the greatest perfection. If, on the other hand, you put them to breed before they are arrived at perfection, you impose a double task on nature, to the prejudice of all the three provinces of it: to the prejudice of the growth, the labor, and the reproduction. To breed the best horses, it is undoubtedly the best way to breed *from* the best; but those best should be in the best state to breed from, which cannot be the case before they are themselves arrived at perfection.

A paragraph in your paper, July 3, 1836, respecting Filho, Walton, Whalebone, Woful, Partizan, and nearly all the eminent stallions, getting better runners in their old or declining years than when in the season of youth, freshness, and vigor, drew my attention to this subject; and I am further convinced of the necessity for mature age to breed from by the perusal of the work before mentioned. In the hope that these few lines may contribute towards preventing Bloomsbury, and other first-rate horses, from having the *bloom* taken from their goodness by prematurely putting them to the stud, is the object of addressing you, and the wish of, Sir,

Your most obedient,

A. B.

The Hopkinsville (Ky.) Gazette says—"Mr. John S. Lander, of this county, has a calf which first made its appearance in this world on the 17th of April last. At the time it was calved it weighed 130lbs., and when thirty days old it weighed 245lbs. The mother of this calf is a Teeswater cow, sister to a steer that was sold last December at Nashville, Tenn., which weighed 3400lbs. The calf which is the subject of this paragraph, was sired by Messrs. John & Robert Luckies' Durham Bull, Mercer, of this county."

A full blooded short horn Durham calf belonging to Mr. Henry S. Randall, of Cortlandville, N. Y., was weighed in August when one day old, and weighed *one hundred and twenty-four pounds* and some ounces.

Mr. Ward M. Lincoln, of Brandon, Vt., has sheared twenty-four pounds of wool from two sheep, this season—it being only one year's growth. He also sheared eleven pounds from another; and from another still, 10½lbs.

Notes of the Month.

SEPTEMBER.

IMPORTATION OF CATTLE.—The ships “Margaret Scott,” and “Mohawk,” which arrived at this port, from Liverpool, about the 15th ult., brought out a very superior lot of Durham cattle, for Messrs. John Hutchcraft & Brothers, of Bourbon County, Ky. The lot comprises two roan Bulls, one 16 months and the other 12 months old; four Cows in calf, and a yearling Heifer. One of the cows is 4 years old; the other three are 3 years old, and are recorded under the names of Blossom, Beda, and Fatima.

The “Mary Howland,” which arrived at this port the latter part of July, brought a still larger lot of Durham cattle, for Henry Clay, Jr., Esq., of Ky., consisting of ten Cows and one Bull. The latter is 2 yrs. old, the former between 3 yrs. and 5 yrs. Like Messrs. Hutchcraft’s importation, these fine animals are highly bred and very bloodlike.

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK.—The celebrated race-horse and stallion *Shark*, the property of the Heirs of the late John C. Craig, Esq., of Philadelphia, is understood to have been sold to Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Petersburg, Va., for \$12,000.

The owners of *The Queen* (own sister to Col. Hampton’s *Monarch*), have refused \$8,000 for her. She was got by Priam, out of Delphine, in England; since which “all the family” have been imported. The Queen is 4 yrs. old, and is in training at Belfield, Va., by Dr. George Goodwyn, for the post stake at Petersburg, on the 27th instant, in which she will probably meet *Boston* and *Portsmouth*.

It is understood that Miles A. Bott & Co., of Alabama, have purchased Mr. John C. Stevens’ ro. f. *Zela*, by Eclipse, out of Goliath’s dam, 4 yrs., for \$4,500. If the sale is consummated, “the white-legged filly” goes into the stable of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq.

Mr. R. H. Long, of Columbus, Miss., is understood to have purchased *Gander*, by Wild Bill, out of John Bascombe’s dam, 5 yrs., for \$10,000, of Capt. John Connally, of Huntsville, Ala.

Mr. C. C. S. Farrar, of St. Francisville, La., has sold the following stock in Texas, during a recent visit to that republic:—To Capts. Jno. W. and Wm. S. Hall, of Texas, a bay filly, 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon—out of Black Sophia (Bee’s wing and Birmingham’s dam) by Topgallant, for \$2,500. To the same gentlemen, a brown filly, 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder—g. dam by Stump-the-Dealer—g. g. dam by Imp. Dragon—g. g. g. dam by C. Christopher’s Medley, for \$2,500—or \$5,000 for the two. To Col. Wm. G. Hill, of Texas, a chesnut filly, 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Eagle—g. dam by Oronooko—g. g. dam an imported mare. Also, to the same gentleman, *Montcalm*, b. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Maria Louisa by Imp. Bagdad—g. dam Old Kate Brown by Imp. ch. Diomede—g. g. dam an imported mare got in England by Old Diomede, \$6,000 for the two.

NEW RACE COURSES.—Jockey Clubs have been organized and two new Courses laid out in Louisiana, one at Donaldsonville and the other at Opelousas. A meeting will be held on each the ensuing season, and handsome purses offered. Another Course has also been added to the number in the Old Dominion, at the Salt Sulphur Springs, and the old race-course of La Prairie (L. C.) revived. Her Majesty's Officers in Canada are contributing in a very high degree to the support, interest and extension of the Turf in the two provinces, and will soon place it on a better and more permanent footing.

In addition to the establishment of new courses, it is gratifying to remark the increased inducements held out to breeders and turfmen by the proprietors of the old ones. The amount of the purses has been increased from 10 to 50 per cent., and in many instances handsome sums have been added to sweepstakes.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. T. W. Patten, of Fayette, Ill., offers to run his horse *Franklin*, four mile heats over the Boonville Course, on the 15th of May next, for \$2,000 a side, \$1500 forfeit, against Messrs. Cooper & Kunkle's *Duke Sumner*. Mr. P. also offers the same amount that *Duke Sumner* cannot beat *Franklin*'s time in his last four mile race over the St. Louis course. To this challenge Mr. Kunkle, in the absence of his partner, replies that he is not disposed to make a match to come off at so distant a period, and declines a match vs. Time. Mr. K. observes, however, that *Duke Sumner* is disengaged this Fall, and will be ready to accommodate *Franklin* to the tune of two or three thousand dollars, in a race to be run over the Boonville (Mo.) Course, where his owners reside.

NAMES CLAIMED.—The name of *Fanny Lewis*, is claimed by Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., of Macon, Marengo Co., Ala., for a gr. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Crusher; and that of *Giraffe*, for a gr. c. by Robin Brown, dam by Crusher; the latter is a yearling—the former was foaled in June last.

That of *The British Queen*, by Messrs. Minor & Duncan F. Kenner, for their imp. ch f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton, 2 yrs.

That of *Clary Crump* by Mr. Roscoe C. Dickinson, of Spring Grove, Ky., for his ch. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of a Goliah mare.

That of *Muza* by Dr. J. McK. Gage, of Unionville, S. C., for his b. c. by Imp. Nonplus, out of Bel Tracy.

That of *Rory O'More* by Mr. D. H. Ellis, of Freehold, N. J., for his b. c. by Abdallah, out of Nell Brown.

MR. STEVENS' YACHT.—On the 27th July, Mr. John C. Stevens, of this city, launched one of the most beautiful specimens of American naval architecture ever seen in our waters. Her tonnage is 195 tons, and her cost about \$35,000. Her masts were hoisted in on the 21st ult., at the U. S. Navy Yard, Brooklyn. She has been built expressly with a view to test the sailing qualities of the British Royal Yacht Squadron, from a model of Mr. S's. and under his personal directions, and will be fitted up magnificently. When completed, every interesting particular relative to her model, rigging, etc., and probably an engraving of her, will be given in this Magazine.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock, composing the Breeding Stud of E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., at "The Mills," near Huntsville, Alabama.

STALLIONS.

No. 1. **BERNERS' COMUS**, imported at Mobile in February 1837; bred by Lord Berners in 1829; got by Comus, out of Rotterdam (also bred by Lord Berners, in 1817,) by Juniper (sire of Camarine), grandam Spotless by Walton, g. g. dam by Trumpator, g. g. g. dam by Highflyer, (the best son of Herod, out of Rachel by Blank,) g. g. g. g. dam by Otho (son of Cade), g. g. g. g. g. dam by Snap (son of Snip); her dam by Regulus (the best son of the Godolphin Arabian).

Comus, ch. c., bred by Sir John Shelley in 1809; got by Sorcerer, out of Houghton Lass by Sir Peter (best son of Highflyer). *Comus* was a winner seven times, and at 3 yrs. old was the best of his year. From 1818 to 1835, two hundred and twenty-nine of his get were winners *five hundred and sixty times*, including two winners of the Great St. Leger.

Sorcerer, bl. h., bred by Sir Charles Bunbury in 1796; was got by Trumpator, out of Young Giantess by Diomed, her dam Giantess by Matchem. *Sorcerer* was a good racer—was the first of Young Giantess's produce, who was also the dam of Eleanor (by Whiskey, winner of the Oaks and St. Leger,) Julia, Cressida (dam of Priam), and a numerous progeny, alike distinguished on the turf and in the stud.

Trumpator, bl. h., bred by Lord Clermont in 1782; was got by Conductor (son of Matchem), dam by Snap.

It appears from the above that Berners' *Comus* has descended in a direct line from Matchem and Herod, deeply imbued with the blood of each, which, with the collateral streams from Eclipse, through Juniper and Walton, comprise the very essence of the best English racing blood.

PERFORMANCES OF COMUS.

At Newmarket, April 26, 1830, Berners' *Comus* (described as Col. Wilson's br. c. by *Comus*, out of Rotterdam,) carrying 119lbs., won a handicap sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, over the T.Y.C., beating b. f. Fanchon (Sister to Lapdog), 105lbs., Mr. Roberts' b. f. by Emilius, 112lbs., and Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Janette,

108lbs. Betting, 5 to 4 on Fanchon and 8 to 1 agst. the winner.

At Ipswich, July 21, he won £50, a Plate for all ages, heats, two miles and a half.

At Newmarket, Oct. 1, he won the Town Plate of £50, carrying 119lbs., D.I. (two miles 97 yards), beating five others.

At Ipswich, July 5, 1831, then four years old, carrying 147lbs., he won the King's Plate of £100, four mile heats.

At Newmarket, July 12, weight for age, he beat Lucetta, one of the best racers in England, for a Plate of £50, D.I.

At Leicester, Sept. 14, he won the Gold Cup, value £200, two miles and a quarter, 11 subs.; and the next day he won the Burgess Plate of £100, three mile heats, carrying 121 lbs.

At Huntingdon, July, 1832, then five years old, carrying 128lbs., he won a handicap sweepstakes, heats, once round, eight subs., beating Carmine, five years old, 106lbs., and Ernest, three years old, 93lbs.

At Bedford, Sept. 6, carrying 128lbs., he won a sweepstakes, fifteen subscribers, two mile heats, beating three others in three heats.

At Leicester, Sept. 13, he won the Gold Cup, value £100, three miles and three quarters, 11 subs., beating two others.

At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1833, Berners' *Comus*, then 6 yrs. old, won a Plate of £50, the Two Middle Miles, beating ten others.

Besides the above, Berners' *Comus* started twelve times in which he was unsuccessful; twice he ran second to Priam, in one of which (for the Port Stakes) he received £100.

No. 2. **Chesnut Colt**, bred by Lord Chesterfield in 1834, got by Priam (son of Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey), dam by Soothsayer (son of Sorcerer), grandam by Rubens (son of Buzzard), g. g. dam by Woodpecker (son of Herod), her dam (Gohanna's dam) by Herod, &c. &c.

This colt was shipped when two years old, and has never been tried.

BROOD MARES.

No. 1. **ADANA**, ch. m., bred by Mr. Yates in 1832; got by Sultan, out of Rachel by Whalebone; her dam (sister

to Castanea) by Gohanna (son of Mercury), out of Grey Skim by Woodpecker—Silver's dam by Herod—Young Hag by Skim—Hag by Crab—Ebony by Childers, &c. &c.

Sultan was got by Selim (son of Buzzard), out of Baccanthe by Williamson's Ditto, grandam by Mercury (son of Eclipse), g. g. dam by Herod—Folly by Marske, &c.

Her Produce.

1839. Ch. c. by Consol, and covered by Berners' Comus.

No. 2. AMANDA, b. m., bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1828; got by Morisco, out of Mantua by Woful; her dam Miltonia by Patriot (son of Whiskey), g. g. dam by King Fergus (son of Eclipse), g. g. g. dam by Espersykes (son of Matchem), &c.

Morisco, by Muley (son of Orville), out of Aquelina by Eagle—Precipitate—Woodpecker, &c.

Her Produce.

1837. Ch. f. by Belzoni.

1838. Ch. f. by Actæon.

1839. Br. f. by Consol, and covered by Berners' Comus.

No. 3. AMINA, br. m., bred by Mr. Gardnor in 1832; got by Gaberlunzie, out of Luna by Wanderer, grandam by Canopus (son of Gohanna, out of Colibri by Woodpecker); g. g. dam by Teddy-the-Grinder (son of Asparagus, who was by Pot-8-o's, out of Stargazer by Highflyer); g. g. g. dam by Precipitate (son of Mercury); her dam by Pumpkin (son of Matchem), out of Flea-Catcher by Goldfinder.

Gaberlunzie, by Wanderer (son of Gohanna), dam by Selim, out of Maiden by Sir Peter—Phenomenon—Florizel—Matchem, &c.

Her Produce.

1839. Br. f. *Meteor*, by Berners' Comus, and covered by him again.

No. 4. ALBERTAZZI (late Fuga), ch. m., bred by Mr. Pettit in 1829; got by Partisan, out of Bravura (dam of Kate Kearney) by Outcry, her dam Prodigious by Caleb Quotem (son of Sir Peter)—Fair Forester by Alexander—g. g. dam by Sir Peter, out of Maid of Ely by Tandem, &c.

Partisan was by Walton (son of Sir Peter), out of Parasol by Pot-8-o's—Prunella by Highflyer—Snap—Blank, &c. &c.

No. 5. WILLIAMSON'S DITTO MARE, b. m., bred by Mr. N. H. Smith in 1822; got by Williamson's Ditto (sire of Luzborough) out of Brown Mare by Trumpator, grandam Countess by Sir Peter, g. g. dam Fame by Pantaloon (son of

Matchem, out of Curiosity by Snap), out of the dam of Diomed by Spectator, &c.

Williamson's Ditto (brother to Walton), by Sir Peter, out of Arethusa by Dungannon (son of Eclipse, out of Aspasia by Herod); her dam by Prophet (son of Regulus), out of Virago by Snap, &c.

Her Produce.

1825. Gr. f. *Zoolfah*, by Mr. N. H. Smith's Arabian.

1826. B. c. by Nicolo. } Mr. Smith.

1828. B. f. by Gulliver. }

1829. Br. c. *Typhon*, by Truffle. Duke of Rutland.

1832. Ch. c. *Claremont*, by Partisan. Lord Chesterfield.

1834. Br. f. by Priam. Do.

1837. Br. f. by Colwick (dead). E. H. Boardman.

1838. Br. c. by Consol. Do.

1839. Missed to Comus, and covered by Wild Bill.

No. 6. WOFUL MARE, b. m., bred by Mr. Burgess in 1824; got by Woful, out of Allegratta by Trumpator, grandam Young Camilla by Woodpecker, out of Camilla by Trentham; her dam Coquette by the Compton Barb, out of Sister to Regulus.

Woful (brother to Whalebone, Whisker, &c.,) by Waxy (son of Pot-8-o's), out of Penelope by Trumpator—her dam Prunella by Highflyer, out of Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner, &c.

Her Produce.

1831. B. c. by Pollio. } Mr. L. Charlton.

1832. B. c. by Pollio. }

1833. B. f. by Pollio. Lord Chesterfield.

1834. B. f. *Hecuba*, by Priam. Greville.

1837. B. f. *Lady Sherbrooke*, by Priam. Maj. Ragland.

1838. B. c. by Consol. E. H. Boardman.

1839. B. f. *Premium*, by Consol. Do.

Covered by Berners' Comus.

No. 7. FILHO DA PUTA MARE, b. m., bred by Sir Thomas Stanley in 1833; got by Filho da Puta, dam by Rubens, out of the Hipped Mare by Meteor (son of Eclipse), her dam Petrowna by Sir Peter, out of Georgiana by Sweetbriar (son of Syphon)—Capella by Herod, &c.

Filho da Puta was by Haphazard (son of Sir Peter), out of Mrs. Barnet by Waxy, her dam by Woodpecker—Squirrel—Blank, &c.

Her Produce.

1838. Gr. c. by Stumps. E. H. Boardman.

1839. Br. f. *Blaze*, by Berners' Comus, and covered by Consol.

No. 8. OLYMPUS MARE, b. m., bred by R. Turner, Esq., in 1833; got by Olym-

pus, out of Caifacarata dadera by Walton, her dam by Pipator, grandam by Delpini (son of Highflyer), out of Tuberoze by Herod, &c.

Olympus was by Blacklock, out of Michaelmas by Thunderbolt (son of Sorcerer), her dam Plover by Sir Peter, &c.

Her Produce.

1839. Ch. c. by Consol (dead), and covered by him again.

No. 9. FILHO DA PUTA MARE, br. m., (Nun's daughter), bred by R. Turner, Esq., in 1834; got by Filho da Puta, out of The Nun by Blacklock, grandam by Whisker, g. g. dam by Orville (son of Beningbrough); her dam by Expectation, out of Calabria by Spadille—Alfred—South—Changeling—Cade, &c.

Her Produce.

1833. Br. f. by Stumps.

1839. Missed to Consol, and covered by him again.

No. 10. CHANCE, ch. m., bred by Mr. Masson in 1832; got by Patron, out of Ramona by Whisker, her dam Lady Crumfeaser by Stamford (son of Sir Peter), out of Mrs. Barnet by Waxy (son of Pot-8-o's)—Woodpecker—Squirrel—Blank, &c. &c.

Patron was got by Partisan, dam by Rubens, out of Guilford Nan by Guilford (son of Highflyer); her dam by Justice (son of Herod), out of Paisley by Pot-3-o's—Squirrel, &c.

Her Produce.

1839. Br. c. *Doubtful*, by Consol or Berners' Comus, and covered by Consol.

No. 11. TENIERS MARE (Sister to Puss), ch. m., bred by Mr. Mostyn in 1833; got by Teniers, out of Cora by Peruvian (son of Sir Peter); her dam by Alexander (son of Eclipse), out of Berrington by Sweet William—Herod, &c. &c.

Teniers was by Rubens, out of Snowdrop by Highland Fling; her dam Daisy by Buzzard, out of Tulip by Damper—Eclipse, &c.

Her Produce.

1838. B. c. by Muley Moloch. E. H. Boardman.

1839. Ch. c. *Wales*, by Berners' Comus. [E. H. Boardman.] Covered by him again.

No. 12. PETER LELY MARE (Sister to Fearnhurst), ch. m., bred by W. R. Turner, Esq., in 1833; got by Peter Lely, out of Sister to Sophy by Comus; her dam by Camillus, out of Helen by Delpini—Rosalind by Phenomenon—Atalanta by Matchem, &c. &c.

Peter Lely was by Rubens, out of Stella by Sir Oliver (son of Sir Peter); her

dam Scotella by Anvil (son of Herod), out of Scots by Eclipse—Herod, &c.

Her Produce.

1838. Ch. c. by Velscipede. E. H. Boardman.

1839. Br. c. by Consol or Berners' Comus. E. H. Boardman. Covered by Berners' Comus.

No. 13. GABRIELLE, ch. m., bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1820; got by Partisan, out of Coquette by Dick Andrews (son of Joe Andrews, and he by Eclipse); her dam Vanity by Buzzard, out of Dabehick by Pot-3-o's—Drab by Highflyer—Hebe by Chrysolite, out of Proserpine (Sister to Eclipse), &c.

Her Produce.

1827. C. by Cervantes.

1828. Gr. c. *Gab*, by Swap.

1829. Ch. c. *Vagabond*, by Cain.

1831. B. f. *Maryanne*, by Edmund.

1832. B. f. *Vagary*, by Cain.

1833. B. f. *Mary*, by Edmund.

1834. B. c. *Grand Cairo*, by Camel.

1837. B. f. by Consol (dead). E. H. Boardman.

1838. B. f. by Consol. Do.

1839. Ch. f. by Berners' Comus or Consol—[Do.]—and covered by Berners' Comus.

No. 14. HOPE, ch. m., bred by Mr. Rawlinson in 1826; got by Rubens, dam by Haphazard (sire of Filho da Puta), out of Promise (Sister to Partisan) by Walton; her dam Parasol by Pot-8-o's, out of Prunella by Highflyer—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner, &c.

Rubens (brother to Selim and Castrel), by Buzzard, dam by Alexander, grandam by Highflyer, &c.

Her Produce.

1838. Ch. c. by Consol. E. H. Boardman.

1839. Ch. c. *Promise*, by Berners' Comus—[Do.]—and covered by him again.

No. 15. MIRANDA, b. m., bred by Mr. Ryan in 1827; got by Woful, dam by Beningbrough; her dam (the dam of Blacklock) by Coriander, out of Wildgoose by Highflyer—Co-heiress by Pot-8-o's, &c. &c.

Her Produce.

1837. Br. f. by Camel. E. H. Boardman.

1838. Ch. c. by Glaucus. Do.

1839. B. f. *Expedition*, by Consol. Do. Covered by Berners' Comus.

No. 16. MISS GOLBORN, br. m., bred by R. Turner, Esq., in 1831; got by Lottery, out of The Nun by Blacklock—Whisker—Orville, &c. [See No. 9.]

Lottery (sire of Consol) was by Tramp (a son of Dick Andrews), dam by Highflyer, out of Mandane by Pot-8-o's; her

Mr. Yates.

dam Young Camilla by Woodpecker, out of Camilla by Trentham—Coquette by the Compton Barb—Sister to Regulus, &c. &c.

Her Produce.

1838. B. f. by Langar. E. H. Boardman.
1839. Missed to Berners' Comus, and covered by Luzborough.

No. 17. *PLENTY*, br. m., bred by Mr. Thornhill in 1832; got by Emilius, out of Mangel Wurzel by Merlin; her dam Morel by Sorcerer—Hornby Lass by Buzzard—Puzzle by Matchem—Princess by Herod—Blank, &c.

Emilius (sire of Plenipotentiary, Priam, &c.) by Orville, out of Emily by Stamford; her dam by Whiskey, out of Gray Dorimant by Dorimant—Dizzy by Blank, &c.

Orville was by Beningbrough, out of Evelina by Highflyer—Beningbrough by King Fergus, dam by Herod, out of Pyrrha by Matchem; King Fergus by Eclipse, out of Polly by Black-and-all-Black, sometimes called Othello.

Her Produce.

1837. Br. c. by St. Patrick (dead). E. H. Boardman.

1838. Br. c. by Consol. Do.

1839. Missed to Consol, and covered by him again.

N.B. Emilius being generally considered the best stallion in England, and as his get combine in an eminent degree the essential constituents of a race-horse, viz., hardy, sound constitutions, speed and stoutness, it may be gratifying to the readers of the Turf Register, who have not the Stud Book at hand, to trace the channels through which the blood of Matchem, Herod, and Eclipse, have been concentrated in this extraordinary animal.

No. 18. *RACHEL*, ch. m., bred by Lord Jersey in 1829; got by Partisan, out of Filagree by Soothsayer; her dam Web (sister to Woful, Whalebone, &c.) by Waxy—Penelope by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank, &c.

Her Produce.

1839. Ch. c. by Consol, and covered by Berners' Comus.

No. 19. *VAMP*, br. m., bred by Lord Sligo in 1825; got by Langar, out of Wire (sister to Web, &c.) See the preceding.

Langar was by Selim (sire of Sultan), dam by Walton, out of Young Giantess by Diomed—Giantess by Matchem, &c.

Her Produce.

1831. B. c. *Vanguard*, by Roller.

Mr. Maher.

1833. B. c. *Varlet*, by Speculation. Do.

1834. Br. c. by Young Blacklock. Do.
1835. B. f. by Drone (dead). Do.

Sold to E. H. Boardman, with her foal.

1837. B. f. by Consol (dead). E. H. Boardman.

1838. Missed to Consol.

1839. Br. f. *Omnium*, by Consol. E. H. Boardman. Covered by Berners' Comus.

No. 20. *SARAH BELL*, ch. m., bred by Frederick Bell, of Edgcombe County, N. C., in 1823 or 1824; got by Sir Archy and is believed to be thorough-bred, but her pedigree has not been authentically established, so as to admit its register in the Stud Book.

Her Produce.

1832. Ch. f. *Kathleen*, by Leviathan. J. C. Beasley.

1835. Ch. f. *Fanny Strong*, by Leviathan. C. McLaran.

1836. Ch. c. by Leviathan. Do.

1837. Ch. f. by Consol. Do.

1838. Br. f. by Consol. E. H. Boardman.

1839. Missed to Consol, and covered by him again.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS, FOALED 1837.

Chesnut filly, 2 yrs. old, by Belzoni, out of Amanda by Morisco [see brood mare No. 2.] Belzoni, br. c. (brother to Belshazzar), by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla by Woodpecker, &c.

No. 2. *Brown filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Camel, out of Miranda by Woful [see No. 15.] Camel, br. c., bred in 1822, was got by Whalebone, dam by Selim, out of Maiden by Sir Peter—Phenomenon—Matron by Florizel—Maiden by Matchem.

YEARLING COLTS. FOALED 1838.

No. 1. *Brown colt* by Consol, dam by Williamson's Ditto [see No. 5.] Consol, b. c., bred by Mr. G. Walker in 1828, was got by Lottery, out of a Bay Mare bred by Mr. Best in 1813, by Cerberus; her dam (Merlin's dam) by Delpini (son of Highflyer), out of Tipple Cider by King Fergus—Silvia by Young Marske, &c. &c. Lottery was by Tramp (son of Dick Andrews), out of Mandane by Pot-8-o's, &c. Cerberus was by Gohanna (son of Mercury), dam by Herod, out of Desdemona by Marske, &c.

No. 2. *Bay colt* by Consol, out of the Woful mare [No. 6.]

No. 3. *Gray colt* by Stumps, out of the bay Filho da Puta Mare [No. 7.] Stumps, gr. c., bred in 1822, was got by Whalebone, out of Scotina by Delpini; her dam Scota by Eclipse—Herod, &c.

No. 4. *Bay colt* by Muley Moloch, out

of Sister to Puss by Teniers [see No. 11.] Muley Moloch, br. c., bred in 1830, was got by Muley (sire of Leviathan), out of Nancy (dam of Longwaist) by Dick Andrews; her dam Spitfire by Benningbrough—Young Sir Peter—Engineer, &c. Muley was by Orville, out of Eleanor by Whiskey, &c.

No. 5. *Chesnut colt* by Velocipede, out of Sister to Fearnhurst by Peter Lely [see No. 12.] Velocipede, ch. c., bred in 1825, was got by Blacklock, dam by Juniper (son of Whiskey), her dam by Sorcerer, out of Virgin by Sir Peter—Pot-8-o's—Herod, &c.

No. 6. *Chesnut colt* by Consol, out of Hope by Rubens [No. 14.]

No. 7. *Chesnut colt* by Glaucus, out of Miranda by Woful [No. 15.] Glaucus (the property of Messrs. Tattersall, London,) br. c., bred in 1830, was got by Partisan, out of Nanine by Selim (sire of Sultan), her dam Bizarre by Peruvian (son of Sir Peter), out of Violante by John Bull, &c.

No. 8. *Brown colt* by Consol, out of Plenty by Emilius [No. 17.]

No. 9. *Gray colt* by Stumps, out of a ch. m. bred by Sir Thomas Stanley in 1833, by Battledore, out of Mima by Gen. Mina; her dam Maid of Lorn by Castrel—Richardson's Marske, &c. &c.

YEARLING FILLIES, FOALED 1838.

No. 1. *Chesnut filly* by Actæon, out of Amanda by Morisco [No. 2.] Actæon, ch. c., bred in 1822, was by Scud, (son of Benningbrough), out of Diana (sister to Emily, dam of Emilius,) by Stamford—her dam by Whiskey, out of Gray Dorimant, &c.

No. 2. *Brown filly* by Stumps, out of Nun's Daughter by Filho da Puta [No. 9.]

No. 3. *Bay filly* by Consol, out of Gabrielle by Partisan [see No. 13.]

No. 4. *Bay filly* by Langar, out of Miss Golborn by Lottery [No. 16.]

No. 5. *Bay filly* by Buzzard, out of Bay mare (dead) by Sandbeck (son of Catton); her dam Ursula by Cervantes, out of Fanny by Sir Peter—Diomed, &c. Buzzard, b. c., bred in 1821, was got by Blacklock, out of Miss Newton by Delpini; her dam Tipple Cider by King Fergus, &c.

No. 6. *Brown filly* by Consol, out of Sarah Bell by Sir Archy [No. 20.]

COLTS FOALED 1839.

No. 1. *Chesnut colt* by Consol, out of

Adana by Sultan [brood mare No. 1.]

No. 2. Br. c. DOUBTFUL, by Berners' Comus or Consol, out of Chance by Patron [see No. 10.]

No. 3. Ch. c. WALES, by Berners' Comus, out of Sister to Puss by Teniers [No. 11.]

No. 4. *Bay colt* by Consol, out of Sister to Fearnhurst by Peter Lely [No. 12.]

No. 5. Ch. c. PROMISE, by Berners' Comus, out of Hope by Rubens [No. 14.]

No. 6. *Chesnut colt* by Consol, out of Rachel by Partisan [No. 18.]

FILLIES FOALED 1839.

No. 1. *Brown filly* by Berners' Comus or Consol, out of Amanda by Morisco [No. 2.]

No. 2. Br. f. METEOR, by Berners' Comus, out of Amina by Gaberlunzie [No. 3.]

No. 3. B. f. PREMIUM, by Consol, dam by Woful, out of Allegretta by Trumpator [No. 6.]

No. 4. Br. f. BLAZE, by Berners' Comus, out of bay Filho da Puta Mare [No. 7.]

No. 5. *Chesnut filly* by Consol or Berners' Comus, out of Gabrielle by Partisan [No. 13.]

No. 6. B. f. EXPEDITION, by Consol, out of Miranda by Woful [No. 15.]

No. 7. Br. f. OMNIUM, by Consol, out of Vamp by Langar [No. 19.]

No. 8. B. f. ORPHAN, by Consol, dam (dead) by Sandbeck, out of Ursula by Cervantes—Sir Peter—Diomed, &c.

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Stallions, Imported.....	2
Brood Mares, Imported.....	19
“ “ Native	1
Two-year-old Fillies.....	2
Yearling Colts.....	9
“ Fillies.....	6
Colt Foals of 1839.....	6
Filly “ “	8
Total.....	53

*Foals bred this season by WILLIAM WIL-
LIAMS, Esq., at Poplar Grove, near
Nashville, Tenn., out of the following
mares:—*

OCEANA—B. c. by Imp. Philip.

COURTESY—B. f. by ditto.

LOUISA—B. f. by ditto.

ALIDA—B. f. by Pacific.

CLIO—Missed to Rattler.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1839.

Embellishments:

THE NEWEST TURN-OUT: *on Steel* BY DICK, AFTER F. C. TURNER.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING: *on Steel* BY DICK, AFTER F. C. TURNER.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Great Race at Petersburg.

The result of the great race at Petersburg having just reached us, we can only state that *Boston* beat *The Queen* and *Omega* in two heats; in each heat the race was put upon a brush; *The Queen* ran second in the last heat. Time, 8:02—7:52, being the best four mile time made over the Newmarket Course.

In the next number of this Magazine it is hoped that the American Racing Calendar may be resumed. With a view to have it bound up separately, or at the end of the volume of the Register, it is necessary to print at the least four pages of it at a time; but we have not enough now on hand unpublished to fill four pages, so closely do we print them.

The Editor announces to his readers that arrangements are in progress to give a series of PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED TURFMEN in this Magazine. The difficulties are, however, so numerous, that he cannot promise definitely that the plan shall be carried into effect; but it having been suggested to, and urged upon him, by several gentlemen of note, every thing will be done on the part of the Editor to insure its success.

The "Strawberry Roan" has been received, and is under consideration; it is well written, but appears better fitted for the "Spirit of the Times" than the Magazine. Our thanks are due this correspondent for the interest which he manifests in the publication.



Printed by F. C. Turner.

A. B. T. A. S. J. E. R. S. E. S.

THE NEWEST TURN-OUT.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING ON STEEL, BY DICK, AFTER TURNER.

THE favored few who have enjoyed the privilege of turning over the port-folios of splendid engravings at Colman's establishment in Broadway, must have been struck with a large and tastefully colored engraving by Reeve, after Turner, representing the celebrated English roadster *Artaxerxes*. The style of harness and carriage was unknown in this country until a few months ago, but since the importation of the engraving two or three turn-outs, closely imitating this original, have made their appearance in Broadway, where they excite almost as much attention as did Brower's three-wheeled omnibus when it was first trotted out behind "a spike team" of three handsome greys.

Artaxerxes, the subject of the picture referred to, was twelve years old at the time it was painted. He was the property of Charles Enderby, Esq., and was driven in the style shewn above, from August 1835 to October 1837, when he was obliged to be destroyed, from having been unfortunately bitten by a mad dog.

It will be remarked that the horse is not annoyed by any superfluous pieces of harness; he is driven with the "Gardner bit,"* without a headstall, and draws without breastplate, collar, or traces. A pad, stuffed down to near the horse's elbow, answers the double purpose of breeching and collar; this pad, in which the terrets are screwed, with the reins and bit, comprise every article composing the harness. The Gardner bit looks very well in the mouth of a spirited horse, though we think it cannot be classed among the improvements of the age: it gives a fine effect to a horse with a fine eye and flowing mane, and Cowan, of the Bazaar in Crosby-street, uses it occasionally to show off the brown leaders of one of his handsome four-in-hand teams. It is perfectly safe, and when properly screwed on, cannot injure a horse's mouth.

The carriage, known here as a Tilbury, is particularly *recherché* and elegant; it is better adapted to city pavements than country roads, being rather heavy; the shafts are bent so as to balance the carriage perfectly, while the springs of the body being well let down in front, and coupled to the shafts considerably in front of the step, throw a portion of the draught on the horse's back. These Tilburys are much lighter than the fashionable Stanhope, while they run easier and are infinitely superior in point of comfort and tastefulness. No carriage we have seen combines, at equal cost, so much lightness and luxurious ease, with the same beauty of proportions and general elegance; and we hope to see them take the place of the cumbersome and heavy drags in general use here, which require a powerful sixteen-hand horse to move them over the pavements.

* The bit in question was introduced into England from Paris, by Lord Gardner, in the Spring of 1830, and, from its singularity, bears his Lordship's name. There is a circular bar behind fitting the back part of the mouth outside. The bar, within the mouth, is formed by two screws: the cheeks, to which these screws are attached, are circular, and resemble the wheels of an ancient Roman chariot. The bit is unscrewed and placed in the mouth, and is then screwed upon both sides to the proper degree of tightness, so as not to distress the animal. The bridle is then buckled to rings for the purpose. It is thus firmly fixed, and no horse could get rid of it, try as he might.

Some months since, Willis (a correspondent of this Magazine,) wrote a capital article in "The Corsair," upon the subject of the horses and equipages of New York and London, a portion of which we quote in this place:—

"We are justly proud in our young country, of excelling the English in one breed of horses (trotters), and of equalling them in the race-horse. But among England's best and most enjoyable points of superiority, are her *pleasure-horses* and *pleasure-carriages*, and in these matters (it may as well be frankly confessed,) we are far behind.

"What does a fashionable young man of New York pique himself upon? A wagon in which he sits like a turkey in a market-basket, and a horse built behind like a pent-house, his neck thin and low, his joints double, and a straddle of his hind legs as if his tail would distance his head before the second mile-post. *He is a trotter.* His make is on the principle of the hammer and nail. His shoulders have to be driven ahead by his hind quarters, and are sharpened accordingly. Hammering on the pavements won't do, however—so, as the horse has but one gait, he creeps out of town at a sort of shuffle-trot, his fore legs having about as much to do with his getting on, as a bear's fore paws when travelling at his leisure. The owner at last gets off the pavement, and then what? Mark, he is driving for pleasure! He looks before and behind, and upon the result of his survey depends the question whether he shall wait for the comer-after, or overtake the goer-before. In either case, he drives close alongside, and, be it friend or stranger, challenges to a trial of speed. If the unfortunate person overtaken or waited for, happen to have a mettlesome nag, the challenge that the master may refuse soon tells upon the horse, and, as a necessary consequence, a gentleman would as soon think of taking a pleasure-ride on a race-course during a sweepstakes, as upon any of the tolerable avenues leading from the city. Now, a trotting-horse is well enough in his place, and so is a billiard-cue; but it would be quite as good taste to walk Broadway with a billiard-cue for a cane, as to drive habitually through the streets with a sporting horse.

"What in England is called the *park-horse*, either for the cabriolet or the saddle, is not so much unknown as unvalued with us. It is a horse much larger than our common breed of carriage-horses, half or three parts blood, lofty, showy, and combining great strength with a very agile and elastic movement. He has what horsemen call high *knee-action*, and is full of fire, pride, and beauty. He is capable of sufficient speed to rid you of any nuisance on the road, and is prompt and quick enough to disentangle you easily from a press of carriages in a crowded thoroughfare; but he is not selected nor wanted for great speed. This class of horses, abroad, is extremely valuable. There were three in London a year or two since (Count D'Orsay's, Lord Gardiner's, and Lord Sefton's—all cabriolet horses,) neither of which could be bought for £500. Yet such horses are not uncommon in this country. We saw one not long since in the Lake country, as fine as any of these just named, which the owner (a horse dealer) had taken once to New York and brought back as unsaleable. He was 'not *fast* enough for the fashionable young men, and his *action* was too high for the doctors and milk-men.'

“There is a very convenient fashion in England of matching carriage-horses by make and speed, not by color. A pair of high stepping and fine horses, one bay and one grey, for example, make a beautiful appearance, when they move exactly together; and as the match is easier made, and shows better than a pair only alike in color, the fashion is an economical one, and worthy of imitation.

“The carriages of our country are made, almost without exception, as if they were intended to carry children. You can scarce make four well grown persons more uncomfortable than by giving them a drive in a fashionable New York carriage. With a laudable ambition to improve upon the English carriage, which is too heavy, the coach-makers have run into the opposite extreme, and, to make the lightest possible vehicle, diminished its size and capacity, till all the comfort of the carriage is quite lost. The worst of it is, too, that it is quite unnecessary; for it is the nature of the *wood* that compels the English to build heavily. Our woods are finer-grained and tougher, and with the same contents as the London vehicle, we can build of half the weight. *Some* weight, however, is necessary, as any one will acknowledge who has been wimpled and *chuck'd* about in one of the fashionable fly-traps over the pavement of Broadway. The fault lies in the public taste as much as in the builder; for he makes what will best sell. One of the handsomest, best-built, and most comfortable carriages we ever saw, was a covered drosky, built by Collins & Lawrence, and lately for sale just behind the Astor. It was solid enough not to be tossed into the air by every pebble, but a light load for two horses, and of the most comfortable and well arranged interior. It is not *their* fault if the public taste prefers the slighter vehicles. They have at least an example of a better style.

“Frequent attempts have been made to introduce the English cabriolet into this country, but they have failed, not because it was unsuited to our wants, but because the extreme heaviness of the structure was servilely copied. It is the most comfortable of all vehicles, and might be made light enough with American woods to suit our pavements and small horses.

“A very great want in New York, is that of a *carriage promenade*. A plan has been once or twice broached in the public prints, of laying out a mall and drive on the bank of the Hudson, in the northwestern suburb of the city. As a resort in the summer evenings, to drive slowly along the river, inhale the fresh air, and greet friends and acquaintances without the ceremony of visits, it would be one of the most delightful improvements possible to this great metropolis. The English parks, used for this purpose, have not inaptly been called the *lungs of London*, and are invaluable to that capital, no less as a means of health than pleasure. What with the trotting-races on the avenues, and the crowded pavement of Broadway, there is really no place within the reach of the citizens of New York, where ladies and children may safely be sent for a drive in the fresh air.

“This same mania for trotting has introduced a slightness in the fashion of harness, which is carried also to an extreme. However neatness may be the best rule for the exterior of a gentleman, sumptuousness is the first requisite in the caparison of the horse. The blinkers on our modish harness are so reduced as frequently to disease

the eye of the animal; and the saddles, instead of falling into the beautiful curve lines of his body, are shaped and set on his back like two inverted quarters of orange peel. It is a fault in the construction of our carriages, too, that the bar and whippetrees are set too far from the fore wheels, and when the traces are too long (which is commonly the case) the whole equipage has a straggling and ill-appointed look, spite of the best glories of brass and blacking. Every owner of an equipage should look after these minor proprieties, for there is seldom a groom or coachman of sufficient taste or intelligence to know, within half a dozen holes, where he should buckle check-rein, trace, or pole-strap.

"We had no intention of being so prolix on this theme when we took it up, but we consider the subject, little as it is usually noticed, to come legitimately under the head of *Fashion*, and worthy attention as well as any other 'outer show' of the metropolis. If we have dwelt upon it with some unction, the reader must forgive us, for we have something of the weakness of 'simply the most active gentleman of France,' who said, 'the man had no wit that could not, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on his palfrey.'"

MORE COLLINEOMANIA.

A FIT, BROUGHT ON BY LOOKING AT THE PICTURE:

SUFFERED BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

WHITE, in his "Natural History of Selbourne," calls the Woodcock "*Scolopax*," simply. Latham dubs him "*Scolopax Rusticola*." Wilson christens him "*Scolopax minor*." This is, probably, the true patronymic of the American bird, as he is a "*minor*,"—a smaller animal than that described by the ornithologists of the old world. If you go to Delmonico's, to eat out of season, you will ask for "*la Bécasse*," and be mistaken for a Frenchman, and get a private room, and so, perhaps, avoid detection. Sportsmen, generally, among themselves, talk of killing "*cock*;" but if they meet an old woman in the woods, and want information where to beat, they ask her if she "has seen any *blind snipes*." A straggling boy will pocket your sixpence, and send you up a rugged mountain, on whose other side he will assure you there are "plenty of woodcocks," and you will go and find, after a weary travel, that you have had your tramp after *red-headed woodpeckers*.

Seeing, therefore, that the nomenclature is uncertain, and sometimes undignified, reducing a much valued visitor to the caste of a common dunghill chanticleer; and, moreover, as this is the age of reform of unworthy names, we propose to introduce to our readers the excellent subject of this article by his true title of "*Scolopax minor*." Let him have honor and welcome under that designation. He is cousin germain to "*Scolopax Gallinago*," (commonly called the "English" snipe,—undeservedly, too,—for he is a native-born "Alleghanian,") and feeds on similar food,—though he uses less salt

than his aforesaid relative,—and speaks the same language, differing, only a little, in dialect. Listen to the one in latter August, in the corn fields, and to the other in decaying Autumn, on his boggy meadows, and you will hear them speak their true name, when you flush them. Only *Sc. minor* is fainter in his utterance, and in breeding season, and in the woods, utters other voices. But both have, undoubtedly, derived their family name from their cry,—their Scolopaxian “good bye,” “I’m off.” Anatomize the word, and take out the vowels, which, when a bird is in a hurry, he cannot be expected to have time to put in. Try it. *ScLPX!* The *trail* is out, but is not the body of the sound perfect?

We like the whole tribe of bipeds belonging to this ordo, whether allied to the genus of long-billed Curlew, Heron, Sandpiper, or any other created or manufactured species. They are the only people who come to us with *long bills*, whom we are particularly anxious to see. If any boy of *theirs* comes to us and says, “here is your bill, Sir,”—kick him out?—we do not. We are more likely to be kicked in our own shoulder by the reaction of the hearty greeting with which we welcome him. We make a point (if we are on the upland, our dog does, too,) to return the heaviest compliments for the presentation, so that we sometimes overwhelm our visitor with confusion and faintness, by the warmth and pressure of our reception.

But as we have a right to pick our friends, so we have to pick our birds:—our enemy would say—the first to the pocket, the last to the bone. We would take issue on that allegation, and set the case down for hearing, in Chancery, upon pleadings and proofs,—to be heard in 1841, and decided in 1857. Decision doubtful. The distributor of justice might have had a good *pick* at his dinner, or he might have a bad *pique* against the complaining or defending sinner, and the cause would have to run the gauntlet. Trust to luck. Luck sometimes operates like a powerful argument. Kaimes overlooked it in his book on Rhetoric. So did Blair. Collins says nothing about it in his Ode on the Passions. Malthus had a glimpse of the truth, but he was afraid to tell fully his imperfect vision. His apocalypse is not revealed. Wait. Meantime, we will pick Master Scolopax out from the company of all the long-bills, and deliver him to sacrificial fire.

Mark! there’s a bird! While we were rambling on, you, dear reader, unconsciously and harmlessly (for he has no fangs) trod upon a black snake; and we flushed a quail; but October 25th was not yet, and he was safe. There, now, is a *cock*—a *woodcock*,—*Scolopax minor*. See how splendidly, cautiously, patronizingly, hungrily, Jim Crow stands! Splendidly,—for the reputation of his own nose and figure; cautiously,—for his master’s chance to see the bird rise; patronizingly,—for the benefit of the unhappy victim, [even as a carpenter landlord smiles upon a widow tenant of a single room in his miserable structure, called a house, in the eighth ward, paying weekly in advance, one quarter of the value of the whole tenement, when he distrains and sells the portrait of her husband, and her last silver spoon, for the rent not yet earned]; hungrily,—not with selfish, animal appetite—for a good dog eats no birds—but with generous consideration for your own teeth, after his careful lips have tasted

the taste of the feathers, which his full-crowded mouth will soon bring to you unruffled.

That suggestion is for your imagination's sake, dear pupil; but you may make it fact if you can spare a thousand dollars, and buy Jim. In the engraving antecedent, which we had rather illustrate with powder and shot and wet boots, than with pen and ink, is exhibited a variation of the exciting toil. Scolopax is there, heaven-bound. Doubly so: for there is a messenger after him to bring him to (by him) an undesired Paradise. He may, unless he can fly faster than the leaden missive which you see preparing to pursue him, suck his julep by night-fall in another elysium than his own sheltered wood-lake. The setters seem to be at fault, and have, probably, flushed the fugitive. The distance, however, is short, the sight is unobstructed, and the bird is doomed to a deliberate death. Ye, who have not known the beatitude of Scolopaxian collineation, look on with wonder and mute admiration!

There are some unlucky people, who have never enjoyed the acquaintance of *Sc. minor*. To them we say, cut him not, unless with a delicate knife after he has been embalmed upon a bed of toasted milk-biscuit, with his head resting upon a minute slice of Floridian orange. He belongs to the best society, and is worthy of your recognition. The books of ornithological heraldry give him emblazonment. Take Wilson for the authority of your introduction, and learn to know him well. Read this advertisement of his quality, and mistake him not: — “*ten inches and a half long, and sixteen inches in extent; bill a brownish flesh colour, black towards the tip, the upper mandible ending in a slight nob, that projects about one tenth of an inch beyond the lower; each grooved, and in length somewhat more than two inches and a half; forehead, line over the eye, and whole lower parts, reddish tawny; sides of the neck inclining to ash; between the eye and bill a slight streak of dark brown; crown, from the forepart of the eye backwards, black, crossed by three narrow bands of brownish white; cheeks marked with a bar of black, variegated with light brown; edges of the back, and of the scapulars, pale blueish white; back and scapulars deep black, each feather tipped or marbled with light brown and bright ferruginous, with numerous fine zig-zag lines of black crossing the lighter parts; quills plain dusky brown; tail black, each feather marked along the outer edge with small spots of pale brown, and ending in narrow tips of a pale drab colour above, and silvery white below; lining of the wing bright rust; legs and feet a pale reddish flesh colour; eye very full and black, seated high, and very far back in the head; weight five ounces and a half, sometimes six.*”——Why, every feather of his head is counted and labelled! Such is the honorable estimation in which Master Scolopax hath been held among the aristocracy of ornithologists.

Sc. minor is a sort of citizen, although he only rusticates and *squats* among our cedars, or in our deep swamps, as in a summer country-seat. He could bring an action of trespass, and recover damages, for his frequent dispossession, if he could only persuade the Sheriff to summon a jury “*de medietate lingue.*” But that mercy is abolished by the Revised Statutes, and he has to take his chance of escape from “forcible entry and detainer,” with the rest of the unfortunate proprietors who hold under doubtful titles. He arrives

here from the South during the month of February, or just so soon as the thawing mud-puddles will yield to his hungry mandible, and permit him to bore for the delicate larvæ beginning to wake up from their winter's sleep. Love, nidification, and good eating, are then his chief employment. At morning and evening twilight he amuses himself with a spiral flutteration above the tree-tops, murmuring an epithalamic song which none but a snipe could compose,—“*dulce modulamine mulcet*,”—while she, his mate, below, nourishes in the rude oak-leaf nest the young victims whom both parents so sedulously prepare for your killing in next July. Fatal first! how the weak-winged chickens tumble! The survivors, in the succeeding month, seek securer and cooler waters further North. Approaching winter brings them back in clusters. Then resound the woods with echoing volleys. October heaps up slaughtered hecatombs. Alas! for the love of blood! The month has come, and our Westley Richards is ready!

We are almost too sentimental to be a good shot. Doubtless, the fear of guiltiness of volucricide may account for many, otherwise unpardonable, misses we have committed, when we have nearly trod upon a bevy of quail; or when a sudden partridge whirled like lightning over a neighboring thicket, and our fluttering forefinger scattered too long lingering missives among the innocent bushes. On the whole, although a man must do his duty, “painful as it is,” (as a Judge would say to a felon whom he is going to sentence to death,) yet it would be better for a collineomaniac to think, now and then, of the desolation he is bringing down upon happy nests; of how many little broods he may cause to starve; of how many robbed mates he will send, nubivagant, whistling and singing tremulous love-notes through the air, vainly searching and calling for their lost spouses, never, never to return! To do so, would have a powerful moral effect upon every sportsman. It would increase the size of his organ of veneration, and diminish the detestable bumps of destructiveness and acquisitiveness. He would not kill more than were needful for his family, a few immediate friends, and his own honor. He would also augment his organ of pity, in two ways: First, by his forbearance, and regret for those doomed birds whom he cannot help cut down; and, secondly, by his consideration for other murderers who are to come after him next day, and who, like him, have wives or sweethearts, and pride. In this latter view of the matter, he would learn another noble lesson. Pity is not only “akin to love,” but its sister or brother.—The sex, here, is probably masculine.—He would learn to “love his neighbor as himself,” and not, like a grasping glutton, bag all. By all our hopes! we hold that villain a dangerous citizen, who heaps up mounds of unnecessary carcasses, and brags of the *numbers* he has slaughtered. We distrust his honesty, and think of the potency of *silver* shot put into the hands of country boys who watch by dusk at ponds. He would shoot at a covey of partridges, skulking by the side of an old log, *upon the ground*! He is a cockney, and no true sportsman, and should be condemned to set snares and shoot for market.

We are thinking now of the breeders and whistlers of our own fields and woods; not of the travelling passengers who merely dip

into our waters, and marshes, on their way to the northern springs, and on their return to tropical bayous and hammocks, and who are cosmopolites, and no fellow-countryman. They are strangers, and may be taken in. Shoot and kill. Yet even for some of these we plead. Break not up the feeding places of the Brant, nor dig a hole near the sanding spot of the goose. Let them have some quiet water-lot, free from taxes, where they may repose after a weary flight, and do not rout them from every broad shallow and hidden nook. If the passion for collineation rages, insatiable, get Raynor Rock, or one of his boys, to row you out into the breakers, and bang away at Scoter, Surf, and Velvet ducks, whom Long Island baymen, unlawfully, call "*Coot.*" "Number 2," and heavy loads, and a whiffing skiff, will soon lame your shoulder, and gratify your ambition.

A sportsman is not proven by the numbers he produces, but by the telling of his shots, and by his time. No true gentleman ought to labor on the uplands, soaking his fustian with day-light dew, and dragging weary legs through twilight mud. There might be an honest match made, we admit, touching the number of Cock on a given day. But the event would depend not only upon the skill, coolness, and good dog of the performer, but upon the length and strength of legs, and all the ordinary capacities of a foot racer. He who walks three miles, and kills eighteen birds out of twenty, in four hours, and comes home before noon, is entitled to the palm in preference to the painful toiler who tramps all day and blunders down fifty wingtips, missing at every other shot.

Nevertheless, we have been in the solemn woods all day, and have dallied with solitary nature, until dusky evening whispered in our ear to skip and jump down the rough ox-cart precipices, called roads, and when sombre clouds and interwoven branches of tall trees shut out even the light of the flashing torch of the lightning, except when once it shivered, ten yards before us, an enormous oak to whose hypocritical welcome of towery leaves we were hastening for protection from the beginning hail-storm, and when the thunderbolt that burst upon the stricken giant, stunned our fearful ears, and threw us trembling back upon a sharp rock which quivered in its tottering tenancy of the edge of a deep ravine, and then plunged down the precipice, leaving us clinging and climbing with desperate strength upon the uncertain sand and crumbling clay. Bear witness, ye mountains of Haverstraw! Did not the storm scream, and the trees groan, and the cataracts of mixed hail-stones and torrent-rain-water sweep down the hill side! Did we not imbibe a hot brandy-sling when we arrived at Job's, and put on a dry shirt and got to bed!—But, were we beating for birds all day? No, no. Eleven o'clock, A. M., found us, not weary, but languid, by a leaping stream, clear and pure as our Mary's eyes, and of a similar color; and we took out our smitten prey, and smoothed their feathers down, and arranged them in a row, and looked at them, and thought of death, and graves, and then we dipped into the musical water and lipped Castalian glories, and laved our hot brow, and then fell into a cool resting place upon some short sweet grass by the side of a hazel bush, and took from our pocket Thompson's "*Seasons,*" and read, and fell asleep, dreaming of the beautiful Musidora. Musidora cost us a wet jacket,

and a heavy cold. Nothing but thunder could have awakened us from that dream.

We seem to hear even now the murmur of that rivulet, and a woodcock getting up by its side. We are off. Reader, farewell.

CRIB-BITING.

THE crib-biting horse has generally a lean constricted appearance, the skin being drawn tight about the ribs, the hair staring and thready, and devoid of gloss, a sunken watery eye, or else too dry, the muscles of the face also, as well as the skin, drawn up with rigidity, and, when unemployed in eating, his almost constant amusement is, to grasp with extended mouth the rail of the manger with his front teeth, then to draw himself up to it, as to a fixed point, by a general contraction of all the muscles of the head, neck, and trunk; at the same time this effort is attended with a grunting sound, apparently from air expelled by the mouth; a relaxation succeeds, and then a new effort, slaving the manger very much with the tongue, for, as the mouth is held wide open, and the jaws distended, the saliva naturally takes this direction.

The horse that has contracted this unsightly habit grows lean, his digestion, after a time, becomes impaired, and it is generally conceived that he draws air into his stomach, which is the cause of this; his temper becomes soured, and more or less weakness and unfitness for service ensue, according to his natural strength, for some do not appear to be materially in this respect injured by it, while others are obviously rendered much weaker by it, and more incapable of a proper day's work; it appears, indeed, that horses of a fiery, hot, and unkind temper, get the most easily into this vice. How this extraordinary propensity becomes first created, has not been, we believe, much attended to, and with some it appears to arise naturally, as though the sucking of the air gave them pleasure, or a relief from some sort of suffering; and at first we imagined that pains in the stomach from acidity or other causes might create it, as we see horses eat dirt or gnaw the walls to alleviate unpleasant feelings of this organ. But bad digestion and foul feeding are probably more often a consequence than a cause of this malady, and we observed that horses at all disposed to it may easily be led into it by the practices of the groom in cleaning them, of which we can have no doubt; for if they clean them before the manger, and irritate them with too severe a comb, and in parts where they cannot endure it, they seize upon the manger for a counter-action to their sufferings, and in doing this they first get a habit of it, and which may afterwards extend to the removing of other pains or distressful feelings. By this means, and especially if the grooms, and some have a happy knack of this after every bite, put in a blow or stroke of the comb, when following each other in regular succession, they thus create a vice which may or may not continue afterwards, according to the situation or circumstances of the individual. Some are said to get it by imitation

of other horses: whether or not the same practices of the groom, applied to several horses in the same stable, should not be rather apprehended to be the true cause, we are not assured; but, in one instance, we think, we observed this satisfactorily enough to be the cause, though it passed for imitation.

To prevent the habit, it appears but reasonable, with regard to such horses as are inclined to it, always to turn them from the manger before they are cleaned, with their heads to the heel-posts, or indeed to clean them in the open air, and above all, to avoid as much as possible irritating those that have preternaturally thin and irritable skins, by too rough an iron comb, and also to break through any regular habit already induced of biting after each stroke of the comb, for they learn to do this at first only in the most sensible parts, as with the flanks, the inside of the thighs, the belly, &c.; but afterwards in every part on the slightest touch of the comb, or even at the sight of it. Some horses, it must be admitted, are truly difficult to clean, and many also are rendered more so than they need be, by inconsiderate rashness and ill-applied severity. To prevent these associated actions and mischief, proper precautions cannot be taken too early, for a habit of this kind once formed, is not easily afterwards to be subdued, even by great patience and well-judged measures.

To cure or break horses of this vice, is difficult: cutting off the end of the tongue has been resorted to by some as a cure for it; the soreness created by this means destroying the inclination to the trick for a time, when the habit once being interrupted, might or might not again return.

Another and more usual way with these horses is to buckle a strap tight about the neck, so tight as to prevent, by the restriction of the throat, the power of doing it, or, at any rate, to create sufficient uneasiness to disincline them to do it. Great care should be taken however in doing it, not to damage the trachea or larynx.

In concluding these remarks we may observe, that in the purchase and sale of horses this vice is not unfrequently a subject of litigation: should we venture to interpose an opinion on the question usually agitated on those occasions, whether a horse be unsound or not, or, in other words, returnable or not, with this defect, we should say, if the warranty extended to soundness only, the horse is not returnable, as horses are often sound with it as to going; but if vice is stated in the warranty, the horse is unquestionably returnable, as it may be ranked among the worst of them.

The jurisprudence of horse-buying and selling, or security from deception, has never yet attained to any thing like consistency in this, or any other country probably, and very contradictory decisions are often arrived at in these cases. A settling of this ticklish question is more than I can at present hope to accomplish; however, the following is what at the present moment appears to me equitable, and we leave it for future examination. A horse that is being curried with that abomination and scourge of the race, the sharp iron curry-comb, made without rule, and used without discretion, if a horse having this weapon aimed at his loins, or his flank, or inside of his thighs, expresses his aversion by seizing the manger, the wall, or the rope he is tied up with, between his teeth, such is not necessarily to

be esteemed a crib-biter, as very many horses do this, and without ever becoming crib-biters. But if such horse, on going into the stable, should practise this habit when no comb is touching him, or is in sight even, then such horse shall be deemed *returnable*, or is a deficient horse, having a vice which the warranty should not fail to include in it, and especially so if he throws his mouth very wide open, and sucks his wind, as he is then not only with a *vice*, but also in a fair way, by weakening his stomach, to become diseased, from a bad digestion of his food, and all its natural consequences.

The Arabians, whose horses have the finest and most glossy coats of any in the world, use only a little camel's or horse's dung grasped in the hand, or of straw, to clean them with, and all nearly may be done that is really necessary by a judicious use of it, or by hay-bands still more soft: and, we are assured, it would be much better often to let it go undone, rather than to irritate the animal to such a degree as to excite his violence, or create a miserable vice of this sort; for dirt even will fall off of itself if left, without much injury or inconvenience to the animal; that to be too tenacious about it in all cases is little less than a folly.

Where, however, the vice of crib-biting has taken place and has become a confirmed habit, there is no better way of breaking them of it, that we at present know of, than Yare's muzzle, formed of light thin plates of iron crossing each other at right angles nearly, and at the bottom of it, or next the lips, with two thin iron bars, parallel and nearly flat, and a little projecting. Now these will admit the lips through to take up hay or corn, but will not allow the teeth to come in contact with the manger. Having experienced the great utility of this apparatus, I assisted in procuring for him the silver medal of the Society of Arts about ten years since, in whose volumes a more particular account of it may be seen.

In Yare's apparatus, the above muzzle is sustained about the mouth of the animal, by the usual stable headstall; we should propose, however, a great improvement in its effects and office, by carrying the transverse, or occipital strap, to some distance from the base of the ears, and so not irritating them; and also, and which is worse, from the pithing place of the neck also, or the open space of the *Atlantal hiatus*, the tenderest and most fatal part of the whole horse; laying it rather upon the chine of the neck, or *Encolure*, as the French would call it, instead;—a system first observed upon by us, and more fully explained in the essay, *On the Bits of Horses*, and which we there shewed was also well understood in the more enlightened periods of the Greek and Roman empires.

BRACY CLARK, "On the Vices of Horses."

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TURF.

To the Editor of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

SIR :—No one can read your journals without being forcibly struck with the great increase of racing throughout the country, and the vast improvement of Race Horses, within the last six or eight years. It is true, these operations are spread over an immense space, and viewed singly, are not of a character to attract much public attention; but when we see condensed on the same page, the transactions of the turf, from Louisiana to New York, and from Missouri to the Atlantic, we may form a conception, though imperfect, of the spirit which has been so widely diffused, favorable to an interest of great national importance.

I am aware there are those who profess to be sceptical of the benefits of public racing in improving the breed of horses; but if all such are not convinced of their error, from the experience of other nations, and the evidences everywhere exhibited in our own happy land, nothing can convince them—not even the testimony of old Eclipse himself, if he should now rise from the dead and acknowledge his inferiority.

The English race horse is the unadulterated descendant of his oriental progenitor, imported from Arabia, Barbary, Persia, Turkey in Asia, &c., judiciously crossed, bred with the utmost care, and proved upon the course. His superiority is universally acknowledged, and the entire civilized world looks to that island for the most perfect animal of the horse kind that now walks the earth.

It may be new to some of your readers, but it is nevertheless a well attested historical fact, that all the European States, from Spain to Russia inclusive, have for many centuries—indeed long before the English—imported from Asia vast numbers of the very best coursers of both sexes and of the noblest strains, for the improvement of their native stock. The overland intercourse between Germany, France, &c., from the earliest periods of the Crusades, has greatly facilitated the introduction of pure oriental horses, and those countries availed themselves of these facilities to a much greater extent, and for a much longer period, than England. Besides, those countries are better adapted than England, from soil, climate, and cheapness of productions, for breeding the thorough-bred horse and improving the breed; yet, at this day, they pay a voluntary tribute to England for their entire racing stock. The horses of no part of continental Europe can compare with the English thorough-bred, for any of the ordinary purposes of life, except for the slow and heavy draught. Of this they are fully sensible; and being convinced of the value of an improved breed of horses, wealthy individuals all over the continent, and the governments of France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, and many of the smaller German principalities, have established of late years extensive breeding studs, composed entirely of importations from Great Britain; and it is the opinion of the writer, those countries always will be tributary to England, until they adopt the English system of improving the horse in the breeding stud, and trying him in the chase and over the course. Had these sports been established on the continent,

patronized and encouraged by the governments and the nobility, as in England, there is no reason to doubt the result would have been equally beneficial.

In travelling on the continent, you drag slowly along behind miserable sluggish cattle, looking like "hunted devils," though full of flesh, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 miles an hour; whilst in England every coach is drawn by horses largely mixed with racing blood, at the rate of ten miles the hour, including the necessary stoppages for meals, &c. The same superiority is visible on the race course, in the chase, and on the road. If these facts are not conclusive of the good effects of public racing, then indeed the testimony of one rising from the dead would not convince the incredulous.

The superiority of the English over the American horses, is not so perceptible; indeed there are those, and good judges too, who stoutly maintain that our racing stock is equal to theirs. Ours are derived from theirs almost exclusively—especially our very best; and, as an important and most enterprising branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, Brother Jonathan's habits and peculiarities, occupations and pastimes, bear a close affinity, in all their prominent characteristics, to the English: consequently the sports of the Turf, extensively encouraged among us, have mainly contributed to the increase and improvement of the thorough-bred stock, or at least prevented its deterioration.

Recent importations have aroused a new spirit and excited increased competition among Breeders and Turfmen; and so far as appearances and the time of performance are evidence, there have been vast improvements of the stock within the last ten years. Indeed it may be affirmed, that the improvements have kept pace, *pari passu*, with the increase of racing; and scarcely a doubt remains that deterioration would as certainly follow the decline of the Turf.

I have assumed that a progressive improvement is visible in the whole blood stock of the country, and I believe a large majority will concur in that opinion; but if it should prove to be erroneous, then indeed the strict utilitarian would deprive the devotees of the Turf of one of the strongest arguments in favor of those noble and manly sports. We maintain that they unite great public benefit and an exalted patriotism, with a most healthful and exhilarating pastime. In the investigation of this question, it is to be regretted that the data from which an estimate of the early performances on the Turf in England is to be formed, are involved in such obscurity that it is impossible, at this day, to demonstrate beyond all cavil the correctness of my position; for it will be again and again affirmed by the ignorant and the thoughtless, that Flying Childers, more than a hundred years ago, ran a mile in a minute, and no horse of these degenerate times can do much over half that distance in the same time. There is no authenticated report in any book, that Flying Childers could do that; and no well informed person ever believed that any horse or other animal could achieve such a performance. The idea originated from a casual remark, that "*it was said he could run at the rate of a mile in a minute;*" but even this, loose and indefinite as it is, was never considered in any other light than as an extravagant supposition. Flying Childers was doubtless the best horse of his day; and if full credit is given to two of his races in 1721, which are recorded in

manuscript among the chronicles of Newmarket, his performances excelled any thing of modern days.

Timing races has never entered into the economy of the Turf as part of the English system of racing, though it is confessedly the only test (fallacious as it is) of comparing the present with the past. The modern Turfman is too much of a speculative character to regard the performances of horses of the olden time as worthy of imitation; he rather contents himself with the less glorious—the more profitable achievement of vanquishing his contemporaries: yet there are many respectable individuals in some way connected with the Turf, and attentive observers of its operations, who have kept private memoranda of the most remarkable events, and, among other things, have noted the time of numerous races, where it had been accurately ascertained. The writer, in his frequent visits to Newmarket, became acquainted with old Robson, the retired trainer (lately deceased), whose father, Thomas Robson, from the middle till near the end of the last century, was trainer for Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Claremont, Mr. Jenison Shaftoe, Lord Grosvenor, &c. &c., all distinguished and spirited Turfmen, and staunch supporters of the sport, in that glorious era of the British Turf. Robson the elder, besides being a highly respectable and strictly upright man, was an unrivalled trainer, and seems to have conducted every thing with that kind of clock-work regularity and system which characterizes every important branch of business, and even pervades the pleasures and pastimes of the British. He kept a journal in which he made daily memoranda of every thing worthy of observation, respecting his own stable while in training, and of remarkable events on the Turf in general. Of his private trials he seems to have kept a very full and systematic record, noting accurately the state of the weather, the condition of the ground, the health and condition of each horse, the weight carried in trials, the pace, the manner of riding, the distance one horse beat another, their relative positions on different parts of the ground, and, generally, such facts as would enable him to judge of the peculiar qualities of each, whether for speed, stoutness, courage, &c. &c.; and, wherever it was practicable, the time of every horse in the trial run. With him, then, time was considered an important feature in racing, affording evidence of no small value in estimating the powers of a horse; and he uniformly kept the time both of public and private running, as nearly as it could be ascertained. From this interesting and most instructive diary, and that of the younger Robson, who retired in 1827 or 1828, at an advanced age, the writer made numerous extracts of turf transactions, the most of which he has never seen published either in the Racing Calendars or Sporting Magazines.

Under an appropriate head, "*Remarkable Time in racing*," may be found in the above-mentioned MS., a brief note of two races said to have been run by Flying Childers in 1721, but no authority is referred to, or any opinion expressed of the accuracy of the report. It runs thus:—

1721.—*Flying Childers*, 6 yrs., 128 lbs., ran the R. C. in..... 6m. 48 sec.
Also the B. C., same weight, in..... 7m. 30 sec.

The Round Course at that time was three miles three quarters and

ninety-three yards; and if it were run in 6:48, it would be equal to running four miles in 7:09.

The Beacon Course was then, as now, four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards; being gone over in 7:30, is equal to running four miles in 7:08. The coincidence in the time of running these two races—one at the rate of 7:09, and the other of 7:8, for four miles—is worthy of observation, and entitles the performance to a degree of credibility which otherwise might not be yielded to it.

The R. C. is the only one at Newmarket where the race can be accurately timed: but the B. C., the start being four miles from the end, can only be timed by means of flags and telescopes, by which a tolerable view can be had of the start, from the top of the Duke's stand near the end. Therefore the coincidence in the time of the two races helps each other, and renders the account probable. The same diary notices another race during the early days of the elder Robson, which throws an additional share of probability upon the performance of Flying Childers. It runs as follows:

“1755—*Matchem*, 6 yrs., 119 lbs., beat *Trajan*, same age and weight, match, B. C., in 7m. 20 sec.”

Which is ten seconds short of Flying Childers' time, but the weight is 9lbs. less; but the weight of this case is somewhat neutralized by a race over the R. C. in 1756, in which *Spectator*, 6 yrs., 126 lbs., beat *Matchem* and others in 7:40.

Here we have *Matchem* running the B. C. in 7:20, equal to four miles in 6:58,—and the next year we see him beat over the R. C. in 7:40, or at the rate of 8:18 for four miles; but as a 7 yr. old he would have had to carry for this last race 131 lbs., whereas in his match the year previous he only carried 119 lbs., which is very low for a 6 year old.

Leaving Flying Childers, for the present, “alone in his glory,” unrivalled and unapproachable, except in the questionable case of *Matchem*, we pass on to a period when racing at long distances, principally matches for heavy sums, was in the highest repute, during the time of the elder Robson, who recorded for the most part his own observations, which, in the absence of public records, may be considered as good authority.

The following races were partly private trials and partly public:

1765.—May 7. Trial over the B. C., 5 yrs. 112 lbs., 6 and aged 119 lbs.—*Cardinal Puff*, *Bragger*, and *Omnium*, ran the distance in 8m. 22 sec.

May 9. Same Course, same weights.—*Flytax*, *Specimen*, *Herald*, *Broomstick*, and *Curiosity*, ran it in 8m. 19 sec.

1768.—October 15. 4 yrs. 98 lbs., 5 yrs. 119 lbs., aged 138 lbs.—*Goldfinder*, *Caliban*, and *Askham*, ran the distance in 8m. 5 sec.

Bellario, 5 yrs. 122 lbs., ran the B. C. in 9m. 1 sec.

Jethro, 4 yrs. 112 lbs., 9m. 5 sec.

1769.—*Petrucio*, *Hemp*, *Caliban*, and *Exotic*, ran the B. C. in 8m. 46 sec.

Goldfinder, *Petrucio*, *Poacher*, and *Pacolet*, (4 yrs. 93 lbs. and beat a long way,) ran the B. C. in 8m. 49 sec.

1770.—*Goldfinder*, 6 yrs. 123 lbs., won a race, B. C., in 8m. 29 sec.

Here we have eight races over the Beacon Course, four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards, the average of time being 8:37 for that distance, which is equal to an average of 8:12 for four miles, with the comparatively light weights of the day.

N. B.—*Goldfinder* won fifteen prizes, was never beaten, was the

best horse of his year, and belonged to Mr. Shaftoe, who was one of the most spirited and successful sportsmen of his time.

The racing at York about this period, was generally not so good as that at Newmarket; but there were two performances, in 1764 and 1766, which caused great rejoicing and exaltation at the time, as the most extraordinary that had ever before been run in the North of England; viz. :—

1764.—Beaupemont, 6 yrs., 119 lbs., won the Great Subscription Stakes at York, in 7m. 51 sec.; the quickest time (then) ever made over that Course.

1766.—Bay Malton, 6 yrs., 119 lbs., won the same Stakes, over the same Course, in 7m. 43½ sec. Distance, three miles three quarters and two hundred and forty-four yards,—195 yards short of four miles.

The above, be it remembered, are the best known performances of the crack horses of those days, and have been selected from a vast number of others on account of their great and surpassing excellence and the magnitude of the events.

Now, for the purpose of presenting a comparison of the above with modern horses, we will skip over a period of fifty years, and come directly to the point by giving the following well-attested races for the Royal Plate, over the Round Course at Newmarket, which at this day measures three miles four furlongs and one hundred and eighty-seven yards.

1821. Caroline, f.	3 yrs. 116 lbs.,	7:18
1822. Luss, filly,	4 " 130 "	7:34
" Centaur,	4 " 144 " (match)	7:44
1823. Centaur,	5 " 154 " (plate)	7:30
" Hampden,	4 " 144 "	7:03
1824. Premium,	4 " 147 "	7:18
1825. Double Entendre, 4	" 147 "	7:40
1829. Souvenir, f.	4 " 130 "	6:57½
" Cadland,	4 " 147 "	7:10
1830. Joso, f.	5 " 136 "	6:48
" Gayhurst,	4 " 147 "	6:59
1831. Lucetta, f.	4 " 130 "	6:45
" Shumla,	4 " 147 " (2d heat,)	6:57
1832. Priam,	4 " 154 "	7:00
" Lucetta,	5 " 136 "	8:00
1834. Vespa,		7:23
" Little Red Rover,		7:30
" Oscar,		7:25
1835. Revelry,		7:30
1836. Hornsea,		6:59
1837. Pussy,		6:44
" Venison,		7:03

Averaging 7:14 for three miles four furlongs and one hundred and eighty-seven yards, which is equal to 8:01 for four miles.

It will be observed that these are not selected races, but taken in the order they come, the time being noted by an individual who saw each race and kept the time. The weights for the Plates over the R. C. are very high, four-year-old fillies carrying 130 lbs. in running for those Plates, which are exclusively for mares; four year old colts 147 lbs., and so on weight for age.

Again: It is worthy of remark, that these Plate races being only for £100, over a long course, with high weights, are by far the least attractive events of any Newmarket meeting, and are generally decided without much competition: consequently good horses seldom

come together in those contests, nor do such often go for a Plate if they expect a sharp contest. Were these races sporting affairs which bring out large fields of good horses,—in which horses could either increase their celebrity or earn money,—the result as to time, there is reason to believe, would be very different. The writer recollects holding his watch to Hornsea, on the 1st of October, 1836, (making the time seven minutes,) which he won without an effort on any part of the ground, being opposed by two inferior horses, and the betting any thing you might ask on him, whose winning was considered a certainty, without a casualty.

Now let these be compared with those which took place fifty years previously, and the vast improvement cannot fail to strike every sportsman with an astonishment almost amounting to incredulity; yet here are the facts as plainly set down, and as conclusive, as if each had seen these things with his own eyes. The former were the best performances of the period, selected from the mass on account of their great superiority,—the latter, as we have seen, were the most common every-day events, attracting but little interest, and conferring no distinction upon the winner; yet, in contrasting the two, we find the latter vastly superior to the former.

In drawing the parallel, the first thing which attracts the attention of the American turfman, is the time—the average of the first being at the rate of eight minutes twelve seconds for four miles—the average of the latter, eight minutes one second, the same distance. Then, look at the weights carried formerly, 119 to 123 lbs. generally for 6 yr. olds,—now, 4 yr. olds carry 147 lbs., and 6 yr. olds 166 lbs.; a difference of 43 to 47 lbs., which, in a four mile race, is beyond the power of figures to adjust, and can only be determined by a long and systematic course of experiments; but every practical and experienced turfman knows very well how to estimate the effect of weight in running long races.

While on this subject, it may be interesting to your readers, especially breeders of blood stock, to extend the parallel, and from the best authentic data, contrast the American and English racers of the present day, with each other. Owing to the absence of official timing of races in England, we will confine our parallel to the R. C. at Newmarket, nearly four miles, and the St. Leger Course at Doncaster, nearly two miles, both of which can be accurately timed, and generally there are persons who make it a point to ascertain the time, and report it for the public journals; though not with the same accuracy as this duty would be performed under the direction of the Stewards, yet it is the nearest approximation to the truth attainable, and probably sufficiently near to render the comparison we propose drawing, quite conclusive on the point of superiority.

We have seen above, that the average time of twenty-two races over the R. C., was at the rate of eight minutes one second for four miles,—weights, 4 yr. olds, 147 lbs.; 5 yr., 161 lbs.; 6 yrs., 166 lbs. aged 168 lbs.

By referring to the table of winning horses, four mile heats, 1838, in the United States, it will be found that the average of forty-one races, taking the best heat in each race, over the most popular courses, where the purse or prize was \$1000 or more, was 8:12½;

the usual weights, 4 yr. olds 100 lbs.; 5 yrs., 110 lbs.; 6 yrs., 118 aged 124 lbs. All that has been said above as to the inferiority of the Plate-running, and the high weights, will apply with recuperative force in this instance, when the very best performances in America have been selected for the comparison; but then, due allowance must be made for the shortness of the Course (little more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles), and the absence of heats. As it stands, it appears that an English Plater, 4 yrs. old, with 147 lbs., ordinarily runs at the rate of 8:01 for four miles; while it takes the average of American horses, of the same age, to go the same distance, carrying but 100 lbs., 8:12 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Now for the two mile parallel. The most important race in all England—we might say, in all the world—is the great Doncaster St. Leger; and from the spirited competition, the large subscription, the vast amount depending, and the severity of the work, eminently entitles the winner to the first rank of his year. This race can be, and generally is, timed; but the reports are very variant, and we beg leave to remark, that the list before us is in every instance the longest time—indeed the variation in some instances is from 5 to 7 seconds.

The distance is one mile three quarters and one hundred and thirty-two yards—308 yards short of two miles; with a sharp hill and a heavy course. Weight, 3 yr. olds colts, 118 lbs.; fillies, 115 lbs.

1822. Theodore's	time	3:26
1823. Barefoot's	"	3:23
1824. Jerry's	"	3:29
1825. Memnon's	"	3:23
1826. Tarrare's	"	3:26
1827. Matilda's, f.	"	3:24
1829. Rowton's	"	3:35
1833. Rockingham's	"	3:38
1834. Touchstone's	"	3:16
1835. Queen of Trumps'	"	3:23
1836. Elis'	"	3:20

The average of the above eleven races, is 3:26 for the St. Leger Course, or equal to 3:45 $\frac{3}{4}$ for two miles.

By turning to the American list of winning horses, two mile heats, 1838, we will find forty-nine races, over the most popular courses, where the purse was \$500 or upwards, taking the best heat in each race, average time 3:57 $\frac{1}{2}$; 3 yr. olds, 86 lbs.; 4 yrs., 100 lbs.; 5 yrs., 110 lbs.; 6 yrs., 118 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs. From this it would appear that the average rate of a St. Leger winner, carrying 118 lbs., is twelve seconds less, in two miles, than an American 3 yr. old with only 86 lbs.; a difference of 32 lbs. in weight, and twelve seconds in time, in favor of the English.

Let these statements be examined, the books searched, and the calculations proved (for errors may have crept in), and if upon deliberate and unbiased reflection, the deductions which we have made from the data cannot be denied or controverted; then let those, if any there be, who believe that they have reached the top round of the ladder in the scale of improvement, acknowledge their error and join the onward career, until the racing annals shall attest that the Americans have no superior in the breed of the

BLOOD HORSE.

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

BY AN AMATEUR.

ON THE DEFECTS OF HORSES—CONTINUED.

I HAVE now to speak of *blemishes about the legs* of various descriptions. Those most frequently met with are broken knees and marks of cauterisation. A badly broken knee never fails to leave a mark, and very generally some swelling, by which it is easily detected; but there are cases where the hurt received has been so slight that scarcely any scar is observable. In these last cases, however, the hair growing over the injured part almost always is slightly curled, and, where you observe this appearance, take up the horse's leg, bend the knee, and rub the hair back, when you will frequently be able to detect a scar which various applications, as ointments of different colors, may have contributed to conceal. Some horses in falling may receive scars on the nose and some part of the head; but these are such inveterate tumblers as generally to leave pretty evident proofs of their propensity to kiss Mother Earth without giving you much trouble to seek for them. This fault sometimes becomes a habit, and may arise from a bad formation of the shoulders and fore legs, from bad riding, bad action, or tender feet; but when a horse breaks his knees purely by accident, of course an endless variety of causes may produce such a catastrophe. You must remark, when the scar is very slight, and you disregard it, whether the horse be weak and groggy on his fore legs—that is, if the knees and fetlocks appear to bend and give way under him, and if his legs be puffy and shew much signs of work. You must then examine the formation of the foot, and look also if he have a bad thrush (of which I shall speak presently), rotten frogs, or any other sign of tender feet, which may have occasioned him to tumble. Examine afterwards his action, and see if there be anything in that to account for his fall; and wherever you find the fault to exist, attribute the accident to that and that only, without paying the very slightest regard to the account which the dealer will never fail to give of it, provided he find that he cannot bully you into the belief that the horse has never broken his knees at all.

Whenever you find fault with a horse, a dealer's first care is to put forward an opinion completely opposite to yours, to see if you know anything about the matter. Thus if you say, "I think this horse turns his toes *in*, and is hollow-backed;" it is ten to one but the reply is, "Turns 'em *in*, do you? well *I* thinks now, if anything, he turns 'em *out*; and as for being hollow-backed, he is no more hollow-backed than you are; but his rump's so precious covered with muscle that he may seem so to them that isn't a judge." Of course, if you are not in the habit of dealing with these gentry, you think a horse-jockey's judgment must be as good as your own, and you are therefore disposed to give way a little; so that a medium being drawn between the two opinions, the horse neither turns his toes in nor out, but stands pretty straight; and if his back appear a little hollow, it is not sufficiently so to be considered a fault. So with respect to broken

* Continued from page 510.

knees, the accounts of the accident are various. If you want the horse for harness or the road, "he is a mettlesome nag, and struck his knee agin the manger while he was being cleaned:" if for a hunter, "he jist touched the top of a turnpike gate, or a six-foot wall, that Jem Somebody, when he was drunk, rid him over at night for a wager." If you really are a good judge of a horse, never ask any questions at all respecting one you are examining; and if the dealer perceive that you go scientifically to work in this matter, you will have the full history of your nag respecting every blemish and fault which you appear to criticise without the trouble of asking anything about him. Having heard, but at the same time paid no attention to the owner's oratory, which flows as glibly as that of a raree-showman, draw your own conclusions respecting the horse, and either say he will not suit you, or, if you are in doubt upon that point, take care to have a good trial ere you put him into your own stable.

Of the marks left by the actual cautery I need say but little; for though the operation of firing is so carefully, and at the same time occasionally so slightly, performed as not to leave any very perceptible trace (particularly where the cauterized part is well covered over by the hair from above), yet a sufficient blemish will invariably result from the application of a hot iron, to be easily detected with a very little inspection of the part. Many horses fired for a variety of causes are by this operation rendered perfectly sound; but, in such instances, the blemish is not alone to be taken into consideration; you must observe narrowly for what disease a horse has been fired, and then judge whether, though sound on trial, he is likely to remain so on being brought into the work for which you require him. Experience alone can enable you to form anything like a correct judgment on this point; but it is as well to remember, that, in the modern practice of Veterinary Surgery, the actual cautery is only resorted to after all minor means of cure have failed; and, therefore, a fired horse may very fairly be set down as having, at one time or another, been the subject of some disease or accident of a grave nature. Formerly great numbers of horses were fired for complaints which other remedies of a less powerful nature have since been found of sufficient efficacy to remove; indeed, so far was this practice carried, that many young racers used to have a hot iron run round the hocks with a view to tightening the ligaments and strengthening the joints. It is almost needless to say that such a method of counteracting Nature in her work is now never resorted to, unless there be some actual disease going on which imperiously demands the application of a remedy which only cures by disfiguring. If a horse be fired across the back sinews, he has probably either strained them desperately, or has been stubbed there while hunting, or met with some other accident productive of an enlargement which nothing short of the hot iron could reduce. If fired just above the coronet, he has probably had some long-continued lameness of the foot, and cauterisation has been practised as a *pis-aller*—that is, it has been tried as offering a *chance* of a cure. I know at this moment a favorite old hunter, that for the last four or five seasons has been regularly fired every year for foot-lameness, and the operation invariably cures him for a time,

but his soundness never lasts long. I have likewise seen a mare fired across the knee for the purpose of reducing a very large callus, the result of a severe fall. In this case the iron has evidently not been applied for any disease, but merely on account of an accident which has occasioned a greater disfigurement than is likely to result from the application of a hot iron.

The first question to ask yourself on examining such horses is "for what purpose are they required?" If for slow farm-work on soft ground, they may possibly do very well, even though it may be doubtful if their legs will stand battering on the road. In such cases, a very good and serviceable horse, with a bad blemish, may do you as much work as an unscarred one that will cost ten times more money; therefore no rule can be laid down for estimating the value of such an animal, excepting that you may always safely bid but a very small sum for a fired horse, especially if he appear to have been cauterised for any disease.

Those who, after reading these remarks, may chance to be asked a very long sum for a fired horse will probably think the seller either a confounded rogue, or suppose that I know very little about the value of horses thus blemished: but it must be remembered, that I speak of the generality of horses, and not of those that have acquired, in spite of the iron, a great reputation as hunters, racers, or steeple-chasers. For instance, Moonraker, Vivian, Railroad, and many other horses used for the purpose of running Steeple-chases, have all been badly fired, but yet would in this state have fetched probably from two to five hundred guineas each. These instances are exceptions to the general rule; and it should not be forgotten, that such horses are not frequently used, but are nursed up for one or two great occasions for the purposes of gambling, and whether they go lame or not for a time after running is not taken into consideration.

Among other blemishes about the fore legs, will, I believe, be found one called "Rats'-tails." I cannot say that I have myself ever noticed this complaint; but where it exists, its nature is that of some eruption, probably mangy, which destroys the hair in stripes along the leg, and somewhat similar in appearance to the tail of a rat.

Before I quit the subject of blemishes, I must not omit to mention one which it is of essential importance not to pass over. You will occasionally perceive the mark of a cut in the horse's leg, some inches in length, and a little behind and parallel to the shank bone just above the pastern. Where you see this, you may be pretty sure that the horse has been *nerved*—an operation which consists in cutting out a portion of the principal nerve of the leg for the purpose of destroying the sensation of the foot in cases of acute lameness of that part arising from incurable disease. In order to discover if you are right, run a pin into the skin above the coronet, and if the horse do not manifest any great degree of sensibility, set him down as having been nerved. You are of course not justified in doing this without very strong cause of suspicion, but the scar I have mentioned in fact is one. I have myself seen but very few nerved horses, but should suppose that the pastern joint and foot must be colder than-

natural : however, as I believe this is sometimes the case in rheumatism, the criterion is not one singly to be relied on. Nerved horses sometimes work well for years ; at others the hoof perishes and drops off ; therefore have *nothing whatever* to do with a horse that has undergone this operation, and you will save yourself the probable chance of having to rue your bargain.

We come now to the consideration of the foot—a most important point, and one requiring considerable scrutiny. In the first place, on examining a horse's foot, after having ascertained its position to be correct, remark if in front or at the sides the hoof be marked with circular depressions, running parallel to the coronet ; if so, fever of the foot, as severe inflammation of this part is sometimes called, has probably at one time or other taken place. This is not a sufficient cause of itself alone for rejecting a horse, but should lead you to pay particular attention in investigating the different points to be attended to in the examination of the foot. Secondly, look if you can perceive any difference in the size of the feet, viewed from before ; and afterwards, prior to lifting the leg, feel if the hoofs be perfectly and equally cool, and free from fissures running perpendicularly from the coronet towards the toe. Having satisfied yourself on these points, you may proceed to the examination of the sole and frog. First making the horse raise his leg, by tapping slightly with your hand on the back of the pastern, take hold of the hoof by letting the toe rest in your hand, and turn up the sole. This part, to be well formed, should describe with its rim or outer edge, as nearly as possible, three-fourths of a circle. The more the foot deviates from this form, the nearer does it approximate to that state called “a donkey hoof,” becoming narrow, elongated, and contracted towards the heel and in the quarters, and consequently in very many cases incapable of affording free scope for the development of the internal parts of the hoof. These internal parts are of the very greatest consequence, being constituted of bones forming a joint, with ligaments and soft parts whose structure and functions are easily deranged. The sole itself should be concave, and the more it approaches to flatness, the more tender is the foot, as it must be more liable to concussion from its contact with hard substances. It is wonderful how differently horses with flattish soles will go when ridden on turf or soft ground compared with their action on the road. This flat state of the hoof too is an indication that the internal parts, being elsewhere compressed, have acquired room by pressing down the sole, which, from this cause, is sometimes rendered actually convex, or *pummiced*, as it is called. The frog, which is at the back part of the sole, and projects inwards and forwards, somewhat in the shape of the letter V, should project a little beyond the hoof, but scarcely so deep as the shoe, so as to take off the concussion produced by striking upon hard substances, and should be of a spongy, elastic nature, to admit of the spreading of the heel, by which sufficient room is allowed for the expansion and play of the internal parts. In examining the sole and frog, press firmly upon them with your thumb, and you will thus perceive if the first be very thin, and if either be particularly sensitive. A sole that appears shelly, that is, easily cracking and chipping off, is a fault ; and the same remark will apply

to the hoof generally. If the foot be properly pared, the sole should always be cut away so as to allow of its yielding slightly to strong pressure, by which freedom of action is allowed to the coffin bone and internal parts of the foot generally. A shelly state of the hoof may be induced by neglect on the part of those entrusted with the care of the horse, and a dry hoof, shewing a disposition to crack and split, very frequently becomes so from inattention. The proper mode of preventing and of curing a hoof of this description will be noticed when treating of stable management. When you find a horse's hoof in this dry brittle state, look narrowly for those cracks or fissures about the coronet or elsewhere (commonly on the inner quarter) to which I have already alluded, and which are termed "sand cracks." Besides indicating a very bad state of the hoof, they are extremely difficult to cure, and the fissure, when occupying the greater length of the foot, and particularly when involving the coronet, is seldom closed up in less than some months, during which period the horse is for the most part lame, and unfit to do hard work. In inspecting the shell of the foot, it is not sufficient merely to pass your hand round it, in the expectation of *feeling* a sand-crack, should there be one; for, generally speaking, those dealers who wish to pass off a horse with this complaint as sound, are in the habit of filling the crack with melted resin, which is afterwards scraped so as to be perfectly even with the horn; so that your hand will pass over the diseased part without feeling any difference between it and the rest of the hoof. If the foot be taken up and carefully inspected, the resin will be detected, even though a coating of tar and oil be generally rubbed over the hoof to make it of a uniform appearance.

Sometimes a little matter may be seen issuing from a small opening about the coronet. This frequently arises from a severe injury of the foot, either by pricks in shoeing, stubs, or similar causes, and denotes the formation of pus within the foot which has made its way out through the soft parts. The complaint is called a *quittor*, and produces lameness, which is frequently protracted for a considerable period.

Having examined the state of the horny part of the foot, your next care must be to inspect the frog. This is the seat of the disease called "the thrush," to which I have already adverted. Where the feet have not been particularly well attended to, they are extremely liable to this complaint: but a person in the habit of examining a horse's foot will immediately detect it by its smell, for it has an uncommonly rank and fetid odour. The best way of discovering it is to press with both your thumbs upon the heel above the frog, when, if the thrush be a bad one, you will perceive a sort of matter oozing from the cleft in the frog, or from sinuses which perforate it. So many caustic applications, however, are used for drying up a thrush, that, even where a bad one exists, the appearance of matter on pressure may be wanting. You must then learn to judge of its actual existence both by the smell of the part, and also by carefully remarking if any portion of the frog be destroyed by disease; in which case you may fairly infer the existence either of a thrush, or of what is termed "a cancrus frog." In some cases nearly the whole of the frog is eaten away, and its ragged edges may alone remain. Proper

applications and due attention may enable you to remedy this state of the foot ; but, unless you are well aware of its precise nature, and of the means of cure to be adopted, you may produce internal inflammation of the foot by suddenly stopping the discharge, and thereby do great mischief. A horse in this state, therefore, is generally a bad bargain, for the diseased part is very tender, and consequently he never steps with confidence, and is liable to fall suddenly if a sharp stone touch his frog. I had once the best little Irish hack I ever crossed, who came down in an instant from a flint sticking into a thrush of the off-foot. He broke both his knees, and rather alarmed a friend of mine who was riding him. It is my maxim when a thing is done not to make any lamentations about it, since it is then past recalling, but to manage it the best way I can ; and though I should have been greatly mortified had I known my little horse was destined to break his knees, still, after they had been broken, I forthwith considered that I had bought a broken-knee'd horse, and was to do the best I could with him. I soon cured his knees in a highly respectable manner, and, although not more than fourteen hands and a half in height, he turned out such a hunter that I was shortly after bid *by a farmer* ten pounds more than I had given for him before his accident, and he has since been sold for more money. This liability of horses, with bad thrushes, to fall, if the diseased part be pricked or bruised, renders them rather unsafe to ride ; and yet, in spite of this fact, you very rarely find a person refuse to purchase a horse merely because he has a thrush, unless indeed it be an extremely bad one, and the frog be very rotten. The reason is this : in the first place, every one is apt to flatter himself he can cure a thrush ; and in the next, if not cured, it can be remedied by shoeing the horse with leather soles, which guard his foot from injury. Altogether, then, this complaint is one which, if not in a very bad state, need not deter you from purchasing a horse good in other respects ; but, at the same time, get something taken off his price on account of it, for many veterinary surgeons will not give a warranty of soundness with a horse who has thrushes.

When a thrushy horse is shod with leather, the foot should first be stopped with tow saturated with a composition made of tar and turpentine. The latter being the greater stimulant of the two, its quantity should be increased according to the degree of action in the diseased part. Some people prefer shoes made with a thin iron sole to leather. Between the iron and the foot is inserted a lamb's wool pad (which any one may make by simply drying the skin of a newly-flayed lamb, and moistening the wool with a strong solution of alum water to prevent its separating from the skin). The wool, when cut to the form of the sole, forms an excellent pad for applying stopping of any kind to the feet, as it retains a great deal of moisture for a considerable time.

Corns are another foot evil to which many horses are extremely liable. They generally arise from pressure made by some portion of the shoe, and consequently are frequently not very perceptible unless the shoe be removed, especially where they are made very broad. Corns generally arise near the heel, therefore, whenever you perceive a more than usual portion of the foot cut away in this situation, you

may suspect the existence of this complaint. As it is one, which, at any rate every now and then, will render a horse lame, it behoves you to watch carefully the action and motions of a horse having this complaint. You may frequently notice that a horse with a corn will rest the affected foot, and, instead of standing firmly on the ground, will raise the heel somewhat and stand upon the toe, thus denoting the existence of considerable tenderness of the part. A corn too, especially a bad one, will commonly cause a horse to shuffle in his gait, instead of putting his foot firmly to the ground; and a judge of this species of action will, on seeing it, immediately be able to pronounce a horse to have this evil, more particularly if flat feet or other causes of tenderness are not to be descried. The safe plan is, therefore, to get the shoe taken off the suspected foot, and the corn, which is indicated by a reddish appearance of the hoof, will become visible. Do not buy a horse for the saddle that has bad corns; they are a great grievance, are very seldom completely removed, and, moreover, constantly cripple a horse's action to such a degree as not only to render it extremely unpleasant to his rider, but frequently even dangerous, causing him to put the toe to the ground first, and thereby occasioning that worst of faults, stumbling.

Many people will tell you that corns are very easily cured, and that the application of a hot iron or some caustic preparation will infallibly remove them in a short period. If a man who has a horse in this state to sell endeavors to persuade you of this, I need hardly say that his having neglected to put so simple a practice into execution with success must at once convince you of the fallibility of the plan, since by eradicating the disease the value of the horse would have been greatly increased. Once more, judge for yourself, and do not allow your reason to be led astray by the assertions of an interested person. When a man who knows but little about a horse enters a dealer's yard with money in his pocket, and a wish to buy a horse, the chances are greatly in favor of his coming out with very little cash, and a nag, from which he may, if he please, glean a great deal of experience; and this is the only "flattering unction he can lay to his soul."

I have already spoken of the proper formation of the foot of the horse, and the nearer it approaches to this shape, the better, *cæteris paribus*, will it be. Now, having been told this, you will be surprised to learn, that, in consequence of early and perhaps careless shoeing, hard work, and other causes, not one horse's foot in fifty actually presents the appearance it would do if left entirely to Nature. It is, therefore, a most difficult affair for a novice to decide, from what he may have read, whether a foot, deviating perhaps considerably from the circular form, be really in a healthy state or not. I have described in my previous article [published in the last number of the "Register,"] as well as I am able, the appearance of those feet which may be trusted, albeit differing widely from the shape which Nature has assigned it.

MEMOIR OF LADY CLIFDEN.

THE distinguished race nag, the subject of this Memoir, was bred by Gen. THOMAS EMORY, of Queen Anne's Co., on the Eastern shore of Maryland. She was foaled at his residence, Poplar Grove, on the 15th day of May, 1833. This gentleman inherits the taste of the ancient Marylander, and, amidst the numerous duties devolving on him from various offices held from time to time under the State, has found leisure to rear up a stud of some of the purest and best bloods Maryland, in the palmiest days of her racing career, ever boasted. Among these, LADY CLIFDEN, by reason of her brilliant performances, the fame of which has extended to Old England, justly claims precedence. She having now retired from the Turf, never to grace it more, it is due alike to her, to her numerous admirers, and to her expected offspring, that some more permanent record should be given to the feats performed by her, and which challenged, at the time, the wonder and admiration of every son of the Turf.

Lady Clifden was got by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson by Ratray, and in her veins mingle the blood of Imp. Figure, Lloyd's Traveller, Lindsey's Arabian, Ogle's Oscar, Imp. Clifden, Bedford, Sir Harry, Sir Charles, Sussex, and, "crowning all," Old Archy himself. Her pedigree in full will be found recorded in the "Turf Register," vol. vi., page 423. She is perhaps two inches over fifteen hands high, is of bright chesnut color, and is beautifully marked on her forehead and on her far hind foot, with white. Her chest is very capacious, well ribbed out, giving free play to the lungs, and she has the loin of Sir Harry, which judges, in his day, said could not be surpassed. Her countenance is mild and placid, and her eye, when excited, bright as the gazelle's. Gentle and playful as a kitten, in the stable she was the favorite of all the stable-boys, and on the Turf always exacted the utmost enthusiasm in her behalf.

She made her first appearance on the Turf, at Kendall's Race Course, near Baltimore, in the Spring of 1836, in a sweepstakes, which resulted as follows:—

Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, May 27, 1836—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subscribers at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats

Gen. T. Emory's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson	2	1	1
Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Cash</i> , by Carolinian	1	2	2
P. Wallis' gr. f. <i>Molinera</i> , by Medley, out of Algerina			dist.

Time, 1:55—1:58—2:08.

It had rained with little intermission for three weeks, and it was raining during all the time of the race, and the course was deep and heavy. "Lady Clifden lost 20 yards in the start on the first heat, and only lost the heat by 12 inches. In the second heat she lost 10 yards, and half way round lapped Cash, and side by side they came to the judge's stand—the heat being adjudged to her by five inches. The third heat she got off fairly, took the lead, and maintained it easily to the end.

Being engaged in no other stakes this Spring, she was taken home and turned out. She next appeared at

Easton, Talbot Co., Md., Sept. 21, 1836—Purse \$200, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Gen. T. Emory's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson, 3 yrs. 83lbs.	1	1
E. Martin's b. c. <i>Duke of Oxford</i> , by John Richards, dam by Chance Medley, 3 yrs. 86lbs.	2	2

Time, 4:06—4:07. No contest.

She was then taken to the Central Course, near Baltimore, where she was entered for a heavy sweepstakes; but with no expectation of starting her, as her leg had been accidentally blistered, and for three weeks before the race was to come off her exercises had to be discontinued. Finding her to have improved very much, on the day before the race, it was determined to start her, and as the track was very soft from long-continued rain, but little danger was apprehended from it:—

Baltimore, Md., Central Course, Oct. 18, 1836—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before.

Four subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Two mile heats.	
Gen. T. Emory's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson.....	3 2 1 1
Maj. J. M. Selden's ch. c. <i>Red Rat</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.....	0 1 2 2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. c. <i>Cumberland</i> , by Star, dam by Shylock.....	0 dist.
Col. John Heth's ch. f. <i>Charlotte Russe</i> , Own Sister to Trifle.....	pd. ft.
Time, 4:16—4:17—4:21—4:21.	

This was a very game race. The track was very heavy. The first a dead heat between Red Rat and Cumberland; Lady Clifden not running for it.—The second heat was decided by the judges in favor of Red Rat, by a few inches.—The third heat was won handily by Lady Clifden, and so was the fourth. It rained hard the day and night before, and also on the morning of the race.

Lady Clifden next appeared at Kendall's Course, in the Spring of 1837—

Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, May 10, 1837—Purse \$400, ent. \$20, free for all ages, Three mile heats.

Gen. T. Emory's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson, 4 yrs. 97lbs....	1 1
J. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Pythias</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs. 110lbs.....	3 2
Col. F. Thompson's gr. c. <i>Isaac of York</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Ninon de L'Euclos, 4 yrs. 100 lbs.....	2 dr
Time, 5:45—5:55.	

It was this race that first gave Lady Clifden reputation. The ease with which she won the first heat, beating Isaac of York, a very fleet horse, in a brush, and coming out about three lengths ahead, with evidently something in hand, running the heat in what was *then* considered very short time, established her as a race nag of speed—and, taken in connection with her previous performance at the Central Course,—also of bottom. Isaac of York being drawn, the second heat was won almost without a contest—Lady Clifden taking the lead, and maintaining it to the end.

After the race, Gen. Emory sold her racing qualities to Cols. W. R. JOHNSON and J. M. SELDEN, for \$2000,—and she passed into the stable of “Old Napoleon,” who took her to the Central Course, and started her next week for the Craig Plate.

Baltimore, Md., Central Course, May 17, 1837—CRAIG PLATE, value \$500, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, 4 yrs. 97lbs.....	1 1
Col. J. Heth's b. m. <i>Margaret Amistead</i> , by Imp. Apparition, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs. 107lbs.....	2 2
J. R. Thomson's (Capt. Stockton's) ch. h. <i>Middlesex</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Powancey by Alfred, 4 yrs. 100lbs.....	dist.
Time, 3:52—3:56.	

Lady Clifden was the favorite at 100 to 70 against the field; and she won the race easily. John Hartman, who rode her, having received orders to make it as fine as possible, pulled her back each heat, and won it hard in hand.

Lady Clifden was then taken on to Camden, with the intention of starting her for the four mile purse. The weather proved very inauspicious, and it was with reluctance she was entered by Col. Johnson; she was, however, entered against Mingo, ‘the champion of the North,’ and Decatur, who had gathered laurels by beating, the previous week,

at the Central Course, Atalanta and Cippus in the four mile race—the Course being very heavy, and from the style in which he won the race, establishing Decatur as a “mud horse!”

Camden, N. J., May 26, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.
 Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson, 4 yrs. 101lbs 1 2 1
 Col. J. Heth's ch. c. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 4 yrs. 104lbs. 3 1 2
 Gen. C. Irvine's b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse—Bay Bet by Thornton's Rattler, 6 yrs 121lbs. 2 dist.
 Time, 9:05—9:07—9:17.

The track was in the worst possible order, being knee-deep in many parts of it, and was made on the back stretch of stiff mud. Bets, 5 to 4 on Mingo against the field, and 2 to 1 against either of the others. The first heat was won by Lady Clifden, after a beautiful struggle with Mingo; Decatur merely running to save his distance. On the back stretch she stumbled two or three times in the stiff mud, where Mingo always passed her; but on the better portions of the track she soon regained her ground, and won the heat handily. The second heat was won by Decatur easily, by several lengths; Mingo was stopped in the third mile, having tired down in the clay. Bets were now 10 to 1 on Decatur, one of which bets Col. Johnson took himself, \$100 to \$1000, on ascertaining from Arthur Taylor that he had girted the filly very tight, fearful that her saddle would slip if she made many such stumbles as had occurred in the first heat. This circumstance of girting the filly too tight, it was believed at the time, lost Lady Clifden the heat. Due precaution was taken the next heat, and Lady Clifden took the lead and maintained it to the end, coming in at her ease two lengths ahead. The time in this race shows long; but those who were present that day at Camden, and took the trouble of looking at the track—such a track!—anckle deep in stiff mud, and the horses in danger every jump of *sticking*, as Mingo really did in the third mile of the second heat,—only wonder that it was not longer. It was the severest test of a horse's ability to *travel* in a quagmire, ever before or since exhibited on a race course. It threw Lady Clifden entirely off her foot, and she was therefore not started at Long Island the next week; but the second week after was taken to Trenton, and entered for the four mile purse, where she was for the first time beaten.

Trenton, N. J., Eagle Course, June 9, 1837—Citizens' Purse \$700, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bet, 6 yrs. 121lbs. 1 1
 Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson, 4 yrs. 101lbs 2 2
 J. B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsidel*, by Industry, out of Arethusa by Sir Hal, 6 yrs. 118lbs. . 3 dist.
 Time, 7:51½—8:05. Track heavy.

Lady Clifden the favorite at 100 to 75. Mingo won both heats easily; in the second never having let a “link” out of him. It was manifest to all who saw this race, that Lady Clifden was extremely weak, and in no fix to run; and the ease with which Mingo won, though greatly to his credit, was evidence to all that she was *not* “herself.” This is the more to be regretted, for, as it was the only time when she met Mingo single-handed, (Camsidel not being able to contend with either of them,) had she been in proper order, a beautiful and most exciting contest would most probably have been the result.

This ended the Spring campaign, and Lady Clifden was taken to Col. Johnson's farm in Virginia. Up to this time she had run seven races, and only been beaten in one—and that by Mingo, whom she previously and subsequently conquered,—though to be beaten by him in these, his best days, would not discredit even a Boston.

After the race at Camden, a match was made between any four-year old to be named out of Col. Johnson's stable, and *Charlotte Russe*, then with her owner, Col. Hampton, in the South. Col. Johnson named *Lady Clifden*, though he had at the time the privilege of selecting *Mary Blunt*, who was then in her prime.

The next Fall, *Lady Clifden*, when taken up to be trained, complained very much in her feet, her heels being much subject to fly or crack, and it was feared she would hardly be able to make a race during the season. After passing by several tracks in Virginia, she was taken to Washington, but could not be started; and was then carried to Kendall's Course, where she was entered for the three mile purse:—

Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, Oct. 11, 1837—Purse \$400, free for all ages, Three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Willson, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	1	1
J. B. Kendall's br. m. <i>Camsidel</i> , by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs. 115lbs.	2	2
Col. E. Townes' br. m. <i>Black-bird</i> , by Arab, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 110lbs.	3	3

Time, 5:50—5:57.

Lady Clifden the favorite, 4 to 1. The first heat was won in a hand gallop from the distance pole; and the second heat, on coming out under a hard pull, *Lady Clifden* was closed upon by *Camsidel*, when she was let out, and in sixty yards from home beat her out more than a length.

The races at the Central Course were to come off the next week, and *Lady Clifden* was taken to that Course, but with no intention of running her, as her heels were now very much cracked. Col. Selden, one of her owners, being proprietor of the Course, and great anxiety being expressed to him by many of the citizens of Baltimore, that she should run on the four mile day, it was determined between him and Colonel Johnson that she should be sold to one of them; and on the morning of the three mile race she was accordingly put up, and bought by Col. Selden for \$2800, subject to her match at Camden. She was then entered for the four mile purse, and with the following result:—

Baltimore, Md., Central Course, Oct. 20, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's br. m. <i>Atalanta</i> , by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 5 yrs. 107lbs.	1	1
John C. Stevens' ch. f. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	2	2
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, dam by Ratray, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	3	3
James B. Kendall's b. c. <i>Master Henry</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs. 100lbs.	dist.	

Time, 7:50—7:56.

This race is reported in full in the "Spirit of the Times," vol. VII., No. 37, page 292. It will be necessary here only to notice a few important facts. She was started against the deliberate judgment of Col. Johnson, in whose stable she had been trained, and was until the morning before the race. This fact would alone excuse her defeat; but there were other causes, besides her not being in order for the race, which occurred at the time of running, which do account for it. The first twenty yards were not passed over by *Lady Clifden*, before her saddle slipped and threw the jockey on her withers, and in this way, with her bridle rein hanging loose, she led the way for three miles, *Atalanta* making several severe but unsuccessful attempts to pass her. One of these struggles was made on the run home on the third mile, and this induced the jockey on *Lady Clifden* to suppose that it was the last mile, and he therefore stopped her as soon there-

after as possible. Atalanta soon passed her with great speed; and Fanny Wyatt and Master Henry—who had been trailing far in the rear, the former not running for the heat—also soon gave her the go by, whilst the shouts of the multitude to “go on,” only informed the terrified rider of Lady Clifden that the heat was not yet over and won! Giving the spurs to his horse, he put the filly to her utmost speed; and those who saw her on that day, as she seemed literally to fly down the back stretch, will never forget the deep and exciting interest she created. To save her distance no one thought within the reach of possibility, though from the almost incredible swiftness with which she gained on Atalanta and Fanny Wyatt, it was evident that she had lost the heat only by the misapprehension of her jockey. The contest between Atalanta and Fanny Wyatt was very severe, though made by the latter under very great disadvantage—she having to make up some thirty yards after Lady Clifden was stopped—and, as it was, she ran Atalanta up to the saddle girth. The heat was run in 7:50. Desperate and doubtful as was the struggle between Atalanta and Fanny Wyatt, the vast multitude on the Course seemed not to regard it, but all attention was directed to Lady Clifden. On she came, as if “with the swiftness of mighty winds,” and when the judges dropped their flag upon the victor, the cry was universal, “Is she distanced?” The judges decided not. She was stopped after passing the distance pole, and walked to the stand. The account given of the race at the time, says: “The water was running off her in a stream on the ground, not a hair of her was dry, and her nostrils dilated as if they would burst to give vent to her hard-drawn breath.” To lose the heat, under such circumstances as these, surprised no one; and that which lost her the heat, and caused the after struggle, lost her at the same time all chance of winning the purse. A vast number of bets had been made, and for this reason Col. Selden determined upon starting her again, merely to take the now very small chance of her winning. She took the lead, and maintained it for three miles and a half, when Atalanta, after a slight struggle, passed ahead, followed by Fanny Wyatt. In this way they came to the stand, Atalanta first, the winner of the purse, Fanny Wyatt a length behind, and Lady Clifden thirty feet in the rear.

After this race, Lady Clifden was taken on to Camden, where she appeared to recover very much.

The second day of the meeting at Camden, October 25, 1837, was the day fixed for the match to come off between her and Charlotte Russe, and the official report thus notices it:—

Camden, N. J., Oct. 25, 1837—Match, \$10,000 a side, \$3000 ft., Four mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, dam by Ratray, 4 yrs. 101 lbs., rec'd ft. from Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Charlotte Russe*, Own sister to Trifle, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, same age and weight.

Charlotte Russe was named in this match without her owner's knowledge, and engagements in South Carolina prevented an acceptance of it.

Although still complaining very much of her feet, which had festered, and on squeezing the frogs discharged matter, it was decided by Col. Selden to start her for the four mile purse:—

Camden, N. J., Oct. 27, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. <i>Mingo</i> , by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 121 lbs.	1	1
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, 4 yrs. 101 lbs.	3	2
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. m. <i>Atalanta</i> , by Industry, 5 yrs. 111 lbs.	2	3

Time, 7:56—7:52. Track heavy.

The first heat was taken by Mingo, with something in hand,—Atalanta at his saddle girths,—Lady Clifden just “dropping in.”

The second heat Lady Clifden was imprudently run ahead for three miles, under a pretty good pace, and, after a beautiful struggle for near half a mile, was passed by Mingo, who came out about two lengths ahead; Atalanta having dropped far behind. This race satisfied her friends of her ability to have beaten Atalanta the week previous, at the Central Course; and, as her feet were fast getting well, raised high expectations of her performance the next week at the Union Course. How these expectations were fulfilled—aye, more than fulfilled—the record will show, which records “*the most splendid race ever made in America*,” and “when the laurels won for the North by *Eclipse*, were torn from her brows by *Lady Clifden* of the South!” Such was the language of enthusiasm with which the editor of the “Spirit of the Times” began his sketch of this wonderful contest. The race came off at Long Island, on the 3d of November, 1837,—a beautiful day,—and was witnessed by “thirty thousand persons,” who will remember it to their dying day; and the history of which race, it was well said, “would go down through all time as one of the most fiercely contested and glorious victories ever achieved by a high-mettled racer and an honest rider!”

New York, Union Course, L. I., Nov. 3, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

Col. J. M. Selden's (of Md.) ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, 4 yrs. 101 lbs.....	4	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's (of Va.) b. c. <i>Picton</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella, 3 y. 90lbs.	1	4	3
John C. Stevens' (of N. Y.) ch. f. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 101 lbs.....	3	2	2
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's, of Pa.) b. h. <i>Mingo</i> , by <i>Eclipse</i> , 6 yrs. 121 lbs.....	2	3	4
Time, 7:44—7:43½—7:56½.			

Full and very beautiful accounts of this race were given by the editor of the “Spirit of the Times,” in his papers of Nov. 4, and 11, 1837, vol. VII., Nos. 38 and 39. We must refer to them for the minute details. Before starting, Mingo was the favorite against the field at 100 to 80, and immense sums were laid out. The first heat was taken, hard in hand, by Picton, who led from start to pole; Fanny contending strongly for the heat; Mingo in hand, and Lady Clifden just within her distance. To save a distance in 7:44, is not compatible with slow running; and it was Gil. Patrick's orders, who rode Lady Clifden, not to run her for the heat; though, as he says himself, he shall believe to his dying day that he could have won it, or made the time go down below the “forties.” Mingo, who was complaining before the race, now showed slight lameness, and bets ran against him and Lady Clifden 4 to 1, and 3 to 1 against Fanny Wyatt, and 2 to 1 against Picton, the noblest son of Luzborough.

The second heat was “go along” from the start—Picton in the lead, and Mingo close upon him, and on the third mile was collared; when Lady Clifden and Fanny Wyatt made a rush at them, and at the draw-gate the former passed ahead, followed soon after by Fanny.—The struggle between these two was tremendous; but on entering on the last quarter Fanny gave it up, and Lady Clifden, amidst shouts which did really “rend the air,” passed the stand, the winner of the heat, in 7:43½,—the best time ever, till that day, made on the track since the great race between *Eclipse* and Henry. Lady Clifden now became decidedly the favorite, though from the manner in which Fanny Wyatt cooled off, it was thought the chances in her favor were even.

The third heat Lady Clifden—though sorely beset for near a mile with Mingo on one side and Fanny Wyatt on the other—was never passed. On the fourth mile Mingo cried enough, and Picton gave up; and Fanny Wyatt was left alone to contend for the honors and the purse, which she did most gallantly but unsuccessfully: Lady Clifden beat her out half a length, and won the heat in 7:56½; which, considering the time of the two previous heats, was even more astonishing than all—and taken in connection with the fact that Lady Clifden had won the second heat in quicker time than Picton had the first, and was never, even for a moment, headed in the third heat, as was well remarked by a distinguished turfman, “covered her all over with glory.”

In regard to this race—which continued the theme of conversation for months afterwards, and is always referred to, even now, as “the great race of this country,” and which has been pronounced by that distinguished English writer on the turf, who signs himself “Craven,” as “not only wonderful, but miraculous,”—the editor of the “Spirit of the Times” has truly said: “The annals of the American Turf furnish no parallel to it.” Various speculations have been entered into to prove that under such and such circumstances, such or such a horse might have won the race,—but Lady Clifden “*did it*,” nor left the task to others! and the doing of it “will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation” of taking off her laurels.—It cannot be.—The *time* of the race tells a tale in her behalf which cannot be gainsaid, and is yet to be excelled.

The following comparison between the Eclipse and Henry race and this, was made in the “Spirit of the Times,” vol. vii., No. 38, page 300:—

<i>Eclipse and Henry.</i>		<i>Lady Clifden and Picton.</i>	
First heat.....	7:37	First heat.....	7:44
Second heat.....	7:49	Second heat.....	7:43½
Third heat.....	8:24	Third heat.....	7:56½
Total.....	23:50	Total.....	23:24

“From which it appears,” remarks the editor of the “Spirit of the Times,” “that Henry’s first heat was seven seconds better than Picton’s; and that the first two heats of that memorable race were a second and a half better than the first two heats of this race; but that the time of the three heats of Lady Clifden’s race is better by *twenty-six seconds* than that of Eclipse. It is also worthy of remark, that the second heat won by Lady Clifden is the *best second four mile heat ever run in this country under any circumstances.*”

The excitement created in sporting circles by this race was immense, and so was the crowd which assembled to witness the four mile race the next week at the Beacon Course, in which it was announced Atalanta, Picton, and Lady Clifden would start.

New York, Beacon Course, N. J., Nov. 10, 1837—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

Four mile heats.		
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, 4 yrs. 101 lbs.....	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's br. c. <i>Picton</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs. 90 lbs.....	2	2
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. m. <i>Atalanta</i> , by Industry, 5 yrs. 111 lbs.....	bolt.	
Time: 8:09—8:04.		

This race is also fully reported in the “Spirit of the Times,” vol. vii., page 308. “The style in which Lady Clifden won,” remarked the editor, “confirmed the most sanguine expectations of her friends,” and

failed not to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries." The track was not in good order, and the rain of the previous night rendered it still less adapted for making quick time. The first heat was won by a scant half length, and the crowd was so dense at the draw-gate, that the horses had "to run the gauntlet." The horses were all frightened—Lady Clifden was with some difficulty driven through the crowd; Picton lost his stride; and Atalanta bolted, but was brought up again, and after knocking down half a dozen persons, was stopped outside the distance stand. The second heat was well contested by Picton, though, as the result showed, the year which the filly had in age above him, enabled her to run him down in three miles, and though he struggled to the last, she came home in hand, the winner of the purse by five or six lengths.

Lady Clifden had now run a race a week for the five previous weeks, making together forty-two miles, and was so evidently off her foot, that it was with some reluctance that Col. Selden started her the next week for the four mile purse at Trenton, which she lost, but which, as the editor of the "Spirit of the Times" remarked on announcing her defeat, surprised no one after the tremendous races she had run the two previous weeks.

Trenton, N. J., Eagle Course, Nov. 17, 1837—Citizens' Purse \$800, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. <i>Atalanta</i> , by Industry, 5 yrs. 111 lbs.	1	1
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, 4 yrs. 101 lbs.	2	2
C. S. Lloyd's (J. H. Van Mater's) gr. c. <i>Champagne</i> , by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs. 104 lbs.	3	3

Time, 8:22—8:22.

The track was very heavy, and though Atalanta is not a mud horse, "appearances" were so decidedly in her favor, that the bets, before starting, ran 100 to 70 on her against the field. Lady Clifden could hardly make a brush "as she was wont to do," and each heat was won by Atalanta by about two lengths.

Here may be said to have ended Lady Clifden's racing career, for never afterwards did she appear on the turf in the order which would justify the expression which was used in reference to her, by some vivid writer on the Turf—[is not the writer the editor of the "Spirit" ?]—that she was "in condition to run for a man's life!" On returning home from Trenton, she was turned out; and was taken up the next Spring to be trained. Col. Selden had engaged the services of her first trainer (Mr. Fields), and from the excellent order in which he always brought her on the course, great expectations were indulged in regard to her future performance. The writer of this was at the Washington Spring Meeting of 1838, and saw Lady Clifden taking her exercises. She never moved better, and made her brushes with the same high courage and ambition which she had manifested in her best days, and all regarded the four mile purse as hers "beyond doubt." On the evening of the second day of racing, although no lameness was perceptible, a slight swelling on her near hind leg made its appearance. Proper remedies were applied, and her exercises were stopped; but indifferent success resulted from this treatment; and the part being much heated the evening before the four mile race, Col. Selden decided on not running her. On taking her to Baltimore, her exercises were renewed; and she then exhibiting lameness, she was turned out. The next Fall she was again taken up, and it was

intended to send her South, for the racing at New Orleans, &c. In consequence, I believe, of the absence of Gen. Emory, who held the reversionary interest in her on her retiring from the Turf, this arrangement was not carried into effect; and she was sent the last Spring to Virginia, and placed in the stable of Col. John Heth, under the care of Mr. John Alcock. The accounts received from her were of the most favorable character, and her trials raised the highest expectations, though fears were entertained that she would break down the first race she run. These fears were, unfortunately, but too well founded, as was shown by the three mile race in which she started at Broad Rock.

Broad Rock, Va., April 27, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, Three mile heats.
 Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, dam by Florizel, 6 yrs. 118lbs..... 1 1
 Col. J. Heth's (Col. J. M. Seldens') ch. m. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, 6 yrs. 115lbs..... 2 dr
 Townes & Williamson's ch. c. *Brooklesby*, by Imp. Lazborough, d. by Roanoke, 4 y. 100lbs. 3 dr
 Time, 5:46.

The best heat, by some seconds, ever run over the course. Boston was the favorite, at long odds. At starting, Lady Clifden took the lead, and maintained it for two miles and a half, when Boston passed and won the heat handily. On coming out, Lady Clifden was slightly lame, and in a subsequent trial broke down irretrievably. In this race, run under great disadvantage, because opposed by such a horse as Boston, Lady Clifden but confirmed those who had the management of her, of her great speed and bottom; and had her leg not given way, by which her fine stride was evidently lost, the heat would doubtless have been closed two or three seconds sooner, if it had not been won by her.

As soon as the result of the race and its consequences were communicated to Col. Selden, he wrote to Gen. Emory that the mare's racing career was over, and that she was subject to his orders. It is not too much to suppose of such a man as Gen. Emory, that he received this intelligence with deep regret, though he was personally to be benefitted by it. Though he had been no direct gainer by the distinguished successes which had crowned her glorious efforts, we know that he always heard of them with a feeling of satisfaction next akin to that with which a father may be supposed to have when he beholds his son gaining deservedly the highest honors in his profession, or winning the applause of his fellow men by deeds of chivalry and noble daring. Here ended Lady Clifden's struggles for the honors of the turf; and, deserving as she did a place in the affections of the noblest of her kind, she was taken to the harem of *Priam*, and from these lovers may yet spring a son whose fame will eclipse that of both sire and mother. So may it be!

If we could, Mr. Editor, suppose horses endowed with perception, might we not believe that when, as in the case of Lady Clifden, they found themselves failing in some essential part of their frame, they realized all the pains and racks of mind which tortured Othello when he bade farewell to

"The big wars that make ambition virtue"!

They, like him, will no longer hear the applause of men, waking the heavens in its obstreperous manifestations at their success. The "spirit stirring drum" sounds no more for them. The "royal banner"

will never again be raised nor lowered to mark their struggles, or to confirm their honors,

————— “and to all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of the glorious” *race*,

they must say, farewell,—“their occupation’s gone !” But when, as was the fate of Lady Clifden, they feel that they are failing, not when they are

“Declined into the vale of years,”

but with youth and all their honors blushing on them, might they not also be supposed to say with him :

————— “now forever
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !”

If such things could be, it were easy to suppose them true of Lady Clifden, when in the stable, and the trumpet was blown to call others to the field. There was a glorious animation in her eye, as if an ecstatic thrill ran through her whole frame. She would lift her head and stretch it upwards to its utmost reach, and every faculty would seem to be on the rack to catch the cadences of the bugle. Could the limner have transferred her to the canvas, as she was then, it would have been a glorious triumph of his art, and a glorious picture to behold.

The day of her triumphs has passed, and others have come to claim and win the honors which once were hers.

Lady Clifden started in fourteen races, won nine, and received forfeit in a match, as follows :—

1.	Over the Kendall Course, Md., May 27, 1836—Sweepstakes.....	\$300
2.	“ “ Central Course, Md., Sept. 21, 1836—Purse.....	200
3.	“ “ Central Course, Md., Oct. 18, 1836—Sweepstakes.....	3250
4.	“ “ Kendall Course, Md., May 10, 1837—Purse.....	400
5.	“ “ Central Course, Md., May 17, 1837—Craig Plate.....	500
6.	“ “ Camden Course, N. J., May 26, 1837—Purse.....	1000
8.	“ “ Kendall Course, Md., Oct. 11, 1837—Purse.....	400
10.	“ “ Camden Course, N. J., Oct. 25, 1837—Match, received forfeit.....	3000
12.	“ “ Union Course, L. I., Nov. 3, 1837—Purse.....	1000
13.	“ “ Beacon Course, N. J., Nov. 10, 1837—Purse.....	1000
Making her winnings.....		11,050

She was beaten in five races as follows :—

7. Over the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., June 9, 1837, by Mingo.
9. “ “ Central Course, Md., Oct. 20, 1837, by Atalanta.
11. “ “ Camden Course, N. J., Oct. 27, 1837, by Mingo.
14. “ “ Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 17, 1837, by Atalanta.
15. At Broad Rock, Va., April 27, 1839, by Boston.

She has run—

One Mile race of three heats.....	3 miles.
One Mile race of four heats.....	4 “
Two Two mile races of two heats each.....	8 “
Two Three mile races of two heats each.....	12 “
One Three mile heat.....	3 “
Two Four mile races of three heats.....	24 “
Five Four mile races of two heats.....	40 “

Making a total of..... 94 miles,

Besides the four mile race for a match in which she received forfeit. We shall only further remark, that Lady Clifden has made good time at all distances. She won a second mile heat, in the mud, at Kendall’s Course, in 1:58; won a two mile heat, at the Central, hard in hand, in 3:52; a three mile heat, at Kendall’s, in 5:45; a second four mile heat, at the Union Course, L. I., in 7:43½, and after that heat ran a third in 7:56½, leading from end to end! She was only beaten by

Mingo, Atalanta, and Boston; and subsequently beat the two former, and made better time than when they beat her; and when beaten by Boston she broke down, and yet ran the heat out in better time than was ever made on the course before.

So much for the racing career of Lady Clifden; and though now retired from the public gaze, her victories will live in the memory of every son of the Turf, and be handed down in the annals of the times, even though we should be disappointed in the fond expectation, now reasonably indulged, that her offspring will emulate by their deeds, those of their distinguished mother.

J. J.

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS;

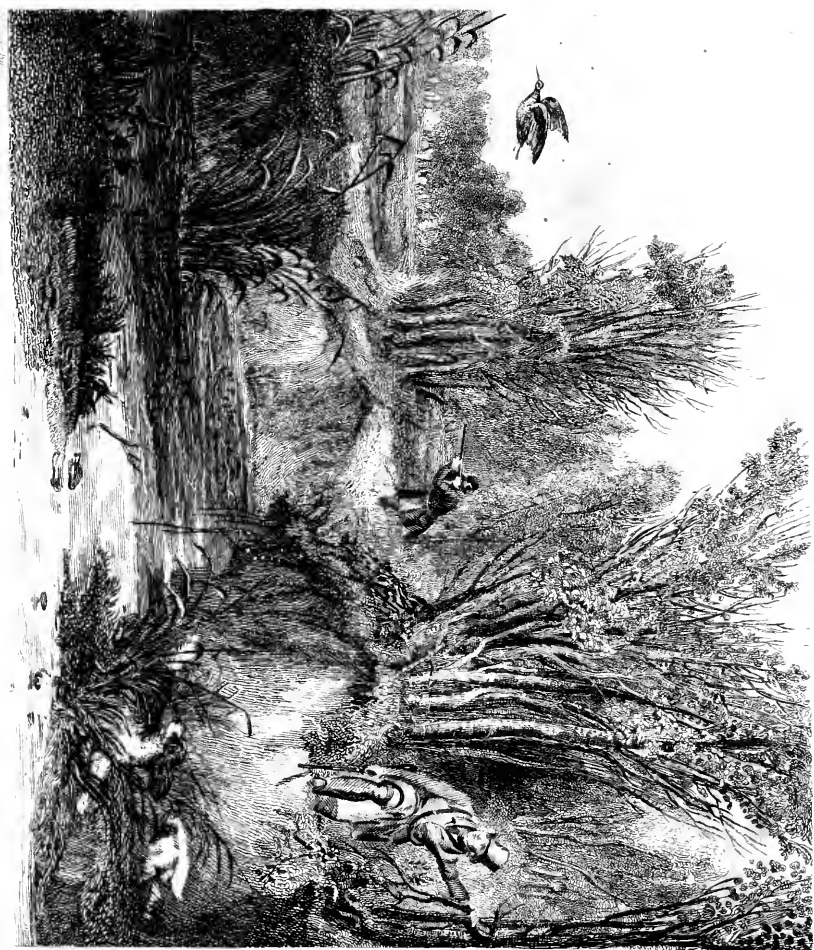
OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE FIFTH.

Our last day's shooting in the vale of Sugar-loaf was over; and, something contrary to Harry's first intention, we had decided, instead of striking westward into Sullivan or Ulster, to drive five miles upon our homeward route, and beat the Long-pond mountain—not now for such small game as woodcock, quail, or partridge; but for a herd of deer, which, although now but rarely found along the western hills, was said to have been seen already several times, to the number of six or seven head, in a small cove, or hollow basin, close to the summit of the Bellevale ridge. As it was not of course our plan to return again to Tom Draw's, every thing was now carefully and neatly packed away—the game, of which we had indeed a goodly stock, was produced from Tom's ice-house, where suspended from the rafters, they had been kept as sound and fresh as though they had been all killed only on the preceding day. A long deep box, fitting beneath the gun-case under the front seat, was now produced, and proved to be another of Harry's notable inventions; for it was lined throughout, lid, bottom, sides and all, with zinc, and in the centre had a well or small compartment of the same material, with a raised grating in the bottom. This well was forthwith lined with a square yard, or rather more, of flannel, into which was heaped a quantity of ice pounded as fine as possible, sufficient to cram it absolutely to the top—the rest of the box was then filled with the birds, displayed in regular rows, with heads and tails alternating, and a thin coat of clear dry wheaten straw between each layer, until but a few inches' depth remained between the noble pile and the lid of this extempore refrigerator—this space being filled in with flannel packed close and folded tightly, the box was locked and thrust into the accurately fitting boot by dint of the exertion of Timothy's whole strength.



"There, Frank," cried Harry, who had superintended the storage of the whole with nice scrutiny—"those chaps will keep there as sound as roaches, till we get to young Tom's at Ramapo—you cannot think what work I had, trying in vain to save them, before I hit upon this method—I used hops, which I have known in England to keep birds in an extraordinary manner—for, what you'll scarce believe, I once ate a Ptarmigan, the day year after it was killed, which had been packed with hops, in perfect preservation, at Farnley, Mr. Fawkes' place in Yorkshire!—and I tried prepared charcoal, and got my woodcock, down to New York, looking like chimney sweeps, and smelling——"

"What the h—ll difference does it make to you now, Archer, I'd be pleased to know?"—interposed Tom,— "what under heaven they smells like—a man that eats cock with their guts in, like you does, need'nt stick now, I reckon, for a leetle mite of a stink!"—

"Shut up, you old villain," answered Harry, laughing, "bring the milk punch, and get your great coat on, if you mean to go with us—for it's quite keen this morning, I can tell you—and we must be stirring too, for the sun will be up before we get to Teachman's. Now, Jem, get out the hounds—how do you take them, Tom?"

"Why, that d—d Injun, Jem, he'll take them in my lumber wagon—and, I say, Jem, see that you don't over-drive old roan—away with you, and rouse up Garry, he means to go, I guess!"

After a mighty round of punch, in which, as we were now departing, one half at least of the village joined, we all got under way—Tom, buttoned up to the throat in a huge white lion skin wrap-rascal, looking for all the world like a polar bear erect on its hind legs; and all of us muffled up pretty snugly, a proceeding which was rendered necessary by a brisk bracing northwest breeze. The sky, though it was scarcely the first twilight of an autumnal dawn, was beautifully clear, and as transparent (though still somewhat dusky) as a wide sheet of chrystal; a few pale stars were twinkling here and there, but in the east a broad gray streak changing on the horizon's edge to a faint straw color, announced the sun's approach. The whole face of the country, hill, vale, and woodland, was overspread by an universal coat of silvery hoar-frost; thin wreaths of snowy mist rising above the tops of the sere woodlands, throughout the whole length of the lovely vale, indicated as clearly as though it were traced on a map, the direction of the stream that watered it; and as we paused upon the brow of the first hillock, and looked back toward the village, with its white steeples and neat cottage dwellings buried in the still repose of that early hour, with only one or two faint columns of blue smoke worming their way up lazily into the cloudless atmosphere, a feeling of regret—such as has often crossed my mind before, when leaving any place wherein I have spent a few days happily, and which I never may see more—rendered me somewhat indisposed to talk. Something or other—it might with Harry, perhaps, have been a similar train of thought—caused both my comrades to be more taciturn by far than was their wont; and we had rattled over five miles of our route, had scaled the first ridge of the hills, and dived into the wide ravine—midway the depth of which the pretty village of

Bellevale lies on the brink of the dammed rivulet, which, a few yards below the neat stone bridge, takes a precipitous leap of fifty feet, over a rustic wier, and rushes onward, bounding from ledge to ledge of rifted rocks, chafing and fretting as if it were doing a match against time, and were in danger of losing its race—had passed the heavy lumber wagon, with Jem and Garry perched on a board which had been laid across it, and the four couple of staunch hounds nestling in the straw which Tom had provided in abundance for their comfort—before the silence had been broken by any sounds except the rattle of the wheels, the occasional interjectional whistle of Harry to his horses, or the flip of the well handled whip.

Just, however, as we were shooting ahead of the lumber wain, an exclamation from Tom Draw, which should have been a sentence, had it not been very abruptly terminated in a long rattling eructation, arrested Archer's progress. Pulling short up where a jog across the road, constructed—after the damnable mode adopted in all the hilly portions of the interior—in order to prevent the heavy rains from channelling the descent, afforded him a chance of stopping on the hill, so as to slack his traces—"How now,"—he exclaimed—"What the deuce ails you now, you old Rhinoceros!"

"Oh Archer, I feels bad—worst sort, by Judas!—It's that milk punch, I reckon; it keeps a raising—raising, all the time, like——"

"And you want to lay it, I suppose, like a ghost, in a sea of whiskey—Well, I've no especial objection! Here, Tim, hand the case bottle, and the dram cup! No! no! confound you, pass it this way first, for if Tom once get's hold of it, we may say good bye to it altogether. 'There,' he continued, after we had both taken a moderate sip at the superb old Farentosh—"there, now, take your chance at it, and for heaven's sake do leave a drop for Jem and Garry—By George now, you *shall not* drink it *all*!"—as Tom poured down the third cup full, each being as big as an ordinary beer-glass—"There was above a pint and a half in it when you began, and now there's barely one cup full between the two of them. An't you ashamed of yourself now, you greedy old devil?"

"It does go right, I swon!"—was the only reply that could be got out of him.

"That's more a plaguy sight than the bullets will do, out of your old tower musket; you're so drunk now, I fancy, that you could'nt hold it straight enough to hit a deer at three rods, let alone thirty, which you are so fond of chattering about."

"Do tell now"—replied Tom—"did you, or any other feller, ever see me shoot the worser for a mite of liquor—and as for deer, that's all a no sich thing—there arnt no deer a this side of Duckseedar's—It's all a lie of Teachman's and that Deckering son of a"—

"Holloa! hold up, Tom—recollect yesterday!—I thought there had been no cock down by the first bridge there, these six years—why you're getting quite stupid, and a croaker too, in your old age."

"Mayhap I be," he answered rather gruffly, "Mayhap I be—but you won't git no deer to-day—I'll stand drinks for the company—and if we does start one, I'll lay on my own musket agin your rifle."

“Well! we’ll soon see, for here we are,” Harry replied, as after leaving the high-road just at the summit of the Bellevale mountain, he rattled down a very broken rutty bye-road at the rate of at least eight miles an hour, vastly to the discomfiture of our fat host, whose fleshy sides were jolted almost out of their skin by the concussion of the wheels against the many stones and jogs which opposed their progress. “Here we are—or at least soon will be. It is but a short half mile through these woods to Teachman’s cottage. Is there a gun loaded, Tim? It’s ten to one we shall have a partridge fluttering up and treeing here directly—I’ll let the dogs out—get away Flash! get away Dan! you little rascals! Jump out, good dogs, Shot, Chase—hie up with you!” and out they went rattling and scrambling through the brush-wood all four abreast!

At the same moment Tim, leaning over into the body of the wagon, lugged out a brace of guns from their leathern cases—Harry’s short ounce ball rifle, and the long single barrelled duck gun.

“’T roifle is loaden wi a single ball, and ’t single goon wi yan of them green cartridges!”

“Much good ball and buck-shot will do us against partridge—nevertheless, if one trees, I’ll try if I cant cut his head off for him,” said Archer, laughing.

“Nay! nay! it be-ant book-shot, it’s no but noomber three—tak’ haud on’t, Measter Draa, tak’ haud on’t it. It’s no hoort thee, mon, and ’t horses boath stand foire cannily!”

Scarce had Fat Tom obeyed his imperative solicitations, and scarce had Tim taken hold of the ribbands which Harry had relinquished the moment he got the rifle into his hands, before a most extraordinary hubbub arose in the little skirt of coppice to our left—the spaniels quested for a second’s space at the utmost, when a tremendous crash of the branches arose, and both the setters gave tongue furiously with a quick savage yell. The road at this point of the wood made a short and very sudden angle, so as to enclose a small point of very dense thicket between its two branches; on one of these was our wagon, and down the other the lumber wain was rumbling, at the moment when this strange and most unexpected outcry started us all.

“What i’ t’ fient’s neam is yon!” cried Timothy.

“And what the devil’s that?” responded I and Archer in a breath.

But whatever it was that had aroused the dogs to such a most unusual pitch of fury, it went crashing through the brush-wood for some five or six strokes at a fearful rate toward the other wagon—before, however, it had reached the road, a most appalling shout from Jem, followed upon the instant by the blended voices of all the hounds opening at once, as on a view, excited us yet farther!—I was still tugging at my double gun, in the vain hope of getting it out time enough for action—Tom had scrambled out of the wagon on the first alarm, and stood eye, ear, and breast erect by the off side of the horses, which were very restless, pawing, and plunging violently, and almost defying Timothy’s best skill to hold them—while Harry, having cast off his box-coat, stood firm and upright on the foot board as a carved statue, with his rifle cocked and ready—when headed back upon us by the yell of Lyn and the loud clamor of his fresh foes, the

first buck I had seen in America, and the largest I had seen anywhere, dashed at a single plunge into the road, clearing the green head of a fallen hemlock apparently without an effort, his splendid antlers laid back on his neck, and his white flag lashing his fair round haunch as the fleet bitches Bonnybelle and Blossom yelled with their shrill fierce trebles close behind him. Seeing that it was useless to persist in my endeavor to extricate my gun, and satisfied that the matter was in good hands, I was content to look on an inactive but most eager witness.

Tom, who from his position at the head of the off horse commanded the first view of the splendid creature, pitched his gun to his shoulder hastily and fired—the smoke drifted across my face, but through its vapory folds I could distinguish the dim figure of the noble hart still bounding unhurt onward—but before the first echo of the round ringing report of Tom's shot-gun reached my ear, the sharp flat crash of Harry's rifle followed it, and at the self-same instant the buck sprung six feet into the air, and pitched head foremost on the ground—it was but for a moment, however, for with the speed of light he struggled to his feet, and though sore wounded, was yet toiling onward when the two English foxhounds dashed at his throat and pulled him down again.

"Run in, Tom, run in! quick," shouted Harry, "he's not clean killed, and may gore the dogs sadly!"

"I've got no knife," responded Tom, but dauntlessly he dashed in, all the same, to the rescue of the bitches—which I believe he loved almost as well as his own children—and though, encumbered by his ponderous white top-coat, not to say by his two hundred and fifty weight of solid flesh, seized the fierce animal by the brow-antlers, and bore him to the ground, before Harry, who had leaped out of the wagon, with his first words, could reach him. The next moment the keen short hunting knife, without which Archer never takes the field, had severed at a single stroke the weasand of the gallant brute—the black blood streamed out on the smoking hoar-frost, the full eyes glazed, and, after one sharp fluttering struggle, the life departed from those graceful limbs, which had been but a few short instants previous so full of glorious energy—of fiery vigor.

"Well, that's the strangest thing I ever heard of—let alone seeing"—exclaimed Archer, "fancy a buck like that lying in such a mere fringe of coppice, and so near the road-side, too! and why the deuce he lay here 'till we almost had passed him!"

"I know how it's been, any heaw," said Jem, who had by this time come up, and was looking on with much exultation flashing in his keen small eye. "Bill Speer up on the hill there telled me jist now, that they druv a big deer down from the back-bone clear down to this here hollow just above, last night arter dark. Bill shot at him, and reckoned kind he hot him—but I guess he's been mistaked—leastwise he jumped strong enough just neaw!—but which on you was 't 'at killed him!"

"I did," exclaimed Tom, "I did by ——!"

"Why you most impudent of all old liars," replied Harry—while at the same time, with a most prodigious chuckle, Tim Matlock pointed to the white bark of a birch sapling, about the thickness of man's

thigh, standing at somewhat less than fifteen paces' distance, where—in the large shot contained by the wire cartridge—the best sporting invention by the way, that has been made since percussion—had bedded themselves in a black circle, cut an inch at least into the solid wood, and about two inches in diameter!"

"I ken gay and fairly," exclaimed Tim, "'t ay rammed an Eley's patent cartridge into 't single goon this morning; and yonder is 't i' t' birk tree, an I ken a load o' shot frae an unce bullet!"

The laugh was general now against fat Tom, especially as the wide wound made by the heavy ball of Harry's rifle was plainly visible, about a hand's breath behind the part on the side toward which he had aimed; while the lead had passed directly through, in an oblique direction forward, breaking the left shoulder blade, and lodging just beneath the skin, whence a touch of the knife dislodged it.

"What now—what now, boys?" cried the old sinner, no whit disconcerted by the general mirth against him—"I say, by—I killed him, and I say so yet.—Which on ye all—which on ye all daared to go in on him without a knife nor nothen. I killed him—I say—anyhow, and so let's drink!"

"Well, I believe we must wet him," Harry answered, "so get out another flask of whiskey, Tim—and you Jem and Garry lend me a hand to lift this fine chap into the wagon.—By Jove, but this will make the Teachmans open their eyes—and now look sharp. You sent the Teachmans word that we were coming, Tom?"

"Sartin! and they've got breakfast ready long enough before this, anyways."

With no more of delay, but with lots more of merriment and shouting, on we drove; and in five minutes' space, just as the sun was rising, reached the small rude enclosure round two or three log huts, lying just on the verge of the beautiful clear lake. Two long sharp boats, and a canoe scooped out of a whole tree, were drawn up on the sandy beach; a fishing net of many yards in length was drying on the rails; a brace of large, strong, black and tan foxhounds were lying on the step before the door; a dozen mongrel geese, with one wing-tipped wild one among them, were sauntering and gabbling about the narrow yard; and a glorious white-headed fishing eagle with a clipped wing, but otherwise at large, was perched upon the roof hard by the chimney.

At the rattle of our arrival, out came from the largest of the cottages, three tall rough-looking countrymen to greet us, not one of whom stood less than six foot in his stockings, while two were several inches taller. Great was their wonder, and loud were their congratulations when they beheld the unexpected prize which we had gained while on our route, but little space was given at that time to either; for the coffee, which, by the way, was poor enough, and the hot cakes and fried perch, which were capital, and the grilled salt pork, swimming in fat, and the large mealy potatoes bursting through their brown skins, were ready smoking upon a rough wooden board, covered, however, by a clean white table cloth, beside a sparkling fire of wood, which our drive through the brisk mountain air had rendered by no means unacceptable.

We breakfasted like hungry men and hunters, both rapidly and well—and before half an hour elapsed, Archer, with Jem and one of our bold hosts started away, well provided with powder, ball, and whiskey, and accompanied by all the hounds, to make a circuit of the Western hill; on the summit of which they expected to be joined by two or three more of the neighbors, whence they proposed to drive the whole sweep of the forest-clad descent down to the waters' edge. Tim was enjoined to see to the provisions, and to provide as good a dinner as his best gastronomic skill, and the contents of our portable larder might afford, and I was put under the charge of Tom, who seemed for above an hour disposed to do nothing but to lie dozing, with a cigar in his mouth, stretched upon the broad of his back, on a bank facing the early sunshine just without the door; while our hosts were collecting bait, preparing fishing tackle, and cleaning or repairing their huge clumsy muskets. At length when the drivers had been gone already for considerably more than an hour, he got up and shook himself—

"Now then, boys," he exclaimed, "we'll be a movin.—You Joe Teachman, what are you lazin there about—d—n you? You go with Mr. Forester and Garry in the big boat, and pull as fast as you can put your oars to water, till you git opposite the white-stone pint—and there lie still as fishes!—You may fish, though, if you will, Forester," he added, turning to me—"and I do reckon the big yellow perch *will* bite the darndest, this cold mornin, arter the sun gits fairly up—but soon as iver you hear the hounds holler—or one of them chaps shoot, then look you out right stret away for business!—Cale, here, and I'll take the small boat, and keep in sight of you; and so that we can kiver all this eend of the pond like, if the deer tries to cross hereaways. How long is 't Cale, since we had six on them all at oncet in the water—six—seven—eight, well I swon, it's years ago now!—but come, we mus'nt stand here talkin, else we'll get a dammin, when they drives down a buck into the pond and none of us in there to tackle him!"

So without more ado, we got into our boats, disposed our guns with the stocks towards us in the bows, laid in our stock of tinder, pipes, and liquor, and rowed off merrily to our appointed stations. Never in the whole course of my life has it been my fortune to look upon more lovely scenery than I beheld that morning—the long narrow winding lake, lying as pure as chrystal beneath the liquid skies, reflecting with the correctness of the most perfect mirror, the abrupt and broken hills, which sank down so precipitously into it—clad as they were in foliage of every gorgeous dye, with which the autumn of America loves to enhance the beauty of her forest pictures—that, could they find their way into its mountain girdled basin, ships of large burthen might lie afloat within a stone's throw of the shore!—the slopes of the woodcovered knolls, here brown, or golden, and interspersed with the rich crimson of the faded maples, there verdant with the evergreen leaves of the pine and cedar!—and the far azure summits of the most distant peaks, all steeped in the serene and glowing sunshine of an October morning. For hours we lay there, our little vessel floating as the occasional breath of a sudden breeze, curling the lake into sparkling wavelets, chose to direct our course,

smoking our cigars, and chatting cozily, and now and then pulling up a great broad backed yellow bass, whose flapping would for a time disturb the peaceful silence, which, quite unbroken save by the chance clamor of a passing crow, reigned over wood and dale and water—yet not a sound betokening the approach of our drivers had reached our ears.

Suddenly when the sun had long passed his meridian height, and was declining rapidly toward the horizon, the full round shot of a musket rang from the mountain top, followed immediately by a sharp yell—and in an instant the whole basin of the lake was filled with the harmonious discord of the hounds. I could distinguish on the moment the clear sharp challenge of Harry's high bred foxhounds, the deep bass voices of the Southern dogs, and the untamable and cur like yelping of the dogs which the Teachmans had taken with them. Ten minutes passed full of anxiety, almost of fear.—We knew not as yet whither to turn our boats' head, for every second the course of the hounds seemed to vary, at one instant they would appear to be rushing directly down to us, and the next instant they would turn as though they were going up the hill again. Meantime our beaters were not idle—their stirring shouts serving alike to animate the hounds and to force the deer to water, made rock and wood reply in cheery echoes—but to my wonder I caught not for a long time one note of Harry's gladsome voice. At length, as I strained my eyes against the broad hill side gilt by the rays of the declining sun, I caught a glimpse of his form running at a tremendous pace, bounding over stock and stone, and plunging through dense thickets, on a portion of the declivity where the tall trees had a few years before been destroyed by accidental fire.—At this moment the hounds were running, to judge from their tongues, parallel to the lake and to the line which he was running—the next minute, with a redoubled clamor, they turned directly down to him,—I lost sight of him, but half a minute after the sharp crack of his rifle again rang upon the air, followed by a triumphant "Whoop! who—whoop!" and then I knew another stag had fallen. The beaters on the hill shouted again louder and louder than before—and the hounds still raved on! By heaven! but there must be a herd of them a-foot—and now the pack divides! the English hounds are bringing their game down—here—by the Lord just here—right in our very faces!—the Southernns have borne away over the shoulder of the hill, still running hot and hard in Jolly Tom's direction.—"By heaven," I cried, "look! Teachman, Garry, look! there—see you not that noble buck, he leaped that sumach bush like a race-horse, and see! see! now he will take the water. Bad luck on it! he sees us, and heads back!"—Again the fleet hounds rally in his rear, and chide till earth and air are vocal and harmonious.—Hark! hark! how Archer's cheers ring on the wind—now he turns once again—he nears the edge—how glorious—with what a beautiful bold bound he leaped from that high bluff into the flashing wave, with what a majesty he tossed his antlered head above the spray, with how magnificent and brave a stroke he breasts the curling billows.

Give way! my men, give way!—how the frail bark creaks and groans as we ply the long oars in the rullocks,—how the ash

bends in our sturdy grasp—how the boat springs beneath their impulse.

“Together, boys ! together ! now—now we gain—now, Garry, lay your oar aside—up with your musket—now you are near enough—give it him in God’s name—a good shot, too ! the bullet ricocheted from the lake scarcely six inches from his nose—give way again, it’s my shot now !”

And lifting my Joe Manton, each barrel loaded with a bullet carefully wadded with greased buckskin, I took a careful aim and fired—

“That’s it,” cried Garry, “well done, Forester—right through the head, by George !”

And, as he spoke, I fancied for the moment he was right—the noble buck plunged half his height out of the bright blue water, shaking his head as if in the death agony, but the next instant he stretched out again with vigor unimpaired, and I could see that my ball had only knocked a tine off his left antler.—My second barrel still remained, and without lowering the gun, I drew my second trigger—again a fierce plunge told that the ball had not erred widely ; and this time, when he again sank into his wonted posture, the deep crimson dye that tinged the foam which curled about his graceful neck, as he still struggled feebly fleet before his unrelenting foes, gave token of a deadly wound.

Six more strokes of the bending oars—we shot along side—a noose of rope was cast across his branching tines, the keen knife flashed across his throat, and all was over ! We towed him to the shore, where Harry and his comrades were awaiting us with another victim to his unerring aim. We took both bucks and all hands on board, pulled stoutly homeward, and found Tom lamenting.—Two deer, a buck of the first head, and a doe, had taken water close beside him—he had missed his first shot, and in toiling over-hard to recover lost ground, had broken his oar, and been compelled inactively to witness their escape.

Three fat bucks was the total of the day’s sport—not one of which had fallen to Tom’s boasted musket. It needed all that Tim’s best dinner, with lots of Champagne and Farentosh, could do to restore the fat chap’s equanimity ; but he at last consoled himself, as we threw ourselves on the lowly beds of the log hut, by swearing that by the Eternal devil he’d beat us both at partridges to-morrow.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of PATRICK NISBETT EDGAR,
Esq., of Lynesville, N. C.

No. 1. SALLY CROOK, a beautiful blood bay mare, bred (as I have been informed) by Mr. John Taylor, formerly of Brunswick County, Va., but at present a resident in Florida; she is very well formed, about fifteen hands high, and very sway-backed; she was formerly the property of Mr. James Robinson, now of Tennessee, but formerly of Warren County, N. C., and at present the property of myself. She was foaled about the year 1825; was got by Drummond's Napoleon (son of Sir Archy), her dam by Young Sir Harry, grandam Splinter by Young's Whalebone, g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnought, (this mare was the g. g. g. g. dam of the late Maj. Wm. Lucas, of Mecklenburg County, Va., Miss Fidget,) her g. g. g. dam by the imported horse Silvereye, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, g. g. g. dam was the imported mare Mary Grey, I understood in 1775.

N.B. The above pedigree can be fully substantiated by the following certificates.

Her Produce.

1837. B. f. by Eclipse Lightfoot, purchased at 2 yrs. old for \$200, by Mr. Joshua Paschall.

1838. B. f. *Luna*, by First Fruits. She took the only premium for the Get of American horses, at the Boydton Show, in June, 1839. Price \$1200. Mr. Lewis Read, Warren County, N. C.

1839. B. f. by Gohanna. Sent to Benbow.

Young Sir Harry was bred by Mr. Clack Robinson, of Warren County, N. C., was got by Imp. Sir Harry, his dam by Dogfish, grandam Jett by Imp. Flimnap—Diana by Clodius—Sally Painter by the Imp. horse Evans' Starling—Imp. mare Silver, got by the Imp. horse the Bellsise Arabian.

(Signed) CLACK ROBINSON.

North Carolina, April 30, 1839.

True Copy of Mr. Robinson's Letter.

"April 30, 1839.

"Mr. Lewis Read,—Dear Sir—I received your note per boy last evening, requesting the pedigree of Sally Crook, a bay mare bred by Mr. John Taylor, now of Florida, traded to Mr. Joshua Paschall by my brother James Robinson,

now of West Tennessee. Sally Crook was got by Napoleon, her dam by Young Sir Harry, and he by Old Sir Harry; his dam by Dogfish, grandam by Flimnap, and she out of Wm. E. Broadman's old Diana, who was by Clodius, out of Sally Painter. Sally Painter was got by the Imp. Starling, out of Silver, imported by Mr. Evans, both of which was by the Bellsise Arabian in England. Sally Crook's grandam, Splinter by Whalebone, out of a Fearnought mare raised by Mr. Allan Young, of Mecklenburg County, Va.

"Young Sir Harry was raised by me, out of the Dogfish mare.

(Signed) "CLACK ROBINSON."

Warren County }

State of } "I do hereby certify
North Carolina. } that in the year 1808,
the late Mr. Allan Young, senior, of Cox's and Allan's Creek, in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, gave me the pedigrees of his two horses, called Whalebone and Ostrich, and at that time informed me that the Fearnought mare, in the remote pedigree of the latter horse, was foaled his property. He gave the late Col. Haynes, of North Carolina, a very high price, to allow him to put his Silvereye mare, got by the Imp. horse Silvereye, her dam by the Imp. horse Jolly Roger, out of the Imp. mare Mary Grey, to the Imp. horse Baylor's Old Fearnought, in the year 1772. Mr. Young further stated that he bred several foals from said Fearnought mare, and that after getting out of the stock of this mare, he never could get into it again, until he purchased Miss Fidget, after the death of Maj. Wm. Lucas, at his sale.

"Given under my hand and seal this 24th day of August, 1839.

PATRICK NISBETT EDGAR.

Seal.

You will oblige me, Sir, greatly, by publishing the above.

LEWIS READ.

Warren Co., N. C., Aug. 28, 1839.

Mr. P. will oblige me by making further enquiries for the full pedigree of the mare imported by Mr. Perkins, in Boston, I have repeatedly written both to him and Mr. Wm. Forbes for her pedigree, ineffectually. She was, as stated in the "Spirit of the Times," got by Toby, out

of a Grog mare. I can find no such mare in the English Stud Book.

P. N. EDGAR.

List of Blood Stock belonging to L. P. CHEATHAM, Esq, near Nashville, Tennessee.

No. 1. MERMEN, Imp., br. h., 13 yrs. old, and 5 feet 4 inches high. He was got by Whalebone, out of Mermaid by Orville. For pedigree, performances, &c., see Am. Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 293.

No. 2. CROCKFORD, ch. h., foaled in 1834, 16 hands high, and is full brother to the celebrated race horse Chesterfield. He was got by Pacific, out of Roxana by Wilkes' Madison, grandam by Imp. St. Paul—Imp. Diomed—Meade's Old Celer—Meade's Old Pilgrim—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Valiant—the Imp. Jenny Cameron.

No. 3. MARLBOROUGH, gr. h., foaled 1834; was got by Imp. Luzborough, out of Geranium (No. 4, also the dam of the celebrated race mare Piano.)

No. 4. GERANIUM, gr. m., foaled 1824; was got by old Pacolet, out of Nell Saunders by Little Wonder—Julietta by Imp. Daredevil—Rosetta (grandam of Virginian) by Imp. Centinel—Diana by Clodius—Sally Painter by Evans' Starling, out of the imported mare Old Silver. See Am. Turf Register, vol. i. p. 370, and vol. iii. pp. 263, 486, &c.

Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 5. PRINCESS, gr. m., got by Old Pacolet, dam by Second Diomed—Old Wild-air—Midge by Imp. Fearnought, &c. (Midge is the dam of Proserpine.) Stinted to Picton.

No. 6. KATY ANN, ch. m., by Ogle's Oscar, out of Young Maid of the Oaks (Medoc's dam) by Imp. Expedition—Willis's Old Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Spread Eagle—Imp. Shark—Rockingham—Gallant—True Whig—Imp. Regulus—Imp. Diamond, &c. Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 7. MARIA LOUISA, b. m., foaled 1827; was got by the Imp. Arabian horse Bagdad, out of Katy Brown by Imp. Diomed, grandam an imported mare got in England by Imp. Diomed. Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 8. MEDORA HOWARD, b. m., foaled in 1832; was got by Carolinian, out of No. 7. Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 9. PANAMA, b. m., foaled 1833; was got by Crusader, out of No. 7. Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 10. ALICE RIGGS, ch. m., foaled 1832; was got by Imp. Leviathan, out of Old Sally Hope by Sir Archy, gran-

dam an imported mare by Old Chance (own sister to the celebrated race-horse Grimalkin), g. g. dam Jemima by Phenomenon, g. g. g. dam Eyebright (own sister to Conductor, sire of Trumpator, Alfred, Ainderby, &c.) by Matchem—Snap—Cullen Arabian—Grisewood's Lady Thigh by Partner—Grey Hound—Sophonisba's dam by the Curwen Bay Barb—Lord D'Arcy's Chesnut Arabian—White Shirt—Old Montague mare, &c. Owned jointly with the Messrs. Merriots of Va. Stinted to Skylark.

No. 11. GREY MARIA, gr. m., foaled 1834; was got by Giles Scroggins, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy—Forlorn Hope by Bell-air—Fancy by Atkins' Independence (he by Fearnought)—Americus—Fearnought—Jolly Roger—Traveler—Imp. Monkey—Imp. Barb Mare, &c. Stinted to Imp. Barefoot.

No. 12. LADY HICKMAN, gr. m., got by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Oscar (he by Wonder, out of Old Rosy Clack), grandam by Imp. Diomed. Her grandam was brought to Tennessee from Virginia by a Mr. Pride. Stinted to Imp. Skylark.

No. 13. BRUNETTE, bl. f., foaled 1836, got by Cock of the Rock, out of the dam of No. 12. Stinted to Picton.

No. 14. LEVITY, b. f., foaled 1836; was got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, grandam Alligrante, the dam of No. 22.

No. 15. LUZZETTA, br. f., foaled 1836; she was got by Imp. Luzborough, out of No. 5.

No. 16. PELION, b. c., foaled 1836; got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Bertrand, grandam No. 5. Owned jointly with Mr. L. Sherley.

No. 17. SHARATAK, b. c., foaled in 1836; got by Flying Dutchman (he by John Richards) out of No. 6.

No. 18. PICKWICK, b. c., foaled 1837; got by Pacific, out of No. 4.

No. 19. MELMOTH, b. c., foaled in 1837; was got by Imp. Merman, out of No. 6. He is entered in the Criterion Stakes, to come off over the Nashville Course in the Spring of 1841, to which there are twenty-two subscribers at \$1000 each, four mile heats. Also a large Sweepstakes to come off over the Gallatin (Tenn.) Course, the Fall of 1840, twenty-three subscribers at 500 each, two mile heats.

No. 20. MARMION, br. c., foaled 1837; got by Imp. Merman, out of No. 9.

No. 21. MELBOURNE, br. c., foaled in 1837; got by Imp. Merman, out of Mary Lowe (sister to Hortensia) by Pacific, grandam Bett Bosley by Wilkes' Won-

der, g. g. dam by Old Chanticleer—Imp. Stirling—Clodius (full brother to Celer)—Imp. Silvereye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Partner—Imp. Monkey, out of a mare imported by John Bland, of Virginia.

No. 22. LAURETTE, ch. f., foaled 1837; got by Imp. Luzborough, out of Alligrante by Imp. Strap—Sally Andrews by Imp. Jack Andrews—Drucilia by Imp. Druid—Old Bell-air—Imp. Shark—Imp. Medley—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Shock—Imp. Sober John.

No. 23. MARIA BASS, b. f., foaled in 1837; got by Havoc, out of Lady Bass (Kimlock's dam) by Conqueror, grandam by Ball's Florizel—Grey Diomed (son of Imp. Medley)—Symm's Old Wild-air—Imp. Flinnap—Imp. Valent, &c.

No. 24. MAZARIN, b. c., foaled 1838; got by Merman, out of No. 9.

No. 25. SARAH COLEMAN, ch. f., foaled 1838; got by Margrave, dam by Hamiltonian (he by Imp. Diomed), grandam by Hamiltonian, g. g. dam by Imp. Buzzard, as given by Wm Hancock.

No. 26. MONMOUTH, ch. c., foaled in 1838; got by Margrave, dam by Imp. Bluster, grandam by Imp. Eagle, g. g. dam Bett Bosley, the grandam of No. 21.

No. 27. MARRYATT, b. c., foaled 1839; got by Merman, out of No. 7.

No. 28. KEOKUCK, b. c., foaled 1839; got by Skylark, out of No. 8.

No. 29. OLIVER TWIST, b. c., foaled 1839; got by Skylark, out of No. 9.

L. P. CHEATHAM.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 19, 1839.

Blood Stock of JOHN MAXWELL, Esq., of Pendleton Village, S. C.

No. 1. REDGAUNTLET, ch. h., sixteen hands high, foaled Spring of 1824. He was bred by Col. Singleton of S. C., was got by Sir Archy, out of Sylph by Hephestion—Lottery by Imp. Bedford—Anvilina by Anvil—King Herod—Tartar—Partner—Hephestion by Imp. Buzzard, out of Imp. Castianira, the dam of Sir Archy.

No. 2. VIOLA (the dam of Chestatec), gr. m., bred by Mr. Rapley, of Abbeville, S. C., in the Spring of 1819. She was got by Old Gallatin, out of Clio by Imp. Whip, grandam Sultana by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. dam Orilia by Percy, g. g. g. dam by Buckskin, g. g. g. g. dam by Hero, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Brutus, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Tarquin, &c. Old Gallatin was by Imp. Bedford.

Produce.

1834. Fall. Joccassie, gr. f., by Redgauntlet.

1836. March. B. f. by Argyle.

1838. Feb. 29. Gr. f. by Imp. Rowton.

1839. May 30. Gr. f. by Redgauntlet.

Viola and Joccassie are now in foal to Imp. Tranby.

No. 7. Bay colt by Hiazim, out of Queen Adelaide,—foaled 31st March, 1838. Queen Adelaide was by Arab, out of Ann Reed by Virginian. Hiazim was by Sir Archy, out of Janey, the dam of Polly Hopkins.

No. 8. Brown filly, imported, foaled 1837, bred by Mr. Boardman of Altringham, England; was got by Bay Malton, dam by Whisker, out of I'm-sure-heshan't by Coriolanus (son of Sir Peter), out of Warrior's dam by Young Marske—Matchem—Tarquin—Y. Belgrade—Bay Malton by Filho da Puta, out of Racket by Castrel. Vide English Stud Book, vol. iv. p. 365. Certificates of pedigree, purchase and importation, are in my possession.

I will add the following, though they are not thorough-bred.

No. 1. LOCKSLEY, ch. h., foaled 1831; was got by Crusader (by Sir Archy), dam by Trimble's Buckskin, he by Old Buckskin—Mark Anthony—Partner, &c., out of a Recruit mare; Recruit was by Imp. Sterling.

No. 2. Chesnut mare, by Redgauntlet, out of the dam of Locksley.

No. 3. Chesnut filly, foaled 1833, by Hiazim, out of No. 2. Hiazim was by Sir Archy, out of the dam of Polly Hopkins.

No. 4. Bay mare, 6 yrs. old, by Redgauntlet, out of the dam of Anti-Tariff.

No. 5. Bay filly by Jackson out of No. 4; he by John Richards—by Sir Archy.

JOHN MAXWELL.

Pendleton Village, Aug. 22, 1839.

Blood Stock of JOHN D. TYLER, Esq., of Montgomery County, Tenn.

No. 1. NARRAH MATTAH, b. m. For pedigree see Am. Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 288.

No. 2. LUCY DUFAY, b. f., foaled 17th Sept., 1835; was got by William Tell (he by Stockholder, his dam by Pacolet,) out of No. 1.

No. 3. HELENA, ch. f., foaled 8th of May, 1837; got by Miantonimoh, out of No. 1.

No. 4. Grey filly, foaled 4th April, 1839; was got by Imp. Autocrat, out of No. 1. [R. K. Tyler.]

No. 5. AURELIA, gr. m. See Am. Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 288, and vol. i. p. 364.

No. 6. KITTY CLOVER, ch. m. See

Am. Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 288. (Dead.)

No. 7. POLLY JEFFERSON, ch. m., 8 years old in June, 1837; she was got by Mons. Tonson, dam by Constitution, grandam by Perfection, (he by Imp. Clifton, out of Col. Holcomb's Old Wild-air mare, the dam of Ariadne,) g. g. dam out of a Diomed mare, she out of a Celler mare, raised by Gen. Everard Meade.

No. 8. HENRIETTA SCOTT, by Sir Charles, out of Charlotte Temple, own sister to Gohanna. Owned by John D. Tyler and H. H. Bryan.

No. 9. ELLA CROSBY, by Grey-hound, out of a Timoleon mare, she out of the imported Chance mare, the dam of Sally Hope. One half of Ella Crosby was presented to me by my friend Geo. W. Cheatham.

No. 10. MIAANTONIMOH. See American Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 288.

No. 11. PHAROLD, b. c., foaled 19th May, 1837; was got by Imp. Autocrat, out of No. 7.

No. 12. ALIQUIPPA, b. f., foaled 5th May, 1838; got by Imp. Autocrat, out of No. 7.

No. 13. PLAUDIT, gr. f., foaled 1st of April, 1838; got by Imp. Autocrat, out of No. 5.

No. 14. BETTY HAYDEN, br. f., foaled 1st April, 1839; got by Miantonimoh [No. 10], out of No. 5.

No. 15. AGNES MONTEITH, gr. f., foaled 27th March, 1839; got by Miantonimoh, out of No. 9. Owned by John D. Tyler, and Geo. W. Cheatham.

No. 16. HENRIETTA TEMPLE, ch. m., by Contention, out of No. 7. Owned by C. Crusman, H. H. Bryan, and John D. Tyler.

No. 17. FANNY WILDING, ch. f., foaled 12th March, 1836; got by Miantonimoh, out of No. 6.

No. 18. NAT PEGRAM, ch. c., foaled 1836; was got by Imp. Leviathan, out of No. 7. Owned by John D. Tyler, H. H. Bryan, and (I believe) Col. John Williams.

JOHN D. TYLER.

Montgomery Co., July 19, 1839.

Blood Stock of Maj. WM. JONES, of Cold Spring, L. I.

No. 1. PRINCESS, foaled in 1817, and bred by Mr. G. Vandever, of Flatbush, King's County, L. I. She was got by Defiance, out of Empress by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Imp. Messenger; grandam (a thorough-bred mare) by Snap, out of Jenny Auter by True Britton; her dam Quaker Lass by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet—her g. g. dam by old Spark, g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell.

Defiance was got by Florizel, who was by Imp. Dioned, his dam by Roebuck, grandam by Independence, g. g. dam by Imp. Sentinel or Flimnap, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Janus, out of a thorough-bred mare.

Roebuck was got by Imp. Sweeper, dam by Imp. Bajazet.

Independence was got by Imp. Fearnaught, out of a thorough-bred mare.

Princess was sold in 1839 to J. J. Palmer, of Georgia.

No. 2. SIDI-HAMET, b. h., foaled 29th April, 1830; got by Eclipse, out of No. 1. Sold to Col. W. R. Johnson.

No. 3. VERTUMNUS, b. h., foaled 8th May, 1831; he is own brother to Sidi-Hamet. Sold to Col. W. R. Johnson.

No. 4. MISTAKE, b. h., foaled 26th of May, 1834; was got by Andrew, out of No. 1. Sold to Col. W. R. Johnson.

No. 5. COMMODORE TRUXTON, b. c., foaled 7th March, 1837; was got by Imp. Barefoot, out of No. 1.

No. 6. EMILY GLENTWORTH, b. f., foaled 23d Feb., 1838; got by Imp. Trustee, out of No. 1.

No. 7. DOVE, gr. m., bred by the late Gen. Nathaniel Coles, of Dosoris, L. I., in May 1817; she was got by Duroc, out of Koinp (sister to Miller's Damsel, the dam of Eclipse,) by Imp. Messenger, grandam an imported mare by Pot-8-o's, g. g. dam by Gimcrack.

No. 8. ZENOBIA, ch. f., foaled 8th of May, 1835; got by Imp. Roman, out of No. 7.

No. 9. TREASURER, b. c., foaled 1st April, 1836; own brother to Zenobia.

No. 10. FLEETFOOT, gr. f. foaled 15th April, 1837; got by Imp. Barefoot, out of No. 7.

No. 11. YOUNG DOVE, gr. f., foaled 31st March, 1838; got by Imp. Trustee, out of No. 7.

N.B. The above mares have never been trained or run, although they are from the best racing stock which Long Island has ever produced, Princess being from the same mare as Young Empress, who is the dam of Lance, Ariel, O'Kelly, St. Leger, Angeline, &c. Dove's dam and Eclipse's dam being own sisters, and Dove and Eclipse being sired by Duroc; makes them the same blood.

All the above colts are promising.

WM. JONES.

Cold Spring, Aug. 16, 1839.

Blood Stock of R. W. OGDEN, Esq., of Bowling Green, Ky.

No. 1. GASTRIDING, b. h., 15 hands 3 inches high, bred by Joshua R. Bullock, of N. C. He was got by Harwood, dam by Collector, grandam by Imp. Citizen.

Harwood was got by Sir Archy, out of Asnopleda by Imp. Diomed, grandam by Melzare, out of Clack's old mare. Collector was by Mark Anthony, out of Lady Legs by Imp. Centinel, thoroughbred, and the fastest horse in the United States in his day. Imp. Citizen was the sire of Pacolet, and also of the dam of Stockholder and Sir Charles.

No. 2. BETSEY STOCKTON, bl. m., 6 yrs old, by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip, grandam by Old Quicksilver, he by Imp. Medley.

No. 3. ELLEN MARY, b. f., foaled the Spring of 1838; got by Gastriding, out of No. 2.

No. 4. VICTORIA, b. f., foaled 10th April, 1839; got by Imp. Contract, out of No. 2.

Betsey Stockton is now stinted to Imp. Contract.

No. 6. NANCY CARTER, b. m., 6 yrs. old, by Arab, dam by Bedford, son of Imp. Bedford.

No. 6. COPENHAGEN, b. c., foaled 10th June, 1836; got by Gastriding, out of No. 5.

In 1837 Nancy Carter missed to John Randolph, and in 1838 she missed to Gastriding.

No. 7. Bay filly, foaled 10th of July, 1839, got by Imp. Contract, out of No. 5.

No. 8. SALLY TIGER, ch. m., 6 yrs. old last Spring; got by Gastriding, dam by Pacolet.

No. 9. Chesnut colt, foaled 20th April, 1839; got by Imp. Contract, out of No. 8.

Sally Tiger is now stinted to Imp. Contract.

One half interest in Gastriding I have sold to Jas. W. West, of Louis County, Missouri, and he will stand at Monticello next season. R. W. OGDEN.

Bowling Green, Sept. 6, 1839.

Produce of *Bonnets o' Blue*, the proper-

ty of Wm. GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, Morris County, N. J.

BONNETS O' BLUE was foaled in 1827, and broke down in a race with Little Venus at Columbia, S. C., in Jan. 1833. For her pedigree see Am. Turf Register, vol. v. p. 62.

Produce.

1834. Missed to Star.

1835. Missed to Eclipse.

1836. April 10. MARINER, by Shark.

1837. April 26. FASHION, ch. f., by Imp. Trustee.

1838. Missed to Milo.

1839. Feb. 24. ECHO, gr. f., by Imp. Trustee.

Bonnets o' Blue is now stinted to Shark. WM. GIBBONS.

Madison, Sept. 18, 1839.

Addition to WILLIAM H. TAYLOR'S Stock, Mount Airy, Virginia.

AURORA, (dam of Howa and Czarina,) dropped on the 17th ult. a bay colt with a star, and left hind foot white, by Priam, named *Antrobus*.

MULTIFLORA, by Mason's Rattler, &c. has dropped a colt to Henry 2d, he by Henry, out of Young Romp by Duroc—Romp by Messenger, (dam of Cock of the Rock.) The colt is named *Tucharelli*.

Revised pedigree of CAPT. THOMAS HOSKINS by Autocrat.

On reference to the American Turf Register vol. iv. p. 216, I find the pedigree of *Captain Thomas Hoskins* incorrectly published in vol. ix. p. 480. It should run thus: Capt. Thomas Hoskins by imported Autocrat, out of Minerva by Tom Tough, g. dam by Imp-Sir Harry, g. g. dam Diana by Americus, g. g. dam Kitty Fisher by Alderman—Wildair—Vampire—Imp. Kitty Fisher by Cade, son of the Godolphin Arabian.

June 1, 1839. WM. H. TAYLOR.

Pedigree of *Albornoz*, the property of R. E. SUTTON, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., July 19, 1839.

I beg of you the favor to register the name and pedigree of my imported colt. I claim for him the name of *Albornoz*. He was foaled on the 28th of January, 1839, and is now four feet two inches high, under the standard; his color is a blood bay without white. He is a splendidly formed colt, and is pronounced unexceptionable by competent judges. He resembles very much the plate of his illustrious sire. Dr. Syntax, and I believe he is the only one of his get in the United States.

He was got by Dr. Syntax, out of Sarah by Sarpedon, out of Frolicsome by Frolic, her dam by Stamford, out of Alexina by King Fergus, &c.

Dr. Syntax was got by Paynater, dam by Beningbrough, her dam Jenny Mole by Carbuncle, &c. &c.

R. E. SUTTON.

Notes of the Month.

OCTOBER.

GREAT RACE AT NORFOLK.—As the American Racing Calendar cannot be resumed in the present number of the Register, the result of the great race of the past month is noted here.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.;—with a Post Stake of \$1000 each, P.P., between Messrs. Johnson, Hare, and Wilson. Four mile heats.

Ed. J. Wilson's (Charles Hatcher's) gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy-Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's (W. Livingston's) b. c. <i>Job</i> , by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler, 4 yrs....	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. m. <i>Mary Blunt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 6 yrs.....	*	

Time, 7:54—7:57. * Broke down.

THE GOODWOOD CUP.—The "Great Western" steam-ship, brought the intelligence that *Harkaway* had won the Goodwood Cup, beating *Hyllus*, who was second, and *Deception*, who was third, and six others. A picture of this formidable horse, now esteemed as second only to the famed English Eclipse, has been presented to the Editor, by Capt. Stockton, of the navy. He resembles in the picture *Plenipotentiary*, more than any other horse we can remember; his quarters show amazing power, and the shoulder is so heavily muscled as to appear almost clumsy.

THE BLOOMSBURY TRIALS.—One of the trials in which the pedigree of the late Derby winner was put in issue, has resulted favorably for Mr. RIDSDALE; and the other issues pending, will not probably be brought before a jury. The case of Lord LICHFIELD was so weak, that it reflects no credit on him to have appealed from the decision of the Jockey Club to a court of law, on such grounds.

THE NEW YACHT.—Mr. STEVENS has not yet so far completed his beautiful yacht, as to get a trial of her sailing qualities. The delay is occasioned exclusively by those engaged in fitting up her superb cabins. Before another number of this Magazine is issued, the very interesting experiment will be settled.

KENDALL RACE COURSE.—Mr. KENDALL has had his track re-measured, to prevent any further dispute; and we are pleased to find it a full mile. The following is the certificate of the fact, the original of which is in our hands:—

September 10th, 1839.

This is to certify that we, the subscribers, did on this day carefully measure the Kendall Race Course, with two 10 feet rods, and find it to be 1760 yards and one foot. We measured within three feet of the inside railing, close on the edge of the grass, and we have no hesitation in saying it was closer to the railing than any horse could possibly run. Given under our hands the day and date above mentioned.

T. R. S. BOYCE,

JAS. B. KENDALL,

CHAS. S. W. DORSEY,

HENRY GILL.

A M E R I C A N

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

Embellishment:

WILD DUCK SHOOTING: *on Steel* BY DICK, AFTER F. C. TURNER.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

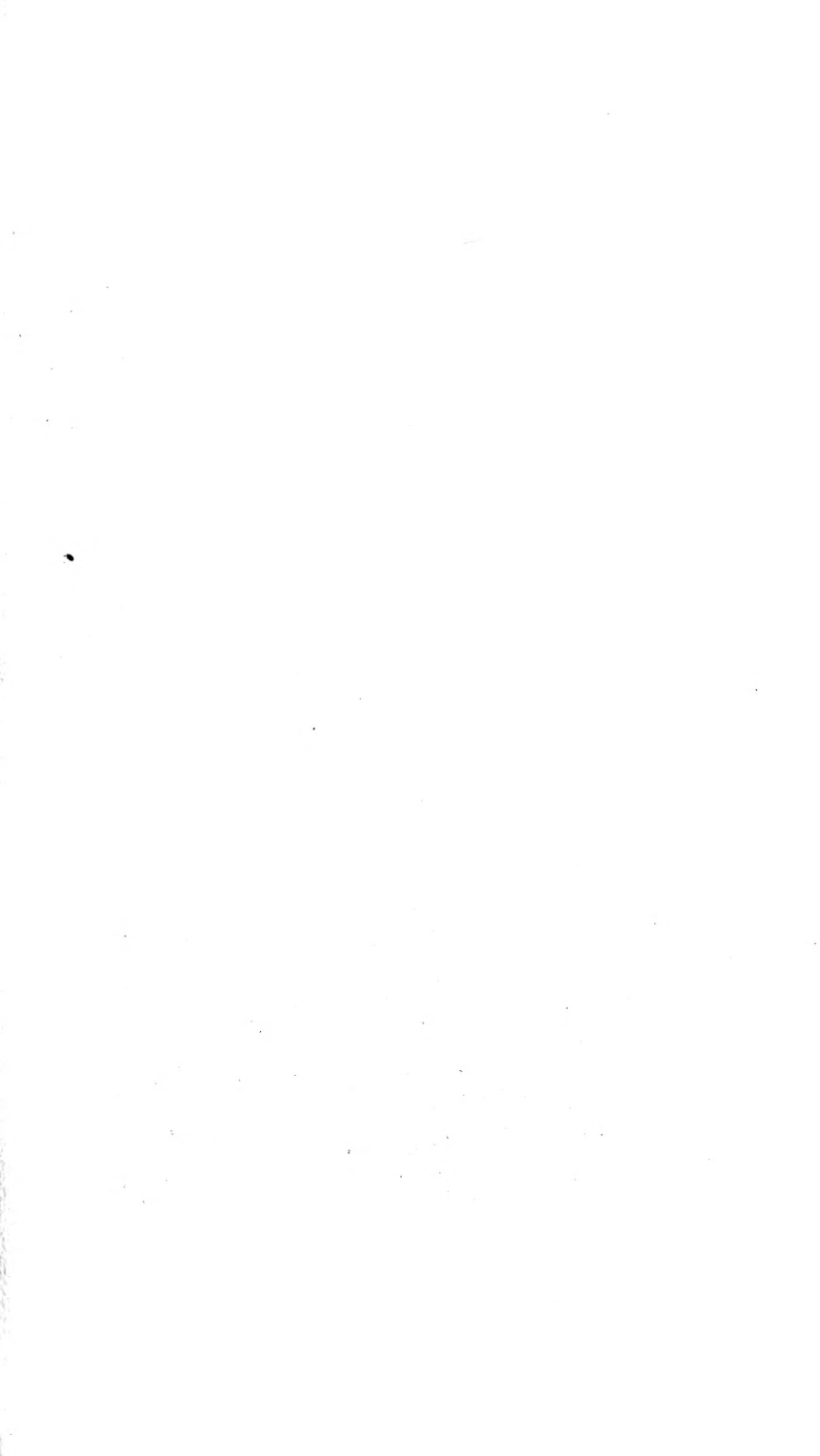
The absence of the Editor for several weeks must be his apology for not attending to the requests of J. C. S. There shall be little farther delay in the business.

The remittance of J. W. M. B. is acknowledged. His plan shall receive attention. May he endeavor to find time to give us the passages from the life of Old Gallatin.

J. O. L.'s favor is received, and its contents shall be duly noticed.

A "Corn Planter's" remedy was mislaid, but has fortunately again turned up, and will come in play for the December Magazine. The money came safely.

The hope expressed in our last of getting up a series of PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED TURF-MEN, is likely, we think, to be fulfilled. In another month we can speak more definitely on the subject.





MORE COLLINEOMANIA.

DUCK SHOOTING.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

WE wonder if the Poet ever got any answer to that question. We will bet a bag of buckshot, that the water-fowl to whom the interesting interrogatory was addressed, was out of sight, and out of the sound of its echo, before the spoken sentimentality ran up against a mark of interrogation. "Whither," aye, "*whither*" should a duck go, in the age of percussion caps, batteries, and patent cartridges? Under what upper cloud may "the fowler's eye" mark in "distant flight," his "figure floating," "vainly," or without power to do him "wrong," or his fowler self, justice? The bird, which the bard apotheosised, must have been either close by, or afar off. If he was near, he could have been talked to, or shot at, according to the taste of the spectator, and there would then have been no gammon about "vainly the fowler's eye." If he was too far off, and only "painted on the crimson sky," then neither goose-shot nor poetical questions could have touched a feather on his ear.

Let us pray to be forgiven by all just admirers of the thoughtful music from which we have adopted the entablature of our present madness, if we have seemed to borrow,—God save the word! when could we repay!—steal—look at—with any sort of levity,—the choice-culled flowers of phrase that sculpture those sweet dreamings of Bryant. They are mournful philosophy, reasoning grief, imagination with feet.—Sense, heart, mind, flight. That brings us to the subject of ducks.

Talk of "flights," and you will remember straightway old Drayton:—

"The duck and mallow first the falconer's only sport,
Of river flights the chief,"—

Permit us, dear reader, to call your attention, for a few moments, to the flight of the mallard, or shoveller—which, we know not—in the precedent picture. If thou art blind, yet hast shot heretofore, know that the engraving exhibits, water, sky, bushes, hassocks, two ducks in trouble, a boat, one man with a setting pole, and another with a gun, in the bow. If thou ~~be~~ blind, thou hast not lost much, for we do not hold the picture dearly. Two very-gentle-men have come out, at three hours after sunrise, to shove for crippled birds of any nation or species, black or white, infidel or christian, grasseater or crabcannibal. They are of the class of people who take their comfort while they shoot. Their clothes are accurate and comely fits. The gentleman with the pole, shoves with his coat on, buttoned up. Doubtless, they will knock over the invalid who flutters in the rear. It will be a merciful certainty, if the shooter stands firm, and holds right. The wounded one winnows the air weakly. Those birds had flown to the up-gushing fountains of the fresh meadows, and the healing creek-greens, to cure their stricken pinions, and sides

sore with lead spent to sting them, in the lower bays;—not killed, but feverish after a hard experimental blow, struck by some patient point-shooter, who had begun to be tired of waiting for a company to wheel up nearer to his stool. That wooden parallelogram, called a scow, chiefest for a trout-pond, cannot accomplish an original death;—unless a spring of teal, or a river broadbill, lie in close security behind some straggling patch of rushes, in the direct track of the intended water road. Yet let us not do injustice to the pretty picture. It shews, how, in a quiet way, a lover of pure air and kaleidiscopical colors, may float down an ebbing stream, through channel-enclosing bushes, and sedges trespassing upon the ancient but diminishing dominion of the river gods, and suddenly startle from his falsely imagined safety, some unfortunate speculator in water-weeds, who thought his weak or shattered fortune would be made sound and fat by “going in.” One of these ducks is clearly “lame.” The other looks as though he was taking the benefit of the wild-fowl absent debtor act.—[That act differs from the enactment of the human New York Legislature, in one peculiar respect. In the one case, if the fowl owes you any feathers, or flesh, and can get out of your jurisdiction—or rather *Collineodiction*—he is safe; and may grant, bargain, sell, devise, bequeath, and run away from, all and singular his right, title, principal and interest in and to, and so forth, his temporary home and feeding spots. In the other case, the Sheriff is apt to form a *strong attachment* for the feeding places and singular chattels of the abscondant, and hold on to them, against his assignee, with a love “passing the love of women.”]—The gentlemen have made a call upon him: but he is “out,”—out of reach. Whither is thy flight, good fowl? Of what shell-bank wert thou cashier? “Whither, midst *falling due*” notes, of which (knowing thy business-place, and full of trust,) we thought we held the substance?—Thou art lost, gone, etherealized, silvered over with a cloudy dinner set, and wilt set thy table in other waters!

“Yes, thou hast vanished, singing, from our sight!

So must *this* earth be lost to eyes of thine:

Around thee is illimitable light.

Thou lookest down, and all appears to shine

Bright as above! Thine is a glorious way,

Pavilioned all around with golden spreading day.”

How crippled fowl will *Biddleize* and *Swartwoutize*, and make the fowlers who are after them d—n their eyes!

“The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of heaven

In the broad day light,

Thou art unseen, and yet I hear thy shrill delight.”

No matter. There are ducks enough left, not so flighty, and with whom we can, easier, talk, in plain sight. Who doubts the assertion? If it be he who goes to Audubon's exhibition, and judges from that heterogeneous mixture of fish, flesh, and Indian skulls, what the glorious bays of Matowacs* can produce, in this present, existing

* For the best history of Matowacs, or, as it is generally called, “the State of Long Island,” see the comprehensive, minute, and excellent book of B. F. Thompson, Esq., lately published. No Islander, or island-frequenter, has his library complete without it. There is hardly an inhabitant of the three counties, unless he be very insignificant, who cannot find out in this

November, of Anseric and Anatic providence; or he who tries to assimilate or to reconcile the classifications of the proudest ornithological grammarians—Latham—Buffon—Bewick—Wilson—Audubon—and all the rest,—into any sort of society, of which the members may be identified by some possible nomenclature without an *alias*, or without a doubt expressed as to their family title;—men that call the American gander “*Anas Canadensis*,” instead of “*Anser*,” forgetting those Roman “hawkers,” worthy of a classic name, who saved the empire treasury from the rapacious Gauls;—then, we pray thee, friend, come with us, and look at the streaming squadrons, crucking, quacking, whistling and perutting in the Great South bay of Long Island. The most accurate images,—and those of Audubon—*bird Prometheus*—almost live, are faint copies of the rushing glories of the bay. No one can paint like Goddess Nature. Break thy pallet, tear thy canvas, thou mortal who dare presume.

Knowest thou Jim Smith?—James X. Smith,—called by judicious distinction from some rascals, who, by paternal authority, have stolen his name, James *Xenophon* Smith?—Illustrious cognomen!—worthily won; as every angler well appreciates, who has perused the map of his “*Anabasis*” to Stephe. Sweesy’s pond, and has moralized over the stumps where Jim and we once pitched our tents, long, long before “Yorkers” found out that trout floated there, and before Jim X. had learned that he could make monies out of frail travelling nature, by building a good ice-house near “The Sportsman’s Hotel.” James X. Smith’s biography is yet to be written. He lives now, and we introduce him briefly. Ample provision will, unquestionably, be made in his will, for his eulogist. We name James X. as being the fortunate proprietor of one of the chiefly selected stopping haunts, and sallying ports, of all shooting visitors of Matowacs. You cannot mistake his house, if you hold up at the sign-post at the corner of Jerusalem lane and the South turupike. It is a pious neighbourhood. The name gives you confidence in that truth. Babylon, the mother of miscellaneous people, is nine miles farther east.

But what changing panoramas of vocal regiments of air-climbers will you not see shifting, with their living paintings, all singing in their own particular crotchets, when you go out, in the early morning, striking the sleeping inlets with your oar, before the sun has waked up! Will you look into Wilson for an enumeration, or gloat over Audubon? Yet neither they, nor Bonaparte, have told the names (for they never had their acquaintance), of all their familiar varieties. Probably the families have internarried and crossed the breed, since those authors wrote, and new baptisms are to be sprinkled. Wilson was certainly never on Matowacs. He shot his own acquired specimens, at Egg Harbor and Cape May. The rest were sent to him, with an eel-spears-man’s description, which he translated.

We are not learned, nor critical, which latter we might be without being instructed; but every bayman on Long Island, to whom you would read the ill-arranged *ordines*, *genera*, and *species*, of Wilson,

accurate Register of things public and private, who his great-grandfather was,—which is a great thing, now-a-days, to know,—or who of the family were indicted for witchcraft, or whipped for theft, or promoted to the ermine; and where they lie, and what their epitaphs were. It is a book meritorious in another respect: it not only comprises the annals of private families, but of concurrent public actions. There is timber enough in it to build twenty literary edifices. Friend, try to get a copy of it. Buy,—dost borrow.

translating the Latin to him, and putting it into honest South-side dialect, would say "Pshaw! he hasn't got down one half the different kinds of broadbill,—let alone other salt-water birds who hold their public meetings on our marshes!" But even in Wilson, you find twenty-odd enumerations of feather-floaters, who either strut by their own domiciles, or, occasionally, call in at the Squaw Islands, Linus' Island, or Wanzas flat, and are ready for the reception of visitors, who come in the shape of Youle's No. 3.

Let us take a skiff and put out and bless the abundance. It is three o'clock, A. M. If thou art cold, and, last night, slept too little (for reasons, which as a dear friend, loving thy usual abstinence, and chastising thee by silence, rather than by unnecessary recapitulation, we forbear to hint at), lie down in the bottom of the boat, in the dry salt-meadow grass which thy man will fix for thee, with thy head upon an air-cushion resting upon the bow-head, and sleep. Sleep! when birds are swimming in the skiff's pathway, and ducks *quack*, and brant *cronk*, and broadbill *prut* about thee? No: thy poler or oarsman, even if he had not read Shakspeare, would soon cry out to you "Sleep no more,"—or else, "Mister, I reckon there's fowl ahead—close by—take them as they rise."

Such a heart-stirrer and ambition-provoker, puts you on your knees, and you will try to see through the dark. How queer! we bend our bodies upon our knees when we pray to be saved; and yet we often kneel, in the same way, to destroy ducks! When are our prayers most earnest?—Dont think of it. Knees have dangerous associating reflections.

But you will by-and-by arrive at some jutting point, or thatchy island, where you may lie securely hid, wrapped up in the warm envelopments of sedge-grass and your overall, and wait for the peeping daylight to set the various tribes of ducks to their works of travel and diving. Happy wretches! who have nothing to do but to fly, and to feed, and be loved, and shot,—killed without notice, without lingering sickness, or surgical torment. Yet they, many of them, have their ails, and aches; and the inexperienced amateur, shooting when they fly in his eyes, and the old leather-head batterer straining a broken musket at a distance immeasurable but by a fowl, has planted many a shot-wound needlessly, by accident, in the side of a straggler, or luck-loser of the flock.

But thou art at thy hiding-place now, and thy poler—polar star of thy existence, if thou knowest not the road, and how to pull, and he fall overboard,—is setting out his stools.

If thou be inexperienced, thou mayest look into all the dictionaries that have ever been collated, and we hold the last (Richardson's, the poorest, and a great humbug, yet it comes nearer to our taste in its illustration of this word), and thou wilt not learn what the sporting meaning of "stool" is. To save the trouble of distant reference and inquiry, we will therefore certify and explain that "stools," in shooting phraseology, are graven images made in the likeness of geese, brant, and ducks, before which the hassock-skulking adventurer bows down and worships—not the graven images—but the providence that permits the living squadrons at whom he shoots, to be cheated by the false colors which he

has hung out, to persuade them to come in. How many—many—honorable villains, might be indicted for obtaining ducks under “false pretences.” The district attorney of Queen’s might soon make his fortune, if he would only do his duty. Stools, to talk plain American, are wooden devices of the shape, size, and complexion of the fowl you wish to subdue from the upper air. Sculptor and painter are employed in their manufacture. Jim X. Smith’s boys unite and body forth the sister arts. Let them set out a congregation of stool for thee, and thou wilt for ten minutes cry out “there’s a bird,” fast as guns can be reloaded, and shoot every stool to pieces. The old man, himself, was not slow at sculpture. We remember one April day—(it was the first, and the old man wanted his revenge on us for some innocent devil-play),—when lying in Goose-Creek, after shel-drakes, Jim suddenly got up, and wrapping his pea-coat around him, stepped from the boat to the marsh, and said “he believed he’d take a walk, and see if there wasn’t any black ducks sitting in that pond down there,”—somewhere. He went. After a quarter of an hour’s travel he returned, and with all the solemnity of a regular cheater, observed that “he reckoned he see a crippled faawl sittin down on the edge of that are pint.” “I’ll go after him,” exclaimed our companion, who had in the mean time, with poor luck like our own, called to give us a visit of condolence, in another skiff. “No, no;” cried the excellent Jim X., “I want that fowl in our boat. I found him first, and Mr. Cypress is entitled to the shot. You can come along, and if he misses, you can kill after him.” And so we went—slop, sink, stick, jump, through and over a wet, soft meadow. At last we heard the welcome intelligence,—“Stop, Mr. Cypress, there he is: dont you see him?—just a leetle north-east of that bunch of bushes on the edge of the bank?” We looked: there he was.

“Jim, that’s a dead bird. He can’t rise.”

“Yes, he can; and if you don’t shoot it sittin, he’ll tumble off into the water, and dive, and there’ll be an end of him. Shoot, shoot, and if he rises take him with the other barrel; stand ready, Mr. B——.”

We shot. The bird sat and grinned at us.

“You’ve killed him—you’ve killed him,” cried Jim,—“don’t shoot your other barrel.”

It is not a *great* grief to renew; but we had rather tell the story ourselves: and it was April day, and it was James X. So we went and picked up our game, *one of his aforesaid stools*, which he had privately secreted under the folds of his great coat, and carried out to help the solemnization of April-fool day, in the South bay. We have not had our revenge yet. James X. is wary, and moves out of the country on the last day of March. But retribution is in pickle for him; and it will be funny.

This simple incident in our biography illustrates the subject of stools. They are miserable wooden pictures of bay birds, whose distant view brings enchantment to the living jaunters, when they dip in here, and who are apt to look at the arrival-book of the public places of “entertainment for ducks,” and stop where their friends are; and will, of course, call in and say they’re “happy to see them.” Alas! how many credulous, ruined hearts, of human structure, have been pierced, and stricken, bleeding, by a similar profession of fond love,

and good feeding-ground ! The stools are anchored off, some twenty or thirty yards, held safely by a brick or angular stone, tied to a string attached to a nail driven in their middle, and there they float, like independent slaves tied to their desk or counter, bobbing up and down and looking "happy—very happy," but yet unable to take the wings of the morning, or of the moonlight, and to fly away. The fresh flocks just arriving, and not knowing where to go, following example, as they imagine, whirl, with congratulatory clang, into the expected welcome of their fancied neighbors, only to be met by the rough, harsh, remorseless *bang, bang*, with which "the obtainer of ducks under false pretences," lies hiding to destroy them.

They used to have another device "down East," called "machines." Dannel Post, Ike Rose, and the Alibi's, were, if not the inventors, at all events, the constant practisers and mechanists, in the time of the prevailing architecture to which we refer. Let no man flatter himself that that order of art is beneath his notice. The genius of the structure itself sneers at the Corinthian, speaks with cold respect to the Doric, and calls itself the *Colline-onatic*. But those old batteries are decaying ; for the Legislature has enacted a law, forbidding worship in such temples. General Jones, of Queen's, Senator and nobleman, noble-man, as a Republican could wish to be, takes the responsibility of the constitutionality of the imposed penalty. Fifty dollars for every bird shot out of a battery ! All honor to him if the law can be enforced. Whether it be a law just and sustainable upon the ground of "equal rights," or the "sumptuary" prerogatives of law-making power, we have not yet made up our conclusion. Our judgment is only doubtfully retained, having been spoken to on both sides, without an advanced fee from either ; therefore, we decline being anxious to precipitate an opinion.

We must confess, however, that, personally, we have lain in those coffins, not dead, nor dying, but the cause of death in many two-legged people with feathers on. But we have always had doubts about the morality—the mor—what !—what is morality, as applied to ducks ? A duck's safety lies in his wings and feet, not in acts of the Legislature. He can spring yards enough, at a single leap, to cheat his enemies ; fly two miles in a minute, to overtake his friends ; and dive, and scramble, and hide, better than the cunningest Seminole. Yet, perhaps, *our* ducks need protection. Perhaps we ought to repair our house, and make things comfortable, or the tenants will move away. There is a great deal in that consideration. Years ago, the southern bays of Matowacs were brilliant with sparkling plumage, and bright eyes of birds of every hue and shape. Now !—Look for the intended progenitors of a "long line of descendants," in the kitchens of people who go to Fulton Market. The marshes which were joyfully obstreperous, even in summer, are now silent. The banquet halls of the feeding-flats are deserted. Instead of taking board, or hiring a house and lot, and making themselves comfortable, as in old times ; the ducks, now, are only travellers, who just stop and take a drink, where they see the proper sort of *bar*. It is natural, and therefore excusable, that they stop at those Hotels where they see the most people congregated : for a congregation argues good patronage ; and good patronage argues good beverage.

This brings us back to the subject of machines. A machine, or battery, is a wooden box of the necessary dimensions to let a man lie down upon his back, just tightly fitting enough to let him rise again.—(It is not unlike that box which we have all got to be shut up in, at the end of the chapter of our lives.) It is fitted with wings of board horizontal, and so sustained and nailed as to lie flat upon the water without sinking, the top fringing, and the sides keeping you unwet by the surrounding and over-floating tide, which gurgles around your ears, and just does not come in, because the weight of stones laid upon the wings, accurately adjusts the sinking depth of the box. This receptacle for the body of the fowl slayer, is anchored in some middle bay, where, in its shallow waters, the birds have a "haunt," and fly to feed upon the thick-growing crops of *Valisneria*, and other goodly sea-wheat, far from any point or plashy hassock, where, with their constant experience, they might fear some skulker hid. The battery is anchored. The wings, about five feet by seven, are covered carefully with sand and carelessly scattered sea-leaves, and there is thus built an artificial sand-bar in the middle of the wide, and to the credulous victim, seemingly safe, bay. You get into this machine, and lie down and watch. Your man disposes the stool-birds to your leeward, and sails away to stir up flocks miles off, and drive them towards you, leaving you in the waste of waters, where a little leak might sink and anchor you at the bottom,—fun for ducks to dive and flop at,—to lie, cheat, counterfeit, and kill. That is "shooting out of a machine." The new arriviers coming in from sea, see the supposed happy family you have around you, afar off, and set their willing wings, fatigued with long exertion, and come, crucking musical "good mornings," among your false masques. Then, then!—as they swoop in thick company before they settle,—you rise from under the water, like a sudden demon, and scatter thunder and lightning and death among the deceived and ruined unfortunates!

Plant these machines all along the southern coast of Matowacs, from Gowanias bay to Montauck point, and can any man wonder that James X. (who hasn't got any proper spot to set out a battery), should sometimes say that "ducks is scarce"?

Mercy on us! we came near expressing an opinion! But we are not committed. And lo! we have prosed a long half hour, almost, and have not said a word we intended to. Dear reader, we will usurp no more. Talk, now, thyself.

PRICE OF STALLIONS.

MR. EDITOR: Although an attentive reader (I may say student,) of the "Spirit," and the "Turf Register," and desirous to obtain information upon all points connected with the Turf, yet my remote and secluded location renders this impracticable, as there is a great deal of information circulating in sporting circles, communicated orally, or in private correspondence, which does not appear in public journals. If, therefore, the opinions I advance, or the speculations I hazard, appear crude or ill-founded, you will make some allowance for my errors. Several of your correspondents have animadverted

(and very properly, too,) upon the high prices demanded for the services of Stallions; and recommended the adoption of the English system, of *limiting* our horses to a moderate number of mares. The evil of exorbitant prices will remedy itself; for experience will prevent breeders from patronizing such horses, with untried mares, and those of inferior blood, as has been done and is now doing,—and our Stallions of only racing celebrity, will have to abate their prices. Breeders, however, have an immediate remedy in their own power. Let it be well understood, that they make a distinction between tried and untried Stallions; and between those which are limited, and those whose powers are tasked to the utmost,—and we shall soon see that untried Stallions are not advertised at the same rates with tried Stallions; and that those whose superiority is established will only cover at the highest prices, and then will be limited. The very different estimate placed by their owners upon horses of nearly equal pretensions, is remarkable; and it may not be unamusing or uninteresting, to glance at the “List of Stallions” to observe this. This will be most strikingly observed, by classing the horses standing in the same States, where the same opinions, preferences, &c., ought to operate equally. Let us take Kentucky first. Three sons of Sir Archy, of, I think, equal pretensions, offer their services to the public,—John Richards, Pacific, and Waxy,—the first at \$40, the second at \$75, and the last at \$30. Why this difference in price? except we acknowledge that being the brother of Bertrand authorizes this estimate of Pacific. Yet when comparing two brothers, how often do we have to exclaim,—

“Akin; but oh, how different!”

Medoc and Mingo, both by Eclipse, next present themselves, each at \$100; but the first has proved himself an excellent Stallion, while the other is untried,—how then can breeders fail to prefer Medoc, if they desire this blood?

In Tennessee, we see the veteran Eclipse, standing at the same price with the untried Postboy, and Picton; and what breeder can hesitate to prefer the first? As between the two last, Picton being limited to twenty mares, would make me prefer him. I am glad to observe that a *few* Stallions have been advertised to cover a limited number of mares; and I shall make honorable mention of them. Medoc, to seventy-five; Picton, to twenty; and Priam, “to a limited number,”—why is this number not mentioned, and of what value is such an assurance? One of your correspondents from Priam’s neighborhood, writes that he is limited to a hundred; but will probably cover a hundred and fifty. How is this? Will this not be a violation of contract—of truth?—but as yet it has passed unnoticed. No contradiction has appeared from Priam’s owners; and no censure from his patrons. Either the writer was well informed, or he was not. If the first, public opinion should visit such deception with unsparing condemnation;—if the last, the public should have been so informed. The silence observed by owners and breeders, is indicative, I apprehend, of a loose and unexact practice on this point; and if so, breeders must apply the correction.

The promptness with which that splendid stake, the “Gold Stake at Lexington,” has closed, is exceedingly creditable to the breeders

of Kentucky; and is but one of many proofs exhibited by them, of devotion to the Turf. From the number of Stallions of every variety of blood, now in that State, they have it in their power to resort to any cross they desire. They have three of the best sons of Bertrand, —Bertrand Jun., Richard Singleton, and Woodpecker; two of Eclipse's best sons,—Medoc, and Mingo; besides Orphan Boy, and the best son of Pacolet, Mons. Tonson; Vertumnus, Singleton, with numerous other native horses, in addition to the imported horses Barefoot, Contract, Envoy, Hedgeford, Merman, Mordecai, Richard, Swiss, and Zinganee. Judging from the performances of his get in England, I am inclined to think that Zinganee will prove the best of the English horses, for our style of racing. I regret to perceive that the performances in their three-year-old form, of the get of Imp. Chateau Margaux, and Tranby, have disappointed expectation; as these two horses, from their performances, appeared most likely to impart ability to go a distance, to their stock, over all the other imported Stallions.

CAPTAIN.

P. S.—No. 26 in the "Gold Stake," is entered as the produce of Peggy Stewart and Singleton. If this be the son of Eclipse, the nomination is correct; if the son of Bertrand, as, from his greater celebrity, I suppose, it would be declared void in England, as not being sufficiently exact. I notice this, as in the Racing Calendar I have observed the get of this last horse (Richard Singleton), entered as by "Singleton," merely. As they both stand in the same State, it is important that the *full* name should be given, when the son of Bertrand is meant.

REMARKS

ON AN ARTICLE BY HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-SONDERBOURG-AUGUSTENBOURG,
ON

PURITY OF BLOOD AND HORSE RACING.

ONE of the most enlightened breeders in the north of Germany as well as largest proprietors in Europe, who perseveringly devotes himself to the improvement of the breed of horses, is the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, whose name has often been before the sporting public in France, particularly as connected with his work "on the utility and good effects resulting from the institution of horse races." In speaking of his studs in Holstein, he does not scruple to enter the lists of friendly discussion. More deeply interested in the success of the improved system of ameliorating the breed of horses than perhaps any other person whatever, by strict attention to the purity of blood, his Highness cannot remain silent, while some are found to have either the boldness or rashness to flourish their offensive opposition to his much approved system of unvarying attention to purity of blood, and on the perfection of the English breed of horses. To suffer the sword to remain unsheathed in the scabbard, while the combat was raging and wounds dealing on both sides, would have been deemed highly culpable, and injurious to the never-to-be-sufficiently

extolled cause of good blood and racing. This prince determined he should not have to blame himself for want of activity, he has therefore bravely entered the *melée*, made good use of his sword, dealing heavy blows upon his adversaries, parrying the thrusts of some, and acting offensively in respect to others, seeking bravely to decide the victory in favor of the supporters of the improved system. Looking upon the battle as gained a long time ago, his Highness speaks as follows:—

“I have often been requested to take part in the wordy war, which has produced such advantages to the sporting world, carried on in the Journals at Kiel, devoted to such subjects; I have hitherto declined addressing myself to the conflict, in the first place because I have but little time upon my hands, and secondly, because my banner has been so well defended by others, as to render additional aid perhaps unnecessary,—I said to myself, why should I enter the field when the victory is already decided in our favor? But I was told that our success was not wholly complete, for there is one article published to which no reply has been given. I must confess that that assertion is true. Well, then, although the author of that brochure refutes himself in his own words, as must clearly appear even to those who are very imperfectly acquainted with such subjects, yet as I think a direct refutation of the opinions held by the author in question may be deemed useful, I address myself to the task.

“Monsieur d’Erichsen is a knight as well as myself, therefore it is necessary that his adversary should meet him fairly face to face; he must not think it unkind, if I strike heavy blows without seeking to lighten their fall by smooth words; yet the knight must be courteous, and the combat once ended he holds out his hand to his adversary. Now to the point.

“In the first place, I must apologise to the sporting public for bringing before them again those theses, the truth of which has been so frequently proved and supported, and to enter into details which are perfectly well understood by every training groom of these times. The author obliges me by feigning ignorance of everything that has been written within the last twelve or sixteen years, on the science of hippology. I am tempted to repeat the anecdote of the old Englishman who being brought to life again after a slumber of fifty years, and, alarmed at the speed of a public conveyance, jumped out of the door and in doing so broke his neck. This is absolutely the position of the author in question. He sees the continent stocked with a breed of horses thorough-bred—he acknowledges their superiority over the Arabian race—he finds amongst them animals perfectly adapted for every use we have for them; but he refuses his acquiescence in the only means whereby we can procure those advantages;—he is opposed to the English system of horse racing—he seeks, on the contrary, to unsettle our reliance upon that only infallible proof of which the public is at once the controller and the judge! But he will not succeed in this enterprise.

“The chronicles of sporting in past ages inform us that horse-racing has been practised, not only in England but upon the continent, from time immemorial, but that originally they were designed merely to amuse the people, it not occurring to those who encouraged and

supported them, that they might be rendered instrumental in improving the breed of horses. It was not until the reign of Charles II. of England, that the Duke of Newcastle established a system of horse-racing, based upon most extensive experience and observation, and carried out with indefatigable zeal. This system, in all its essentials, is that which is acted upon in the present times; it contains two great and essential principles.

“1st. All horses of the same age must carry the same weight, and that weight must be augmented in proportion to their age.

“2nd. The horse that in a certain length of course which must be adapted to his age, outstrips his competitors, will necessarily remain ahead of them, how long so ever the course may be made. It is therefore unnecessary to run the horses on any longer courses than those which experience has proved to be fairly proportioned to their ages, and no longer than sufficient to carry out this principle.*

“Keeping these two principles clearly in view, it is easy to perceive that the result of a race will be an unerring means whereby to judge of the value of a horse. A light-built active man will nearly always outstrip a stout tall man in a foot race, providing neither of them have any weight to carry; but if each of them is given a weight of thirty pounds to carry, and has to run with it a distance of eight hundred feet, the result will doubtless be precisely the reverse. On the same principle, every horse possesses sufficient strength to carry his own weight, but it is by putting an additional weight upon him that we prove his qualities. The length of the course must necessarily neutralize the strength which the horse feels, when starting, in his speed and energetic properties, so that strength united to bottom alone can give the victory. This is the basis of all jockeyship, the struggle between speed and bottom. Where both these qualities are united, the horse wants little or no management to enable him to win; where a horse is in possession of the latter quality only, the jockey ought to push his horse even from the starting post to the winning post, in order to exhaust his adversary as much as possible; but when a horse has speed without bottom, the jockey should keep his horse well in, so that he may husband his powers until the proper time for calling them forth—the last decisive moment.

“The trainer ascertains the qualities I have been describing, while the horses are taking their exercise, and communicates his observations to the jockies, who ought to conform to them; he is only expected to keep perfect self-possession, be cool and decisive in choosing the place where to make his push, and to keep a good position amongst the other horses while running over the course.

“If, as the author proposes, races should take place over any part of the country accidentally chosen, the successful result of the course would depend more upon the rider than the horse. The most dauntless rider and the one having the strongest eyesight, would almost as a matter of course prove the victor. But should we suppose the riders to be equal in address, strength, &c., the fairness of the trial would ever be destroyed by the inequality of the ground. Well, let us even suppose this objection overruled, and there yet remains

* This proposition is by no means proved, but on the contrary every day's experience on the Turf may be said to prove directly the reverse; for although a horse may possess great speed, yet he may not possess powers of endurance—bottom.

another and a still more important one, which is this, that the owner of a horse would never send him even to a race-course, if he thought for a moment that he would be in danger of doing himself an injury there. Now if he cannot be quite certain of this when the horses are running over a plain surface like a race-course, carrying a certain given weight and running an exactly defined distance, how much more would the uncertainty be increased by the course laying over an uneven surface with ditches and fences. Further, it is the undoubted interest of the breeder to ascertain the qualities of his horse at an early age, in order that he may not put himself to unnecessary expense upon an animal that may prove of little or no value. But where is the man who would consent for his three-year-old colt to be brought forward for trial of his powers in a *steeple chase*?

"On the other hand, should the breeder not have it in his power, prudently, to try his horses before they become five years old, he would be sadly too long deprived of their use, even as regards the propagation of their species, and as I said, he would be too long without receiving any return for his capital and his pains.

"I think I have said enough to put the reader in mind of the following leading principles, which have always been recognised and fully acknowledged to be reasonable and good.

"In running over a given distance with the greatest speed, the horse is induced to put forth all his physical strength, as well as all his *moral* energy.*

"They have ascertained in England what distance and what weight are proper for horses of all ages, and no horse of any real value finds a difficulty in running the proper distance carrying the corresponding weight.

"There can be no fair trial except upon a race-course having a level surface.

"Young horses, of which it is the interest of breeders to become acquainted with their qualities at an early age, cannot be brought out any where else but upon the public race-course.

"After the preceding observations I have thought it requisite to make, I proceed to examine other parts of the paper now before me. In the first place let me observe, that the author's quotations of passages taken here and there from English works prove really nothing at all, because they are not *complete* quotations; what precedes and follows them, if given too, would render their sense otherwise than what it is here erroneously represented. Take, for instance, the following passage from Craven, given thus: 'The want of a sort of thorough-bred horse, rarely to be found at present, becomes more apparent every succeeding year,' may doubtless be taken to mean that thorough-bred horses degenerate each succeeding year, but it may also indicate that there is an increased demand for horses of a certain kind, which it is difficult to supply. Thus it is that the greater number of the author's quotations may be said to be capable of different interpretations."

The Duke of Schleswig then goes on to examine the other parts of his adversary's brochure, and he finishes by a quotation from *Nimrod*

* It appears that the writer agrees with us that the horse feels a sort of sentiment which it might be very difficult to analyze and appreciate, but which we believe incites him to put forth all his powers to obtain the victory—in short, we believe him susceptible of emulation.

against certain abuses in racing, and above all against *steeple chases*, which are so highly lauded by Monsieur d'Erichsen.

We have not thought it necessary to follow his Highness through all his course of reasoning, which, indeed, for the most part consists of a repetition of the arguments ordinarily brought forward by the several writers who have upheld and defended the English system of horse-racing.

In another paper, the Duke of Schleswig makes a spirited attack upon the instituted government studs of Prussia, and also generally against any plans whereby monopolies of any kind are concentrated in the hands of governments, he being friendly to the principle of encouraging individual exertions as opposed to a system of centralization. Monsieur de Burgsdorf, to whom the noble author addresses himself, has replied by (for the most part) repeating what is contained in his former article on this subject; we will only give a few words from this reply, but we will quote textually what M. le comte de Gneisnau has said in his writings respecting, in reply to, those writers whose efforts have been directed against the principles of the propriety of governments interfering actively, and as governments, in the amelioration of the breed of horses.

Here is an extract from the reply of M. de Burgsdorf to his Serene Highness the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. After complaining that the intemperate attacks of his adversaries generally have prevented him from addressing himself to replying to them in that calm, logical manner, which the fair, open, and candid course adopted by the Duke of Schleswig particularly calls forth in return, M. de Burgsdorf proceeds to observe that unfortunately for him, he is too late in the field to make use of all the means which legitimately lay within his power, with the probability of their carrying their due weight in supporting the system of which he is the champion, because, says he, I am compelled to *repeat* for the most part what I have already stated, and that without, I must confess, the probability of convincing the Duke. However he declines relying upon his own observations alone for answering the Duke, but cites several other sporting characters, particularly *Nimrod*, in praise of the stud of Trakehnen, and the breeding of horses generally in Prussia. He also makes the following extract from a German work by M. Tcerber, on the commercial and individual resources of Prussia, which extract seems worthy of very general notice.

"It would be very unjust to deny that as great an improvement has taken place in Prussia as elsewhere in the breeding of animals, by asserting that a spirit for energetic improvement is not generally diffused throughout the country, or by vaguely protesting against central and governmental monopoly in that improvement. Those who indulge in such speculative views, would do well to recollect that in the years between 1806 and 1813, the French armies despoiled entire Prussian provinces of their horses and cattle. Thus did Lithuania and Prussia lose 90,000 of their most valuable horses, and numerous proprietors in these provinces were thereby completely ruined, and deprived of the means even of ever retrieving their affairs.

"The full extent of these losses can only be credited by those having access to official documents whose authority cannot be dis-

puted. When the Prussians, having driven the enemy out of their own country and pursued him into his own, returned to their own farmsteads, they found there neither horses, neat cattle, money, nor even seed corn. Thus it was that years necessarily elapsed before the means of producing the necessities of life were generally recovered. According to the baron Zedlitz (*see Resources of the Prussian Monarchy*, vol. i., page 263) in the year 1826, Prussia even then possessed 260,000 horses less than she did in 1806, at which latter epoch she had 1,660,000. True it is that the establishment of their breed of horses has ever been a primary consideration among the Prussians.*

M. de Burgsdorf then goes on to say, that although a horse may possess great speed, he may yet be in other respects a worthless animal; and he disputes the claim of English horses to any qualifications but speed alone; according to his account of them, they are worth but little except to win stakes with, upon a well kept race-course. This, says he, is not the case with regard to the Arabian breed of horses; and he supports his opinion by quoting the following words from Napoleon, without indicating when or where they were uttered.*

"A good Arabian stallion is the best horse in the world. The English boast of surpassing this breed in excellence. But pointing to his Mameluke, can they produce better horses in England than this man can find in his country? Our Limousin and Navarrese horses are far preferable to the English thorough-bred horses for the purposes of war. It is not extreme speed, merely, which makes a good war horse; it is sprightliness, activity, quickness of perception, and docility; and all these qualities are as prominent in the Arabian, as swiftness is in the English horse. It therefore follows, gentlemen, that with the aid of Arabian blood you may quickly improve your breed of horses, particularly if crossed with your Navarrese race, which possesses the desired qualities for such a cross. This, gentlemen, you have it in your own power to effect."

M. de Burgsdorf finishes by saying that the Prussian government is about to send him on a mission to England to purchase stallions, and that he will anxiously inform himself on this subject in the country affording the best opportunities for determining the question; and he adds, that if upon testing his present opinions in England, he should find them erroneous, he will lose no time in publicly avowing such change of opinion.

After having taken the above projected journey, M. de Knobelsdorf, who accompanied M. de Burgsdorf, published in the Kiel Journal a long article, wherein he replies very sharply to the animadversions which have been directed against the State breeding establishments, for having defended the latter system against the attacks which have been made upon it. We may recur to this curious document, as it contains the opinions of some well known English writers, on the present state of that country, relative to horses and horse-racing.

[The London Sportsman, for July 1839.

J. H.

* This quotation is taken from the *Journal des Haras*, tome xvii, page 323, and is in an article entitled "*Visite de l'Empereur Napoleon d'une haras dans les Pyrenees*."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH HORSES,

AND THEIR COMPARATIVE DISEASES AND LAMENESSES,

BY NIMROD.

[To the Editor of "The Veterinarian."]

DEAR SIR,—Owing to the sort of roving life I have lately been leading, it has not been in my power to perform my promise of giving you my opinion on the comparative amount of disease and lameness in the horses of my own country and those of France. It appears to me to be greatly against the former; and I am enabled to speak on no slight experience. I am now entering on the eighth year of my residence in this country, during which time I have not only been a close observer of the horses of my own neighborhood, together with one or two of my own under my eye, but I have taken many long journeys in diligences, when, my place having always been in the *coupé*, for the purpose, partly, of observing the horses at work in them, I am enabled to produce facts, which are greatly preferable to theory.

I will begin with diligence horses. I have only seen two broken-winded horses at work in them; only one high-blower, and not one roarer. Your worthy Professor, be it remembered, saw only one broken-winded horse in a journey of several thousand miles on the continent. But I do not see three in the year, in the farmers' carts, or in those of the public carriers, which are very numerous here; or in the carts of those men who get their living by carting goods for hire, which are also numerous; or among the hackneys ridden to market by the farmers. As to roarers, although the word *poussif* is used to express broken-wind, I doubt whether one to express roaring would be found amongst the generality of French horse owners, from the rarity of the complaint. Then, lame horses! how rare they are in France; those lame in the feet especially! "But cannot you account for it?" said a friend of mine to me the other day, who is a clever mechanic. I replied, that "the comparatively slow pace at which French horses travel must have very much to do with it." "No doubt it has," was his reply; "but, depend upon it, the French system of sheeing contributes much to their soundness, as far as the feet are concerned, by the superior method of *nailing*. With us, the nail must go as the nail-hole gives it the direction. Here, the smith can drive it in that direction which he thinks best suited to the peculiar form of the foot, because the nail-hole is large enough to afford him this choice." Surely, Mr. Editor, there must be some charm, some talismanic effect in this French shoeing. It is enough to give one the horrors to see a French smith—I beg his pardon, a French *marechal*—cutting away at a horse's foot with a buttress a yard long, and impelled from his shoulder with an Herculean force. Then, look at his shoe; it is a combination of bad workmanship with clumsiness; and, to produce the climax, see him standing behind the foot, hammering in nails after the manner of a carpenter when driving them into an oaken plank! But to what part of the foot is the

buttress employed? To the sole? yes. To the frog? a little. To open the heel? *never*; neither is a drawing-knife to be found in his box. And, then, the foot, after this unwieldy piece of iron is affixed to it, is any care taken of it in the stable? Is it stopped? Why, the word "stopping," as applied to horses' feet, is not in a Frenchman's vocabulary: and physic! "Do you never physic your horses?" said I to Mr. Roberts, of the Royal Hotel, Calais, who once kept the White Horse, Fetter-lane, London. "I did so, when I first came to France," he replied; "but, finding no one else did it, I left it off, and my horses do quite as well without it." "Have you lost any horses through disease?" renewed I. "Not one; only one has gone blind, and his eyes were suspicious when I bought him,"—was his answer. Now, what is the talisman here? how is it that out of four druggists in Calais, only one can make up a dose of purging physic for a horse, and this because he is the one chiefly employed by the English residents? I answer, it is the wheat-straw, and the bran, or the dreadfully (apparently so at least) bad system of making the hay in France, that cause a diminution of disease in horses in this part of the world.*

But I must return to the foot. I see no corns in France, and, what is more extraordinary, I can hear of none. "Have your horses corns?"† is a question I have put to many Frenchmen; and have only created their surprise by asking it. Indeed, one told me he was not aware horses ever had corns: and my "mechanical friend" informs me, that, when he arrived from England, two years ago, three of his four horses had corns; but they have all disappeared by the charm of the French blacksmith. All that I can here add is, "Look to this, ye professional gentlemen of England. It is worthy your consideration. Examine also into the question, whether the growth of splents, so frequent in English horses, and so, comparatively, unfrequent in French ones, has any thing to do with the tread of a horse, and whether or not the form, the position, and the nailing of the clumsy French shoe, have the effect of not producing these often troublesome though seldom serious excrescences." Speaking of the horses in Brittany, the late Lord Harley, in his excellent contribution to the *Old Sporting Magazine*, under the signature of the *Old Forester*, has this remarkable sentence: "One thing struck me forcibly, and that was, that although worked hard early, and 'knocked about on bad hilly roads, you never see nor hear of such things as splents, curbs, thoroughpins, or spavins." In young horses—colts—I am certain the *tread* has much to do with the production of splents, and when I saw so many on the legs of the young racing stock of Lord Henry Seymour, at his stud-farm, near Paris, three years back, I accounted for them by their galloping *across* their paddocks, which are on ground of somewhat considerable descent. Now, as Lord Harley informs us, the horses of Brittany are ridden when young, and on bad and hilly roads, it is difficult to account for the absence of splents, unless it be traced to the firmer and more even, or, rather, peculiar tread, afforded by the French shoe.

* I have something to say on the subject of hay, in my next letter.

† "There are corns," says Mr. Spooner, "of every shade and degree, from the slightest speck of ecchymosis to the most serious evil;" so it is possible the French smiths find some occasionally, but not sufficient to cause lameness.

I have just examined the position and nailing of the fore shoe of a four-year-old horse now in my stable, and the following is the best description I can give of it. Across the widest part it is four inches and a half, and at the narrowest (the heel) it is three and a half. There are eight nails in each shoe, none within two inches of the heel on the outer side of the foot, or within two inches and a half on the inner, and no one nail comes out more than an inch from the bottom of the hoof. The ground surface is quite flat; a parallel plane, indeed; the inner one, to a certain extent, seated. From the length of the shoe, which from toe to heel is four inches and a half, with the heel resting upon it, it is evident there is no want of sufficient pressure at the posterior parts of the foot, which is said to produce disease; and the cause of the evil, from driving the nails so far backward as to render (as it is said to do) both the crust and horny sole fixtures, as well as to prevent the descent of the navicular bone, does not here exist.

I now take my leave of the foot, with only this observation. As we hear so much of foot-lameness in Great Britain and America, and so little of it in France, is it not reasonable to suppose that, if the difference in shoeing, in addition to the difference of pace, has any thing to do with it, the cause, as relates to this difference, is well worthy of consideration? What I now assert detracts nothing from my former assertions—that, shod how they may be, and not shod at all, feet will go wrong, exhibiting all the diseases and deformities to which they are subject; that fact having been too clearly proved by the wretched state of several seen by Mr. Tattersall and myself, in Germany and Prussia, to which shoes, buttresses and drawing-knives had never been applied. For my own part, were I to become proprietor of a large stud of horses in England, *not* hunters or race horses, the first thing I should do, would be to import a good French shoeing smith.

Now I have often asked myself this question,—Had any one said to me, only ten years back, “What do you think of good wheaten straw for stable purposes?” what answer should I have made? I should have replied, “It is the best of all other sorts for bedding down horses, because it is the cleanest and most free from dust and weeds; and I have no objection to see my horses pick some of it when it is first put under them.” Then, suppose another had said, “What do you think of it as an article of food for horses? do you think you could bring a race-horse to the post in fit condition to run, on wheaten straw and corn?” my answer would have been, “In all my own experience in the keeping of horses and cattle, I never heard but one farmer say that wheaten straw was the best straw for *cattle*.” But to the question as to training horses upon straw instead of hay, I should only have returned a smile. Well; see what a change has eight years’ residence in France wrought upon my opinions and experience on this subject! I am now not only convinced that, to the fact of horses in France eating as much wheaten straw as they do hay, is to be attributed their generally healthy condition, and also the non-necessity for physic, even to those who work hard and eat much corn (post and diligence horses for example); but I was informed by Lord Henry Seymour, at Paris, last March twelvemonth,

that his race horses, then of course doing good work, were eating nothing but wheaten straw and corn. Casting this circumstance aside—it being a system that I cannot countenance, although obliged to give credit to the individual fact—it is my sincere conviction that, putting what we consider a high state of condition out of the question, the comparatively more healthy state of French horses over our own is to be attributed to the alterative properties of good wheaten straw, together with the occasional use of bran, either mixed with their food or water. From all I can learn, neither staggers nor gripes is at all prevalent in France; and although what we call *condition* is a point neither considered nor attempted by the owners of French horses, the appearance of them, for the most part, is indicative of a high state of mere bodily health, and they live and work—in the agricultural world especially—to a very great age. On this particular point I have an anecdote that may make some of your readers smile. There is a carrier's horse in my neighborhood who works daily at the age of thirty-three; but before he commences his labors, he has a gill of brandy given to him! And yet what is the gill of brandy, with reference to out-of-the-way proceeding, when compared with the following *miracle*, as it may be termed, which was performed last winter on a horse working in the Boulogne Telegraph coach, the truth of which may be confirmed by applying to the proprietor, Mr. Oswin, of Calais, as it occurred in his stables. The horse in question was suffering severely from colic, when the coachman, a Frenchman, administered his never-failing specific. And, Reader, would you ever guess what this specific is? I answer for you, "*Never.*" He took out his knife, cut off that little corneous excrescence which has the appearance of a large wart on the inside of the forearm, and, chopping it very small, let it drop into the ears of the horse. In ten minutes all pain ceased; in another ten the horse was asleep; he slept for more than half an hour, although there were persons moving in the stable; and he went to his work the next morning as well as ever he was in his life! This approaches, in the catalogue of extraordinaries, to the whispering specific for restiveness in Ireland, the reality of which is, I believe, no longer disputed.

The rarity of blindness in French horses must be the result of some part of their treatment—probably the frequent, if not daily partaking of wheaten straw and bran. It may also be attributed to the circumstance of their being so generally kept in the stable when in work, and consequently not subject to the effects of determination of blood and humors to those parts, from the downward position of the head, to which so many of our horses, those of farmers especially, are subject, after having had their system heated by work during the day; and likewise principally, I should say, to their seldom passing the night in the fields when working, which so many of our farming horses do.

I have not seen a case of glanders since I have been in France, and only two of grease. The general absence of grease (for general it is, and wonderfully so considering the little grooming French horses have) may, to a certain extent, be laid to the absence of the trimming scissors, which are here never applied to the heels, neither is there any washing of legs in cold weather. The stables in France are strangely inferior to ours; but I have observed that a current of air

is never permitted, which is a prolific source of glanders and grease. What are called megrims is a disorder little known in France—at least, I have not been able to hear of a single case amongst road coach-horses. This may be accounted for by the lax state of the intestines, which the food of French horses causes. Neither can I produce a single case of staggers, which may be similarly accounted for. Poll-evil is also rare. I have only seen one case. The kind treatment of the drivers of cart-horses may have something to do with the infrequency of this disease, as well as the good state of the blood from the alterative nature of the food, which latter circumstance renders farcy one of not common occurrence in this country. On the other hand, the disease called Anticor is somewhat prevalent among French horses. As this is a complaint, to a certain degree, connected with the state of the blood, it would appear that the form of the French horse, who is very fleshy in his fore parts, may tend towards its frequency. Drinking cold water when the animal is hot is also one cause, and on this point owners of horses appear to me to be somewhat inconsiderate.

As to the prevalence or absence of thrush in French horses, I am not able to give an opinion, the disease not being perceptible to common observation, *en passant*. I do not recollect above two cases; but of ring-bones, and of sandcracks, I have seen none. The absence of both these may, in part, be laid to the generally open form of the feet of French horses, which secures the articulation of the coffin and pastern bones against injury. The bearing of the French shoe also, as well as the comparatively cool state of the system, may contribute to this blessing—not forgetting the comparatively slow rate of travelling, with that of our country.

String-halt is very rare indeed in France. If it be brought about, as it is said to be, by over-action of the hinder leg, we might expect it here, in horses which are taught to run, or “amble,” as the exertion in that pace is chiefly from behind. I have seen no case of string-halt in France; very few spavins, and very much fewer wind-galls than are seen in our country.

What may be called epidemics and strangles prevail, I believe, everywhere; and the former, I have reason to believe, more fatally on the Continent than in England. With colts which are exposed, as they are in most countries, but less in England than in any other, to the unhealthy influence of certain seasons, we cannot be surprised at their being liable to the natural consequences; but with those not exposed to atmospheric vicissitudes, we can only attribute certain diseases to some unknown atmospheric agency, and which agency will ever remain unknown. For example: Two years after I purchased the Arabian stallion Buckfoot, of Mr. Thornhill, of Oxfordshire, for the King of Prussia's stud, at the price of £500, I wrote to the Master of the Horse to ask how he was going on? He replied, that, together with eleven other stallions, he had fallen a victim to an epizootic that had raged in the stud! It is somewhat singular, however, that the produce from Buckfoot amounted to seventy-three colts and fillies, *all of which were grey*, his own color being milk-white on a black skin.

Cases of inflamed lungs are much more rare in France than with

us, which may be owing to the generally large French stables, which admit plenty of air, but *not*, as I have before said, *by a thorough draught*. This remark leads me to the recollection of a drawing and description of a self-adjusting ventilator for the use of stables, which was sent to me by Mr. Newland, V. S., of Stratford-on-Avon, and which appeared admirably suited to the purpose of purifying the air, and thus getting rid of the most prolific cause of this dangerous disease—namely, foul air. The chief merit of this instrument consists in its working being regulated by the change of temperature, with the same regularity as the thermometer; and it was my intention, had I been permitted to have done so, to have noticed it in the pages of the *New Sporting Magazine*, as a sort of safety-valve in stables containing large studs.

There is one property in French horses which I very much admire, and that is, their docility. Since I have been in France, with the exception of young racing stock, I have not seen a colt in what is called “breaking tackle.” This, in some measure, arises from the sort of *domestic* treatment they receive in the first year, when they are petted, as it were, by their owners; but chiefly to their being naturally better tempered than our horses are. In some of my descriptions of journeys taken in French diligences, I have related extraordinary instances of the docility of their horses, and I saw a striking one last month, when on my road to Chantilly races. Looking out of the window of the *coupé*, just as the morning dawned, I found we were descending a long and somewhat steep hill without the wheel horses’ heads being coupled together, the driver having omitted to couple them. With English horses, an accident must have happened; but the two fine-tempered white stallions spread themselves out, of their own accord, to the extreme length of the pole chains, at the encouraging voice of their driver, who kept crying out “Wo!” and all at last was right. I had an instance of this property, a short time back, in a four-year-old French horse of my own. Having had him since he was two years old, I can answer for his never having had a collar over his head; but, convinced of his docility, the first time I put him in single harness (about a month back) I put three small children into the carriage, and safe enough they were, for in half an hour he appeared to be quite at home. Then the durableness or stoutness of French horses is not less extraordinary. You will see a pair of miserable looking animals leave Calais in a hired barouche or coach, and none of the lightest of its sort, in the morning, with six persons inside, and a lot of luggage on the roof, and return to Calais in the evening, after having deposited their load in the town of Boulogne, Dunkirk, or St. Omer, making a good fifty miles of ground; and they will do this three or four times in the week. Indeed, there is a heavy coach running from Calais to Boulogne (not the Telegraph) which is drawn by only three horses, who go the entire distance, twenty-four miles of very heavy road. This, I confess, puzzles me; and although unwilling to draw a comparison unfavorable to my own country, I doubt whether English horses in their low condition, and on their food, would be found to do this, and stand the work long enough to remunerate their owners. I can only account for French horses doing it, by the fact of their *combining*

strength with action, to a superior degree to those of the lower breeds of English ones. Where, indeed, in England, will you see what is every day seen here—a man take a powerful horse out of a cart, and gallop him along the road at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles in the hour? This description of horse, the light cart horse—light, yet very strong; on very short legs, and not more than fifteen hands in height—is far superior to any thing we have in England for such purposes as those for which he is used. Look, for example, at the horses which run in the carts that convey fish to Paris! What English *cart-horses* would go their pace (considerably faster than that of the diligences) and keep up their good looks as they do? Then, what admirable animals are the black roan stallions we see on the roads leading from Paris, drawing the public carrying wagons! We have nothing in England that can at all compare with them in any one respect. They will out-walk our horses by a mile in the hour; and would live where ours would starve. I have often expressed my surprise that we do not avail ourselves of a cross from this excellent breed.

In my next, I shall touch upon a few subjects relating to various studs I saw during my late tour in the midland counties of England, in the course of which I hunted with eleven packs of fox hounds; concluding this paper with an observation on the management of milch cows in France. I have not seen an instance here of a cow losing a teat; and this is accounted for, by all cows being milked three times in the twenty-four hours, instead of twice, as with us, during those months when the grass is at its best. Out of fifteen or sixteen cows, I scarcely ever knew a year pass over without one or two of mine being thus blemished, and from the cause to which I have alluded, namely, suffering their udders to be over-distended with milk.

NIMROD.

[Veterinarian, for August 1839.]

RACE HORSES, ROSES, AND PRETTY WOMEN.

SOME things very strange are nevertheless, true; and the collection and collation of facts, frequently lead to the discovery of new and unexpected relations. Effects apparently unconnected and dissimilar, are sometimes traced to the same cause; and an extensive generalization is obtained which not only simplifies our notions of the operations of nature, but enables us to conduct many processes with greater facility, and to produce more certain and important results. The influence of *climate* on the animal and vegetable kingdoms, has not escaped the notice of philosophers: and many learned treatises have presented to the world the results of their observations, and the conclusions to which their investigations have led them, in regard to the operations of this cause. Another cause not less powerful, I conjecture, in its effects on men, animals, and plants, has been co-operating with climate, since the present condition of the earth has existed, to modify all *living* things, and which certainly has not, in an

equal degree, attracted the attention of natural philosophers,—*the geological formation* of different portions of the earth. That the effects of this have not received so much attention, is to be attributed in a great degree to the recent date of our knowledge of Geology, and to the direction of the minds of men to other phenomena, the results of geological formations. Mining, paleontological wonders, the formation of coal beds, engineering, and the nature of soils in their relation to production, have occupied the attention of geologists *almost as much* as their search in the bowels of the earth for the record of the day and date of her birth, and her baptism in the flood. If they could find it, I believe they would understand it as little as they do the Bible, in which there is the only account of these events that can be relied on as certainly true. If their interpretations of the latter are so variant and uncertain, it cannot be expected that their conjectural approximations from the works of God can be nearer the truth, or entitled to more respect. The word of God requires no collateral or circumstantial evidence to demonstrate its truth.

The attention of geologists and natural philosophers, has been confined to the *dead and buried*, so far as they have considered the effects of geological causes on matter; all their investigations and all *their* thoughts, have been *sub-linum*. An humble enquirer after truth and utility, proposes to raise his head *above the surface* of the earth, and to state a few facts in regard to the effects which appear to be produced by geological formations on living things. This subject seems to him worthy the observation and attentive consideration of rational men. If he shall succeed in giving that direction to the eyes and minds of any enlightened persons, he will have rendered some service to mankind.

The effects apparently produced on objects to which he had turned his attention, because they had given him pleasure and had occupied his mind, first employed his thoughts. Among these, Horses, Roses, and Women, were foremost. Long before any suspicion arose as to their cause, remarkable differences were observed in horses raised from different breeds and on different soils. These differences were most obvious in regard to the form of the head, ears, muzzle, and legs; and when great differences exist in these, it has been ascertained that others equally as great exist in the bones and tendons and muscular fibre. The hoofs and skin and hair also are different. The shin-bone of a Pennsylvania wagon-horse seventeen hands high, differs as much from that of a Virginia race horse fifteen hands high, as the white oak or hickory of Western Pennsylvania or Ohio, does from the same genus and species of tree in Eastern Virginia or Maryland. The weight, measure, and texture, examined with a microscope, are all different. The one is soft, spongy, light, and large: the other, hard, close, heavy and small, with an ivory polish and metallic sound. The muscular fibre in the one is coarser and more lax, although strong, and bears the same relation to that of the other that hemp does to silk or flax. The vascular system differs also. In the coarse horse, the arteries are larger, and the veins smaller and more deeply buried,—the tendency to obesity much greater,—the fluid and soft parts bearing a much greater proportion to the solids. Bring these horses to Maryland or Virginia—to the Eastern parts, I mean

—and their posterity begin to undergo a change in the first generation; in the second it is still greater; and in the tenth, they are no longer the same breed of animals. They will have approximated very nearly to the Virginia horses. Still the ear, muzzle, and eye, will tell tales on them; but these, too, are altered considerably. On the contrary, carry the fine, delicate, hard-hoofed, deer-legged, bright-eyed, arrow-eared, small-muzzled, wide-nostrilled, thin-skinned, superficially-big-veined animals, from lower Virginia, only to the *Valley* in Pennsylvania, Maryland, or Virginia, and a change begins to come over them in the first generation, which goes on progressively in each succeeding one, till none but a practised eye, in the tenth or twelfth, can distinguish in them any traces of the original stock. This is produced, it is said, by the difference in climate and food. The climate is damper and cooler, and the food more luxuriant and abundant. This is true. But what causes these differences, perhaps in climate in the same latitude nearly, but certainly in soil, and consequently in vegetation? The climate in countries of *calcareous* formation, is notoriously damper, the vegetation constituting the food of animals more abundant, and different in its texture,—the wood not so hard and close-grained as in countries of *granitic* and *silicious* formation. Animal formation is modified by the vegetable formations of which it is the result; and the vegetable formations are modified by the elements of the soil from which they derive their nourishment. Who will pretend to follow out the links of this chain, or fix a limit to the operation of a cause so powerful and boundless? Not only the forms of animals and their physical systems, their secretions and excretions, but their *spiritual* attributes, are effected by the difference of geological formation from which they derive, through its vegetation, the elements of their organization.

The effect produced on the Rose, by difference of geological formation, is very remarkable. Its delightful aroma is much less, and less concentrated, when it grows on calcareous soils, than on sandy soils; its colors are less vivid, and its texture, when viewed through the microscope, less delicate; it grows larger; the wood has more cellular and less woody and vascular tissue. The effluvia from the bodies and from the excretions of horses are different. And this is very remarkable in the human race also. From young persons especially, who are attentive to personal neatness, there exhales, from the skin particularly, an odor similar to that of the freshly gathered hickory nut, if they have been born of parents raised in a sandy country, and are born and raised there themselves. Those on calcareous soils have not this odor, but a nitrous, meaty scent. The ankles, hands, and elbows, especially of women, are not so delicately formed; and indeed both the men and women are less symmetrically formed, and more inclined to obesity. The solids are not so firm. Diseases reach their crisis with them much sooner. They are not so long-lived, cannot undergo so much fatigue, and are not so spiritual. They come to maturity earlier, and are much more like the rich and succulent vegetation and meats which constitute their food, and consequently enter into the composition of their physical systems. Is this imaginary? Look at the horses, people, and vegetables. If *sand*, acted upon by a certain degree of heat, and the vital organs of

animals and plants, is not the cause of these remarkable differences of form, texture, aroma, &c., in those grown and raised on it, what is? Why is it that not only certain plants, but certain animals, are never found except as exile wanderers from sandy and granitic lands, on calcareous soils? The *grey lizard*, and the *tick*, mark with more precision than the geological surveyor, the boundaries of the sand and granite. We find them lost, or transported to calcareous tracts, where they soon disappear. Silix, we know, is taken up and acted on by the vital organs of plants, giving strength and hardness to them in a very great degree. The cornstalk, the bamboo, and the concretions called *tabasheen*, make this manifest. And why should not the vital organs of animals take up from food or *compose silix*? Because the chemist can discover none in his system? Pooh! The ablest chemist cannot make the petal of a rose, or even tell how it is done; nor can he extract from the earth or the air, with all his art, and combine the elements of its aroma into its delightful perfume. *Life is the Great Alchemist*. Let us pass to the Old Continent, and to those countries where the horse is found in the greatest perfection. What do we see around us? The rose-bushes of Arabia loading the air with their perfume, and the grey lizard playing in every tangled brake. Look at the legs and arms of the women, see how their eyes sparkle and flash fire, like brilliant crystals. Go to the country around Damascus, and

“Die of a rose in aromatic pain.”

Here the grey lizard pops his impudent head into every tent and bower; and the women, with their finely moulded forms and hourie eyes, dazzle, delight, and distract us. Shall we pass the Mediterranean into Barbary,—see that wanderer of the desert on his fiery steed. What a superb animal! Look at his crest and quivering ear, as the rider brings him down on his haunches with that powerful bit. Good heavens! see how he clears those hedges of roses, and flings from their leaves the *attar ghul* into the air. Do you see that dark-eyed daughter of the desert standing near the kneeling camel? Her form, figure, attitude, are inimitable. Hush, or she will flee like a fawn into the tent at the sight of a stranger, and the beautiful vision will be lost to us for ever. Did you ever see the daughter of a Pennsylvania Dutchman like her? You may, if he and his wife will go and settle a little to the South of Mount Atlas. The thirteenth generation will resemble that girl. *It will get the flint into the form in that time.*

What, conclude we then, is the region of Race Horses, Roses, and pretty Women? Dry sandy lands, moderately warm at least. And however chimerical it may be declared to be, experience will prove these speculations to be founded in truth and nature; and wherever the soil is calcareous, and the rose loses its perfume, and the grey lizards play not among the hedges,—the horse will become a heavier, coarser animal, of less strength, endurance and fleetness, in proportion to his size; and that without continual admixture from granitic or sandy lands, will lose the characteristics of the finest blood and breeding. It is remarkable though, that *first progeny*, after removal from the *sand* to the *lime*, are not unfrequently more valuable than their immediate ancestors. Without having lost the characteristics

of their ancestry, they have more size and roundness of form. Let any person compare the *Western horses* of the eighth and tenth generation, with those brought from the sandy parts of New York (and these by-the-by are coarser than those from Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina,) and Virginia, and he will be convinced that these speculations are founded in truth. In England they raise fine horses : much of the country is sandy ; the climate, from its insular situation, is mild ; and the greatest care is taken of their high-bred cattle. We know that exotics can be raised in hothouses. The Indiana and Ohio horse has been farther and longer removed from his high-bred ancestors (the horses brought into Kentucky by the earliest settlers from Virginia and North Carolina), than the horse of Kentucky, which has been constantly receiving infusions of blood from the Virginia stock ; and consequently the Indiana and Ohio horse is a big-headed, flop-eared, thick-legged, gummy-limbed, flat-footed, thick-winded brute ; entirely a different animal from the high-mettled racer. It is fortunate for us, however, that our tastes as well as our bodies are affected by the same causes. The Dutch wagoner will prefer his big horse and his big wife, to an Arabian courser and a Circassian beauty.—“Chacun à son goût.”

But the influence of the granitic and silicious formation is not confined to *the body*. There is a wonderful and mysterious connexion between this and the etherial spirit. The organization of the rose is made the laboratory of its perfume ; and the organs of animals, worked by life in obedience to the will of the Great Architect of the Universe, may elaborate those etherial impulses which we call by such a variety of names. There is no materialism in this. Who will limit the Creator and Governor of the world, in the subordinate means of accomplishing his purposes ? Not I. What is called a *Southern man*, is a *sand-made man baked hard by a hot sun*. Daniel Webster is a sand-made man ; but he was never heated through. Clay and Calhoun were baked brown. Patrick Henry, and John Randolph, were raised to a glowing heat. The men from Maine to Florida, on the Atlantic inclined plane of sand, are bodily and mentally different from those in the same latitude on the calcareous Western lands. A man raised in New England on a sandy soil but in a cool climate, has the sense and wit of a Southerner, but neither his hot heart nor his hot head,—a better calculator, a more dispassionate reasoner ; but not so eloquent or generous. The Western man, on calcareous lands in the same latitude with the Virginian or Carolinian, is a different man. He is a softer substance, and yields more readily to impulse ; his love has more lust in it ; his courage is as great, but more ferocious ; he will die to accomplish to-day, what he cares nothing about to-morrow ; he is not so implacable in his resentment, and is more easily appeased. The fine specimens of Kentuckians and Tennesseans that have attracted the attention of the world, cannot be excelled. They are the progeny, in the *first degree*, of Old Virginians, and North Carolina and South Carolina men, raised on calcareous formations. Like the horses of the same degree from the Virginia stock, they are if possible finer than their ancestors. They possess all their intelligence, fire, and feeling ; indeed all their qualities, in an exaggerated degree. But their children are not like them ; they have lost some

of their fine points both of body and mind. And matters will grow worse. There's too much *lime* and not *sand* enough in the interior of Kentucky, to make fine men and women out of. There's hardly enough for the latter.

To conclude this dry subject, I will merely observe, that there is just the same difference between an Englishman and an Arab, that there is between an English horse and an Arabian; dependent, I believe, as much or more on the geology of their respective countries than on all other causes combined.

CURIOSUS.

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

BY AN AMATEUR.

HAVING conducted your examination of the horse you contemplate purchasing up to this point, carefully scrutinizing each part separately and leisurely, you are now to stand behind him and look well at the prominences of the hip bones. These you will occasionally find not precisely on a level; and although fractures and dislocations about these parts are extremely rare on account of their prodigious strength, yet lameness from various causes, as blows, strains, &c., especially about the round-bone, which is situated a little posterior to the prominence of the hip, is by no means of unfrequent occurrence. This complaint will of course be more easily detected on putting the horse in motion; but the wasting of the large muscles of the hind-quarter on the affected side (from their being kept almost constantly at rest on account of the pain that any motion of this part occasions), is a symptom that must not be overlooked. Now the extent of a horse-dealer's veterinary acquirements is extremely limited, and it is ten to one but you will find, after passing your hand over any suspicious-looking spot, that it smells strongly of some stimulating liniment, and on rubbing back the hair with your thumb the skin will present a slightly blistered appearance. In other cases, a few pieces of bran sticking to the horse's coat will demonstrate the recent application of a poultice, the necessity for which will be corroborated by the heat of the skin and other symptoms of inflammation. Whenever you discover that strong oils or liniments have been rubbed into any part, no matter where situated, be sure that something is wrong, or has recently been so, and have a thorough good trial before you are satisfied that these applications have really effected a cure, instead of having patched up an old grievance "for the nonce." It is best also, in all these cases, to give the horse some good rattling exercise, and then to examine him again after he has been at rest for an hour or two. You will frequently discover that a high-mettled horse, although to all appearance sound, after having been at work for a short time, will come out of his stable either dead lame, or at least very feelingly, as though he feared to set his legs down to the ground. Sharp spurs and a tight rein soon take off this mincing gait, and make the poor

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devil almost unconscious of his usual pains from fear of the whip and spurs, and away he steps as though nothing were the matter with him: but when brought to a stand still the case is very different; his shaking legs and weakened joints proclaim the worn-out cripple, the worst species of horse a man can have, and never worth the trouble of improving, unless he be young, and the shaky state of his legs arises from too great an exertion at an improper age. Another effect of exercise is to reduce swellings of the legs or other parts, provided they are not in an inflammatory state. Motion produces an increased action of the absorbent vessels, by which effusion into the cellular parts is removed; and thus a horse, whose limbs appear perfectly fine after an hour's exercise, may be found with swollen and gummy legs, or a large thorough-pin, after having been left at rest for some time.

The marks of bandages are easily detected, especially if they have been put on tightly; but, although bandages are commonly used on legs that are liable to swell, yet their employment is no certain sign of any defect, as it is a common and indeed a very excellent plan to bandage every horse's legs whose work is at all severe. Nevertheless dealers are so well aware that any marks about the legs are viewed with suspicion, that they will not use bandages where they may be dispensed with, and, moreover, never apply them tightly except for infirm legs: therefore, whenever you perceive the circular rings made by the turns of a closely-applied bandage, you may take it for granted that it has not been used without a cause.

If you have followed the advice I have already laid down for the examination of a horse, you will now have criticised almost all the parts on which it is necessary that you should found your opinion of him. Your work is, however, as yet only half completed; for you have still to consider his general appearance, his state of condition, his constitution, his tricks, some habits and disorders which are chiefly manifested in the stable, and last, not least, his value. On this latter point it is impossible to give an opinion on paper by which the judgment may be guided in the purchase of a horse. As I have already mentioned, a horse of absolutely no value whatever to one man, may be fit for the work required of him by another, and consequently worth a certain sum; so that to affix a just value upon any horse is perfectly out of the question. Setting aside fancy prices obtained by some dealers for hunters, first-rate carriage-horses, and smart Park nags, the only real method of obtaining a true knowledge of the *marketable* value of horses is to attend the different auctions and mark the prices that they fetch. You will then see at once how much dealers will bid for a spavined, a groggy, a blind, an old, and a lame horse, and will thus very soon be enabled to estimate every horse's just value within a few pounds. Fancy, however, goes so far in horse-dealing, that you will often find men giving more money for a horse than you consider him worth: but these are the exceptions to the general rule; and, moreover, many dealers have commissions to purchase horses for a certain purpose, and even if they do give five pounds more for a horse than they consider his value, provided they can make their employer give them five more, what do they care? Any man who is a good judge of horse-flesh can mount

himself with hounds in first-rate style for from sixty to eighty guineas, and very frequently for much less. Indeed there is no species of horse of which so much may be made as a hunter; for I am firmly convinced that the value of fifteen out of twenty likely-looking horses for the field, and which are in the possession of men who either never hunt or who are timid horsemen, may be increased a hundred-fold by a bold and judicious rider with a stout heart and a light hand. No horse, as a young one, can be bought for a hunter, except by judging of his points and probable capabilities; and when we see the enormous price that very many of these animals are sold for, at from seven to twelve years old, we can easily conceive how dealers of good character, who will not sell a bad horse, and very seldom have a moderate-priced one in their stable, must thrive upon their knowledge of a young one. Such is the fancy with some men of fortune for horses that will suit them, that there is scarcely any rational limit to the sum they will give for a good horse; in exemplification of which fact I may mention having seen some years back a horse of Mr. Gully's, called Scroggins, a punchy, thick, heavy beast, about fifteen hands high, and looking fit to draw a four-wheel chaise, sold at Tattersall's for four hundred and thirty guineas, although he was at that time eighteen years old!

Having thus digressed somewhat from the immediate purport of my subject—the examination of a horse—I shall conclude the chief of my remarks upon this head by advising you to feel the hide over the ribs, and try if it move freely over them. If the skin appear tight and unyielding, the horse is said to be *hide-bound*; and this is a very general sign of internal disease of some kind, or of general bad health. The coat should next engage your attention. A soft glossy coat, which lies well down, instead of *staring*, to use a common phrase, is a symptom of good health and sound constitution, and shews that a horse is thriving. On the other hand, a rough, ragged, and broken coat, indicates want of condition, even if a horse appear fat. No doubt a half-starved brute, kept either at a straw-yard or in a very cold stable, cannot be expected to have a very fine coat; but such horses are seldom exhibited for sale, and therefore, when you meet with such a one, you may fairly suspect that his state is owing to some constitutional defect, unless you are acquainted with his previous history.

During your examination never allow the dealer's man to hold the horse's head high, and make him place his fore-legs well in advance upon rising ground. I shall notice this part of my subject more particularly when I come to speak of the usual methods adopted by low dealers for the purpose of getting rid of their horses. In the mean time suffice it to say, that, whenever you find a horse shewn to you in this fashion, take the bridle quietly out of the man's hand, lead the horse yourself to a level piece of ground, and let him stand there with a perfectly loose rein, so that his head may be quite at liberty. A horse that is shook on his legs will then immediately shew his grogginess; the knees will be bent more or less, the legs shaky and tremulous, and the heels not set firmly on the ground. The pastern joints too, if the horse have done much work, and frequently the fetlocks of the hind-legs, will be seen to bend and become relaxed, as

though the horse required to ease them as much as possible, and the elasticity of the tendons and ligaments of those parts were greatly diminished. The position of a groggy horse, when left to himself, will be generally that of leaning over the fore-legs, the feet of which are farther under the belly than the upper part of the leg, and the whole limb describing somewhat of a curve, of which the knees are the most prominent part. Some people have given the name of *chest-founder* to this state of the fore-legs, where a horse is incapable of putting them freely out, and shuffles in his gait. The term is in this case used very erroneously, and the meaning of it really not understood by those who employ it. If there be in reality such a complaint as chest-founder, I take it it should be applied to a rheumatic affection of the muscles about the chest, which cramps their action and diminishes the stride of a horse, but has nothing to do with his legs except secondarily. If I am wrong in this opinion, I cannot at any rate err in recommending you never to buy a horse for the road or field whose action appears confined and *stumpy*, from whatever cause this defect may arise. A lively, free, and good stepper, is a delight to his rider; whereas no man ever crosses a short-going puddling devil without having sundry unpleasant misgivings as to the result, and not a very agreeable perspective of one or more purls, the upshot of which he leaves to chance and his own activity.

And now, having run over the chief points requiring attention in the examination of a horse, it may be as well, before we proceed to notice those defects which are principally to be observed in the stable, and those which declare themselves on trial, to say a few words respecting

ACTION,

in the different paces of a walk, trot, canter, and gallop; for without good action a horse is worthless for quick work, as well as dangerous, although he may do very well in a cart or at plough.

In choosing a horse, take care never on any account to purchase one whose action is at all faulty, more especially if required for the saddle. A horse with bad action is ever a torment to his rider; whereas the exhilarating feeling and elasticity of spirits that are experienced in riding a springy and active horse, amply repay the owner for all the care and attention he can bestow upon him.

It is rather a difficult matter to explain clearly of what really good action consists; for the different shades between bad and superior action are so numerous, and moreover depend so much upon taste, that a description of them would of itself go far towards filling a moderate-sized volume.

The principal points to be attended to in criticising the action of a horse, are these: Firstly, in *walking*, the knee should be moderately bent, sufficiently so to raise the foot clear above any ordinary obstacle, as stones, &c. On setting the foot down, it should fall flat, and not touch the ground first with the toe. Those horses indeed that bring the heel down first are considered the safest; but although this sort of action may be easily seen in trotting, it is but seldom noticeable in the walk. Secondly, the legs should be put *straight* out, and be raised in like manner; that is to say, the toes should neither be turned outwards nor inwards, nor the foot describe a portion of a circle, and

exhibit the sole to a person standing on one side of the horse. Thirdly, in a small compact horse, the walk should be sharp, active, and springy; in a more lengthy and larger horse, the stride should make up for the want of quickness which such animals usually shew, their action being generally more stately than that of the hack. It must, however, be remembered that every horse, be he hack, hunter, or roadster, should step freely out. A mincing, shuffling gait, that appears in some measure to proceed from a wriggling of the body, is a pretty good sign either of badly-formed shoulders, old sprains, or (which is most common) of tender and contracted feet. In walking, a horse should carry his head erect, and appear to spring from the hind-legs, the feet of which should nearly be placed in the marks produced by the fore-feet; although very wide-hipped horses will occasionally place the hind-feet to the outside of these marks—a peculiarity which is not to be objected to, inasmuch as horses thus formed are commonly endowed with very great power in the hind-quarters. The hind-legs should be freely bent, picked up sharply, and carried forward under the belly. A horse that seems to drag the hind-legs, instead of lifting them cleverly, will seldom be found to possess much power behind, and, though he may be made to do for harness, will never turn out a good jumper or prove a smart hack.

In *trotting*, it is very much the fashion to admire those horses that bend the knee very much and raise the leg high. These are generally termed *clamberers*, from their action being such as would enable them to run up a ladder, if such a feat could be performed. This showy sort of pace may do very well for those who keep a horse for the mere purpose of an airing in the Park with a view to attract attention, and to whom the admiration of the cockney and the stripling, to say nothing of that of the fairer sex, are as the “breath of their nostrils.” It is their delight, “*monstrari digito pratereuntium*,” and provided this treat be secured, they care not what sort of animal they cross. A good steady hunting-looking horse walking along the Park, is only eyed by the *cognoscenti* in horse-flesh, and by them probably without audible remark, consequently a nag of such unpretending merit will not suit your *elegant*; but a hot tightly-curbed clamberer, with his tail carried like that of a Dutch pug, that makes a constant “much ado about nothing,” placing his feet down nearly in the spot whence he raised them, is just the beast to call forth the “My vinky, vot an oss!” of the Sunday-Park-ward importation from Whitechapel, and consequently in the London season will ensure plenty of customers, as more men buy horses from vanity than from any motive of utility. These horses are by dealers not inaptly called *Flat-catchers*.

Horses with high action of this description never cover much ground, and do as much work in going one mile as a horse of less shewy but really better action does in two. Moreover, the higher the action the greater will be the wear and tear of the legs; and on this account a high-stepper will soon shew windgalls, bent legs, and other signs of work, even though the distance he goes daily may not be very great.

Occasionally a horse in trotting will be seen to bend one knee rather more than the other, and in this case he will generally be found to have a thrush, corn, splent, or some other complaint in the

leg or foot of that limb which is least raised. Much of the action of a horse at any pace depends upon his rider. Thus, a horse in walking, trotting, or galloping, may be made by a good horseman either to gather himself up closely, and as it were fight with his fore-legs, raising them high and throwing them out, or creep along in a totally different style. A really good walker, however, will always shew himself, be he ridden in as slovenly a manner as may be; but a moderately good trotter may be made to step out and bend his knee in a manner very unlike his usual mode of going. This is done by the help of a sharp curb, spurs, and the pressure of the legs, combined with a nice hand that is capable of *feeling* a horse whenever he throws himself forward, and of giving him a *lift* when he seems to be relapsing into anything like a lack of spirit. A horse on being spurred naturally flies forward, but the curb at the same moment restraining him, he is thrown upon his haunches, and the action of the fore-legs gains in height what it loses in length. Horse-dealers and their men are of course well aware of this trick, and fail not to turn it to account. The leg that is farthest from a purchaser is usually employed for the purpose of spurring; but most horses will sufficiently indicate to a close observer, by the switching of the tail, when he feels the rowels. It is said that a really good dealer's man understands whether a horse is to be ridden for purchase or sale, the two styles being totally different; and this is strictly true. I have seen a horse of my own ridden repeatedly at a bar by one of these gentry, and refuse the leap every time; but, on mounting him myself, he took it without hesitation, and would of course have done so before had I been going to buy instead of to exchange him. Be not, therefore, satisfied with seeing a dealer's man shew a horse, but let him be slowly trotted with a loose halter first, in order both to judge of his style of action, and also of his being free from lameness. If you can have him trotted gently down hill, so much the better, for, if he be lame, he will infallibly show his defect much more while going down a declivity than when on level ground.

In trotting, as in walking, it is essential that the foot be placed firmly and flatly on the ground. If the toe dig into the earth, the horse will always be liable to trip, and cannot be a safe goer. The wear of the shoe will indicate at once if the principal point of attrition be before or behind; although, as the toe is longest in contact with the ground on raising the foot, this part will almost invariably be somewhat sooner destroyed than the rest of the shoe. Experience will, however, soon shew if it be unduly worn, and subsequent observation will enable you to detect the cause in faulty delivery of the feet.

Blood-horses—more particularly those that have been in training—are apt to step nearer to the ground than the half-bred horse. This they are taught to do, in order that they may gain in the length of their stride what would be wasted in high action. They are thus made to cover a larger extent of ground, and consequently to gallop quicker than they would be enabled to do were their action more rounded. These horses seldom make very pleasant road hackneys, their early habits causing them to raise the knee no higher than when stepping on perfectly level turf; but when a thorough-bred horse has

not acquired this low gait, no animal is so delightful to ride, whether on the road or in the field. The action of this race of horses seems to be somewhat in extremes, for those which have shewy action generally are found to be particularly high steppers, and are consequently useless on the Turf. To conclude my remarks upon this pace, I will just observe, that when you find a horse lifting his legs very high, if you think you have, according to my recommendation, already well examined his eyes, do not deem it time thrown away to scrutinize them yet a little more closely, for a horse with imperfect vision or totally blind is sure to be a high stepper.

The *canter* is a pace which is so great a favorite with many people that every hackney well drilled to it is sure to find many admirers. A good judge of this pace does not like to see that species of canter so often noticed in a *very* tractable and quiet lady's horse, a style of going in which you hear three distinct strokes of the feet upon the ground, which are repeated after a slight pause. This I call a three-legged canter. It is performed slowly, with the legs but little raised from the ground, and gives to the mind of a beholder the idea of an animated rocking-horse. Horses with this pace are nevertheless much esteemed by timid ladies, or those of a *certain age* who are fond of locomotion with the least possible expenditure of human exertion. Such horse-women and their cattle afford about as much pleasure to the eye of a spectator as do the jog-jog old gentlemen who stick out their legs, and suffer a pury cob to roll under them at a pace as nearly approximating as may be to a walking trot, and imagine all the while that the sleepy animal they bestride is unequalled in pace, unrivalled in activity. That such offcasts of horsemanship and their steeds are well assorted, I pretend not to deny; and, therefore, if you are on the look-out for an easy-going pad for an antiquated lady or gentleman, why the brute I have described is just the thing for your purpose, otherwise I had not noticed him; but if, on the other hand, you require a smart cantering hack, either to ride to covert, on the road, or perchance to bear the lovely burthen of some young lady full of life and spirits, pick out one that throws himself well from the hind-legs, performing as it were a succession of easy leaps, and not one that raises himself up and lets himself down again much after the fashion of an Alderney cow when not stimulated to great exertion. A horse in cantering should be accustomed to lead with either leg as may be required, and should also be made to do so in order that the wear and tear of both may be equal. Those horses that shift their legs while going, and alternately lead with one and the other, are generally strong and active, and consequently preferable for this reason, *ceteris paribus*.

It should not be forgotten that in the canter the hind-legs should be thrown well under the body, as in the other paces which I have already noticed. The canter is a minor gallop; and as in this latter pace it is requisite that a horse should be able to stretch himself well out, and cover a good quantity of land, it will always be found that horses with an oblique shoulder will be more likely to excel in galloping than those differently formed. Now although a hack may not be required to gallop, still this obliquity of the shoulder ensures a freedom of action before, which renders a horse thus shaped little liable

to fall or make blunders, provided his feet and legs be good. Thus a sloping shoulder is as requisite in the cantering hackney as in the racer, and without it the motions of the fore-legs will generally be found cramped and defective.

I shall now proceed to say a few words respecting the *gallop*, the only remaining pace that requires to be noticed; for in this country we do not teach our horses to move both legs of the same side simultaneously, as they do in the West Indies (where horses with this action are much valued on account of the ease of their motions), and also in many parts of France, where a running *bidet* of this description may frequently be met with bestridden by a huge farmer, his legs enveloped in jack-boots somewhat heavier than himself, and gracefully stuck out as far as possible from the sides of his pony, whose easy run-and-shuffle pace enables his rider to balance himself upon the seat of honor without the trouble of holding on by the knees.

In galloping there is an essential difference between the racer and the hunter or Park horse. The former, from being constantly ridden in a snaffle bridle, and having a very light boy on his back, who is probably not strong enough to hold him, acquires very generally a habit of going with the head carried low, and the consequence of this position (to which he is trained) is, that he does not raise his legs high, but stretches them out, thereby covering a greater quantity of ground in a given number of strides than the horse whose head, reined up or confined by the curb, is thereby driven into more dashing but less speedy action. Moreover the difference of the ground on which the racer and hunter have to perform, necessarily occasions a dissimilarity in their style of going. The former is always trained on level turf, and is therefore unaccustomed to meet with obstacles in his track; accordingly he gallops near the ground, fearless of any impediment to his progress. The latter, on the contrary, encounters every species of diversity of ground; now he gallops on turf, and the next moment he is speeding across a ploughed field studded with innumerable flints, out of which he has to make his way over deep ridge and furrow, to find himself perhaps in a wood where stubs and roots beset his path at every step. Such a horse cannot fail in a short time to acquire a knack of lifting his limbs sufficiently high to enable him to surmount the difficulties opposed to him, otherwise his rider runs a tolerable chance of kissing Mother Earth every time he mounts him; and therefore it is that, in purchasing a horse for the chase, you are not to expect or to desire in him the same style of gallop as in the racer. His action should be somewhat higher and more rounded; for were the hunter to stretch himself to the same extent as the racer, he would frequently be unable to recover himself when on difficult ground. Those horses whose feet may be heard to beat four distinct and rapid strokes on the ground at every stride are generally very strong in their gallop, and particularly safe at the same time. Their action is generally high, but they carry their rider with amazing power, and create a feeling of security, which is sometimes wanting while skimming over a field well covered with mole hills on a *daisy-cutter*.

A horse unusually high in his gallop must of course perform a greater degree of labor in getting over a certain quantity of ground.

than one whose action is less shewy. As in the lofty trotter, the legs soon give way from the battering endured by the high galloper, an animal well fitted to shew off in the Parks, but ill-calculated for steady work. For the road or the field, then, choose the horse whose gallop, without too great exertion to himself, ensures you from danger and shews a good share of speed; but in choosing a racer, pick out one that extends himself well, seems to go easily to himself, rather rises in the hind-quarters (which should be lengthy), and appears to be formed somewhat on the model of the hare, that is to say, longer in the hind than in the fore-legs.

It must be understood that in these "Hints"—these "*επεὶ πέραντα*"—to purchasers of horses, I do not pretend to go deeply into all the points, properties, or defects of the animal on which I write, otherwise I might dilate very considerably on the formation proper to the racer; but as a vast deal of the most useful discrimination is only to be acquired by experience, and no man ought to wish to purchase a horse for the Turf on his own judgment until it be matured in that school, I would recommend every one desirous of becoming the owner of a Plate-horse, either to be well acquainted with his performances in public previous to purchasing him, or, if he have never yet run, to obtain if possible a trial of him with some known horse, rather than choose him for mere symmetry. A racer is never merely prized for his beauty. He is a machine by which money is to be won; and be he the ugliest animal ever foaled, provided he can go faster than most others of his breed, he will be more valued than the handsomest blood-horse in the world without the necessary quality of speed. With hacks and harness-horses this is not the case. There we want beauty combined with good and often with shewy action; but a fast racer or a splendid fencer of enduring powers, will fetch their price despite the want of beauty.

Some horses in galloping will throw the hind-legs so wide and so forward as to be before and outside the fore-legs. This species of action is certainly faulty, as it is often the cause of over-reach and bruises of the heels. In a trot this species of action seldom occasions the above injuries; but in the hurry of a fast gallop, when a horse too is very frequently thrown out of the evenness of his pace by the application of the spurs at a wrong moment, such accidents will occasionally occur. Nevertheless they are seldom of such moment as to lead you to reject an otherwise good horse on account of this peculiarity in his action, which I have already elsewhere said is usually found in horses endowed with considerable strength in the hind-quarters.

I have now concluded all the remarks that at present occur to me on the subject of action, and shall therefore only add, that, when buying a horse, you will find your advantage in never choosing one that in any pace appears to drag his hind-legs after him instead of throwing them freely forwards. In the walk, trot, or gallop, this springy action behind is absolutely indispensable. Besides denoting strength and muscularity, it both looks well and gives comfort to the rider. If you find fault with the want of action in a horse's hind-legs, a dealer will be sure to reply, "Oh! never mind the *hind-legs*, Sir; if he moves his *fore-legs* well, the others must follow." This is a truism

which no one will dispute; but, since they are to follow, let them do so handsomely and with vigor.

One word more respecting strength in a horse generally. You will hear every one talking of a horse's *bone*, but no mention is ever made of his *muscles*. Now bones are of themselves incapable of any motion whatever; they are merely the fixed points to which the muscles, the active agents of motion, are attached. The greater the expanse of bone in those situations to which muscles are affixed, the greater room will there consequently be for their attachment to those parts; and hence the opinion that large bones beget large muscles. This, however, is by no means a *sequitur*, and consequently I would recommend you never to be simply satisfied with the mere size of a horse's bones, unless they be covered by well-developed muscles. Those parts to which are affixed strong ligamentous expansions, as the knees, pasterns, and hocks, should never be small; but too much stress is generally laid upon the necessity of large bone below the knee, a point of no great consequence, unless the size of this part be disproportioned to others.

And now, having touched upon most of those points to be first noticed in looking over a horse, let us have him put quietly into his stall, and proceed to examine him a little in the stable, where we may peradventure, by watching him, discover some fault or other which must not be lightly passed over.

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A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS ;

OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE SIXTH.

THE sun rose broad and bright in a firmament of that most brilliant and transparent blue, which I have witnessed in no other country than America, so pure, so cloudless, so immeasurably distant as it seems from the beholder's eye!—there was not a speck of cloud from East to West, from zenith to horizon; not a fleece of vapor on the mountain sides; not a breath of air to ruffle the calm basin of the Greenwood lake. The rock-crowned, forest-mantled ridge, on the farther side of the narrow sheet, was visible almost as distinctly through the medium of the pure fresh atmosphere, as though it had been gazed at through a telescope,—the hues of the innumerable maples, in their various stages of decay, purple, and crimson, and bright gorgeous scarlet, were contrasted with the rich chrome yellow of the birch and poplars, the sear red leaves of the gigantic oaks, and with the ever verdant plumage of the junipers, clustered in massy patches on every rocky promontory, and the tall spires of the dark

pinces and hemlock. Over this mass of many-colored foliage, the pale thin yellow light of the new-risen sun was pouring down a flood of chaste illumination; while, exhaled from the waters by his first beams, a silvery gauze-like haze floated along the shores, not rising to the height of ten feet from the limpid surface, which lay unbroken by the smallest ripple, undisturbed by the slightest splash of fish or insect, as still and tranquil to the eye as though it had been one huge plate of beaten burnished silver; with the tall cones of the gorgeous hills in all their rich variety, in all their clear minuteness, reflected, summit downward, palpable as their reality, in that most perfect mirror. Such was the scene on which I gazed, as on the last day of our sojourn in the Woodlands of fair Orange, I issued from the little cabin, under the roof of which I had slept so dreamlessly and deep, after the fierce excitement of our deer hunt, that while I was yet slumbering all save myself had risen, donned their accoutrements, and sallied forth—I knew not whither,—leaving me certainly alone, although as certainly not so much to my glory. From the other cottage, as I stood upon the threshold, I might hear the voices of the females busy at their culinary labors, the speedily approaching term of which was obviously denoted by the rich savory steams which tainted—not, I confess, unpleasantly—the fragrant morning air. As I looked out upon this lovely morning, I did not—I acknowledge—regret the absence of my excellent though boisterous companions; for there was something which I cannot define, in the deep stillness, in the sweet harmonious quiet of the whole scene before me, that disposed my spirit to meditation far more than to mirth;—the very smoke which rose from the low chimneys of the 'Teachmans' colony—not surging to and fro, obedient to the fickle winds—but soaring straight, tall, unbroken, upward, like corinthian columns, each with its curled capital—seemed to invite the soul of the spectator to mount with it toward the sunny heavens! By-and-bye I strayed downward to the beach, a narrow strip of silvery sand and variegated pebbles, and stood there long, silently watching the unknown sports, the seemingly—to us at least—unmeaning movements, and strange groupings of the small fry, which darted to and fro in the clear shallows within two yards of my feet; or marking the brief circling ripples wrought by the morning swallow's wing, but momentarily subsiding into the wonted rest of the calm lake. How long I stood there musing, I know not, for I had fallen into a train of thought so deep that I was utterly unconscious of every thing around me, when I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by the quick dash of oars, and by a volley of some seven barrels discharged in quick succession. As I looked up with an air, I presume, somewhat bewildered, I heard the loud and bellowing laugh of Tom, and saw the whole of our stout company gliding up in two boats, the skiff and the canoe, toward the landing place, perhaps a hundred yards from the spot where I stood.

"Come here, d—n you," were the first words I heard, from the mouth of what speaker it need not be said,—“Come here, you lazy, snortin, snoozin Decker—lend a hand here right stret away, will you! We've got more perch than all of us can carry—and Archer's got six wood duck.”

Hurrying down in obedience to this unceremonious mandate, I

perceived that indeed their time had not been misemployed, for the whole bottom of the larger boat was heaped with fish—the small and delicate green perch, the cat-fish, hideous in its natural—but most delicious in its artificial shape,—and above all, the large and broad-backed yellow bass, from two to four pounds weight; while Archer, who had gone forth with Garry only in the canoe, had picked up half a dozen wood duck, two or three of the large yellow legs, a little bittern, known by a far less elegant appellative throughout the country, and thirteen English snipe.

“By Jove,” cried I, “but this is something like !—where the deuce did you pick the snipe up, Harry—and above all, why the deuce did you let me lie wallowing in bed this lovely morning?”

“One question at a time,” responded he, “good master Frank,—one question at a time! For the snipe, I found them very unexpectedly, I tell you, in a bit of marshy meadow just at the outlet of the pond. Garry was paddling me along at the top of his pace, after a wing-tipped wood duck, when up jumped one of the long-billed rascals, and had the impudence to skim across the creek under my very nose—‘skeep! skeep!’ Well, I dropped him you may be sure, with a charge, too, of duck shot, and he fell some ten yards over on the meadow,—so leaving Garry to pursue the drake, I landed, loaded my gun with No. 9, and went to work,—the result as you see; but I cleared the meadow,—devil a bird is left there, except one I cut to pieces and could not find for want of Chase,—two went away without a shot, over the hills and far away! As for letting you lie in bed, you must talk to Tom about it—I bid him call you, and the fat rascal never did so, and never said a word about you till we were ready for a start, and then no master Frank was to the fore.”

“Well, Tom,” cried I, “what have you got to say to this?”

“Now, d—n you, dont come foolin’ about me,” replied that worthy, aiming a blow at me, which, had it taken place, might well have felled Goliath; but which—as I sprang aside—wasting its energies on the impassive air, had well nigh floored the striker.—“Dont you come foolin’ about me,—you knows right well I called you, and you knows, too, you almost cried, and told me to clear out, and let you git an hour’s sleep! for by the Lord you thought Archer and I was made of steel!—you couldn’t and you wouldn’t—and now you wants to know the reason why you warnt along with us!”

“Never mind the old thief, Frank,” said Archer, seeing that I was on the point of answering,—“even his own aunt says he is the most notorious liar in all Orange County—and heaven forbid we should gainsay that most respectable old lady!”

Into what violent asseveration our host would have plunged at this declaration, remains, like the tale of Cambuscan bold, veiled in deep mystery; for as he started from the log on which he had been reposing while in the act of unsplicing his bamboo fishing pole, the elder of the Teachmans thrust his head out of the cabin nearest to us—“Come, boys, to breakfast!”—and at the first word of his welcome voice, Tom made, as he would have himself defined it, stret tracks for the table. And a mighty different table it was from that to which we had sat down on the preceding morning. Timothy—unscared by the wonder of the mountain nymphs, who deemed a being of the

masculine gender as an intruder, scarce to be tolerated, on the mysteries of the culinary art—had exerted his whole skill, and brought forth all the contents of his canteen! We had a superb steak of the fattest venison, graced by stewed cranberries, cayenne pepper, and sliced lemons.—A pot of excellent black tea, almost as strong as the cogniac which flanked it—a dish of beautiful fried perch, with cream as thick as porridge, our own loaf sugar, and Teachman's new laid eggs, hot wheaten cakes, and hissing rashers of right tender pork, furnished a breakfast forth that might have vied successfully with those which called forth, in the Hebrides, such raptures from the lexicographer.

Breakfast despatched,—for which, to say the truth, Harry gave us but little time,—we mustered our array and started; Harry and Tom and I making one party,—Garry, the Teachmans, and Timothy with the setters, which would hunt very willingly for him in Archer's absence, forming a second. It was scarce eight o'clock when we went out, each on a separate beat, having arranged our routes so as to meet at one o'clock in the great swamp, said to abound, beyond all other places, in the ruffed grouse or partridge, to the pursuit of which especially we had devoted our last day.

"Now, Frank," said Harry, "you have done right well throughout the week; and if you can stand this day's tramp, I will say for you that you are a sportsman, aye, every inch of one. We have got seven miles right hard walking over the roughest hills you ever saw—the hardest moors of Yorkshire are nothing to them—before we reach the swamp, and that you'll find a settler! Tom, here, will keep along the bottoms, working his way as best he can; while we make good the uplands! Are your flasks full?"

"Sartain, they are!" cried Tom,—“and I've got a rousin big black bottle, too—but not a drop of the old cider sperrits do you git this day, boys; not if your thirsty throats were cracking for it!”

"Well! well! we won't bother you—you'll need it all, old porpoise, before you get to the far end. Here, take a hard boiled egg or two, Frank, and some salt, and I'll pocket a few biscuits,—we must depend on ourselves to-day!”

"Ay! ay! Sur,"—chuckled Timothy,—“there's naw Tim Matlock to mak looncheon ready for ye a' the day. See thee, measter Frank. Ay'se gotten 't measter's single barrel; and gin I dunna ootshoot measter Draa—whoy Ay'se deny my coontry?”

"Most certainly you will deny it then, 'Tim,"—answered I,—“for Mr. Draw shoots excellently well, and you——”

"And Ay'se shot mony a hare by 't braw moon, doon i' bonny Ca-woods. Ay'se beat, Ay'se oophaud it!”—So saying, he shouldered the long single barrel, and paddled off with most extraordinary expedition after the Teachmans, who had already started, leading the setters in a leash till they were out of sight of Archer.

"They have the longest way to go,"—said Harry,—“by a mile at the least; so we have time for a cheroot before we three get under way.” Cigars were instantly produced and lighted, and we lounged about the little court for the best part of half an hour, till the report of a distant gunshot, ringing with almost innumerable reverberations along the woodland shores, announced to us that our companions had already got into their work.

"Here goes,"—cried Harry, springing to his feet at once, and grasping his good gun,—“Here goes—they have got into the long hollows Tom, and by the time we’ve crossed the ridge and got upon our ground, they’ll be abreast of us.”

“Hold on! hold on!”—Tom bellowed,—“you are the darndest critter, when you do git goin,—now hold on, do—I wants some rum, and Forester here looks a kind of white about the gills, his what-dye-call *cheecroot* has made him sick, I reckon!”

Of course, with such an exhortation in our ears as this, it was impossible to do otherwise than wet our whistles with one drop of the old farentosh; and then, Tom having once again recovered his good humor, away we went, and “clombe the high hill,” though we “swam not the deep river,” as merrily as ever sportsmen did, from the days of Arbalast and Longbow, down to these times of Westley Richards’ caps and Eley’s wire cartridges; which—be it noticed—are the best improvement, since percussion, in the art of sporting gunnery. A tramp of fifteen minutes through some scrubby brushwood, brought us to the base of a steep stony ridge covered with tall and thrifty hickories and a few oaks and maples intermixed, rising so steeply from the shore that it was necessary not only to strain every nerve of the leg, but to swing our bodies up from tree to tree by dint of hand. It was indeed a hard and heavy tug; and I had pretty tough work, what between the exertion of the ascent and the incessant fits of laughter, into which I was thrown by the grotesquely agile movements of fat Tom; who, grunting, panting, sputtering, and launching forth from time to time the strangest and most blasphemously horrid oaths, contrived to make way to the summit faster than either of us—crashing through the dense underwood of juniper and sumach, uprooting the oak saplings as he swung from this to that, and spurning down huge stones upon us, as we followed at a cautious distance. When we at last had crowned the ridge, we found him, just as Harry had predicted, stretched in a half-recumbent attitude, leaning against a huge gray stone, with his fur cap and double-barrel lying upon the withered leaves beside him, puffing, as Archer told him to his mighty indignation, like a great grampus in shoal water. After a little rest, however, Falstaff revived, though not before he had imbibed about a pint of applejack, an occupation in which he could not persuade either of us this time to join him. Descending from our elevated perch, we now got into a deep glen, with a small brooklet winding along the bottom, bordered on either hand by a stripe of marshy bog earth, bearing a low growth of alder bushes, mixed with stunted willows. On the side opposite to that by which we had descended, the hill rose long and lofty, covered with mighty timber-trees standing in open ranks and overshadowing a rugged and unequal surface, covered with whortleberry, winter-green, and cranberries, the latter growing only along the courses of the little runnels which channelled the whole slope. Here, stony ledges and gray broken crags peered through the underwood, among the crevices of which the stunted cedars stood thick set, and matted with a thousand creeping vines and brambles; while there, from some small marshy basin, the giant *Rhododendron* rose almost to the height of timber trees.

“Here, Tom,”—said Harry,—“keep you along this run,—you’ll

have a woodcock every here and there, and look sharp when you hear them fire over the ridge, for they cant shoot to speak of, and the partridges will cross—you know. You, master Frank, stretch your long legs and get three parts of the way up this hill—over the second mound—there, do you see that great blue stone with a thunder splintered tree beside it—just beyond that! then turn due west, and mark the trending of the valley, keeping a little way ahead of me, which you will find quite easy, for I shall have to beat across you both. Go very slow, Tom,—now, hurrah!”

Exhorted thus, I bounded up the hill and soon reached my appointed station; but not before I heard the cheery voice of Archer encouraging the eager spaniels—“Hie cock! hie cock, pu-r-r-h!”—till the woods rang to the clear shout!

Scarce had I reached the top, before, as I looked down into the glen below me, a puff of white smoke, instantly succeeded by a second, and the loud full reports of both his barrels from among the greenleafed alders, shewed me that Tom had sprung game. The next second I heard the sharp questing of the spaniel Dan, followed by Harry’s—“Charge!—down Cha-arge, you little thief—down to cha-arge, will you!” But it was all in vain—for on he went furious and fast, and the next moment the thick whirring of a partridge reached my excited ears. Carefully, eagerly I gazed out to mark the wary bird; but the discharge of Harry’s piece assured me, as I thought, that farther watch was needless; and stupidly enough I dropped the muzzle of my gun. Just at the self-same point of time, —“Mark! mark, Frank!” shouted Archer, “mark! there are a brace of them!”—and as he spoke, gliding with speed scarcely inferior to a bullet’s flight upon their balanced pinions, the noble birds swept past me, so close that I could have struck them with a riding whip. Awfully fluttered was I—I confess—but by a species of involuntary and instinctive consideration I rallied instantly, and became cool. The grouse had seen me, and wheeled diverse; one darting to the right, through a small opening between a cedar bush and a tall hemlock—the other skimming through the open oak woods a little toward the left. At such a crisis thought comes in a second’s space; and I have often fancied that in times of emergency or great surprise, a man deliberates more promptly, and more prudently withal, than when he has full time to let his second thought trench on and mar his first. So was it in this case with me. At half a glance I saw that if I meant to get both birds, the right-hand fugitive must be the first, and that with all due speed; for but a few yards farther he would have gained a brake which would have laughed to scorn Lord Kennedy, or Harry T——r. Pitching my gun up to my shoulder, both barrels loaded with Eley’s *red* wire cartridge No. 6, I gave him a snap shot, and had the satisfaction to see him keeled well over, not wing-tipped or leg-broken, but fairly riddled by the concentrated charge at something within thirty yards. Turning as quick as light, I caught a fleet sight of the other, which by a rapid zig-zag was now flying full across my front, certainly over forty-five yards distant, among a growth of thick-set saplings—the hardest shot, in my opinion, that can be selected to test a quick and steady sportsman. I gave it him, and down he came too—killed dead—that I knew, for I

had shot full half a yard before him. Just as I dropped my but to load, the hill began to echo with the vociferous yells of master Dan, the quick redoubled cracks of Harry's heavy dog-whip, and his incessant rating.—“Down, cha-arge! For sha-ame! Dan! Dan! down cha-arge! for sha-ame!”—broken at times by the impatient oaths of Tom Draw, in the gully, who had, it seems, knocked down two woodcock, neither of which he could bag, owing to the depth and instability of the wet bog!

“Quit! quit! d—n you quit there, leatherin that brute! Quit, I say, or I'll send a shot at you. Come here! Archer—I say come here!—there be the d——st lot of droppins here, I ever see—full twenty cock I swon!”

But still the scourge continued to resound, and still the raving of the spaniel excited Tom's hot ire.

“Frank Forester!”—exclaimed he once again,—“Do see now—Harry *missed* them partridge, and so he licks the poor dumb brute for it. I wish I were a spaniel, and he'd try it on with me!”

“I will, too,”—answered Archer, with a laugh,—“I will, too, if you wish it, though you are not a spaniel, nor anything else half so good. And why, pray, should I not scourge this wild little imp? he run slap into the best pack of partridge I have seen this two years—fifteen or sixteen birds. I wonder they're not scattered—its full late to find them packed!”

“Did you kill ere a one?”—Tom hollowed,—“Not one, either of you!”

“I did,”—answered Harry,—“I nailed the old cock bird, and a rare dog he is!—three pounds, good weight, I warrant him,” he added, weighing him as he spoke. “Look at the crimson round his eye, Frank, like a cock pheasant's, and his black ruff or tippet—by George but he's a beauty! And what did you do?” he continued.

“I bagged a brace—the only two that crossed me.”

“Did you though?”—exclaimed Archer, with no small expression of surprise,—“did you, though?—that's prime work—it takes a thorough workman to bag a double shot upon October partridge! But come, we must go down to Tom; hark how the old hound keeps bawling!”

Well, down we went. The spaniels quickly retrieved his dead birds, and flushed some fifteen more, of which we gave a clean account—Harry making up for lost time by killing six cock, right and left, almost before they topped the bushes,—seven more fell to me, but single birds all of them,—and but one brace to Tom, who now began to wax indignant; for Archer, as I saw, for fun's sake, was making it a point to cut down every bird that rose to him, before he could get up his gun, and then laughed at him for being fat and slow. But the laugh was on Tom's side before long—for while we were yet in the valley, the report of a gun came faintly down the wind from beyond the hill, and as we all looked out attentively, a partridge skimmed the brow, flying before the wind at a tremendous pace, and shot across the valley without stooping from his altitude. I stood the first, and fired, a yard at least ahead of him,—on he went, unharmed and undaunted; bang went my second barrel—still on he went, the faster, as it seemed, for the weak opposition. Harry came

next, and he too fired twice, and—tell it not in Gath—missed *twice*! “Now, fat guts!”—shouted Archer, not altogether in his most amiable or pleasing tones;—and sure enough up went the old man’s piece—roundly it echoed with its mighty charge—a cloud of feathers drifted away in a long line from the slaughtered victim,—which fell not direct, so rapid was his previous flight, but darted onward in a long declining tangent, and struck the rocky soil with a thud clearly audible where we stood, full a hundred yards from the spot where he fell! He bagged, amid Tom’s mighty exultation, forward again we went, and in a short half hour got into the remainder of the pack which we had flushed before, in some low tangled thorn cover, among which they lay well, and we made havoc with them. And here the oddest accident I ever witnessed in the field took place—so odd, that I am half ashamed to write to it—but where’s the odds, for it is true. A fine cock bird was flushed close at Tom’s feet, and went off to the left, Harry and I both standing to the right;—he blazed away, and at the shot the bird sprung up six or eight feet into the air, with a sharp staggering flutter.—“Killed dead!”—cried I,—“well done again, fat Tom.” But to my great surprise the partridge gathered wing, and flew on, feebly at first, and dizzily, but gaining strength more and more as he went on the farther; and at the last, after a long flight, treed in a tall leafless pine.

“Run after him, Frank,”—Archer called to me,—“you are the lightest; and we’ll beat up the swale till you return. You saw the tree he took?”

“Aye! aye!”—said I, preparing to make off.

“Well! he sits near the top—now mind me! no chivalry, Frank! give him no second chance—a ruffed grouse darting downward from a tall pine tree, is a shot to balk the devil,—it’s full five to one that you shoot over and behind him—give him no mercy!”

Off I went, and after a brisk trot five or six minutes long, reached my tree, saw my bird perched on a broken limb close to the time-blanchéd trunk, cocked my Joe Manton, and was in the very act of taking aim, when something so peculiar in the motion of the bird attracted me, that I paused. He was nodding like a sleepy man, and seemed with difficulty to retain his foot-hold. While I was gazing, he let go, pitched headlong, fluttered his wings in the death-struggle, yet in air, and struck the ground close at my feet, stone-dead. Tom’s first shot had cut off the whole crown of the head, with half the brain and the right eye,—and after that the bird had power to fly five or six hundred yards, and then to hang upon its perch for at the least ten minutes.

Rejoining my companions, we again went onward, slaying and bagging as we went, till when the sun was at meridian we sat down beside the brook to make our frugal meal—not to-day of grilled woodcock and champagne, but of hard eggs, salt, biscuit, and Scotch whiskey,—not so bad neither—nor were we disinclined to profit by it. We were still smoking on the marge, when a shot right ahead told us our out-skirting party was at hand. All in an instant were on the alert; in twenty minutes we joined forces, and compared results. We had twelve partridges, five rabbits, seventeen woodcock;—they, six gray squirrels, seven partridge, and one solitary cock! Tim,

proud as Lucifer at having led the field,—but his joy now was at an end—for to his charge the setters were committed to be led in leash, while we shot on, over the spaniels. Another dozen partridges, and eighteen rabbits, completed our last bag in the Woodlands.

Late was it when we reached the 'Teachmans' hut—and long and deep was the carouse that followed; and when the moon had sunk and we were turning in, Tom Draw swore with a mighty oath and deepest emphasis—that since we had passed a week with him, he'd take a seat down in the wagon, and see the Beacon Races. So we filled round once more, and clinked our glasses to bind the joyous compact, and turned in hot and happy.

THE SPORTSMAN'S REVEILLE.

BY GEORGE THEODORE MANNING.

"Arouse ye then, my merry merry men,
For it is our opening day."

SEE! faintly breaks the dawn afar,
Over the hills away;
And lingers still the morning star
To welcome in the day.
The lark now plumes its dewy wing,
The cock hath rung his chime;
And awakening now is every thing
To hail the joyful time.
Then up! arise!
The covey flies!
With dog and gun we'll go,
To scent the track,
Then flash and crack
Shall lay the covey low.

Whilst roaming o'er the varied ground,
From care and trouble free;
And, finding joy in all around,
O who so gay as we?
The sun smiles down upon the earth,
And earth reflects the sky;
While the very air itself gives birth
To health and jollity.
Then up! arise! &c.

How eager, when the pointers stand,
Prepare we, merry men;
Whirr! springs the partridge from the land,
Bang! lies he there again;
And laughing, as the echoes fleet
Over the misty hill;
So, joyfully then, our bosoms beat
With many a pleasing thrill.
Then up! arise! &c.

Come, come away, nor longer stay;
Quick flies the darksome night,
And every thing will soon be gay
Beneath the morning's light.
Then, curse the gloomy fools who vow
This life no joy can yield;
For, merrily lives the sportsman now,
As he beats the stubble field.
Then up! arise! &c.

Notes of the Month.

NOVEMBER.

MONARCH LOST TO THE TURF.—This champion of South Carolina has let down. The news reached us on the 26th ult., and no calamity upon the Turf could have excited deeper regret. In a gallop upon the private course of Col. Hampton, he unfortunately struck some hard substance, and let down in his right fore leg. A portrait and memoir of the gallant horse thus prematurely lost to the Turf, will appear in a few weeks, in the "Spirit of the Times" newspaper.

LATE GREAT RACES.—The two months just elapsed have been made memorable by races of unusual importance, both on account of the performances made, the prizes won, and the amount staked upon them. Beginning with the stakes at Norfolk, won by Omega, and at Petersburg, won by Boston, we have this month to record the result of the yet more interesting races at Louisville. In the Racing Calendar of this number may be found the record. By his performance at Louisville, Wagner has won imperishable renown; Grey Eagle, the boast of Kentucky, has achieved a reputation hardly less valuable. That he broke down thus prematurely, is more deplored than any accident upon a race field which we remember.

To the Louisville race has succeeded Boston's race at Camden, in which he again beat Omega; this excited interest rather from the amount of the stake than the uncertainty of the result.

The recovery of Decatur's honor by his fine race on Long Island, beating Hornblower and Caroline, is another event of particular interest.

Upon reviewing the whole, we can safely say that no two successive months have been signalized in this country by races of such interest and moment.

THE GREAT DONCASTER ST. LEGER.—This important stake has this year been carried off by Maj. Yarburgh's *Charles the Twelfth*. The race was unusually interesting, *Euclid* making one dead heat, and being beaten in the deciding heat but by a head. The winner was the favorite in the betting for some weeks before the race. The odds at starting were 6 to 4 on Charles XII., 6 to 1 agst. Bloomsbury, 10 to 1 agst. Malvolio, and 13 to 1 agst. Euclid. Neither Bloomsbury nor Malvolio were placed. After the dead heat, the betting began at 6 to 4 on Charles XII., and closed at 6 to 5 on Euclid. The value of the stakes, clear of deductions, was £2925.

Charles XII. is got by Voltaire, out of Wagtail (Laurel's dam) by Prime Minister; her dam by Orville, out of Miss Grimston by Weazel; her dam by Ancestor—dam Arabian—Sampson—Oronooka—Sister to Mirza.

Charles XII. won, likewise, the Gold Cup the same week, beating Lanercost, Bee's-wing and Compensation. Betting even on Charles, 2 to 1 agst. Bee's-wing, 4 to 1 agst. Lanercost, and 20 to 1 agst. Compensation. Won by a head.

SALES OF STOCK.—The sale of the Stock of Balie Peyton & Co., took place at Nashville, during the late races. The following are the absolute sales made:—

BLACK MARIA, bl. m., foaled in 1826, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy. Sold to Hon. Balie Peyton for.....	\$5000
MARIA SHEPPARD, b. m., foaled in 1824, by Sir Archy, dam by Shylock. T. J. Mumford, of Lebanon.....	3000
HECTOR, b. c., foaled 12th February last, by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Sheppard by Sir Archy. Messrs. Clay & Co.....	2000
CARADORI, b. f., foaled Spring of 1838, by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria by Truffle. Henderson & Co.....	750
OUTRAGE, b. c., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Leviathan—Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. J. G. Sheegog & L. J. Polk.....	1760
GRANDA FLORA, ch. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, Own Sister to Outrage. Alexander Barrow.....	800
UPROAR, a sucking ch. c., Own Brother to Outrage and Granda Flora. Dr. McGarvoch.....	500
BAY COLT, sucking, by Anvil, out of Berenice by Sir Archy Jr. (alias Balsora). Sold to a Company from Rutherford County.....	500
PANTINELLI, b. f., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Old Pacolet. Messrs. Vance & McGarvoch.....	600
MINERVA CHANCE, b. m., 10 yrs. old, by Multum in Parvo, out of Brunette by Thornton's Medley. J. J. Mumford.....	1000
CHEVALIER, b. c., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance by Multum in Parvo. Alex. Henderson & Co.....	800
FLORA HASTINGS, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Chevalier's dam. Wm. G. Harding.....	750
ANVIL, br. h., 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella by Sir Archy. Sold to a Company from Rutherford County.....	5000
CLOUD, br. f., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Burton by Old Archy. Alexander Henderson.....	2000
REINDEER, ch. c., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton by Wickham's Richmond. Robt. Gift.....	700

The following blood stock of Col. Wm. Buford was sold by auction on Wednesday, 14th Aug., at Tree Hill, his residence, in Woodford County, Ky., viz.:

HAMILTON, ch. c., 4 yrs. old, by Medoc, out of Margaret by Sumpter.—Purchased by John Wallace, price.....	\$ 315
POWELL, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Medoc, dam by Virginian, grandam by Tayloe's Peacemaker. Chas. Buford.....	925
TITUS, b. c., 3 yrs. old, by Medoc, out of Grecian Princess by Whip. P. Gatewood.....	600
POLLY TOMPKINS, ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Medoc, dam by Tayloe's Hamiltonian. G. W. Johnson.....	270
CUB, ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter. George Blackburn & Co.....	3000
RED SOW, ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Medoc, dam by Archy Montorio. Samuel Coleman.....	200
CHESNUT MARE, 6 yrs. old, by Dugannon, dam by Tayloe's Hamiltonian, and her produce, a CHESNUT COLT by Medoc—Stinted to Cripple. Joel Richmond.....	230
BAY MARE, 9 yrs. old, by Hamiltonian, and her produce, viz.: 1. May 9, 1836. Gr. c. by Abdalrahman—2. May 1, 1838. Ch. f. by Medoc—3. May 11, 1839. Ch. c. by Medoc. Stinted to Rodolph. G. C. Gaines.....	260
GREY MARE, a descendant of Pacolet, and her produce, viz.:—1. April 13, 1838. Gr. c. by Medoc—2. June, 1839. Gr. c. by Cripple—Stinted to Cripple again. Mr. Read.....	128

Col. Wm. Wynn has sold a yearling filly by Imp. Priam, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, to Messrs. H. & W. G. Gift, of Raleigh, Tenn., for \$3,000.

L. L. Leavell, Esq., of Oak Grove, Ky., has sold his ch. c. *James Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, 3 yrs. old, for \$3,000, to Edward & J. G. Sheegog, Esqrs., of Columbia, Tenn.

Wm. Gibbons, Esq., of New Jersey, has recently purchased *Jemima Wilkinson*, by Sir Archy, out of Molly Andrews by Imp. Dick Andrews. Also, of her produce, a 3 yr. old filly by Mons. Tonson, and a filly at her side by Imp. Priam. The prices have not transpired.

Allen J. Davie, Esq., now in England, has purchased for this country the horse called *Ludford*, by Manfred, out of a Buzzard mare. Manfred was by Election, out of a Waxy mare.

Mr. Singleton, of South Carolina, who has recently returned from

England, purchased while there a brown yearling filly by Augustus, dam by Orville, her dam Sprightly by Whisker; and also a yearling filly by Glaucus, out of Christabel by Woful, her dam Harriet (the dam of Plenipotentiary) by Pericles. The two were to be shipped, with other stock, about the 1st of October.

Economist, the sire of the renowned Harkaway, has been purchased for this country—price 2000 guineas. He is by Whisker, out of Floranthe by Octavian, her dam Caprice by Anvil, out of Madcap by Eclipse. A memoir of him may hereafter appear in this Magazine.

STALLION UPON LONG ISLAND.—It is the intention of the Messrs. Merritts, of Virginia, to send one of the best of their imported horses to Long Island, the next season, to fill the vacancy left by Imp. Trustee, and Shark, who have both gone to Virginia. It is understood that Mr. Livingston has disposed of one half interest in Trustee, to the Virginia Company.

MATCH.—A match for \$5,000 a side, \$2,000 forfeit, two mile heats, has been made, to come off at Camden, N. J., the Spring Meeting of 1840. Mr. Pendleton names b. c. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlborough, by Rob Roy; Mr. Longstreet names ch. c. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.

NEW RACE COURSE.—A new Course has been established near Frankfort, Ky., to be styled the *Capitol Course*. It is an association upon the plan of the Lexington Jockey Club. The following gentlemen comprise the Officers of the Club:—Hon. J. J. Crittenden, President; C. S. Morehead, Esq., 1st Vice President; O. Brown, Esq., 2d, C. Samuel, Esq., 3d, and O. G. Cates, Esq., 4th Vice Presidents; A. W. Lockwood, Esq., Treasurer; and H. F. Blanten, Esq., Secretary.

NAMES CLAIMED.—The name of *Thcodore*, is claimed by Leroy P. Sale, Esq., Allensville, Ky., for a br. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Owen's Partnership.

That of *Mary West*, by Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Va., for his 3 yr. old ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West (Wagner's dam) by Marion.

That of *Multicaulis* by Mr. D. McDaniel, of Raleigh, N. C., for his colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Alpine by Henry. Also that of *Ellen Thomas*, for his ch. f., own sister to Vashti, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn.

That of *Mary Wickliffe*, by A. G. Watts, Esq., of Bardstown, Ky., for his 2 yr. old b. f. by Medoc, out of Highland Mary by Pacific.

That of *Cousin Mag*, by Alexander Erskine, Esq., of Va., for a b. f. foaled in March last, by Matchem, dam by Rockingham, grandam by Snowstorm.

That of *Cataract*, by Dr. A. V. Conover, of Freehold, N. J., for a b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards. Also that of *Æolus*, for his ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Henry.

That of *Bill Screamer*, by Dr. Luke Blackburn, of Ky., for a ch. c by Eclipse, out of Anna Munroe.

A M E R I C A N

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1839.

Embellishments:

ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE: *on Steel* BY DICK.

THE TURN-OUT OF THE SEASON: *on Steel* BY DICK.

OUTLINE OF CHARLES XII.: *on Wood* BY CHILDS.

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THE EDITOR'S ADDRESS ON THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

WITH the present number is brought to a close the tenth volume of the American Turf Register—being the first of the new series under the present Editor. The volume was commenced with little promise on his part; how far he has fulfilled the expectations held out to his readers, they have it now in their power to judge. The expenses of the Magazine to the Proprietors have been obviously and greatly increased under its new management; and the increase of subscribers has not been in proportion to the additional outlay. This the Editor ascribes rather to the general and excessive pecuniary embarrassments of the country during the year now closing, than to any dissatisfaction with the work itself. The number of the old subscribers which have stood by it, with the accession of new ones, clearly evinces a demand for a periodical of this nature; and it will not be suffered in its present hands to languish, so long as the present number of its readers hold fast to it.

The volume was not commenced with any hope of large pecuniary profit, nor has it been so conducted as to warrant the hope of a fair remuneration to its Editor for his personal labor upon it. It has been managed throughout upon the determination to make it creditable to the periodical literature of the country, and worthy of the manly and elegant amusements which it advocates. The Editor having discharged his obligations to the subscribers, now calls upon them to perform their part of the compact. Many of them are yet in arrears for the volume now ended, and all such will feel the propriety of this call upon them to remit the small amount at once. It is the season of the year when a liquidation of trifling accounts is most usual and most convenient, and it will obviate mutual annoyance, and save the Editor from ruinous sacrifices and losses, if gentlemen will, upon the receipt hereof, respond to the call now so distinctly made upon them.

The next volume of the Register will be conducted upon the same plan as the present one; the same liberality of outlay will be made to illustrate and adorn it; and increased expense will be incurred to procure original sporting communications. If any change be detected by the reader in its management, it will be that the Magazine will become more exclusively American. It was incident to an undertaking of the kind, that in new hands its resources could not at once be commanded. Greater experience and familiarity with his duties, will make the Editor's labors more agreeable to himself and more useful to his readers. Such additional assistance has been engaged for his office, as will give more efficiency to his department of the Magazine. While thus boldly promising all subscribers a constant improvement in the value and interest of the Magazine, he begs to remind each one of them of the terms of subscription. Their prompt compliance with these terms will be met with equal liberality on the Editor's part, and will prove the surest method to enhance the value of the work. To collect so trifling a sum as the price of one volume from gentlemen so scattered and remote, submits the Editor to a loss absolutely appalling. He therefore requests each individual upon the list to remit the amount, in a note current in the immediate vicinity of such subscriber. The discount will then be severe enough in the present state of the currency, and in consideration of the loss on that score, the Editor submits the fairness of not throwing upon him the further loss of 10 per cent. by charging him with the postage. This distinct explanation upon a topic so unpleasant, he hopes he may not be compelled to repeat in future numbers or in private letters.

The Racing Calendars attached to the Magazine cannot of course be completed till in the next year. At the earliest possible day after all the returns of the year shall come in, a complete index will be given to each Calendar (American and English) and subscribers can either bind up the Magazine and the Calendars in separate volumes, or defer binding the former till the Calendars are completed. (This point should suggest to the owners of winning horses the propriety of looking to it, that Secretaries and Clerks furnish at once returns of races which have not yet been published.)

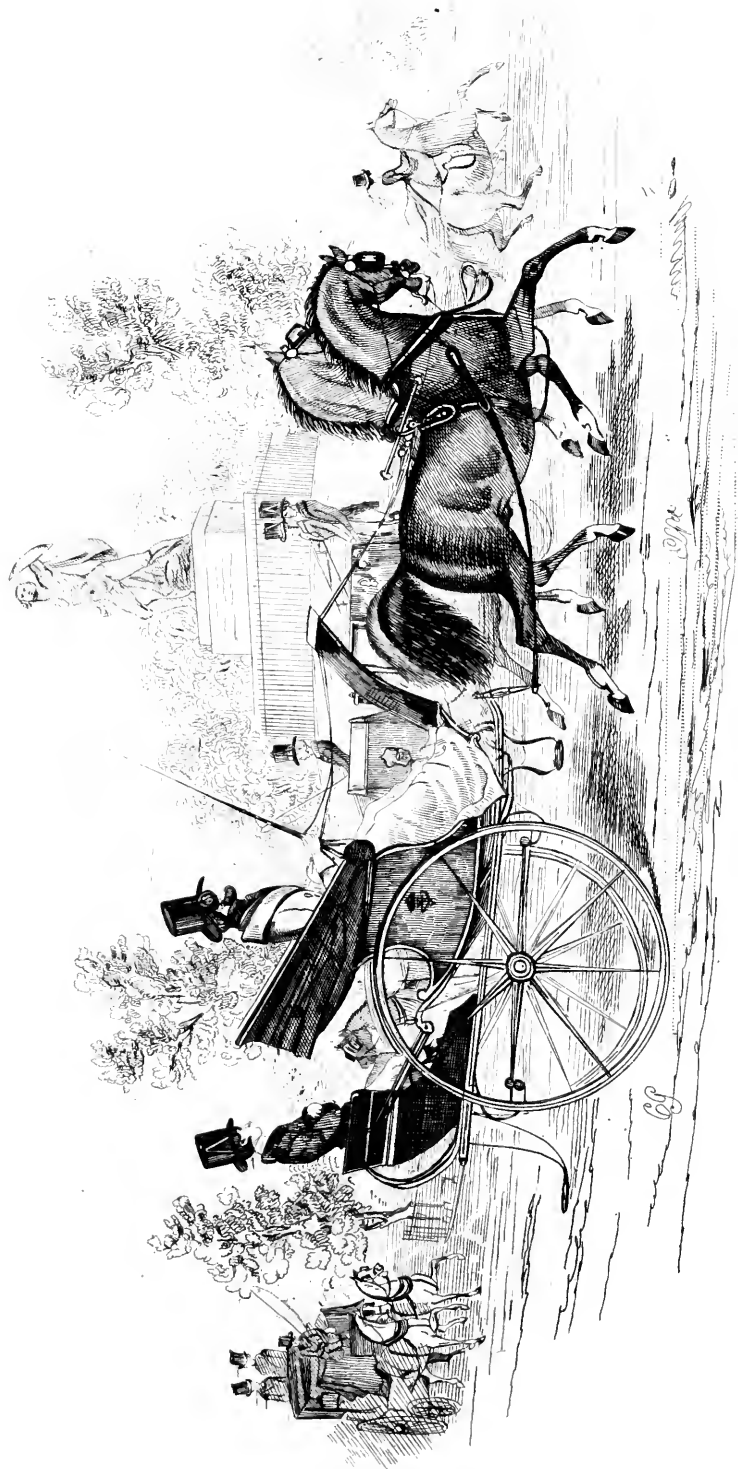
In conclusion, the Editor would thus publicly thank those Correspondents who have so generously sustained him in his labors; let him do what he will to improve the Magazine, its chief excellence will ever consist in its being the chosen arena in which Turfmen may freely discuss the principles of breeding and training; and lovers of the rod and the gun record their exploits. He asks of all such to come forward freely with their doubts, their opinions, and their practice, and thus the experience of each will contribute to the knowledge and amusement of the whole.

The next number of the Magazine will contain costly embellishments as usual, and papers from "Frank Forester," &c. "How to Buy a Horse," by "An Amateur," will likewise be continued. The Editor is happy further to add, that two American gentlemen, distinguished for their accurate knowledge of horses and fine cattle, and who have just returned from Europe, have promised him a series of papers, on several subjects connected therewith. If they afford but a tithe of the instruction and amusement which he has derived from their conversation and oral discussion, his subscribers may well be content. They may not reach their remote residences in season to communicate for the next number.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The pedigree and produce of *Jemima Wilkinson* will appear in the next number; likewise the Stock of *Mr. D. D. Schamp*, of *Hunterdon County, N. J.*; likewise a continuation of the Stock of *W. R. & M. R. Smith*, of *South Carolina*; likewise the pedigree of *Nitocris*; likewise the pedigree of *Bellona*.

Our esteemed correspondent *G.* is apprised of the receipt of his valuable communication upon fractures. If an engraving can be made to represent the splints as clearly as his drawing, one shall be executed for the Register.



THE TURN-OUT OF THE SEASON;

OR D'ORSAY AND HIS CURRICLE.

OUR readers are again presented with a picture of a turn-out, unique and elegant. It is fitting that such models should be set before gentlemen of wealth and spirit. The one now given is D'Orsay's last conception, and the Sporting Review from which we copy it, pronounces it a likeness and lifelike. The readers of this Magazine have already seen the handsome Count in his Parisian winter turn-out—a dashing traineau. They have now faultless models for any seasonable equipage for a man of taste and fashion.

DESCRIPTION OF HARKAWAY.

BY AN AMERICAN TURFMAN.

THIS distinguished racer is now withdrawn from the Turf, and announced to stand at a higher price (a class of 30 mares, at 100 guineas,) than any horse ever offered to the British public, since the days of the famous Marske. This may be considered as conclusive evidence that he has a retrospective celebrity with Eclipse, whose unrivalled performances bestowed such high distinction on his sire.

It has been thought that some notice of the form, appearance, &c., of Harkaway, might not be unacceptable to the patrons of the "Turf Register," as some of our breeders or importers may wish to get some of his stock; and, therefore, any thing which may assist them in coming to a just estimate of his claims, or direct them in the choice of the proper cross, may contribute to their future success.

Harkaway is a horse of the largest class of blood horses, and although powerful in most of his points, yet from want of that just proportion throughout, so remarkable in our old Sir Archy, seems larger than his real measure.

In color, he is termed a chesnut, but in truth what we should call a pale yellow sorrel, with white down his face, and his near fore-foot white to about the fetlock; his head light, bony, and somewhat long, with ears fine and well set on; his neck is also light, short, in good form, and muscular; his throttle clean and well detached. In the shoulders he is deep, strong, and powerful—the shoulder-blade remarkably broad, well placed, and *loaded* with muscle. He is not so high in the withers as some of our horses, nor yet so low as most of the English racers; there is little if any difference in the elevation of his withers and the highest point of his rump. His ribs are strong and well shaped, but somewhat short aft,—this cuts him up in the flank, and detracts from his apparent strength, as he has a somewhat flat loin; and this form would induce a belief that he was not master of high weight, which, however, is contradicted by his performances. This is to be accounted for by the counteracting influence of *strong*

hips and large back-bone, in which particulars he has few equals. His capacity to carry weight may have been aided by his great speed, which enabled him to win most of his races in hand; as I believe there was no horse on the English Turf in his day, with the exception of Don John, which had any thing like the same speed. True, he lost some races,—but he was either in wretched condition, or his manager was not inclined to let him win. In truth, he is said to have won many races when in the worst possible order, and to have ran few races in condition, until under the charge of the English trainer, Flintoff.

In his limbs he is strong and fine, with the exception of one fore-leg, which is crooked, the toe thereby turning out and sometimes causing him to interfere in his action; in this way he went amiss in one of his fore-legs this Fall, and it may have been the cause of his withdrawal from the Turf.

This defect he inherits from his sire, Economist, who has a similar crooked fore-leg, which ruined him as a racer; he was otherwise a horse of fine form, and good racing powers. This defect may detract from the value of Harkaway as a stallion, if he transmit it to his posterity; but should the inheritance include his racing powers, many will overlook the defect.

His success in the Stud must depend on the mares put to him, as the faults of his form may be transmitted and destroy the value of his stock, if not counteracted by the form and blood of the mare. Thus, if the American mares Betsey Ransom* and Polly Hopkins are bred to him, it is gold to silver that the foal of Betsey is worth double that of Polly, from the force and action of the two nags.

Harkaway is somewhat high on the leg; and if he serve mares of the same form, his stock will be weedy,—may have stride and speed, but be tiring and jady—nay, almost worthless. B.

* Betsey Ransom is no longer in England. [Ed.]

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

BEING GLEANINGS FROM COLONEL HAWKER.

To be in good nerve for shooting, have all your arrangements made, and your apparatus prepared, over night; and then you have only to take your breakfast and go off in the morning, without having anything to flurry you, by which you may become irritated and unsteady in the field. This is often the case with gentlemen on their own estates, who are sometimes so interrupted that they lose half the morning before they can get away from home. None but weak men, therefore, envy the proprietor, who has all the trouble and vexation inseparable from landed property and manors. The happy man is the flying cadger, who adjourns to the coach-box from his London den, with his gun-case and his portmanteau, and with no earthly care beyond the scent for his shooting, the wind for his fishing, and the resources and amusements afforded by his country friend. For a person who has regular business to attend to, and, therefore, can only go out for a few hours in the day, I should, in *September*,

always recommend him to dine at one o'clock, and shoot in the afternoon (the grand time for filling the bag). His nerves are then sure to be in a pretty good state for shooting, and his head would then, perhaps, be less disposed for application. It sometimes happens that a covey of birds is always to be found, but never to be got at; and are always seen going over one hedge as soon as you arrive at the other. In this case let the shooter place himself behind the hedge they fly over, and send a person round to drive the birds to him. He will then, probably, get a double shot, and very likely disperse the covey. When birds are so wild that they will not lie, you often see them running across a barren field; in which case keep out of sight if you can, and make a little noise, in order to drive them to the opposite hedge; but do not shew yourself, or they will, perhaps, fly up, and be afterwards so much on the alert as not to be got at without great manœuvring.

When birds run (but are not visible on the ground), and the dogs keep drawing across a whole field, as they will do, most particularly in a dry easterly wind, they are almost sure to get up at a long distance. My recipe, on this occasion, is, to have a man on horseback, and make him take an immense circle, and, after he thinks he has arrived well a-head of the birds, to gallop up and down in a transverse direction; by which means, between the two enemies, the covey are often induced to squat down close in their own defence, or, what is even better, to *disperse* before they take flight. In beating a narrow strip of turnips, with two shooters, when birds are wild, and run, let one of them enter the croft about eighty yards in front of the other, and walk on in *echellon*, as the man in advance will then have the wild ones coming to him, and his partner the tame ones, if some of the birds happen to lie well. If you have a piece of turnips very near a small covert, into which you wish birds to be driven for good shooting, at a time when they have become wild, be careful what you are about in windy weather; because birds, when shot at, will, of course, fly much farther than if quietly sprung, and particularly if borne away by the wind. It will often happen, therefore, that by refusing two or three shots on such an occasion, you will get twenty or thirty shots after the birds (which, from running among turnips, frequently become dispersed) are dropped all over the covert; whereas, if this covert is not very large, they might, probably, have flown beyond it, had you discharged a gun. In calm weather, after September, never go bellowing out "P-o-n-t-o," "T-o-h-o," &c. Your keeper will do this at another time, and be pleased with his own noise. But rather take your chance of the second dog's seeing the point in time, or you may, probably, do much more harm than the very dog you are rating. If, however, the dog is going down wind, the case alters; but, even then, I should rather try the expedient of a menacing attitude, seconded by a clod of dirt, or a turnip, to using my voice on such an occasion. (Of course I mean if I *wanted birds*, otherwise a good sportsman ought always to lose a shot rather than neglect his dogs.) If you *really want game*, when the scent is bad, and see precisely where a covey has dropped, let your dogs be taken up, and go first without them; and if the birds get up singly, never think of picking them up, but

make the best of your time in loading and firing. Should you, however, want your dogs, have them one at a time, by making a signal, or whistling to your man who holds them; but do not speak, lest, by so doing, you might spring the covey. If you have a small beat, rather give leave to one of the best shots in England, who is content to shoot twice a-week, than to an idle bungler, who is lounging out with a gun every day; because the one, although he kills game himself, does not prevent you from doing the same; while the other, by harassing the birds, day after day, without intermission, will make them wild, and, very probably, drive them into another country.

Much game as I have seen killed in a September day, I do not recollect one solitary instance of anything *extraordinary* being done *very early* in the morning. Many people tell me about killing ten or twelve, and even twenty brace before breakfast; but I never yet had the fortune to see the chance for such a performance, because the dew is seldom off before eight or nine o'clock. It would be bad manners to doubt their word, so I will conclude that they mean before some *dejeuné à la fourchette* at twelve, or, perhaps, *before their breakfast on the following day*. With regard to where and how we are to beat for game, &c. &c., it would now be unnecessary to inform even a school-boy; and, indeed, *others* having mentioned all particulars, is a sufficient reason for *my* not imposing on the reader's patience with what he will have seen before, and what, to describe, would lead me into the very subject of other sporting authors. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that the great object is, *first*, to have good *markers** judiciously *placed*, and *then* to disperse the birds; the best way to do which is, to head your dogs by taking an extensive circle. The second is, to make no more noise than what cannot absolutely be avoided, by doing *as much by signal* and whistling, and as little by hollaing as possible. Thirdly, go first on *hills to find*, and drive down from them the birds; and then in vales to kill them. Fourthly, when distressed for partridges, in a scarce country, at the end of the season, take a horse, and gallop from one turnip-field to another, instead of regularly slaving after inaccessible coveys. After a storm, *as soon as the ground is dry on the next day*, birds will lie in a calm; and, after a calm, they will lie in windy weather. Birds are frequently as much on the listen as on the watch; and this is why, towards the end of the season, we sometimes do best in boisterous weather. Many an excellent shot has come home with an empty bag under the following circumstances:—He has gone out on a cold, raw day, and found that the birds were scarce and wild, and that even in turnips they would not lie. But had he then tried one kind of land, to which almost every man, as well as his dog, has a dislike—the *fallows*, he might possibly have got some good double shots; because the birds, finding it a misery to run here, particularly if he walked across the fallows, will sometimes lie till they are sprung the fairest possible shots.

[London Sporting Review for September, 1839.]

* Always be sure to tell a young marker that he must *carry his eye well forward* when a covey of birds begin to skim in their flight; and consider, that as they may continue doing so for a field or two, he cannot safely say that he has *marked them down* till he has *seen them stop and flap their wings*, which all game must do before they can alight on the ground."

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS ;

OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE SEVENTH.

ONCE more we were compelled to change our purpose. When we had left Tom Draw's, it had been, as we thought, finally decided that we were for this bout to visit that fair village no more,—but when that worthy had announced his own determination to accompany us on our homeward route, and when we had taken into consideration the fact, that independent of Tom's two hundred and fifty weight of solid flesh, we had two noble bucks, beside quail, partridge, woodcock, and rabbit, almost innumerable to transport, in addition to our two selves and Timothy, with the four dogs and lots of luggage,—when we had, I say, considered all this, it became apparent that another vehicle must be provided for our return,—so, during the last jorum, it had been put to the vote and unanimously carried that we should start for Tom's, by a retrograde movement, at four o'clock in the morning, breakfast with him, and rig up some drag or other wherein Timothy might get the two deer and the dogs as best he might into the city.

“As for us,”—said Harry,—“we will go down the other road, Tom, over the back-bone of the mountain, dine with old Colonel Beams, stop at Paterson and take a taste at the Holy Father's potheen—you may look at the Falls if you like it, Frank, while we're looking after the Innishowen—and so get home to supper. I'll give you both beds for one night—but not an hour longer,—my little cellar would be broken, past all doubt, if old Tom were to get *two* nights out of it !”

“Ay'se soor it would,”—responded Timothy, who had been listening, all attention, mixing meanwhile some strange compound of eggs and rum and sugar.—“Whoy, measter Draa did pratty nigh drink 't out yance—that noight 'at eight chaps, measter Frank, drank oop two baskets o' champagne, and fifteen bottles o' 't brown sherry—Ay carried six on 'em to bed, Ay'se warrant it—and yane o' them, yoong measter Clark, he spoilt me a new suit o' liveries, wi' vomiting a top on me.”

“That'll do, Timothy,”—interposed Archer, unwilling, as I thought, that the secret mysteries of his establishment should be revealed any further to the profane ears which were gaping round about us—“That'll do for the present,—give Mr. Draw that flip, he's looking at it very angrily, I see!—and then turn in, or you'll be late in the morning; and, by George, we must be away by four o'clock at latest, for we have all of sixty miles to make to-morrow, and Tom's fat carcase will try the springs most cursedly down hill.”

Matters thus settled, in we turned,—and, as it seemed to me, within five minutes, I was awakened by Harry Archer, who stood

beside my bed full dressed, with a candle in his hand. "Get up,"—he whispered,—“get up, Frank, very quietly; slip on your great-coat and your slippers,—we have a chance to serve Tom out,—he’s not awake for once! and Timothy will have the horses ready in five minutes!”

Up I jumped on the instant, hauled on a rough frieze pea-jacket, thrust my unstockinged feet into their contrary slippers, and followed Harry, on the tips of my toes, along a creaking passage, guided by the portentous ruckling snorts which varied the profundity of the fat man’s slumbers. When I reached his door—there stood Harry laughing to himself, with a small quiet chuckle perfectly inaudible at three feet distance, the intensity of which could, however, be judged of by the manner in which it shook his whole person—two huge horse-buckets filled to the brim beside him, and a piece of an old broomstick, cut so as to fit exactly to the width of the passage, across which it was carefully fastened at about two feet from the ground, so that it must most indubitably trip up any person who should attempt to run along that dark and narrow thoroughfare.

“Now, Frank,”—said he,—“see here! I’ll set this bucket here behind the door—we’ll heave the other slap into his face—there he lies full on the broad of his fat back, with his mouth wide open,—and when he jumps up full of fight, which he is sure to do, run you with the candle, which blow out the moment he appears, straight down the passage. I’ll stand back here, and as he trips over that broomstick, which he is certain to do, I’ll pitch the other bucket on his back—and if he does not think he’s bewitched—I’ll promise not to laugh. I owe him two or three practical jokes, and now I’ve got a chance, I’ll pay him all at once!”

Well! we peeped in, aided by the glare of the streaming tallow-candle, and there, sure enough, with all the clothes kicked off him, and his immense rotundity protected only from the cold by an exceeding scanty shirt of most foul cotton, lay Tom, flat on his back, like a strand porpoise, with his mouth wide open, through which he was puffing and breathing like a broken-winded cab-horse, while through his expanded nostrils he was snoring loudly enough to have awaked the seven sleepers. Neither of us could well stand up for laughing. One bucket was deposited behind the door, and back stood Harry ready to slip behind it also at half a moment’s warning—the candlestick was placed upon the floor, which I was to kick over in my flight.

“Stand by to heave,”—whispered my trusty comrade,—“Heave!”—and with the word—flash!—slush!—out went the whole contents of the full pail, two gallons at the least of ice-cold water, slap in the chops, neck, breast, and stomach of the sound sleeper. With the most wondrous noise that ears of mine have ever witnessed—a mixture of sob, snort, and groan, concluding in the longest and most portentous howl that mouth of man e’er uttered—Tom started out of bed; but at the very instant I discharged my bucket, I put my foot upon the light, flung down the empty pail, and bolted. Poor devil!—as he got upon his feet, the bucket rolled up with its iron handles full against his shins, the oath he swore at which encounter, while he dashed headlong after me directed by the noise I made on purpose,

is most unmentionable. Well knowing where it was, I easily jumped over the stick which barred the passage.—Not so Tom; for going at the very top of his pace, swearing like forty troopers all the time, he caught it with both legs just below the knees and went down with a squelch that shook the whole hut to the roof-tree, while at the self-same instant Harry once again soused him with the contents of the second pail, and made his escape unobserved by the window of Tom's own chamber. Meanwhile I had reached my room, and flinging off my jacket, came running out with nothing but my shirt and a lighted candle, to Tom's assistance, in which the next moment I was joined by Harry, who rushed in from out of doors with the stable lanthorn.

"What's the row now?"—he said, with his face admirably cool and quiet,—“What the devil's in the wind!”

"Oh! Archer!"—grunted poor Tom, in most piteous accents—"them d—d eternal Teachmans—they've murdered me right out!—I'll never get over this—ugh! ugh! ugh!—Half drowned and smashed up the d—dest! Now aint it an eternal shame! D—n them, if I doosn't sarve them out for it, myname's not Thomas Draw!"

"Well! it is not,"—rejoined Harry,—“who in the name of wonder ever called you Thomas?—christened you never were at all, that's evident enough, you barbarous old heathen—but you were certainly named Tom.”

Swearing, and vowing vengeance on Jem Lyn, and Garry, and the Teachmans,—each one of whom, by the way, was sound asleep during this pleasant interlude,—and shaking with the cold, and sputtering with uncontrollable fury, the fat man did at length get dressed, and after two or three libations of milk punch, recovered his temper somewhat, and his spirits altogether. Although, however, Harry and I told him very frankly that we were not merely the sole planners but the sole executors of the trick,—it was in vain we spoke. Tom would not have it. “No—he knew—he knew well enough; did we go to think he was such an old eternal fool as not to know Jem's voice,—a bloody decker—he would be the death of him.” And direful, in good truth, I do believe, were the jokes practical, and to him no jokes at all, which poor Jem had to undergo, in expiation of his fancied share in this our misdemeanor.

Scarce had the row subsided, before the horses were announced. Harry and I, and Tom and Timothy, mounted the old green drag; and, with our cheroots lighted,—the only lights, by the way, that were visible at all,—off we went at a rattling trot, the horses in prime condition, full of fire, biting and snapping at each other, and making their bits clash and jingle every moment. Up the long hill, and through the shadowy wood, they strained, at full ten miles an hour, without a touch of the whip, or even a word of Harry's well-known voice. We reached the brow of the mountain, where there are four cleared fields (whereon I once saw snow lie five feet deep on the tenth day of April,) and an old barn; and thence we looked back through the cold gray gloom of an autumnal morning, three hours at least before the rising of the sun, while the stars were waning in the dull sky and the moon had long since set, toward the Greenwood lake. Never was there a stronger contrast, than between that lovely

sheet of limpid water, as it lay now—cold, dun, and dismal, like a huge plate of pewter, without one glittering ripple, without one clear reflection, surrounded by the wooded hills which, swathed in a dim mist, hung grim and gloomy over its silent bosom—and its bright, sunny aspect on the previous day. Adieu! fair Greenwood Lake! adieu! Many and blythe have been the hours which I have spent around, and in, and on you,—and it may well be I shall never see you more—whether reflecting the full fresh greenery of summer; or the rich tints of cisatlantic autumn; or sheeted with the treacherous ice,—yet never, thou sweet lake, never will thy remembrance fade from my bosom, while one drop of life-blood warms it; so art thou intertwined with memories of happy careless days, that never can return—of friends, truer, perhaps, though rude and humble, than all of prouder seeming. Farewell to thee, fair lake!—long may it be before thy rugged hills be stripped of their green garniture, or thy bright waters marred by the unpicturesque improvements of man's avarice!—for truly thou, in this utilitarian age, and at brief distance from America's metropolis, art young, and innocent, and unpolluted, as when the red man drank of thy pure waters, long centuries ere he dreamed of the pale-faced oppressors who have already rooted out his race from half its native continent.

Another half hour brought us down at a rattling pace to the village, and once again we pulled up at Tom's well-known dwelling, just as the day was breaking. A crowd of loiterers, as usual, were gathered even at that untimely season in the large bar-room; and when the clatter of our hoofs and wheels announced us, we found no lack of ready-handed and quick-tongued assistants. "Take out the horses, 'Timothy,'"—cried Harry,—“unharness them, and rub them down as quickly and as thoroughly as may be, let them have four quarts each, and mind that all is ready for start before an hour. Meantime, Frank, we will overhaul the game, get breakfast, and hunt up a wagon for the deer and setters."

"Don't bother yourself about no wagon,"—interposed Tom,—“but come you in and liquor, else we shall have you gruntin half the day; and if old roan and my long pig-box wont carry down the deer, why I'll stand treat!"

A jorum was prepared, and discussed accordingly;—fresh ice produced, the quail and woodcock carefully unpacked, and instantly re-stowed with clean dry straw,—a measure which, however, seemed almost supererogatory, since so completely had the external air been excluded from the game box, that we found not only the lumps of ice in the bottom unthawed, but the flannel which lay over it stiff frozen—the birds were of course perfectly fresh, cool, and in condition. Our last day's batch, which it was found impossible to get into the box, with all the ruffed grouse, fifty at least in number, were tied up by the feet two brace and two brace, and hung in festoons round the inside rails of the front seat and body; while about thirty rabbits dangled by their hind legs, with their long ears flapping to and fro, from the back seat and baggage rack. The wagon looked, I scarce know how, something between an English stage-coach when the merry days of Christmas are at hand, and a game-huxter's taxed cart. The business of re-packing had been scarce accomplished, and Harry

and myself had just retired to change our shooting-jackets and coarse fustians for habiliments more suitable for the day and our destination—New York, to wit, and Sunday—when forth came Tom, bedizened from top to toe in his most new and knowing rig, and looking now, to do him justice, a most respectable and portly yeoman. A broad-brimmed low-crowned and long-napped white hat, set forth assuredly to the best advantage his rotund, rubicund, good-humored phiz; a clean white handkerchief circled his sturdy neck, on the voluminous folds of which reposed in placid dignity the mighty collops of his double chin. A bright canary waistcoat of imported kerseymere, with broad mother-of-pearl buttons, and a broad-skirted coat of bright blue cloth, with glittering brass buttons half the size of dollars, covered his upper man, while loose drab trousers of stout double-milled, and a pair of well-blackened boots, completed his attire; so that he looked as different an animal as possible from the unwashed, uncombed, half-naked creature he presented when lounging in his bar-room in his every day apparel.

“Why, halloa Guts,”—cried Archer, as he entered,—“you’ve broken out here in a new place altogether!”

“Now quit you callin of me Guts,”—responded Tom, more testily than I had ever heard him speak to Harry, whose every whim and frolic he seemed religiously to venerate and humor,—“a fellow doosnt want to have it ‘Guts’ here, and ‘Guts’ there, over half a county. Why now it was but a week since, while ‘lections was a goin’ on, I got a letter from some d—d chaps to Newburgh—‘Rouse about now, old Guts, you’ll need this election!’”

“Ha! ha! ha!”—shouted Harry and I almost simultaneously, delighted at Tom’s evident annoyance.—“Who wrote it, Tom?”

“That’s what I’d jist give fifty dollars to know now,”—replied mine host, clinching his mighty paw.

“Why, what would you do,”—said I,—“if you did know?”

“Lick him, by George!—lick him, in the first place, till he was as nigh dead as I daared lick him,—and then I’d make him eat up every d—d line of it! But come, come, breakfast’s ready; and while we’re getting through with it, Timothy and Jem Lyn will fix the pig-box, and make the deer all right and tight for travelling.”

No sooner said than done: an ample meal was speedily despatched, and when that worthy came in to announce all ready, for the saving of time, master Timothy was accommodated with a seat at a side-table, which he occupied with becoming dignity, abstaining, as it were in consciousness of his honorable promotion, from any of the quaint and curious witticisms in which he was wont to indulge; but manducating with vast energy the various good things which were set before him.

It was a clear, bright Sabbath morning, as ever shone down on a sinful world, on which we started homeward,—and, though I fear there was not quite so much solemnity in our demeanor as might have best accorded with the notions of very strict professors, I can still answer that with much mirth, much merriment, and much good feeling in our hearts, there was no touch of irreverence, or any taint of what could be called sinful thought. The sun had risen fairly, but the hour was still too early for the sweet peaceful music of the church-

going bells to have made their echoes tunable through the rich valley. A merry cavalcade indeed, we started, Harry leading the way at his usual slap-dash pace, so that one, less a workman than himself, would have said he went up hill and down at the same break-neck pace, and would take all the grit out of his team before he had gone ten miles,—while a more accurate observer would have seen almost at a glance, that he varied his rate at almost every inequality of road, that he quartered every rut, avoided every jog or mud hole, husbanded for the very best his horses' strength, never making them either pull or hold a moment longer than was absolutely necessary from the abruptness of the ground. At his left hand sat I, while Tom, in honor of his superior bulk and weight, occupied with his magnificent and portly person the whole of the back seat, keeping his countenance as sanctified as possible, and nodding, with some quaint and characteristic observation, to each one of the scattered groups of country-people which we encountered every quarter of a mile for the first hour of our route, wending their way toward the village church,—but, when we reached the forest-mantled road which clombe the mountain, making the arched woods resound with many a jovial catch, or merry hunting chorus. Mounted sublime on an armchair lashed to the fore part of the pig-box, sat Timothy in state—his legs well muffled in a noble scarlet-fringed buffalo skin, and his body encased in his livery top coat—the setters and the spaniels crouching most meekly at his feet, and the two noble bucks—the fellow on whose steaks we had already made an inroad, having been left as fat Tom's portion—securely corded down upon a pile of straw, with their sublime and antlered crests drooping all spiritless and humble over the back-board, toward the frozen soil which crashed and rattled under the ponderous hoofs of the magnificent roan horse—Tom's special favorite—which though full seventeen hands high, and heavy in proportion, yet shewing a good strain of blood, rattled away with his huge load at full ten miles an hour.

Plunging into the deep recesses of the greenwoods, hill after hill we scaled, a toilsome length of stony steep ascents, almost precipitous; until we reached the back-bone of the mountain ridge—a rugged, bare, sharp edge of granite rock, without a particle of soil upon it, diving down at an angle not much greater than forty-five degrees into a deep ravine, through which thundered and roared a flashing torrent. This fearful descent overpast, and that in perfect safety, we rolled merrily away down hill, till we reached Colonel Beam's tavern, a neat, low-browed, Dutch, stone farm-house, situate in an angle scooped out of a green hill side, with half a dozen tall and shadowy elms before it—a bright chrystal stream purling along into the horse-trough through a miniature aqueduct of hollowed logs, and a clear cold spring in front of it, with half a score of fat and lazy trout floating in its transparent waters. A hearty welcome, and no less hearty meal having been here encountered and despatched, we rattled off again, through laden orchards and rich meadows, past the confluence of the three bright rivers which issue from their three mountain gorges, to form by their junction the fairest of New Jersey's rivers, the broad Passaic, to the small village noted for rum drinking and quarter racing—hight Pompton,—thence by the Preakness moun-

tain, and Mose Canonze's tavern—whereat, in honor of Tom's friend, a worthy of the self-same kidney with himself, we paused a while,—to Paterson, the filthiest town situate on one of the most lovely rivers in the world, and famous only for the possession, in the person of its Catholic priest, of the finest scholar and best fellow in America, whom we unluckily found not at home, and therefore tasted not, according to friend Harry's promise, the splendid Innishowen which graces at all times his hospitable board.

Eight o'clock brought us to Hoboken, where by good luck the ferry boat lay ready,—and nine o'clock had not struck when we three sat down once again about a neat small supper table, before a bright coal fire, in Archer's snuggerly,—Tom glorying in the prospect of the races on the morrow, and I regretting that I had brought to its conclusion

MY FIRST WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS!

THE HIGHLAND DEER-HOUND.

THE principal figure on the beautiful vignette upon our title-page, is a sketch from life of the celebrated Scotch deer-hound, Buskar. The following brief notice of the breed, is from Scrope's work upon Deer Stalking:—

"The finest, I believe, and apparently the purest specimens of the deer-hound now to be met with, are those in the possession of Captain M'Neill, the younger, of Colonsay, of which he has in particular two dogs, Buskar and Bran, and two bitches, Runa and Cavack.

"These dogs, though all more or less related to each other, vary somewhat in color, two being of a pale yellow, and two of a sandy red; and vary also in the length and quality of the hair.

"There is one peculiarity common to all, viz.: that the tips of their ears, eyes, and muzzles, are black, and that in all other parts they are each of one uniform color, a never-failing accompaniment of purity of breed.

"In their running points they bear a great similarity to a well-bred greyhound; and, though somewhat coarser, are supposed (from the trials which have been made) to be quite as swift. Their principal difference in shape from the common greyhound consists in a greater height of shoulder, thickness of neck, size of head and muzzle, and coarseness of bone. They are much more sagacious than the common greyhound, and in disposition are more playful and attached, but much bolder and fiercer when roused.

"The following are the dimensions of Buskar, taken in August, 1836:—

Height at shoulder.....	28 inches
Girth of chest.....	32
Weight in running condition	85 lbs.

"This dog is of a pale yellow, and appears to be remarkably pure in his breeding, not only from his shape and color, but from the strength and wiry elasticity of his hair, which by Highlanders is thought to be a criterion of breeding."

THE DEATH OF MINGO.

THE most lamentable accident it has been our duty to record, is the death of Mingo, killed by the falling of a tree. It occurred on the 5th instant, near Lexington, Kentucky. The tree stood in an adjoining lot, and was blown down in a gale of wind, and struck Mingo obliquely, breaking eight of his ribs, and severely bruising his right side; and either immediately by the fall of the tree, or by his efforts to disengage himself from it when struck down, his right thigh was crushed to pieces for several inches. The gallant horse did free himself from the tree, and was found at some distance from it very soon after the accident. In place of shooting him at once, as would have been the more merciful course, every attention was rendered, the best medical advice obtained, and the poor animal lingered for two or three days in pitiful agony.

The fame of this horse was cherished by the writer with a peculiar predilection. His victories upon the Turf could hardly have afforded more delight to his owner than to the Editor of this Magazine. In reading so continually of horses, a temporary interest is sure to be awakened for the leading names in the succession of great winners;—Mingo had in some way enkindled a higher and a permanent regard;—every race he ran was watched with eager and anxious attention. It does not therefore become him to speak at length of the performances of his favorite, lest his partiality should lead him into extravagance. But all gentlemen who admire the horse will regret this cruel end of a steed so gallant. With unflinching game was united a turn of speed that was remarkable. When avowedly amiss, he ran with Post Boy at Trenton the last mile of a four mile heat under a minute and fifty seconds—the watches differed one or two seconds—he was beaten in the heat and in the race, but it was one of those defeats that added to the fame of the vanquished. That mile of the heat to which allusion has been made, was a race to remember for an age; the struggle began immediately opposite the stand, as they entered the last mile; for more than half a mile it was kept up at a rate the most killing,—nothing faster can be recollected on our Turf. As they came within the gates, Mingo made another effort which startled by its suddenness and its rapidity. He lost the heat but by a head. It was his performance on that day which awakened such an interest for him with the public, and which created those expectations which he subsequently justified.

His blood was such, that the most confident hopes were entertained of his success in the breeding stud. So far as a judgment can be formed from his first year's get, these hopes have been realized. But this is a point which the Racing Calendar of future years must decide: it is sufficient to remark here, that so highly was he valued in Kentucky, that offers were made for him and refused, extravagant even in the times of high prices. For the pecuniary loss to his owner, will Turfmen, one and all, regret the death of Mingo; while breeders have to deplore the loss of a stock horse whose place cannot be readily supplied.

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

BY AN AMATEUR.

If a horse have any tricks or defects discoverable in the stable, you may be quite sure that, if you proceed to examine him there immediately after he is led into his stall, the dealer or his satellites will not allow him to rest a moment, but will keep him constantly on the fret, either by cracking a whip, speaking sharply, or by going up to him every now and then under the pretence of altering his clothes, tightening his head-stall or roller, or by some similar manœuvre. Your best plan, therefore, is to appear not to wish to pay any regard to the horse you have an idea of purchasing, but look at another, and order him to be led out. While this second horse is undergoing the different operations of having his mane and tail combed out, his posteriors titillated by the enlivening administration of a small piece of ginger, and his head decorated with a well pipe-clayed bridle, keep your eye upon the first horse, and try if you can detect any of the following defects or bad symptoms about him.

I have already said that the horse that vents frequently is sure to have bad digestion and weak bowels. It is in the stable that you will have the best opportunity of noticing this peculiarity. Here also you will have perhaps the only chance of discovering a crib-biter, which may be done, first, by examining the manger in order to detect the marks of the teeth; and, secondly, by remarking if the horse attempt to lay hold of it: I say *attempt*, because his master, by a slight wave of the whip, will most assuredly not allow him to crib outright in the presence of a customer. Marks of the teeth upon the rack or manger are not infallible signs of a crib-biter, because many a horse will lay hold of them while being cleaned, and moreover they may have been made by some other horse: still they are not to be overlooked.

Another trick, and a most wearying one, is also indulged in the stall: it is called *weaving*, and consists in a constant rocking of the body from side to side, alternately resting first on one fore-leg, then on the other, without moving the hind-quarters. This habit frequently originates in tender feet, which at some period or other have been in a state of inflammation, causing the animal to shift from one leg to the other without intermission, for the purpose of obtaining a short respite from pain. I have already remarked that some horses with very good action will now and then, in a most unaccountable manner, drop as if they were shot, although no defect is to be observed either in the legs or feet: I have known two horses do this, *and they were both weavers*; consequently I consider it as a suspicious symptom of something being wrong, though this is by no means always the case. Nevertheless, as a horse with this fault is constantly working his fore-legs, instead of allowing them to rest, it is one which must render him less lively and less capable of exertion than he otherwise would be.

In the manger, unless it have been recently cleaned out, you may find proofs of the *quidder*, by observing small balls of half-masticated

* Continued from page 625.

hay, which tenderness of the mouth or throat has prevented the animal from swallowing.

Should a horse be tender on one leg or foot, and not shew the defect after having been whipped or spurred, he will almost invariably extend the sore limb on being allowed to rest for a short time in his stall. Corns may not unfrequently be detected from this circumstance, although they may not occasion lameness during exercise; but whatever may be the cause which leads a horse to rest his leg, by extending it and bearing only on the toe, you may be quite sure that it is one which is scarcely likely to improve by work, and the probability is that he is a screw nursed for sale.

The dung may generally be inspected in the stall, and may be found to contain bots, or horse-worms: if slimy and fetid, it will denote internal derangement of some kind or other; if loose, sloppy, and offensive, will be evidence of a soft and washy horse; and if full of unmasticated oats, will shew a greedy and voracious animal, or possibly some defect in the grinders or tenderness of the lining membrane of the mouth. The habit of bolting corn before it be properly chewed may be prevented, or the complaint about the mouth may probably admit of remedy; but the washy horse will seldom, if ever, repay the care and attention he will require.

Many horses are given to bite or kick in the stable, and some, indeed, will previously pin you against the side of the stall. All decidedly vicious horses are to be carefully shunned; for though when mounted they may be everything their rider may desire, and may learn to know their master, nothing can compensate for the injuries a stranger may every now and then sustain from these brutes. One warning of vice may be taken from the *hare-eye*, which is laterally prominent, and with which a horse is constantly looking behind him for the purpose of saluting any one who approaches him with his heels. Another may be gleaned, from observing that a horse's hocks are scarred and perhaps capped; and a third, from the mark of a strap buckled above the hock for the purpose of preventing a kicker from indulging in that pleasing pastime.

Some horses, when their clothes are stripped off and the saddle is brought near them, will begin to dung, and will repeatedly do so while the girths are being drawn and other preparations made for riding them. When you see this, you may almost take it for granted that you have lighted upon a hot, fiery, fretful brute, very spicey for a short time, but capable of performing but little work, and that at long intervals.

These are almost the only stable tricks which are worth noticing, and by paying attention to them, much of the character and disposition of a horse may frequently be learnt. The other tricks of shying, rearing, bolting, jibbing, and the defects of hard mouth, boring on the hand, stumbling, tripping, and occasionally lying down, *cum multis aliis*, are best detected on trial; and therefore it is always advisable to take as little for granted and as little from report as possible, and to form your opinion by riding or driving (or both) every horse before you pay your money for him.

I remember some years ago a horse called "Solicitor," that was sold and resold at the hammer a great number of times, always at a

very low price to a dealer, but sometimes at a tolerable figure to gentlemen who did not know him. His appearance was striking and his action good, and thus those who were unacquainted with him always thought they had got a great bargain if they obtained him for about fifty pounds. This brute, however, would undergo any and every species of punishment rather than work, and, when harnessed, would very deliberately lie down when the whip was applied to him. A short time ago, too, a very remarkably fine horse was sold at the hammer for, I think, six pounds, and disposed of immediately afterwards for eighty. A friend of mine, who knew him, told me that after going a short distance, he became perfectly paralytic, and could not move in a straight line, and predicted that he would ere long reappear at auction, which prophecy was fulfilled the following week. A third horse, belonging to a friend of mine, was every few days suddenly seized with rheumatism to such a degree that he has been obliged to have him taken out of harness in the streets, and put into the nearest stable, which he had always great difficulty in reaching: and a fourth I have known, after having been run up and down a ride half a dozen times, drop suddenly behind and become incapable of going farther. He had been probably hurt in the back at some period or other, and on a little over-exertion of some muscle, the nerve supplying it would be all at once affected, and produce instant incapability of progression, and lameness for a certain time.

These horses, after they become known to the dealing fraternity, prove a rich harvest to them, for they pick them up for a mere trifle, and then, after having nursed them for a short time, advertise them as "the property of a gentleman going abroad;" or of one "who has met with an accident and cannot ride;" or "of a lady or gentleman deceased, and to be sold by order of the executors." These traps are generally baited with the assurance that "they will be parted with for half their value to a kind master;" and commonly finish with the notice that "no dealer need apply."—At first sight it would appear to the uninitiated that this winding-up is on account of the unwillingness of the owner to suffer his favorite horse to get into the hands of any scamp who may play tricks with him; but the real truth is, that every dealer knows his brethren are not easily done, and consequently the termination of the advertisement saves useless trouble on both sides.

I had almost forgotten to say that horses that have received any injury of the spine, or that have any complaint of the kidneys (which causes them to bend or droop behind, and more or less impedes the action of the hind-quarters), have among dealers received the appellation of *kidney-droppers*.

From what I have said respecting those tricks and diseases which may not be immediately manifest, but which are only discovered after a time, the necessity of a sufficient trial before purchasing a horse must be evident; and this, whenever it can be obtained, should invariably be backed by a warranty of soundness and freedom from vice. In these days of the "march of intellect," nine gentlemen out of ten are tolerably conversant with the points and diseases of the horse, and on that account, and for the purpose of avoiding disputes, it has for a long time been the custom at Tattersall's to sell horses at

auction without a warranty: but in that establishment every horse for sale on Monday must be in the stables by four o'clock on Friday; and thus plenty of time is allowed both for inspection and trial (in the ring adjoining the yard) before the auction commences. Dealers here are obliged, in common with others, to purchase horses without a warranty; but the stablemen are generally in their interest, and obtain from the groom the character of every horse that comes into the yard, which they retail to the dealers, whose judgment is thus, in most cases, backed by private intelligence from head-quarters. Nevertheless they of course do sometimes get taken in as well as their neighbors, and consequently must not be run down for selling a good horse, when they happen to get one, for a much higher sum than they have paid for him. Nothing is more unfair than to call a man a rogue for making the most of an animal that belongs to him, provided he use no deceit in disposing of him; and if a horse be sound and good, there is no precise limit within the bounds of reason that can be put to his price. There are many dealers in London that have as good a character for honesty and fair dealing as men in any other business; and although it may be true that they frequently demand a higher price for horses than they may possibly be bought for elsewhere, they are not on that account to be considered as acting unfairly. Any person, without being a dealer, may now and then pick up a horse a great bargain, especially in London, where the vicissitudes of fortune, caprice, or any other reason, daily cause people to part with their horses for almost any sum that may be bid for them; but it by no means follows that the person thus becoming master of a valuable animal should be considered a rogue if he sell him for two or three times as much as he gave for him, provided always that he be disposed of without any misrepresentation. Fancy, in short, goes so far in the purchase of a horse, that no two people can be found to agree in their opinion on this subject, whether with reference to capabilities, points, or value.

I shall now give a short description of the mode very generally adopted by low dealers in selling a horse. For this purpose I will suppose a horse to be brought out for inspection that is a *little* lame before: the factotum brings him out well gingered, and probably after having administered three or four sharp cuts to his belly or legs—places where wheals do not readily shew themselves—the animal rushes out of the stable, his tail on end, his nostrils dilated, and looking altogether exceedingly plucky—*alias* extremely frightened. He is led to rising ground, where he appears higher than he really is, as his fore-legs are raised above the spot whence you examine him. You proceed to inspect him, and when you are about to feel the doubtful leg, a sly wave of the whip—which the poor brute is all along expecting to be applied to him—produces a caper, which probably induces you to get out of the way of being trodden on; and this manœuvre is constantly resorted to whenever you wish to pass your hand down the *game* leg. At length, when you get rather tired of this, the word is given, “Run on, Tom.” Crack goes the whip, the hat is taken off, and a rattling noise is made by beating it with the fist: away goes the horse, prancing, capering, and cantering up the yard and back again, his head well supported by a tight-held bit,

and his shoulder by that of the man who leads him. "I want to see him trot, Mr. So-and-So; he seems to do nothing but canter." The dealer well knows the lameness will be seen at this pace. "Why don't you let the horse trot, Tom?—the gen'lman wants to see him trot," (crack—crack—rattle—rattle). Upon this ensues a second edition of the capering and cantering. "Beautiful trotter, Sir, 'pon my word—but he won't settle into a trot here, Sir: did fourteen miles within the hour no longer ago than yesterday, with his knee up to his chin.—That'll do, Tom, *go in*."—"Stop, stop; I want to see a little more of him."—"Go in, Tom, go in: what'll you give for him, Sir? He's worth a hundred—he is indeed. I refused a deal of money for him last week, but I must go down to — fair the day after to-morrow, and so I'm determined to sell off what I've got." Now should you make an offer for him greater than the dealer would be delighted to take, he is too great a philosopher to manifest any joy at your bidding, but shakes his head, tells you innumerable lies, which are all at his fingers' ends, and asks you a farther sum. Supposing he finds you peremptory in adhering to your first offer, he comes down in his demands in the following way:—"Well, Sir, I shall sell, as I said afore, but you *must spring* a little, Sir. Now do you *try* and buy him, Sir, and I dare say we shall not fall out."

"Upon this hint you speak," and offer perhaps two, three, or five pounds more.—"No, 'pon my word you're too hard upon me, Sir: say two pounds more, and he is yours, Sir—there now."—"No; I'll not give another penny."—"Well, then, I tell you what I suppose we must do, Sir, *we must halve the difference*, and you must give me a pound—*that's fair*." This proposition is perhaps acceded to, and you find at length that your friend the dealer would gladly have taken much less than your first offer. However, of this be sure, that so long as you manifest the slightest symptom of continuing to bid, so long will the bargaining go on; and, supposing you to offer *ten pounds less* than a dealer will sell for, he will then ask *ten pounds more* than his price, in order that the final proposal of "splitting the difference" may obtain for him the sum he requires.

This being the case, after having acquired some experience relative to the value of horses, you should, when you have made up your mind as to the price you are willing to give for one, never allow your judgment to be warped by the representations of the owner, whose interest it is to say as much as possible in favor of his own property; nor suffer yourself to be tempted to offer a larger sum than you conceive to be the worth of a horse, by accounts of his having "leaped such a turnpike gate," or "left a whole field of hunters behind him in a severe run," or "trotted so many miles in harness within the hour," unless you have a good opportunity afforded you of ascertaining the truth of these statements, or of putting their probability to the test.

It is the business of a horse-dealer to cry up his cattle above all others; but such is the horse-mania with which nine Englishmen out of ten are infected, that gentlemen very seldom tell the *exact truth* when dilating on the merits of their own nag. I do not by any means intend to insinuate that any gentleman will tell a wilful falsehood respecting his horse; but such is the desire to be thought to

possess a good one, and to be considered a judge of horse-flesh, that every man, almost unintentionally, is led to extol the qualities of his horse in a somewhat exaggerated strain; and when he wants to part with him, he of course cannot unsay what he has already said in his praise, and consequently sells him with a character to which he is perhaps not strictly entitled.

In purchasing a horse, therefore, once more I repeat, "take nothing for granted," even from a friend (and this is saying a great deal, *but by no means too much—experto crede*), but have a trial when you can get one, and form your own opinion, out of which do not allow yourself to be talked.

Were it not for the extraordinary accounts that we are constantly in the habit of seeing in the newspapers, of the mode in which some men are taken in by vagabond horse-dealers of the lowest description, it would appear almost unnecessary to notice some of the common tricks of these fellows, so often have they been exposed; but as they are, in spite of their staleness, every now and then successfully practised upon the unwary, an exposition of some of the manœuvres of these vagabonds will not be misplaced.

One of their commonest tricks is to buy a fine-looking but unsound horse, very frequently a rank roarer, or a "bit of blood" that has broken down, and advertise him with the usual excuses of sale which I have already noticed. If he is for sale in the hunting season, "no fence is too high, or hounds too fast for him;" or "he is by High-flyer or Cock Robin—(or some other horse that flourished perhaps fifty years ago—for your dealer is neither very well versed in the lore of the Racing Calendar, nor very particular)—out of Skyscraper's dam, &c., and was bought of the breeder." If he is to be disposed of at the beginning of the summer—"he is a delightful hack—a splendid park-horse—has been a few times in harness and went very quiet—has grand and fast action, and is parted with for no fault, ill health being the owner's reason for selling him," &c. Probably fifteen pounds would well repay the advertiser for his purchase, and he may be ready and delighted to take that sum for him. Attracted by the description given of the horse (which is represented as being able to do every thing but talk), a customer, rather *green*, proceeds to inspect him. Half a glance is sufficient to inform the dealer (who is generally in a groom's livery, and says "his master is out of town") that the person examining the horse is a novice. There is a timidity about those unaccustomed to horses, an awkwardness in handling them, and a want of method in their examination, that betrays the unpractised hand in a moment to the experienced eye of a *coper*, as a low dealer is termed. He, therefore, unblushingly asks three or four times the money that he is prepared to take for his horse, and very fairly offers a trial of him. "Take him away for two or three days, Sir, and do what you like with him. Master won't sell him to any one as ain't satisfied with him, and you'll find him better than I tells you he is." Charmed with this liberal mode of doing business, our flat accepts the offer, and in an evil hour bestrides the horse, *after leaving a deposit in the hands of the groom nearly equalling the sum asked for him*, besides giving that worthy functionary a sovereign for himself for the very honest information he has vouchsafed to bestow

upon him, and for having promised for this reward "to get five or ten pounds thrown off the price."

The horse is walked off the stones, when his rider begins to think that it will not be amiss to try how his bargain can trot, and then does he "a tale unfold." Either he roars more sonorously than do the united tenants of Van Amburgh's largest cage, or he turns dead lame, or displays some vice which is by no means agreeable to an unexperienced equestrian. He is accordingly turned round, and his rider, indignation oozing at every pore, takes him back to his stable, and calls loudly for "the Groom." As well may he

"Call spirits from the vasty deep!"

In answer to his summons appears an ostler, who affirms that "the gemman is gone; that he only brought the 'oss there the night afore from the country, and that he knows nothing about him." Here is a dilemma for a novice! Instead of the deposit he has left being ten or fifteen pounds less than the value of the horse, it is twenty pounds more than he is worth; and the man who has got his money will probably, if caught, take the benefit of the "Insolvent Act;" or give a bill for the horse back again, sell him to another flat, and be *non est inventus* when the bill becomes due; or he may possibly, through the uninterested testimony of that honest worthy, the ostler, prove that he fairly sold the horse without a warranty, and that the purchaser must be the loser by his want of knowledge. On the one hand, there is the uncertainty of finding a rogue whom this poor wight knows not where to look for, and who perhaps is metamorphosed into "a swell," with formidable moustaches, an eye-glass, and gold-headed cane; in short, into a being who would never be recognised as the smooth-haired unwhiskered groom, with the narrow white handkerchief tied tightly round his throat, the striped black and yellow waistcoat, the bagging breeches, and knowing tops, and who, unless discovered forthwith and with his money in his pocket, and afterwards convicted of roguery, is probably not worth a shilling: and on the other hand is a horse by which he certainly now must lose money, but whose defects, if he will take the trouble to study them, may save him a deal of expenditure hereafter, and furnish him with abundance of experience on many points worth knowing. Then again there is the *trouble* of setting constables on the look out for a man of whom perhaps he can give but a very poor description—and this point is a very weighty one with many people—and the fees wherewith the palms of these conscientious dignitaries are to be greased. On the whole, then, many a man is disposed to put up with his first loss as the least, and the vagabond by whom he has been cheated is allowed to be at large, and to practise similar frauds upon unwitting customers whenever he can pick up a *good screw*—a species of animal prized beyond measure by all that genus of rascals who do not scruple to swear to the soundness of any animal they possess, be their diseases and defects more numerous than those contained in the whole range of Professor Coleman's Lectures.

In order to illustrate the unblushing effrontery with which your low dealer palms off an unsound horse, I will relate one instance among many of those in which I have laid bare the schemes of these rascals. Being in want of a horse, and having plenty of time on my hands, I

one morning wrote down the addresses given in several advertisements describing horses gifted with every good quality that can well be imagined, and forthwith proceeded to hunt up the owners of these matchless steeds. In my peregrinations I lighted upon two horses in the Red Lion Yard, Holborn (a noted coper's stable), one of which was a remarkably fine brown horse that I thought would suit my purpose. Accordingly I had him out, and, thinking him a little lame in one fore-leg, would have nothing to do with him. In vain did a groom in livery and a stable-boy in undress endeavor to persuade me to "take the horse on trial for a week, and ride and drive him as I liked." I insisted on a reference, and was informed that "the horses belonged to a gentleman who lived in the first white house beyond Streatham Church, and that his only reason for selling them was that he had a dreadful complaint in the kidneys, and had just undergone a terrible operation, performed by Sir Astley Cooper, who declared he could not live many days." Now it so happened that I was going that road, and, therefore, having learnt the gentleman's name, I took my departure, resolved to give him a call as I rode through Streatham. In the meantime I proceeded to the Portugal Stables, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I found two uncommonly handsome horses "warranted sound in every respect." I was told "they belonged to a Captain Somebody, at Acton-Bottom, and that he was ordered to join his regiment abroad immediately, and consequently would part with his horses for much less than their real value. This finale to the description led me to inspect them rather closely, notwithstanding they were the property of a gentleman. One, a bay horse, I found to be a roarer; and the other, one of the handsomest chesnut horses I ever saw, had so terrible a canker of one foot that I was certain he must be dead lame. However, to set the matter at rest, I desired the man to lead him out and run him up and down the street. Upon this I was given to understand that "the parochial authorities had ordered that no led horses should be allowed to be shewn off in that parish!" This, of course, I knew to be a lie; but to dispute the matter being perfectly useless, I desired that the horse might be saddled and bridled, and ridden in the square. The excuse for not complying with this request was, "that the groom had taken back the saddles and bridles to Acton, and that they had not one in the stable." While this explanation was in course of being made, the door opened, and "the Captain" entered, accoutred in a black frock coat, from the collar of which depended an eye-glass, wearing a formidable pair of spurs, and having in his hand a cane of some pretensions. He at once confirmed what his man had stated, and assured me both horses were perfectly sound and quiet. To this I replied, that "the bay horse was certainly a roarer, and I had every reason to believe that the chesnut must be lame."—"Why," replied *the Captain*, stammering, "the fact is he is a little of a roarer, but I assure you you won't hear him in harness." Here was an admission of falsehood which was quite enough to satisfy any one of the character of the person he had to deal with; and besides I well knew my military friend's face at every auction of horses at which I happened to be present, to say nothing of that indescribable something which betrayed the would-be gentleman. As nothing could induce him to

allow the chesnut horse to be taken out of the stable, I took my leave, and, on passing through Streatham the same day, made many and futile inquiries for the unfortunate gentleman who was so soon to take his departure for the other world under the auspices of Sir Astley. No one had ever heard of such a man in the village, and the blacksmith, whose forge was close to the church, had never shod any such person's horses. Being in town the following morning, and passing through Holborn, I had the brown horse out again, for his lameness was so trifling that I was almost undecided whether I should not buy, and endeavor to cure him. The groom of course swore "the horse had never been lame, and that his master being all but defunct, *if I would give him a guinea for himself*, I should have the horse a bargain." He was perfectly astonished that I should not have been able to discover his master's residence, and was proceeding with a long detail of his complaints and sufferings, when the stable-boy, who was utterly ignorant of this portion of the plot, suddenly emerged from the stable and exclaimed, "here comes my master."—"Why," said I, "I thought you told me he could not leave his bed."—"He is obliged to come up now and then and see Sir Astley, Sir." I turned round, and, coming up the yard with amazing vigor for a man with a mortal complaint of the kidneys, and altogether with a truly wonderful air of *nonchalance* for an unfortunate wretch who had only a few days to live, did I behold THE ACTON-BOTTOM CAPTAIN! The fellow could not repress a grin, which, to do his character credit, in nowise betrayed the slightest symptom of awkwardness in being detected in a second falsehood, and immediately launched forth in praise of the horse I was looking at, as though he cared not a rush for the *exposé* of his want of veracity the day before, and considered that such representations were all to be considered as made "in the way of business."

It is almost needless to add that I had no farther business with him, but walked out of the yard before he had well got through the exordium of his panegyric on the brown horse.

Were I to detail the numerous deceptions that are daily practised in this way, and the barefaced lies that are hourly told by dealers of no credit, and their under-strappers, I should impose upon myself a task as endless as Penelope's web; therefore "*ex uno disce omnes*;" and whenever you hear a long tale about a horse from a suspicious agent, and cannot procure a reference to a gentleman, or a sufficient trial, you may safely take it for granted that all you have been told is a tissue of lies, and that if you buy a horse from the description given you by a dealer's man, you will be wofully disappointed in your expectations of having made a good bargain.

In spite, however, of all I have said on this subject, it is ten to one that a novice, after having carefully booked all my admonitions, will, on the very first occasion of coming in contact with a cunning dealer, allow himself to be talked out of his better judgment, and persuaded to buy a horse that he is almost certain will not suit him. Such is the force of a horse-dealer's eloquence, such is the easy flow and vividness of his descriptions, and such the beauty and captivating aptness of his similes, that, great as is the fame of Cicero and Demosthenes, were they alive at this day, and to do the utmost their

fancy could suggest in praise of a horse, the flowers of their oratory would seem withered and faded when compared to the bright colors in which the lowest of our English copers and horse-chaunters pourtray their imaginings. What fast-flowing fancies of delight must inevitably sieze upon the mind of the tyro in horse-dealing—predestined to be cautious, and have his eyes wide open to the slightest defect—when he hears a horse extolled as “gay as a peacock—fine as a star—full of pluck as a game-cock—that can gallop as fast as you can clap your hands—and jump like a buck,” &c., it is by no means difficult to conceive. He sees himself in imagination mounted upon a horse of this description—he outstrips every horse with the Royal Stag-hounds,—he tops fences and clears brooks that no other hunter will face—he wilfully passes over some faults that he cannot help noticing—he pays his cash—and finds that he has luckily half his money’s worth, and has bought experience !

A friend of mine was once *done* in the following way. He repaired, with more cash than wisdom, to the stables of a horse-dealer, and, having selected a nag that he thought would suit his purpose, demanded the price. The dealer, perceiving his customer to be a little *green*, immediately asked about fifteen pounds more than he meant to take, and, finding that the price was not objected to, began no doubt to think himself an egregious ass for not having demanded more. He, therefore, requested my friend to look round his stables, and to try some other horses ; and, while thus employed, despatched a message to a confederate, who quickly arrived as a stranger, and unhesitatingly bought the horse first brought out at all the money that was asked for him, declaring he had never picked up such a bargain. In this assertion he was strenuously backed by the dealer, who regretted that my friend had not decided at once upon taking so cheap a horse himself, and added in a whisper, “Offer him five pounds for his bargain, Sir, I know something about him, he’ll sell.” —“Upon this hint he spake,” and to some purpose too, for he of course got the horse, and learned a lesson in dealing into the bargain—his purchase turning out, when *minus* the ginger and threats of the coper’s yard, a very sorry beast indeed !

In no place is confederacy more resorted to than at horse-auctions. There, if you chance to look at a dealer’s horse, you will probably be entertained by the discourse of two fellows, directed *at* but not *to* you, respecting the wonderful qualities of the animal your attention is drawn to. If worth ten pounds, you will probably hear something of the following nature :—“S’help me God, Bill, sound as a rock, an’ only comin’ six this grass. There—I know’d him ven Tom Smith druv him in a four-v’ll shay all the vay down to St. Alban’s in an hour and twenty minutes, an’ then rid him with the fox-hounds all day, and he com’d home in the evenin’ as gay as a lark ! I dare say he von’t fetch much more nor a score, an’ *I* means to have him if he goes anything like that price. Ven he’s in condition I think he’s the ’andsomest ’oss as you can see ; an’ sich a goer ! You need not cough him, Sir ; Lor’ bless you, his vind’s as clear as a vistle. He can go longer nor you’d like to ride him without stoppin’ !”

At length the horse goes to the hammer. Some friends, who are put up to the scheme, get about him and keep you at a respectful

distance, while an animated bidding goes on, until, thinking the horse must be cheap to attract the admiration of so many good judges, you are perhaps induced to nod your head to the auctioneer when the bidding has reached eighteen guineas. You find you have just bid the very money he must be exactly worth; for, strange to say, no one of all the numerous host so anxious to possess him offers a penny above you. What is still more pleasant, you are urged on by some low vagabond at your elbow to buy the horse, who, when you have purchased him, hopes you will "remember him for his recommendation;" or, which is still more probable, he asks permission to bid for you, assuring you that his brother dealers will not bid against *him*, and that you will thus get the horse cheap. This kind friend eventually asks a guinea for buying him, and thus your ten-pound horse costs you about twice as much as he is worth.

It may be imagined that such tricks are only played off at those auctions where very low-priced horses are sold; but the truth is, that although there is more scope there for the exercise of the low dealer's cunning, particularly if a gentleman attempt to buy horses at them, there is no auction that is not regularly frequented by these *guinea-hunters*, as they are called, and where a good-looking screw is not sent for sale almost as frequently as elsewhere.

Does a dealer buy, or appear to buy (for they are frequently the only bidders for their own property,) a horse at auction, and you offer him a certain sum above what he has given, he will tell you that "he has paid away so much *in the ring*;" by which expression is meant, all the dealers who would have bid against him had he not bought them off. Thus a horse is knocked down for twenty pounds, and you offer the purchaser two or three and twenty pounds for him: the answer is, that "four pounds have been given away among other dealers, and that you cannot have him for less than five-and-twenty guineas." As for the truth of this assertion, you may believe just as much of it as you please; the real value of the horse is the only thing to be considered.

It would be as tedious as impossible to detail all the manœuvres and tricks of the lower class of horse-dealers, and, therefore, it may be as well to sum up the list of their offences against common honesty, by saying, that a very great proportion of them do not hesitate to put in practice any species of rascality, no matter of what description, in order to take in the unwary, and pluck a feather from the wing of that goose, the public, relying chiefly upon their own unblushing effrontery to preserve them from the magisterial fang, and upon their poverty to defend them from the chance of being sued at law.

At the same time that I make this declaration, I would remark that to every rule there are exceptions, and I should be sorry to imagine that every horse-dealer who is not rich enough to purchase the first-rate horses, must *ipso facto* be a rogue; but still the force of example, and the contaminating association with unscrupulous knaves, must go far to take off the sharp edge of honesty; and I would, therefore, instil into you the rule, that it is best in purchasing a horse of a dealer, whom you know nothing of, to "close your ears carefully with cotton, and to open your eyes to their fullest extent."

[London Sporting Magazine for Sept., 1839.]

DONCASTER RACES, 1839.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE attendance at Doncaster this year was poor indeed compared with that of previous years,—owing partly to the absence of several high families on the continent,—to the decrease in speculation on the great event,—and chiefly to the inclement state of the weather. The inhabitants could not complain of not having *overflowing* houses; and the watery prospects around the skirts of the town, gave it more the appearance of an island, than a place open to approach by land. The bellowing of “Sheardown’s correct card,” was as intense and syllabic as ever;—and the trees at the entry of the town were labelled with the usual pious admonitions;—but the gay groups at the corners of lanes and doors,—the gaitered throng at the gateway of the Salutation,—the rushing in of carriages were wanting, and the busy smiles, amid a pressure of in-coming subscribers to the rooms, beamed not upon the frank visages of Mr. Bluck and Mr. Goodered. Until Sunday night, there was nothing to raise the character of the place above that of Wolverhampton or Lichfield; and even then, there was no intense knot of flushed men from the dinner table, packed with the steadier professors;—their voices rising up in bellowing confusion—as the pencils labored—and the favorite rose and fell. Doncaster is as quietly *going out*, unless some change “comes o’er the spirit of its dream,”—as if it were a farthing rushlight at half-past six in the morning. Let us, however, hope for a reaction,—so long as hope is allowed us!

The Monday brought some additional visitors,—but there was a lack of spirit in the whole affair, that must have greatly disagreed with the Corporation.

We shall not stay to notice the various fluctuations in the betting—the manœuvring of parties—the unbounded confidence of the few “in the ministry;”—as our readers will find all that is necessary in our details of the sport—and as it is our intention to speak of Bloomsbury when we come to particularize the St. Leger race. We therefore proceed at once to the course,—at the very time, be it understood, when the bell is ringing for saddling for the *Fitzwilliam*!

And now, for the racing itself.

MONDAY, Sept. 16—THE FITZWILLIAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Corporation; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st. One mile and a half. Four subs.

Mr. Orde’s b. m. <i>Bee’s-wing</i> , 6 yrs.....	J. Cartwright.	1
Mr. Howard’s b. f. <i>Antigua</i> , 3 yrs.....		2
Mr. Bowes’ ch. h. <i>Epirus</i> , 5 yrs.....		3
Mr. Osbaldeston’s br. f. <i>Alexandrina</i> , 3 yrs.....		4

Betting: 7 to 2 on Bee’s-wing. After one false start, Bee’s-wing took the lead gently over the hill, and then mended her way home; winning as she pleased. Epirus is as uncertain as the sunshine—and this was not his bright day.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added by the Corporation. St. Leger Course. Four subs.

Duke of Cleveland’s b. c. <i>Kremlin</i> , by Sultan, out of Francesca, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb.....	Benson.	1
Lord Chesterfield’s br. f. <i>Industry</i> , 4 yrs. 7st. 9lb.....		2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Kremlin, who made first running at a miserable

pace. Industry then took the lead to the Red-house, where she was passed. The colt won easy by two lengths.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Racing Club. Red-House in. Twenty-one subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. <i>Launcelot</i> , Brother to Touchstone, by Camel.....	W. Scott.	1
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, out of Emilia.....		2
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. by Belshazzar, dam by Whalebone.....		3
Mr. Jaques' b. f. Interlude, by Physician, out of Comedy.....		-
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Brother to Euclid, by Emilius, out of Maria.....		-
Lord Eglington's b. c. Doctor Caius, by Physician, out of Rectitude.....		-
Mr. Blakelock's ch. f. by Curtius, out of Fancy by Osmond.....		-
Mr. Orde's b. f. Queen Bee, by Liverpool, out of Tomboy's dam.....		-

Betting: first, 7 to 4, and at the finish, 5 to 4 agst. *Launcelot*; 4 to 1 agst. *Queen Bee* (taken); 5 to 1 agst. *Brother to Euclid*; and 7 to 1 agst. *Interlude* (taken). After two attempts the horses got away, *Brother to Euclid*, and *Launcelot*, having decidedly the worst of the start. *Curtius f.*, *Interlude*, and *Belshazzar f.* made play. At the Red-house *Launcelot* drew on his horses, and took the lead shortly after. Lord Kelburne's colt was hard upon *Launcelot* near the distance, and here the struggle became resolute and interesting. The race was *not* easily won by a neck. *Brother to Euclid*, with an infamous start, was a fair fourth. Scott made too free with his horse at the Red-house,—or he must have won without such a flurry. The Duke of Cleveland will be an awkward customer for the next Derby.

THE QUEEN'S PLATE of 100 gs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 9lb.—4, 9st.—5, 9st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 10st. Four miles.

Lord Westminster's *Cardinal Puff*, 5 yrs..... walked over.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17—**THE TWO-YEAR-OLD PRODUCE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. Red-House in. Four subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. *Launcelot*, Brother to Touchstone, by Camel..... walked over.

THE CLEVELAND STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 50 sovs. added by the Corporation. One mile. Sixteen subs., three of whom declared.

Lord Eglington's ch. f. <i>Opera</i> , Sister to Burletta, by Actæon, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.....	T. Lye.	1
Mr. Denham's b. c. Compensation, by Emancipation, dam by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 8st.....		2
Mr. Tilburn's bl. c. Master Allen, by Alteruter, dam by Velocipede, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb.....		3

Betting: 3 to 1 on Compensation, which betting did not realize the animal's name. *Opera* led at a good merry pace, was never headed—attended *first* at Mr. Lockwood's levee, and “kissed hands on her appointment.”

Then came *the* race.—

THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. The owner of the 2d horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes. St. Leger Course. One hundred and seven subs.

Major Yarburgh's b. c. CHARLES XII., by Voltaire, out of Wagtail (Laurel's dam) by Prime Minister.....	W. Scott.	0	1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. EUCLID, by Emilius, out of Maria by Whisker—her dam Gibside Fairy by Hermes.....	P. Conolly.	0	2

Col. Cradock's b. c. The Provost, by The Saddler, out of Rebecca.....	S. Templeman.	-
Mr. Jaques' b. c. Malvolfo, by Liverpool, out of Comedy.....	T. Lye.....	-
Col. Crauford's b. f. Dolphin, by Priam, out of Mermaid.....	J. Holmes.....	-
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Bloomsbury, by Mulatto, out of Arcot Lass.....	S. Rogers.....	-
Mr. Clark's br. c. Dragsman, by St. Nicholas, out of Olive-leaf.....	Macdonald.....	-
Mr. Dixon's b. c. Hillus, Brother to The Flyer, by Sir Hercules, out of Zebra.....	S. Day.....	-
Mr. Wormald's gr. c. Bolus, by Physician, dam by Comus.....	Heseltine.....	-
Ld. Westminster's ch. c. The Lord Mayor, by Pantaloon—Honeymoon by Filho.....	G. Nelson.....	-
Lord Lichtfield's bl. c. The Corsair, by Sir Hercules—Gulnare by Smolensko.....	John Day.....	-
Mr. Allen's br. c. Fitz-Ambo, by The Saddler or Tramp—Nerissa by Woful.....	Marson.....	-
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Easingwold, by Mulatto, out of Eve by Lottery.....	Cartwright.....	-
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry, out of Purity by Octavian.....	G. Calloway.....	-

The betting at starting, we should say, was 6 to 4 on Charles

XII.; 6 to 1 agst. Bloomsbury; 9 to 1 agst. Malvolio; 12 to 1 agst. Euclid; Provost, Easingwold, The Corsair, and The Mayor, faintly at odds, between 30 and 40 to 1.

The race itself is thus very minutely and well described in *Bell's Life*. The account is carefully collected from jockies, trainers, and others, who have directed their observations to different parts of the course; for no two eyes could catch all the changings,—pullings, and dyings away,—that occur in the race;—as we, from experience, can testify.

THE RACE.

“A few minutes before four o'clock the horses appeared at the post, and after one little failure, caused by The Provost jumping off before they were well together, the word was given, and they got away in excellent order. Euclid was first off, but as it was not the intention of his jockey to make play, he was immediately checked, and went with a lot of five or six for about a hundred and fifty yards, by which time they had settled into their places. Charles XII. now emerged from the crowd, and took up the work at a first-rate pace, with Bloomsbury, Bolus, Euclid (about fourth), The Dolphin, The Provost, and Malvolio, in close attendance, and a ruck of four well up: the rear was brought up by Easingwold, Dragsman, and the Purity colt; the latter, quite unfit for running, ‘went up the hill’ and then literally ‘came back again.’ The front, composed as we have stated, continued unbroken until they dropt the hill into the bottom, where Bloomsbury removed all doubts as to his fitness to run, by dropping behind Malvolio and The Provost, taking his galloping companion, Bolus, with him. Euclid now settled into the second place, The Dolphin lying up with him, and Malvolio and The Provost behind her, so near together that we could not make out which was fourth. In going over the deep ground, near the Red-house, Charles was three or four lengths ahead of Euclid, the pace being terrific, and the tailing fearful; Dragsman already was a long way astern, and The Corsair, Easingwold, The Lord Mayor, Bolus, and Hyllus, were as completely out of the race as if they had been in their stables. Bloomsbury and Fitz Ambo, continued to exist behind the first lot, but were also *hors de combat*. On making the turn into the straight run in, about two distances from home, The Dolphin discovered that she was out of her element and declined, Malvolio taking her place; Euclid at the same time beginning to draw upon the crack; at the distance a final change took place, and the race was reduced to a match; Malvolio, who till now looked tolerably well, found the pace too hot and dropped behind The Provost, who, with no prospect of catching his opponents in front, was left to watch the proceedings on the part of the fielders. After being once or twice driven against the rails by Charles, Euclid, having in appearance much the best of the race, now went to his head, and, from this point to the chair, the spectators were gratified with one of the most interesting and exciting contests ever seen over the St. Leger Course; it was head and head—stride for stride, to the end: and the judge, unable to say which had won, pronounced the first dead heat ever run for the St. Leger. Both horses were much distressed, Euclid, as it struck us, the most so. The Provost was three or four lengths behind them, beating

Malvolio by rather more than a length; The Dolphin was fifth, Fitz Ambo sixth, Bloomsbury seventh, Hyllus eighth, Bolus ninth, The Corsair and The Lord Mayor next, close together, Easingwold and Dragsman last; the Purity colt, having returned from the hill, cannot be taken into account. In assigning these positions, we must not be understood as setting up a scale of merit; we have done so merely to satisfy some of our ultra-curious readers, and to save ourselves the trouble of answering inquiries on the subject; many good judges, it may be observed, in conclusion, are of opinion that every horse in the race, excepting Charles and Euclid, were beaten at the hill. The time of running was three minutes and twenty-five seconds.

DECIDING HEAT.

"The betting opened at 6 and 7 to 4 on Charles, but the hedging money was sent in so liberally that the odds shifted to the other side, and, after reaching 6 to 4, closed at 5 to 4 on Euclid. This race was run very differently from the last; Conolly's last order, we believe, was to wait until he got over the hill, and then to make the pace strong; Scott, however, was also on the waiting order, so that after walking a few yards Euclid had to canter; in fact, for the first three quarters of a mile he had to 'wait in front;' he then made strong running, Scott playing the game of 'follow my leader' very steadily; in going over the deep ground he eased his horse, and was three or four lengths behind, but made up his ground after passing the Red-house, and at the distance went up. A struggle, scarcely less interesting than the last, now commenced, and continued to the stand, where, for the first time, Charles obtained a slight advantage—his head was in front; a few lengths further, his neck; and so it would have been to the finish, had not Scott, in putting him straight for the chair, enabled his antagonist to get a few inches nearer: and thus it ended. Charles winning by a head, and, in our humble judgment, rather cleverly; certainly Scott was not so hard upon him as he was in the first race. Those who were near the chair insist that Euclid ran jady for the last two or three lengths; we cannot say whether this was the case or not, but after two such severe heats it is not improbable. The time was three minutes and forty-five seconds. We will conclude our report of these interesting events, by expressing an opinion that the tremendous pace at which Charles XII. went over the deep ground, prevented his winning the first heat, and gave Euclid a chance which would assuredly have come off in his favor had he not been forced against the rails in going up inside at the distance, a course to which he was driven by the positions of Malvolio and The Provost, who were lying outside him, and too near to admit of his taking the proper track without losing three or four lengths. In the deciding heat it is not unlikely that Euclid would have won, had Conolly been permitted to wait to the last, and go for speed, in which he is admitted to be superior; on the other hand, Scott won this race by reversing the style in which he ran the first."

Thus ended a race which from peculiar circumstances has created a vast sensation throughout the country: and, with the exception of the great *monied interest* at Malton, we should not hesitate to say that the wish for Bloomsbury's success,—owing to the sympathy stimulated by proceedings which had the character of oppression,—was

general and hearty. It was well known that Mr. Ridsdale, who enjoys the regard of sporting men, had saved Bloomsbury as the only plank from the wreck of his fortunes, to bear him up on the troubled waters of the world. It was pretty well known that a certain nobleman greatly desired to purchase Bloomsbury, and that something very like a menace was held out, that he would be *scratched* for the engagements in which he had been entered by the peer in question, unless all liabilities were cleared up. It was also known that a select, small, courageous band of friends made up the amount of stakes required, so as to ensure a start for the Derby. Difficulties did not end here; for on trying the colt with a four year old, bought of Sir G. Heathcote, Tawney Owl, the latter gave the young one a stone, and a handsome beating. On the morning of the race the trainer and owner, therefore, were only eager to save their money; and we are correct when we say, that the agent in the market, a Mr. Yandell, was instructed to hedge the bets at *any price*, "as the horse had not an earthly chance in the race." No time was lost; a thousand to twenty-five was laid over and over and over again; and, in a few hours, we saw Mr. William Ridsdale leading the victor, Bloomsbury, up the course, after the race—with his eyes wandering, and his face pallid, and his senses utterly confounded! The winnings, therefore, were paralyzed; and, to complete the tissue of troubles, the entry of the horse was then objected to; and the Derby triumph, as well as subsequent successes at Ascot, were hived in the Court of Common Pleas to allow of those busy bees, the lawyers, getting a relishing taste of the *honey*. This complicated case of long disaster and opposition called up a strong feeling in favor of Mr. Ridsdale, and his horse found many friends. Now that the colt has been thoroughly humbled by excessive defeat, Mr. Ridsdale will have to take his place on another guess sort of pedestal; and neglect in training,—ingratitude for liberal public opinion,—motives of another and more painful character, will be attributed to him;—and he and his animal will henceforth be as much reviled and contemned, as they have heretofore been sympathised with and pitied. Such is the fate of all great public characters! Rapture hangs doatingly upon prosperity, and degradation and disgrace track the steps of failure with blood-hound pertinacity!

There was a foolish parade of self-devotion,—about Mr. William Ridsdale having been offered a large sum for Bloomsbury, which he refused on the ground of the animal being "*public property*." Mr. W. Ridsdale, as the constant trainer and watcher of Bloomsbury, must have known his real condition, and *that* condition was clearly such as to make it a matter of little importance in whom the property rested, as far as the Great St. Leger was concerned. There is, however, a St. Leger in 1840, and Bloomsbury and all his errors will be forgotten with the swiftness of a race,—it will be gone

"Like the lightning, that doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens!"

THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Corporation, for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; maiden horses allowed 5lb., and the winner of the St. Leger to carry 2lb. extra. One mile and a half. Five subs.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. *Lanercost*, by Liverpool, out of Otis by Bustard Cartwright. 1
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. *Alzira*, by Voltaire, out of *Matilda*..... 2

Lanercost, the favorite, leader, and easy winner. The foregoing race was run between the heats for the St. Leger.

Wednesday is a dull day at the Course, being the settling day at the rooms. The adjustment of the differences went on very quietly—but none the better for the calm. The dead heat saved many a book and man. The racing to-day was better than usual on this day—it is generally a series of “walks over,” with one race or so in which a favorite is magnificently beaten.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—THE FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. One mile and a half. Seven subs.
 Lord Westminster's br. c. *Sleight of Hand*, by Pantaloon, out of Decoy..... walked over.
 THE DONCASTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Two miles. Seven subs.
 Duke of Cleveland's b. c. *Kremlin*, by Sultan, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb..... T. Lye. 1
 Lord Westminster's br. h. Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon, 5 yrs..... 2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Kremlin. The Cardinal led, Kremlin waiting to the Stand, and winning a fine race by a head.

THE SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Corporation; 3 yr. olds 6st. 12lb.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 7lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 10lb. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. St. Leger Course. Five subs.
 Mr. Etty's br. c. *The Quack*, by Physician, dam by Tramp or Grey Walton, 3 yrs.... T. Lye. 1
 Mr. Smith's br. f. Memento, by Voltaire, out of Amulet, 3 yrs..... 2
 Lord Chesterfield's b. f. by Priam, out of Rowton's dam, 3 yrs..... 3
 Mr. S. King's b. f. Tivy, by Langar, out of Tesane, 3 yrs..... 4

Betting: Memento at 6 to 4 on her, The Quack, 2 to 1 agst. Memento ran away over the gravel road, and then suffered the Priam filly to “go ahead.” At the Red-house Memento and The Quack took the lead—but the charlatan shook the favorite off and won easily.

THE CORPORATION PLATE of 60 sovs.; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.—4, 7st. 12lb.—5, 8st. 5lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 12lb. Mares allowed 3lb. The owner of the second horse to receive 15 guineas. Two mile heats.
 Lord Eglinton's ch. f. *Opera*, Sister to Burletta, by Actæon, 4 yrs..... T. Lye. 1 3 1
 Mr. Milner's br. c. Humphrey, by Sandbeck, out of Oceana, 4 yrs..... 3 1 2
 Mr. Golden's ch. c. *The Diver*, by Robin Hood, out of Lillah, 3 yrs..... 4 2 dr
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Priam, out of Mayflower, 3 yrs. (half-bred)..... 2 dr

Betting: first heat—6 to 4 on Opera. Humphrey and Diver saved their distances only in the first heat, which Opera won easily. Diver was frightened at a man running on to the Course from under the rails, plunged, threw little Francis, and struck at him with his fore-foot, just missing his *occiput*. Opera did not try for the second heat, and won the last easily. This has been a fine Opera season.

Thursday is perhaps the most interesting day of the week—and, in addition to the large and select attendance in the grand stand,—every red waistcoat—best plush coat—and colored gown in the county—makes a point of leaning against the white rails to see “Coop roon!” The crowd was great and the racing unusually good.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—THE THREE-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. St. Leger Course. Fifteen subs.
 Mr. Bowes' b. c. *Epidaurus*, by Langar, out of Olympia by Sir Oliver..... W. Scott. 1
 Lord Lichfield's bl. c. *The Corsair*, by Sir Hercules, out of Gulnare..... 2
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Bloomsbury, by Mulatto, out of Arcot Lass..... 3

Betting: 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Bloomsbury, 3 to 1 agst. Epidaurus, and 6 to 1 agst. The Corsair. The Corsair took the lead with Epidaurus second, and Mr. Serjeant Wylde's favorite *last!* At the Red-house Bloomsbury gave up the ghost of a chance and a character.

Epidaurus closed with The Corsair, left him at pleasure—and won without a struggle.

THE GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the winner of the St. Leger to carry 5lb. extra. St. Leger Course. Five subs.
 Lord Westminster's ch. c. The Lord Mayor, by Pantaloon, out of Honeymoon..... W. Scott. 1
 Col. Cradock's br. c. The Provost, by The Saddler, out of Rebecca..... 2
 Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Kremlin, by Sultan, out of Francesca..... 3

Betting: 5 to 4 on The Provost, 6 to 4 agst. Kremlin, and 5 to 1 agst. The Lord Mayor. The Lord Mayor used some of his best coals and put the steam on. Kremlin was beat for speed and stoutness. Provost made a good run for the finish, but was beaten by half a neck. It could not have been the Lord Mayor's running for the St. Leger; for he was then beaten *even by Bloomsbury!*

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C. Twenty-five subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Brother to Euclid, by Emilius, out of Maria by Whisker, .. T. Lye. 1
 Lord Westminster's br. c. Launcelot, Brother to Touchstone, by Camel..... 2
 Mr. Howard's ch. c. Fitzroy, by Belshazzar, out of Ellen by Starch..... 3
 Mr. Parkin's br. c. Naworth, by Liverpool, dam by Emilius, out of Surprise..... -
 Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam..... -
 Mr. Bell's b. f. by Gainsborough, out of Golden-drop's dam..... -
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Retainer, out of Emilia by Abjer..... -
 Mr. St. Paul's b. f. Calypso, by Liverpool, out of Galewood's dam..... -
 Mr. Bowes' br. c. Black Beck, by Mulatto, out of Emma..... -
 Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. by Belshazzar, dam by Whalebone, out of Frolic..... -

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Launcelot, 7 to 2 agst. the Langar colt, 5 to 1 agst. Naworth, 6 to 1 agst. Fitzroy, 7 to 1 agst. Black Beck, 8 to 1 agst. Retainer colt, and 20 to 1 agst. Brother to Euclid. After three false starts, the horses got off tolerably well, with the exception of Calypso. The race was truly run—and the finish was in earnest between Brother to Euclid, Launcelot, and Fitzroy. A neck separated the winner from the second, and a neck interfered between the second and the third. The three will be heard of again, being all in the Derby. Fitzroy, we fancy, can be improved, and he is a very racing like animal. The Retainer colt was fourth, Naworth fifth, and Bell's filly sixth—all well up.

The last race for the day was the great Cup race, on which the Scotts and Mr. Orde were equally sanguine.

THE CUP, value 400 gs., given by the Stewards, with 50 sovs. in specie added by the Corporation; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 3lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. The winner of the St. Leger to carry 3lb. extra. To start at the Red House, and run once round to the Ending-post, about two miles and five furlongs.

Major Yarbrough's b. c. CHARLES XII., by Voltaire, out of Laurel's dam, 3 yrs..... T. Lye. 1
 Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, by Liverpool, out of Otis, 4 yrs..... 2
 Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan, 6 yrs..... 3
 Mr. Denham's b. c. Compensation, by Emancipation, dam by Brutandorf, 4 yrs..... 4

In the stand, before starting, the mare's friends were confident, and at one time took 6 to 4, the field and Charles being at even. At the close, 6 to 5 and 5 to 4 was laid on one, 10 to 6 agst. Bee's-wing (taken), 7 to 1 agst. Lanercost, and 20 to 1 agst. Compensation.—Bee's-wing, soon after the start, made very severe play, relying on strength and freshness having an effect upon a young one, who had run two severe heats of a mile and three quarters through a bog, but a day or so before. Charles was second up to the heavy ground, when Lanercost headed him. Soon after passing the bend below the Red-house, the three closed and raced together to the distance, when Bee's-wing gave up. Lanercost looked the winner, but the young Swede with courage and energy of the first order, struggled on and caught victory by the *head* just on the post. Lanercost was badly



ridden, or he must have been the winner. Bee's-wing was beaten 5 or 6 lengths at least—and Compensation had a charming view of the race the whole way round. It is a pity Euclid was not entered for the cup—as the three pounds allowance—or rather the three pounds extra on Charles, would have just made the difference. And the betting would have been as heavy as the rain!

Fine weather and few people attended Friday's sport.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20.—THE HORNBY STAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 1lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. Two miles. Four subs.
 Lord Westminster's br. h. *Cardinal Puff*, 5 yrs..... W. Scott. 1
 Mr. Ramsay's br. c. *Easingwold*, 3 yrs..... 2

Betting: 2 to 1 on *Cardinal Puff*. *Cardinal Puff* took the lead, increased it every yard he went, and won by at least 100 yards. Such a poor looking animal as *Easingwold*, to have ever been in the betting, we never beheld.

THE SCARBOROUGH STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. One mile. Nineteen subs.
 Col. Cradock's br. c. *The Provost*..... S. Templeman. 1
 Lord Eglinton's br. c. *Malvolio*..... 2
 Major Yarburgh's bl. f. *Lollypop*..... 3

Betting: 7 to 4 on *Malvolio*. *Malvolio* took the lead, keeping it to the stand, where Provost went up, headed him, and won cleverly by a length. *Lollypop* was beat early in the race. This again, makes The Lord Mayor's running for the St. Leger unaccountable.

THE PARK-HILL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for fillies, 8st. 4lb. each. St. Leger Course. Fifteen subs.
 Mr. Bowes' ch. f. *Mickleton Maid*..... W. Scott. 1
 Col. Crauford's b. f. *Dolphin*..... 2
 Mr. Smith's br. f. *Margaret*..... 3
 Mr. G. Clark's ch. f. *Imogene*..... 4
 Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Reel*..... 5

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. *Dolphin*, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst. *Margaret*. *Imogene*, *Dolphin*, *Margaret*, *Reel*, and *Mickleton Maid*, went off in the order we have mentioned them. The first beaten was *Reel*. At the distance the *Maid* and the *Dolphin* ran home together—the *Maid* being first fish by a neck.

THE TOWN PLATE of 100 sovs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.—4, 8st. 7lb.—5, 9st.—6 and aged, 9st. 3lb.—maiden colts allowed 2lb., and maiden fillies 3lb. The second to receive 18 guineas. Two mile heats.
 Lord Eglinton's ch. f. *Opera*, 4 yrs..... T. Lye. 4 1 0 1
 Mr. Smith's br. f. *Memento*, 3 yrs..... 1 2 3 3
 Mr. Milner's br. c. *Humphrey*, 4 yrs..... 2 4 0 2
 Mr. S. King's br. f. *Juvenile*, 3 yrs..... 3 3 4 dr

Four heats for the last race,—and the *Opera* closed for the season!

Thus ended Doncaster races. Scott's stable was the temple of fortune—and he seems to have distributed his prizes to his various competitors, so as to satisfy every one that had ventured in his "lucky winning box!" He won, or was second for nearly every important race of the week,—which will be seen by the following recapitulation of the events of the meeting. On the first day he won the Champagne Stakes, and the Queen's Plate;—on the Tuesday, he gained the Two-year-old Stakes of 100 each, three subscribers—and the great St. Leger Stakes. On Wednesday he obtained the Foal Stakes of 100 each, seven subscribers, and ran second to *Kremlin*. On Thursday he won the Three-year-old Stakes of 200 each, fifteen subscribers: The Gascoigne Stakes of 100 each, five subscribers,

and the Cup ;—running second to Brother to Euclid for the Two-year-olds, beating eight others. On the last day he won the Hornby Castle Stakes and the Park-hill Stakes,—thus winning ten important races, and running second for two others of less magnitude. Such success at so great a meeting, for one stable, is without parallel!

[London New Sporting Magazine for Oct., 1839.]

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

BY GEORGE THEODORE MANNING.

THE wine-cup is sparkling to-night, boys ;
 The eye of dear woman shines bright, boys ;
 Then tell me what bliss
 Can be equal to this,
 The cup, and the lip of dear woman to kiss ?
 No, no, 'tis our dearest delight, boys.

They say that such joys are a shade, boys—
 The brightest the soonest will fade, boys :
 But let them preach on
 Till the wine is all gone,
 And dimmed are the eyes that so kindly have shone,
 Not till then need we e'er be dismayed, boys.

Nor will we e'en then lose a heart, boys,
 Though we view all those pleasures depart, boys,
 But lie down content
 With the life that is spent,
 Having seized the last joy that kind heaven has sent,
 We'll not grumble to bid them farewell, boys.

[London New Sporting Magazine for Oct., 1839.]

Notes of the Month.

DECEMBER.

THE GREAT MATCH.—The latest news we have from Maryland, is favorable to the prospect of making the match between Boston and Wagner. The difficulty apparently in the way is whether a certain trainer can be procured for one horse. From all we can hear, the chance is that he may be obtained, and that the match will be made. There is a minor point of difference, but that, we learn, is likely to be overcome without trouble—the choice of a course. The most liberal offers are made by the proprietors of courses, to induce the parties interested to name *their* course for the match; but this, we are persuaded, will not work a failure of the match. “To it, boys,” say we, and run over some quick course, where the beaten horse may lose the least by the result of the struggle; and wind and weather permitting, we predict the fastest thing that has come off since the immortal 7:37—7:49 of Eclipse and Henry.

OBITUARY OF HORSES.—Died, near Lexington, Ky., on the 8th Nov., the celebrated Mingo, by Eclipse out of Bay Bet, by Thornton's Rattler. He was killed by the fall of a tree, which was blown down in a gale of wind.

Died, in Pickens District, S. C., on the 16th Sept. 1839, the horse Governor Burton, by Mons. Tonson, out of Lady Burton by Sir Archy; he was the property of Messrs. Lewis & McDowell.

Master Henry, by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, was ordered to be killed on the 16th November, he having contracted, while at the Virginia Springs, an incurable disease.

IMPORTATIONS OF STOCK.—The following Stock has been purchased for this country, and has already arrived or may soon be expected here:—

Riddlesworth (a stallion), 11 yrs. old, by Emilius, (sire of Priam and Plenipo,) out of Filagree, (the dam of Cobweb, and grandam of Bay Middleton, by Soothsayer.)

Bay filly, by The Colonel, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules, Langford, &c.), by Wanderer.

Bay filly, by Camel (sire of Touchstone), out of Codicil (the dam of Heiress), by Smolensko, out of Legacy by Beningbrough, winner of the St. Leger.

Ch. filly, by Langar (sire of Elis), dam by Blacklock, out of Marchesa by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam.

Bay colt, by Langar, out of Malvina by Oscar, out of Spotless, the dam of Lamplighter, &c.

Ludford,* a ch. h. 7 yrs. old, by Wamba out of Idalia by Peruvian—Meteor—Maid of All Work, &c. Idalia was the dam of Panacea, Pantaloon, Pantethneca, Parthian, and others. Wamba was by

* There have been two Ludfords upon the English Turf,—one by Manfred, the other by Wamba. The latter comes to this country, and not the Manfred, as was stated last month.

Merlin, out of Penelope by Trumpator, out of Prunella (the dam of Whalebone, Web, Woful, Wilful, Wire, Whisker, Walton, Wildfire, Wamba, &c. &c.) by Highflyer.

Brown filly, by Augustus, out of Toso by Rainbow.

Volney, a b. h. 6 yrs. old, by Velocipede, out of Voltaire's dam by Phantom.

Rotherham, a bay yearling colt by Conqueror, dam by Mulatto, g. dam by Discount—Stamford—Drone—Young Marske—Bosphorous, &c. &c. Conqueror was by Camillus, out of Urganda by Sorcerer.

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK.—Isaac Van Leer has sold for the Messrs. Stevens, of New York, the following blood stock :—

ZELA, ro. f. by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton by Mendoza, 3 yrs., to HENRY A. TAYLOR, of Marengo Co., Ala., for \$4500.

Ch. c. own brother to Henry Moore, to R. B. HARRISON, Esq., of Benton, Ala.

The following have been sold to Dr. R. W. Withers, of Greensboro', Ala. :—

ANTOINETTE, by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 4 yrs.

DOSORIS, ch. h. by Henry, out of Miss Walton (Goliath's dam) 5 yrs.

TOM MOORE, ch. h. by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, 7 yrs.

HENRY MOORE, ch. h. by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam, 6 yrs.

JAMES MOORE, ch. h. own brother to Henry Moore, 5 yrs.

The filly Great Western, the first nomination in the Peyton Stake, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, has been sold, with her engagements, to Col. William Wynn. Price \$3000.

Capt. Stockton has sold his gr. h. Bergen, by Medley out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy; and a 4 yr. old filly by Dashall, out of Monmouth's dam, to C. F. McCoy, Esq., of Trenton, New Jersey.

H. & J. Lewis, of Athens, Limestone County, Ala., have sold the following blood stock to Ex-President Houston, of Texas. Price \$6000 :—

No. 1. PROCLAMATION, ch. h., by Arab, dam by Thaddeus, aged.

No. 2. MARTANZA, ch. m., by Sir Arthur, dam by Tecunseh—in foal to Imp. Luzborough.

No. 3. Ch. f. by Proclamation, out of Sally Roy by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.

No. 4. B. f. by Wild Bill, out of Pop by Crusher, 3 yrs.

No. 5. Gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Virginia by Cripple, 1 yr.

No. 6. Gr. f. by Henry Tinson, out of No. 2, 2 yrs.

No. 7. Ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of No. 2, 1 yr.

The following blood stock, the property of Dr. R. W. Withers, have taken their road to Texas, under the charge of Isaac Van Leer; they are all for sale.

RORY O'MORE, ch. h., by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, 6 yrs.

JAMES MOORE, ch. h., own brother to Henry Moore, 5 yrs.

FYLDINE, br. f., by Imp. Fylde, dam by Frantic, 4 yrs.

LORETTA, ch. f., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.

ZETTILA, ch. f., by Pulaski, out of Sally Harvey by Virginian, 3 yrs.

B. m. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Carolinian, 5 yrs.

ALONZO JR., ch. h., by Alonzo, out of Sally Harvey, 5 yrs.

Ch. f. by Pulaski, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.

Ch. c. by Pulaski, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.

BETSEY ROBINSON, b. f., by Imp. Luzborough, the property of Thos. E. Gettings.

NAMES CLAIMED.—The name of Fanny is claimed for the 3 yr. old ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion. Through a misunderstanding, the name of Mary West was claimed for her in the last No. of the Register.

That of Passport, for Henry A. Tayloe's nomination in the Peyton Stake; the produce of Howa (by Imp. Luzborough,) and Mingo.

That of Oreade, for a b. f. foaled in July last, by Duff Green (by Bertrand,) out of Helen McGregor, by Bajazet.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of HENRY BALDWIN, Esq., of Franklin, Tenn.

No. 1. MORDECAI, b. h., bred by Mr. Kirby, of York, England, and foaled in 1833. He was got by Lottery, out of Miss Thomasina (Red Rover's dam) by Welbeck, grandam Thomasina (the dam of Little Thomas, Louisa by Orville, Althea, Parlington, Barlboro', and Upstart), by Timothy, g. g. dam Violet (the dam of Goldenlocks, Groaner, Symmetry, Lennox, Theophiana, and Thwart,) by Shark—Syphon—Mr. Quick's Charlotte by Blank—Arab—Dyer's Dimple—Bethell's Castaway—Why-not—Royal mare.

Lottery was by Tramp, out of Mandane by Pot-8-o's, her dam Young Camilla (sister to Calibri) by Woodpecker, &c. &c.

Welbeck (brother to Tiresias) was by Soothsayer, out of Pledge by Waxy—Prunella by Highflyer, &c. &c.

Timothy was by Delpini, out of Cora by Matchem, &c. &c.

It is needless to say more on his blood—he was withdrawn from the Turf in his four-year-old form, after having been a successful winner. Since his arrival in America he has taken two cups, one at Franklin, Tenn., and the other at Hopkinsville, Ky. THOS. FLINTOFF.

No. 2. AGAR ELLIS, br. m., bred by Beverley Reese, Esq., of Franklin, and foaled in 1836. She was got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian (he by Sir Archy), grandam Votress by Constitution (he by old Diomed), g. g. dam Meritrix by Magog (he by Chanticleer), g. g. g. dam Narcissa by Imp. Shark, g. g. g. g. dam Rosetta by Wilkins' Centinel, g. g. g. g. g. dam Diana by Clodius, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam Sally Painter by Imp. Starling, g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam the imported mare Silver. Now stinted to Imp. Mordecai.

No. 3. BURGUNDY, b. c., foaled in 1833, bred by Thos. A. Pankey; was got by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, grandam (the dam of Hugh L. White) by Conqueror, g. g. dam (the dam of Telegraph) by Volunteer, g. g. g. dam

Madame Tonson, the dam of Henry, Richard, and Mons. Tonson, and Champion.

HENRY BALDWIN.

Franklin, Tenn., Sept. —, 1839.

Blood Stock of THOMAS B. MAGRUDER, Esq., of Port Gibson, Miss.

No. 1. BLACKLOCK, bl. c., 4 yrs. old last June; was got by Lance, dam by Bertrand, grandam by Blackburn's Whip, g. g. dam by Imp. Whip, g. g. g. dam by Bumpard, g. g. g. g. dam by Union, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Rockingham. For the pedigree of Lance, see Am. Turf Register.

No. 2. DELPHINA, b. f., 4 yrs. old; was got by Eclipse, dam by Lawrence, grandam by Imp. Clifden, g. g. dam Old Mary Gray, the dam of Pacolet, Wonder, &c. For the pedigree of Lawrence see Am. Turf Register, vol. iii. p. 371.

Delphina was raised by Edward Bott, of Brunswick County, Va.

No. 3. SUGAR LIPS, ch. m., 7 yrs. old; got by Johnson's Medley, dam by Sir Charles, grandam by Constitution. The pedigree of the last named mare is not complete.

Should this meet the eye of William Trent Eggleston or Col. Johnson, of Virginia, will they furnish the remainder of the pedigree of Sugar Lips?

PEDIGREE OF LANCELLA.—DEAR SIR: You will please publish in the next number of the "Turf Register," the pedigree of a bay mare, the property of JOHN S. LORTON, of Pendleton, S. C. —

LANCELLA, b. m., foaled in June, 1833, was got by Lance (own brother to Ariel and O'Kelly), out of Lady Burton (the dam of the celebrated four mile horse Counter Snapper) by Sir Archy, grandam Sultana by the Barb Horse, and out of the Barb Mare presented to Mr. Jefferson by the Bey of Tunis.

Her Produce.

1838. Missed to Imp. Hedgeford.

1839. Br. c. *Proclamation*, by Jackson. he out of Honesty by John Richards.

Lancellata is now stinted to Imp. Tranby.

JOHN S. LORTON.

BARDSTOWN, Ky., July 8, 1839.

DEAR SIR: I bespeak the following names for five colts:—Jim Loudon, Sie Guillett, London Briggs, Bob Walker, and Jesse Scott, as I think those names are hard to find in the "Register." The three first-named have already dropped—

JIM LOUDON by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Reform.

SIE GUILLETT by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand.

LOUDON BRIGGS by Frank (sire of Josh Bell), dam by Blackburn's Whip.

Very respectfully yours,

WILSON BOWMAN.

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THE
AMERICAN
RACING CALENDAR,
FOR
1839:
BEING
AN APPENDIX
TO THE
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,
FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

NEW-YORK:
EDITED BY WM. T. PORTER AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
AT THE OFFICE OF THE "TURF REGISTER" AND "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

1839.



AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR,

1839.

AUGUSTA, GA., HAMPTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for a pair of Silver Pitchers, valued at \$250, given by the Proprietors for 3 yr. olds. Subscription \$25 each; colts to carry 90lbs., and fillies 87lbs. Mile heats.

J. W. Palmer's b. c. <i>Gano</i> , by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards by Sir Archy.....	2	1	1
Dr. Boyd's b. f. <i>Compromise</i> , by Nullifier, dam by Anti-tariff.....	1	2	dr
Henry Dalby's gr. f. <i>Gulnaore</i> , by Plato, dam by Eclipse.....	3	dist.	
Bacon & Glascock's b. f. by Nullifier, dam by Pacific.....	dist.		

Time, 1:51—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 9—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing mares and geldings 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's br. f. <i>Polly Green</i> , by Sir Charles—Polly Peacham by John Richards, 4 y.	1	1
Wm. McCargo's b. f. <i>Missouri</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:03—3:53.

THURSDAY, Jan. 10—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Crowell & Winter's imp. b. f. <i>Miss Accident</i> , by Tramp, out of Florestine by Whisker, 3 yrs.	1	1
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. <i>Lucy Fuller</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Dr. Boyd's b. m. <i>Convention</i> , by Bertrand, out of Poor Girl, 5 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 6:38—6:04.

FRIDAY, Jan. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. <i>Billy Townes</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. <i>Gerow</i> , by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	2	2
J. W. Palmer's b. c. <i>Gano</i> , by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 8:05—8:03.

SATURDAY, Jan. 12—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

J. W. Palmer's ch. m. <i>Ajarrah Harrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs....	1	2	1	2	3	1
G. Edmonson's gr. f. <i>Alice Ann</i> , by Director Jr., dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2	3	2	2
Wm. McCargo's b. f. <i>Jane Hilliard</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.	4	4	4	1	1	3
Dr. Boyd's b. f. <i>Compromise</i> , by Nullifier, dam by Anti-Tariff, 3 yrs.....	2	3	3	4	dr	

Time, 1:51—1:51—1:54—1:54—1:56—1:55. Wm. G. NIMMO, Sec'y.

ST. MATTHEWS, S. C., RICHARDSON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Nine subs. at \$100 each, P.P. Two mile heats.

Col. Richard Singleton's br. c. by Godolphin, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy.....	1	1
T. Richardson's b. f. by Virginus, dam by Sir Archy.....	2	2
Col. E. Richardson's b. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock by Comet.....	3	dist.
P. McRa's b. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier.....	4	dist.
Col. B. Butler's gr. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam omitted.....	dist.	
Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. f. by Dockon, " ".....	dist.	
The nominations of Messrs. J. Colclough, J. B. Richardson, and D. Rowe	pd.ft.	

Time, 3:58—3:55.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 9—J. C. Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Mr. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Santa Anna</i> , by Bertrand Jr. dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Capt. Donald Rove's b. f. by Rob Roy, out of Amanda by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. <i>Clodhopper</i> , pedigree unknown, 6 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 6:08—6:10.

THURSDAY, Jan. 10—J. C. Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Powell McRa's ch. f. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Imp. Bedford, 3 yrs.....	0	1	1
Col. A. Flud's ch. m. <i>Aunt Pontypool</i> , by Bertrand Jr., dam by Virginus, 5 yrs.....	0	2	2
Mr. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	3	3	3
Dr. Danby's b. c. by Bertrand Jr., out of Amanda by Kosciusko.....	dist.		

Time, 4:04—4:04—4:05.

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA, MARION COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 9, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds owned wholly or in part by Citizens of Florida, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

John Wilder's b. f. <i>Alice</i> , by Conqueror, dam by Wild Medley.....	1	1
Richard Hayward's b. f. <i>Magnolia</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shawnee.....	2	2
Col. J. J. Pittman's b. c. <i>Yuca</i> , by Stockholder, out of Polly Phillips by Sir Archy.....	3	3
J. H. Willis' ch. c. <i>Fitzgerald</i> , by Jackson, dam by Timoleon.....	4	dist.
The nominations of T. Brown, E. Mays, and Crawford Sprowl.....	pd.ft.	

Time, 4:06—4:07.

THURSDAY, Jan. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. J. J. Pittman's b. h. <i>American Citizen</i> ,* by Marion, dam by Harwood, 6 yrs.....	2	1	1
D. Morrison's b. g. <i>Jim Kearney</i> , by Medley, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 yrs....	1	2	2
John Wilder's ch. h. <i>Jumper</i> , by Timoleon, out of Diana Vernon by Herod, 6 yrs.....	3	dr	

Time, 4:01—3:59—4:16. * Carried 3lbs. over weight.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds raised in Florida, weights as before.

Three subs at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

R. Hayward's gr. g. <i>Lucien</i> , by Napoleon, dam unknown.....	1	1
Thos. Brown's b. g. <i>Tryal</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy.....	2	2
Time, 2:05—2:06.		

FRIDAY, Jan. 11—J. C. Purse \$1000, conditions as for Thursday's Purse, Four mile heats.

D. Morrison's b. g. <i>Major Jones</i> , by Andrew, out of Princess by Defiance, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. J. J. Pittman's ch. c. <i>Charles Archie</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Head & Smith's ch. f. <i>Frances Tyrell</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs.....	2	3
Time, 8:19—8:14.		

SATURDAY, Jan. 12—Proprietor's Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

John Wilder's ch. h. <i>Juniper</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	1	1	1
D. Morrison's b. h. <i>Southerner</i> , by Bullock's Mucklejohn, dam by Harwood, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
J. R. Head's ch. c. <i>Capt. McHeath</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster, 3 y.	3	3	dist.
Time, 1:53—1:55—1:58.			

FORT GIBSON, ARKANSAS.

TUESDAY, Jan. 15, 1839—Sweepstakes for all ages; sub. \$1000 each, P.P. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

C. F. M. Noland & T. T. Tunstall's b. m. <i>Betsey Watson</i> , by Jefferson, out of Alice Lee by Sir Henry Tonson, 6 yrs. 109lbs.....	1	1	1
John Dillard's b. m. <i>Widow Cheerly</i> , by Stockholder, out of d. of Betsey Baker, 5 y. 90lbs	3	3	2
D. Thompson's b. h. <i>John Belcher</i> , by Imp. Barefoot—Ariadne's d. by Gohanna, 5 y. 90lbs	2	2	3
Time, 1:56—1:55—1:54. Won easily.			

ALEXANDRIA, LA., RAPIDE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 16, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124 lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Josias Chambers' ch. c. <i>Oscar</i> , by Ulysses, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	1	1
J. Wilmarth's br. c. <i>Longitude</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Harriet by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Francis Henderson's br. h. <i>Saladin</i> , by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 4:07—4:10.		

THURSDAY, Jan. 17—J. C. Purse \$800, ent. \$80, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Thos. J. Wells' br. h. <i>George Elliott</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lawrence, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Francis Henderson's ch. c. <i>Hannibal</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 6:15—6:16.		

FRIDAY, Jan. 18—J. C. Purse \$500, ent. \$50, free only for Creole horses, weights as before, Mile heats.

Francis Henderson's b. f. <i>Jane Francis</i> , by Granby, dam by Tecumsch, 2 yrs.....	1	2	1
James G. Young's ch. c. <i>Esperance</i> , by Granby, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs.....	2	1	2
J. Bonner's ch. f. <i>Miss Granby</i> , by Granby, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs.....	dist.		
Time, 1:59—1:56—1:59.			

SATURDAY, Jan. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$50, conditions as on Wednesday, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Josias Chambers' ch. c. <i>Oscar</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Thos. J. Wells' br. h. <i>Geo. Elliott</i> , " " 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
J. P. Williams' ch. c. <i>Mango</i> , by Lance, out of Weaver Girl, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.	
Francis Henderson's b. h. <i>Coahoma</i> , by Mercury, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs.....	3	dr	
Time, 1:56—1:59—1:52.			

PINEVILLE, S. C., ST. STEPHEN'S COURSE.

MONDAY, Jan. 21, 1839—Silver Cup, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Wm. Sinkler's ch. f. <i>Jeanette Berkley</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Buzzard, 4 yrs	2	1	1
Col. A. Flud's imp. b. f. <i>Lily</i> , by The Colonel, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon, 4 yrs....	1	2	2
Time, 3:55—3:55—4:02.			

TUESDAY, Jan. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. Sinkler's ch. c. <i>Santa Anna</i> , by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1
P. McRa's ch. f. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Bedford, 3 yrs.....	1	2	2
Col. A. Flud's b. f. <i>Zoraida</i> , by Virginus, dam by Comet, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.	
Time, 3:54—3:51—4:04.			

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Wm. Sinkler's imp. b. f. <i>Miss Clinker</i> , by Humphrey Clinker, out of Mania by Maniac, 3 yrs.	1	1
Mr. Richardson's ch. m. <i>Aunt Pontypool</i> , by Bertrand Jr.—Goldfinder by Virginus, 5 yrs..	2	2
Time, 1:56—1:54.		

MONTGOMERY, ALA., BERTRAND COURSE.

MONDAY, Jan. 21, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. W. S. Campbell's ch. f. <i>Big Nancy</i> , by Jackson, dam by Gallatin.....	1	1
Dr. A. Lucas' b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Alexander.....	2	dist.
Mr. Wright's b. c. by Jackson, dam by Marshal Ney.....	dist.	
Time, 2:02—2:02.		

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. — subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

J. B. Gilmor's b. c. by Bolivar, dam by Bertrand.....	1	
Dr. Boyd's gr. f. by Portrait, dam by Gallatin.....	2	
Time, 2:19.		

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. W. S. Campbell's ch. f. <i>Big Nancy</i> , pedigree above.....	1	1
Capt. Ashurst's b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Peacemaker.....	2	dist.
J. B. Gilmor's b. f. by Hamiltonian, dam by Buzzard.....	dist.	

Time, 2:03—2:11.

TUESDAY, Jan. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats.

Gen. Thos. Scott's b. f. <i>Reveillee</i> , by Bertrand, out of Sally Melville by Virginian, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Lewis' (L. A. Rowle's) ch. f. <i>Fourpence</i> , by Jackson, dam by Hephcstion, 3 yrs.....	3	2
Isham Woodward's bl. h. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Quaker Girl by First Consul, 6 yrs.....	4	3
B. M. Grissett's (Robt. Smith's) b. f. <i>Harpalyce</i> , by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs.....	2	4

Time, 2:02—2:04.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 23—J. C. Purse \$500, ent. \$25, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

R. H. Long's imp. ch. f. <i>Likeness</i> , by Sir Peter Lely, out of Worthless by Walton, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Gen. Woodward's b. c. <i>Nick of the Woods</i> , by Jackson, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Gen. Thos. Scott's ch. c. <i>Quaker</i> , by Pacific, out of Young Quaker Girl by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 4:10—4:11.

Likeness should have been entered as four years old; and previous to the start this was urged, but over-ruled upon the strength of the certificate of her importer, who had, however, registered her, and ran her in public as four years old. There must have been a clerical error in the certificate.

THURSDAY, Jan. 24—J. C. Purse \$700, ent. \$35, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

R. B. Harrison's ch. m. <i>Glorvina</i> , by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 5 yrs.....	1	1
H. L. Long's ch. h. <i>Big John</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs.....	3	2
B. M. Grissett's bl. f. <i>Lizzy Diggs</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	2	3
Dr. Leland's ch. h. <i>Red Tom</i> , by Bertrand—Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 6:01—6:02.

FRIDAY, Jan. 25—J. C. Purse \$1000, ent. \$50, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

R. B. Harrison's b. c. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. W. A. Leland's b. h. <i>Bay Bill</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Col. W. S. Campbell's ch. f. <i>Big Nancy</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 8:24—8:32. Ran during a storm of rain.

SATURDAY, Jan. 26—Purse \$300, ent. \$15, added, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

B. M. Grissett's b. f. <i>Gertrude</i> (alias Lavinia), by Imp. Leviathan—Parasol by Napoleon, 3 y.....	1	1
Gen. Thos. Scott's b. f. <i>Reveillee</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.
Dr. L. A. Rowe's ch. f. <i>Fourpence</i> , " " 3 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 2:01—1:56.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, \$500 a-side, One mile.

Mr. McMeniss' b. h. <i>Emerald</i> , by Timoleon, 86lbs.....	1
Dr. Johnson's b. m. <i>Miss Crockett</i> , by Falstaff, 64lbs.....	2

Time, 2:03.

CHARLESTON, S. C., WASHINGTON COURSE.

SATURDAY, Feb. 16, 1839—Citizens' Purse \$1000, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats

Lovell & Hammond's imp. b. f. <i>Miss Accident</i> , by Tramp—Florestine by Whisker, 3 yrs.....	3	1	1
Col. W. Sinkler's ch. f. <i>Jeanette Berkley</i> , by Bertrand Junior—Carolina by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	5	4	2
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. <i>Missouri</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	4	3	3
Col. W. Hampton's ch. m. <i>Charlotte Russe</i> ,* Own sister to Trifle, 5 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Col. J. R. Spann's b. f. <i>Compromise</i> , by Nullifier, out of Anti-Tarif, 3 yrs.....	2	dr	

Time, 6:06—5:54—6:04. * C. R. broke down in the 2d heat.

MONDAY, Feb. 18—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Eight subscribers at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Fitzsimons' (Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's) imp. ch. f. <i>The Queen</i> , own Sister to Monarch.....	rec'd ft
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From the following:—

Col. Hampton's imp. b. f. <i>Ella</i> , by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta, by Woful.
Col. Preston's imp. ch. c. by Defence, out of Tears by Woful.
Col. Singleton's b. c. <i>Chieftain</i> , by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery by Sir Archy.
Also, imp. br. f. by Sultan, out of Rachel.
Maj. McCra's br. f. by Bertrand Junior, out of Grizzle's dam.
Col. Adam's imp. ch. f. by The Colonel, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules.
Mr. Pierce's ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Betsey Hare's dam.

TUESDAY, Feb. 19—Match, \$200 a-side, J. C. weights for age, Two mile heats.

Col. Augustus Flud's b. f. <i>Zoraida</i> , by Virginus (of Transport), dam by Comet, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. W. Sinkler's imp. b. f. <i>Miss Clinker</i> , by Humphrey Clinker—Imp. Mania by Figaro, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:01—4:15.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as on Saturday, Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's imp. b. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. H. B. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Trident</i> , by Bertrand Jr.—Little Venus by Sir Wm. of Trans't, 3 y.....	3	2
Lovell & Hammond's imp. b. f. <i>Florida Hepburn</i> , by Tramp—Miss Armstrong by Whisker, 3 y.....	2	dr

Time, 8:07—8:55.

THURSDAY, Feb. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's br. f. <i>Polly Green</i> , by Sir Charles—Polly Peacham by John Richards, 4 y.....	1	1
Col. Wm. Sinkler's ch. c. <i>Santa Anna</i> , by Bertrand Junior, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Col. W. Hampton's imp. b. f. <i>Emily</i> , by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, 4 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 5:59—5:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse —, conditions as before, Mile heats.

W. H. B. Richardson's ch. m. <i>Aunt Pontypool</i> , by Bertrand Jr.—Goldfinder by Virginus, 5 y	3	1	1
Maj. P. McRa's br. f. by Bertrand Junior, dam by Financier, 3 yrs	1	2	2
Mr. Shier's b. g. <i>Jahn</i> , pedigree unknown	5	3	3
Col. W. Sinkler's imp. b. f. <i>Miss Clinker</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	dr	
Mr. Riley's m. <i>Lalla Rookh</i> , pedigree unknown	4	dr	

Time, 1:55—1:58—1:55.

FRIDAY, Feb. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. f. <i>Missauri</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 4 yrs	5	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's imp. b. f. <i>Florida Hepburn</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	5	2
Col. A. Flud's b. f. <i>Zoraida</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	4	3	3
Col. Spann's (Col. J. E. Calhoun's) b. f. <i>Compromise</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	2	dr
Maj. P. McRa's ch. f. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs	2	4	dr

Time, 3:59—3:57½—3:57½.

SATURDAY, Feb. 23—Handicap Purse \$600 (being the receipts at the Gates). Three mile heats

Wm. McCargo's (Dr. Merritt's) imp. ch. f. <i>The Queen</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs. 87lbs	1	1
Col. Sinkler's ch. f. <i>Jeanette Berkley</i> " " 4 yrs. 89lbs	2	2
Col. Flud's b. f. <i>Zoraida</i> , " " 3 yrs. a feather	3	3

Time, 5:47—5:54.

The following horses were also handicapped for this race:—

Miss Accident	87lbs.	Florida Hepburn	Feather.
Monarch	102	Ellen Percy	85
Polly Green	99	Miss Clinker	Feather.
Missouri	99	Santa Anna	80
Compromise	Feather.	Emily	95
Trident	80	Aunt Pontypool	95

SAME DAY—The "Tattersall Whip," presented by RICHARD TATTERSALL, Esq., of London, to the S. C. Jockey Club, united to a subscription of \$200 each, (upon the principle which governs the race for *The Whip* in England.) Four miles.

Col. Wade Hampton's imp. b. c. *Monarch*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 111 lbs. walked over.

After galloping 3 miles Monarch ran the 4th in 1:48, carrying 9lbs. extra.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse —, conditions as for Citizens' Purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Col. Spann's b. f. <i>Compromise</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1	1
W. H. B. Richardson's ch. m. <i>Aunt Pontypool</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	2	dr

Time, 1:59—2:00.

J. B. IRVING, Sec'y.

AUGUSTA, GA., LAFAYETTE COURSE.

MONDAY, March 4, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Five subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin	1	1
M. R. Smith's ch. c. <i>Gov. Butler</i> , by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director	2	2

Time, 1:51—1:50.

TUESDAY, March 5—Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112½—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

James Palmer's (Dr. Jas. Leverich's) b. c. <i>Gano</i> , by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards (own sister to John Richards), by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	2	1	1
Wm. McCargo's ch. m. <i>Missouri</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 4 yrs	3	4	2
Lovell & Hammond's imp. b. f. <i>Miss Accident</i> , by Tramp—Florestine by Whisker, 3 yrs	4	3	3
G. Edmonson's gr. f. <i>Alice Ann</i> , by Director Junior, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	2	dr

Time, 3:56—3:47—3:49.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Two subs. at \$10 each, and \$50 added. Mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's br. m. <i>Charlotte Barnes</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. <i>Bunkum</i> , by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:57.

WEDNESDAY, March 6—Purse \$600, conditions as on Tuesday. Three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. <i>Billy Tawnes</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. <i>Gerow</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 5:55—5:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$10 each, and \$50 added. Mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. <i>Bunkum</i> , (pedigree above,) 3 yrs	1	1
G. Edmonson's br. m. <i>Charlotte Barnes</i> , " 5 yrs	3	2
J. R. Harrison's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	2	3

Time, 1:53—1:55.

THURSDAY, March 7—Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (Merritt & Rodgers') Imp. ch. f. <i>The Queen</i> , (own sister to <i>Monarch</i>), by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 3 yrs	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's b. f. <i>Polly Green</i> , by Sir Charles—Polly Peacham, by John Richards, 4 y.	2	2

Time, 8:02—8:29.

FRIDAY, March 8—Proprietors' Purse \$400, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. Palmer's ch. m. <i>Ajarrah Harrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	3	1	1	2	3	1
Wm. McCargo's b. f. <i>Jane Hilliard</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	5	6	5	1	1	2
G. Edmonson's gr. f. <i>Alice Ann</i> , (pedigree above,)	1	2	3	3	4	3
Lovell & Hammond's imp. b. f. <i>Florida Hepburn</i> , by Tramp, dam by Whisker, 3 y.	6	5	2	3	2	*
J. R. Harrison's b. c. <i>Ibarrah</i> , by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	2	4	dr			
Maj. T. G. Bacon's ch. c. <i>Stray Bowe</i> , by Redgauntlet, dam by Director, 3 yrs.	4	3	dist.			

Time, 1:53—1:52—1:55—1:55—1:56—1:54. * Ruled out.

MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

MONDAY, March 11, 1839—Match, \$10,000 aside, \$3000 ft., Jockey Club weight (100lbs.) on each.

Four mile heats.

Col. T. Watson's (T. J. Wells') ch. c. <i>The Poney</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 y	1	1
David Stephenson's br. c. <i>Melzare</i> , by Bertrand, dam Sir Richard, 4 yrs.	2	2
Time, 7:48—7:56.		

TUESDAY, March 12—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$500 each, \$300 ft. Two mile heats.

J. J. Burton's b. f. <i>Galantha</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson	1	1
David Stephenson's br. c. <i>George Walton</i> , by Crusher, dam by Timoleon	2	2
Col. Thos. Watson's b. f. <i>Willina Herndon</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster	3	3
Time, 3:55—3:54.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Champagne Stake for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Five subs. at \$150 each, \$50 ft. Winner to pay 12 dozen of Champagne for the use of the Club. Mile heats.

Thos. J. Wells' gr. f. <i>Fandango</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade	1	1
David Stephenson's Imp. b. f. <i>Spatula</i> , by Reveller, out of Galata by Sultan	2	dist.
J. J. Burton's br. f. <i>Meg</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bohemoth	3	dr.
Time, 1:52—1:51.		

WEDNESDAY, March 13—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3 lbs. Two mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's ch. c. <i>Liberty</i> (alias Lubber), by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 y.	1	1
David Stephenson's br. c. <i>George Walton</i> , by Crusher, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.	3	2
John J. Burton's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.	2	dist.
Time, 3:52—3:56.		

THURSDAY, March 14—Purse \$700, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. T. Watson's (T. J. Wells') ch. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Topgallant, 3 y.	1	
D. Stephenson's b. h. <i>Dick Beasley</i> , by Marion, dam unknown, 6 yrs.		dist.
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. <i>Charles Magic</i> , by Sir Charles, d. by Imp. Magic, 5 yrs.		dist.
Time, 5:59. Track heavy, and raining.		

FRIDAY, March 15—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Thos. Watson's (Thos. J. Wells') ch. c. <i>The Poney</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1	1
J. S. Garrison's b. h. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Ilippy by Paolet, 4 yrs.	2	2
J. J. Burton's gr. m. <i>Merino Ewe</i> , by Jerry, out of Blind Pantaloon, 5 yrs.		dist.
Time, 8:10—8:27. Track very heavy.		

SATURDAY, March 16—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Col. Thos. Watson's (Thos. J. Wells') gr. f. <i>Fandango</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade by Catton, 2 yrs.	1	1	1
J. J. Burton's ch. f. <i>Castanira</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.	2	2	dr
Time, 1:53—1:54.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietors' Plate, valued at \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Col. Thos. Watson's (Thos. J. Wells') b. f. <i>Exotic</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Refugee by Wanderer, 4 yrs.	2	1	1
D. Stephenson's ch. g. <i>Dick Beasley</i> , by Marion, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs.	3	3	2
J. J. Burton's b. f. <i>Galantha</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 3 yrs.	1	2	dist.
Time, 1:55—1:53—1:57. J. A. STUART, Cor. Sec'y.			

NEW ORLEANS, LA., ECLIPSE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, March 13, 1839—The *New Orleans Plate*, value \$700, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5 yr. olds and over to carry only 100 lbs. Two mile heats.

Minor Kenner's ch. h. <i>Richard of York</i> , by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs.	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. m. <i>Fanny Wright</i> , by Bertrand—Marcella by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs.	4	2
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. <i>Glorvina</i> , by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs.	3	3
Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. <i>Roderick Dhu</i> , by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs.	2	4
Hon. T. W. Chinn's (Dr. I. Smith's) b. h. <i>Arbaces</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Rosicrucian, 5 yrs.	5	dist.
Time, 3:49—3:46.		

Thursday's race was postponed on account of rain.

FRIDAY, March 15—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Y. N. Oliver's (James Shy's) ch. c. <i>Kavanagh</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Director, 4 yrs.	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. g. <i>Ben Morgan</i> , by Pacific, out of Anvilina Smith, 4 yrs.	2	2
Time, 6:27—6:21. Track very heavy.		

SATURDAY, March 16—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles—Maria West by Marion, 4 y.	2	1	1
Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. <i>Joshua Bell</i> , by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs.	1	2	dr
Time, 7:56—8:05. Track heavy.			

FOURTH DAY, March 17—Proprietor's Purse \$500, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's b. f. <i>Tellie Doe</i> , by Pacific, out of Matilda by Greytail, 3 yrs.	1	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Wren</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs.	2	2	2
Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. <i>Narcissa Parish</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.	3		dr
Time, 1:52—1:52—1:53.			

MONDAY, March 18—Proprietors' Purse \$700, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Minor Kenner's gr. c. <i>Greydoc</i> , by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	1	1
Thos. W. Chinn's ch. c. <i>Shreshley</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs.	2	2
Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. <i>Roderick Dhu</i> , by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs.	4	3
Y. N. Oliver's (James Shy's) ch. f. <i>Barbara Allen</i> , by Collier, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs.	3	dr
Time, 3:45—3:55.		

NEW ORLEANS, LA., LOUISIANA COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, March 20, 1839—Creole Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Thos. J. Wells' (J. Chambers') ch. c. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, damby Bertrand, 4 yrs.----- 1 1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. g. *Dandy*, by Candidate, out of Sally Harvey, 4 yrs.----- 2 2
Time, 1:49—1:51.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$250, ent. \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats.
Col. A. L. Bingham's gr. f. *Band Box*, by O'Kelly, out of Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 2 yrs 1 1
Minor Kenner's b. c. *Duke of Orleans*, by Moses, dam by Shylock, 3 yrs.----- 3 2
Win. J. Minor's b. c. Imp. *Glenara*, by Rowton, out of Nell Gwynn, 2 yrs.----- 2 3
Time, 1:51—1:51.

THURSDAY, March 21—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
Walker Thurston's ch. c. *Sthreshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs.----- 1 1
Minor Kenner's gr. f. *The Jewess*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.----- 3 2
Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific, out of Matilda by Greytail, 3 yrs.----- 2 dr
W. R. Barrow's (J. Boswell's) b. c. *Alexander Campbell*, by Collier, d. by Kosciusko, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 4:08—4:14.

FRIDAY, March 22—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs.----- walked over.
SAME DAY—Second Race—Trotting Sweepstakes under the saddle. Three subs. at \$300 each; to carry 145lbs. Two mile heats.

Mr. Chase's *Rolla*----- 1 1
Mr. Woodruff's *Rockit*----- 2 2
Mr. Kendig's *Pompeii*----- dist.
Time, 5:53—6:02.

SATURDAY, March 23—J. C. Purse \$2000, ent. \$200, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs.----- 1 1
Thos. J. Wells' b. c. *George Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lawrence, 4 yrs.----- dist.
John F. Miller's (James Shy's) b. c. *Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 4 yrs.----- dr.
Time, 7:57.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Pacing Match \$500, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Jack----- 1 1 1
Fan----- 2 2 2
Time, 2:47—2:46—2:41.

FIFTH DAY, March 24—The Louisiana Plate, value \$1000, free for all ages, 5 yr. olds and over, 100lbs.—4 yr. olds and under, their appropriate weights. Two mile heats.

Minor Kenner's b. h. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs.----- 1 1
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs.----- 3 2
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. m. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand—Marcella by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs.--- 2 3
Time, 3:46—3:44.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$600, free for all ages, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. J. Wells' (J. Chambers') ch. c. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.----- 1 1 1
Jas. S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs.----- 3 3 2
G. Arnoult's (Ira Smith's) ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc—Cherry Elliott, by Sumpter, 3 yrs 2 5 3
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. c. *Nick Biddle*, by Imp. Luzborough—sister to Piemust, 2 yrs 4 4 4
Mr. Marigny's ch. c. *Leesburgh*, by Red Rover, out of Tuckahoe, 5 yrs.----- 5 2 5
Time, 1:50—1:55—1:50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE.

TUESDAY, March 26, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs. at \$1000 each, ft. \$250. Two mile heats.

T. J. & M. Wells' ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia, 3 yrs.----- 1 1
Minor Kenner's gr. c. *Greydoc*, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 3 yrs.----- 2 2
James S. Garrison's b. c. *Altorf*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs.----- 4 3
James Shy's ch. f. *Curculia*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs.----- 3 4
Time, 3:44—3:47.

WEDNESDAY, March 27—Purse \$800, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100,—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. F. Miller's b. c. *Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 4 yrs.----- 3 3 1
Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs.----- 0 1 2 2
Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. *The Jewess*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 0 2 3 3
J. S. Garrison's b. c. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.----- 4 4 dist.
Time, 3:49—3:48—3:49—3:54.

THURSDAY, March 28—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
Wm. R. & B. H. Barrow's ch. c. *Josh Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs.----- 0 1 1
J. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Lubber*, by Maryland, Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs.----- 0 2
Time, 5:47—5:57—6:01.

FRIDAY, March 29—Match, \$2000 a-side, 140lbs. on each, Two mile heats.
Duncan F. Kenner's b. h. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs.----- 1 1
Thos. J. Wells' b. c. *George Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lawrence, 5 yrs.----- 2 2
Time, 4:25—4:32.

SATURDAY, March 30—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Seven subs. at \$500 each, \$150 forfeit. Mile heats.

Thomas J. Wells' gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade, by Catton.----- rec'd ft.
From the nominations of Messrs. Bingham, Farrar, Minor, Kenner, Barrow and Shy.

SIXTH DAY, March 31—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$60, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jas. S. Garrison's (Wm. J. Minor's) b. f. <i>Tellie Doe</i> , by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
Richard Adams' (Mr. Mershan's) b. c. <i>Troublesome</i> , by Industry, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2
Time, 1:58—1:54—1:54.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before. Mile heats.

John F. Miller's gr. f. <i>Band Box</i> , by O'Kelly, out of Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 2 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. <i>Lubber</i> , (pedigree above,) 4 yrs.....	2	2
M. & D. F. Kenner's b. c. <i>Duke of Orleans</i> , by Moses, dam by Shyllock, 3 yrs.....	4	3
Rich. Adams' (Mr. Mershan's) ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , by Marcellus, dam by Tuckahoe, 5 yrs.....	3	4
Time, 1:53—1:54.		

MONDAY, April 1—Proprietor's Purse \$1000, ent. \$100, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

M. & D. F. Kenner's b. h. <i>Richard of York</i> , (pedigree above,) 5 yrs.....	1	1
John F. Miller's (Jas. Shy's) ch. c. <i>Kavanagh</i> , " " 4 yrs.....	2	2
Jas. S. Garrison's bl. h. <i>Cippus</i> , by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs.....	3	3
Time, 5:50—5:52.		

TUESDAY, April 2—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, ent. \$200, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles—Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs.... walked over
The Poney was entered, but withdrawn on account of lameness.

The result, but not the placing, of the Second race on Wednesday, was received when the last sheet of the Calendar was printed, which will account for its not appearing in its place on the opposite page. It is now subjoined:—

WEDNESDAY, March 27—Second Race—Sweepstakes, Gentlemen Riders, 11 subs. at \$50 each, P. P. the Proprietors adding a piece of Plate valued at \$300. Free for all ages; to carry 140lbs. Two mile heats.

Thos. J. Wells' b. h. <i>George Elliott</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Lawrence, 5 y..	Owner.....	1	1
Mr. Kenner's br. h. <i>Richard of York</i> , by Star, dam by Shyllock, 5 yrs.....	Owner.....	2	2
Mr. Duplantier's b. g. <i>Ben Morgan</i> , by Pacific	Mr. Holland dist.		
Time, 4:25—4:32.			

LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, March 26, 1839—Subscription Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Col. R. H. Long's ch. h. <i>Big John</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. J. J. Burton's ch. f. <i>Miss Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Jackson & Lacy's ch. h. <i>William</i> , by Sir William, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs.....	dist.	
Big John carried 5lbs. extra, and won in a trot.		

WEDNESDAY, March 27—Proprietors' Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats

Col. R. H. Long's gr. h. <i>Rasp</i> , by Imp. Fyide, dam by Director, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. J. J. Burton's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 3:57½—4:04½.		

THURSDAY, March 28—Proprietors' Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Maj. John J. Burton's ch. f. <i>Castanira</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs....	1	1
Col. R. H. Long's b. f. <i>Mary Davis</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 1:55—1:57.		

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

WEDNESDAY, April 2, 1839—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Olway P. Hare's b. h. <i>Champagne</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1
F. J. Wilson's b. h. <i>Sligo</i> , by Timoleon, out of Clubfoot, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2
Time, 2:01—2:02—2:04—2:05. Track heavy and raining.			

THURSDAY, April 3—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Tom Walker</i> , by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's gr. f. by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 4:16—4:12. Track very heavy.		

FRIDAY, April 4—Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

F. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs.....	walked over
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MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.

WEDNESDAY, April 3, 1839—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

Head & Smith's ch. c. <i>Tishamingo</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Lilac's dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
B. M. Grissette's ch. f. <i>Gertrude</i> (formerly Lavinia), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	3	3	2
Lovell & Hammond's b. c. <i>Target</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Becky by Marquis, 4 yrs.....	1	2	3
Time, 3:50—3:55—4:05.			

THURSDAY, April 4—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's br. f. <i>Polly Green</i> , by Sir Charles—Polly Peachem by J. Richards, 4 yrs.....	1	1
B. M. Grissette's br. f. <i>Lizzy Diggs</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Robt. McComb's gr. f. <i>Miss Burton</i> , by Marion, dam by Carolinian, 3 yrs.....	dist	
Time, 6:01—6:02.		

FRIDAY, April 5—Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Lovell and Hammond's ch. c. *Gerou*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 8:00—8:11½.

SATURDAY, April 6—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Five subs. at \$250 each, h. ft., to which the proprietor adds the *Young Plate*, valued at \$1000. Two mile heats.
 G. Edmonson's (J.W. Palmer's) b. c. *Gano*, by Eclipse—Betsey Richards by Sir Archy. 1 1
 Wm. McCargo's ch. c. *Santa Ana*, by Bertrand, Jr., dam by Kosciusko. 3 2
 Iverson & Bonner's (Col. Smith's) b. f. *Frances Tyrrel*, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham. 2 3
 Time, 3:52—3:56.

NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, April 8, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; m's and g's allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Col. J. MacLeod's b. m. *Mistake*, by Eclipse, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs. 1
 David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan—Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs. bolt.
 Time, 4:23.

TUESDAY, April 9—Jockey Club Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 Col. MacLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough—Festival's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Col. Bryan's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs. 2 dist.
 Time, 1:55—2:08.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, weights as before. Sub. \$100 each. Mile heats.
 Col. Bryan's gr. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pitt. 1
 Col. MacLeod's ch. c. *Red Knight*, by Festival. dist.
 Time, 2:05.

WEDNESDAY, April 10—Handicap Purse \$100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Col. Bryan's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, (pedigree above), 5 yrs., 90lbs. 2 2 1 1 1
 Col. MacLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, 4 yrs., 97lbs. 1 1 2 2 dr
 Time, 2:13—2:03—2:10—2:10. THOS. J. EMERY, Sec'y.

BELFIELD, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, April 9, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$300 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Gen. M. T. Hawkins' ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Aggy-up by Timoleon. 1 1
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archie. 2 2
 C. Stith's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Shylock. 3 3
 Time, 1:56—1:57½

WEDNESDAY, April 10—Proprietors' Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 G. A. W. Newsom's b. f. *Fleta*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 4 yrs. * 1 1
 Townes & Williamson's ch. c. *Brooklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs 0 4 2
 H. Hartwell's ch. m. by Eclipse, out of Multiflora by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. * 6 3
 O. P. Hare's ch. c. *Whig*, by Andrew, dam by Arab, 4 yrs. * 5 4
 Dr. G. Goodwyn's (Col. J. Hinton's) br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs 0 2 5
 John P. White's b. c. *Little Beaver*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. * 3 dist.
 Thomas Ridley's gr. f. *Sally John*, by Andrew, dam by Winter's Arabian, 4 yrs. dist.
 E. P. Scott's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Director, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 3:54—3:58—3:54½. * Not placed.

THURSDAY, April 11—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Townes & Williamson's b. h. *Steel*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Dimont by Constitution, 5 yrs. 1 1
 John P. White's b. c. *Bernet*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 3 2
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (T. F. Jones') ch. c. *Cyrus*, by Marion, dam by Director, 4 yrs. 4 3
 E. B. Hicks' ch. h. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, out of Therese, by Arab, 5 yrs. 2 4
 Time, 6:23—5:58. Cyrus let down in last quarter of 2d heat.

FRIDAY, April 12—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, weights as on Tuesday. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (Merritt & Williamson's) br. c. by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards. 1 1
 H. Macklin's b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Buzzard. 4 2
 Townes & Williamson's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Polly Kennedy. 2 3
 J. D. Kirby's b. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Gohanna. 3 4
 Time, 1:59—1:56. Track very muddy from a heavy rain the night previous.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Club weights. Four subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. c. *Cashier*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles. 4 1 1
 John P. White's b. c. *Templar*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon. 3 4 2
 Townes & Williamson's b. f. *Gracey Lea*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir Archy. 2 3 3
 J. Macklin's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian. 1 2 dist.
 Time, 1:59—1:57—2:00. Won easy.

PETERSBURG, VA., NEWMARKET COURSE.

TUESDAY, April 16, 1839—Match \$10,000 aside, \$3000 forfeit. Two mile heats.
 John C. Rogers & Co.'s (E. J. Wilson's) br. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs., 100lbs. 1 1
 Col. W. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs., 118lbs. 2 2
 Time, 3:50—3:48. Track in fine order.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy.....	1	1
Nat. Raines' bl. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian.....	3	2
Capt. J. S. Corbin's (Mr. Ambler's) b. f. by Imp. Chat. Margaux—Multiflora by Sir Archy.....	2	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, April 17—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; m's and g's allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Rocker</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	4	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. h. <i>Willis</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2
Edw. J. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Tom Walker</i> , by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	5	3	3
Capt. J. S. Corbin's b. c. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	2	4	4
James Talley's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.	
S. W. Morgan's b. c. <i>Virginia Robinson</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Target's dam by Marquis, 4 yrs., lost her rider and was.....		dist.	

Time, 3:53—3:46—3:57.

THURSDAY, April 18—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's b. h. <i>Steel</i> , by Imp. Fyde, out of Dimont by Constitution, 5 y.	1	1
Edw. J. Wilson's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy-Cropper, by Ogle's Oscar, 5 y.	2	2
O. P. Hare's b. h. <i>Champagne</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	3	3
J. Talley's ch. f. <i>Betsy White</i> , by Goliath, out of the dam of Don Carlos by Sir Charles, 4 y.	4	dist.

Time, 8:08—8:02.

FRIDAY, April 19—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as on Tuesday. Thirteen subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

O. P. Hare's (Gen. M. T. Hawkin's) ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Aggy-up by Timoleon.....	1	1
Col. Johnson's (Geo. B. Carey's) ch. f. Mons. Tounson, out of Mary Blunt's dam by Alfred.....	2	2
Wm. Burton's b. c. by Imp. Trauby, out of Veto's dam by Tom Tough.....	3	dr

Time 1:55—2:00

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tounson out of Thistle by Oscar, aged.....	3	1	1
Wm. Burton's ch. m. <i>Julia Burton</i> , sister to Veto, (by Golianna, dam by Tom Tough) 5 y.	1	3	2
Edw. J. Wilson's b. h. <i>Shigo</i> , by Timoleon, out of Clubfoot, 5 yrs.....	2	4	3
O. P. Hare's gr. f. by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	4	2	4

Time, 3:56—4:01—3:54.

A. WHEBRY, Sec'y.

MACON, GA., CENTRAL COURSE.

TUESDAY, April 16, 1839—Post Sweepstake for 2 yr. olds. Three subs. at \$150 each, h. ft. Weights, 75lbs. on each.

Griffin Edmonson's b. f. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Bertrand.....	rec'd	ft.
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From the nominations of Messrs. Iverson & Bonner, and Jos. Lee.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weights as before; — subs. at \$10 each, with \$50 added by the Proprietors. Mile heats.

Mr. Yager's ch. f. <i>Fanny Bailey</i> , by Andrew, dam by Bertrand.....	3	1	1
Messrs. Head & Smith's br. f. <i>Charlotte Claiborne</i> , by Havoc, dam by Conqueror.....	2	2	2
G. B. Robertson's b. c. by Miner, dam by Collector.....	1	dist.	

Time, 1:55—2:01—2:09.

WEDNESDAY, April 17—Citizen's Plate, value \$300, ent. \$30, for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Two mile heats.

Messrs. Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Frances Tyrrel</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham.....	2	1	1
B. M. Grissette's ch. f. <i>Gertrude</i> (formerly Lavinia), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon.....	1	2	2
Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. <i>Bunkum</i> , by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin.....	3	dist.	
Ges. B. Robertson's b. c. by Imp. Fyde, dam by Gallatin.....		dist.	

Time, 3:50—3:55—4:01.

THURSDAY, April 18—Proprietors' Purse \$400, ent. \$25, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds 75lbs.—3, 90—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs. Three mile heats.

Col. J. J. Pittman's ch. c. <i>Charles Archie</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	1	1
B. M. Grissette's br. f. <i>Lizzy Diggs</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's br. f. <i>Polly Green</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 6:06—5:56.

FRIDAY, April 19—Proprietors' Purse \$700, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. <i>Gerow</i> , by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. J. J. Pittman's b. g. <i>Major Jones</i> , by Andrew, out of Empress by Duroc, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 8:03—8:15.

SATURDAY, April 20—Proprietors' Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Messrs. Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Frances Tyrrel</i> , pedigree above.....	4	3	1	2	1	1
G. Edmonson's ch. m. <i>Ajurrak Harrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.....	2	1	3	1	2	2
Col. J. J. Pittman's b. g. <i>Jim Kearney</i> , by Medley, out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs.....	1	4	2	3	3	dr
Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's b. c. <i>Target</i> , by Luzborough, d. by Marquis, 4 yrs.....	3	2	dr			
B. M. Grissette's ch. f. <i>Gertrude</i> (formerly Lavinia), pedigree above.....	dr					

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:57—1:57—1:55—2:00.

MARIANNA, FLORIDA.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 6, 1839—Citizen's Purse \$350, ent. \$30, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; m's and g's allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. J. J. Pittman's b. g. <i>Jim Kearney</i> , by Medley,—Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Frances Tyrrel</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Iverson & Bonner's b. h. <i>Prince Edward</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by —, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
Jno. Wilder's ch. h. <i>Juniper</i> , by Timoleon, dam by Herod, 6 yrs.....	4	dist.

Time, 3:57—3:55.

THURSDAY, Feb. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 Head & Smith's b. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan—Maria Shepherd, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Iverson & Bonner's br. c. *Lieut. Bassinger*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Randolph's Roanoke, 3 yrs 3 2
 Col. J. J. Pittman's ch. c. *Charles Archie*, by Sir Charles, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs. 2 3
 Crawford Sprowl's ch. h. *Henry Buster*, by Eclipse, out of Maid of Lodi, 4 yrs. dist
 Time, 3:56—3:58

FRIDAY, Feb. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$60, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. J. J. Pittman's b. g. *Major Jones*, by Andrew, out of Empress by Duroc, 4 yrs. walked over.
 SATURDAY, Feb. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Mile heats,
 best 3 in 5.

Col. J. J. Pittman's b. g. *Jim Kearney*, pedigree above. 1 1 1
 Messrs. Head & Smith's b. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Boaster, 3 y. 2 2 2
 Iverson & Bonner's br. c. *Lieut. Bassinger*, pedigree above. 3 3 3
 Jno. Wilder's ch. h. *Juniper*, " 4 4 dist.
 Time, 1:54—1:55—1:53.

BROAD ROCK, VA., FAIRFIELD COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, April 24, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Ten subs.
 at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

John Early's (N. Rives') ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles. 1 1
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Thaddeus. 2 2
 Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Goliah, out of the dam of Tobaccoist. dist

The following paid:—

John B. Chapman's b. c. by Goliah, out of the dam of John Lindsay.
 John M. Botts' b. c. by Tobaccoist, out of Mischief by Virginian.
 John S. Corbin's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Sir Archy.
 Wm. H. Taylor's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Miss Chance.
 O. P. Hare's (Dr. Henry Lewis's) c. by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem.
 Wm. R. Johnson's Tonson filly out of the dam of Mary Blunt.
 Isham Puckett's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Virginian.

Time, 1:53—1:56.

THURSDAY, April 25—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$300 each,
 \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Isham Puckett's ch. c. by Gohanna out of Guldare by Duroc. 2 1 1
 Thos. Doswell's b. c. by Pamunky* out of Eliza Horton. 1 2 2
 J. S. Corbin's b. c. by Imp. Tranby out of Buccaneer's dam. 3 3 dist.

Time, 1:54—1:55—2:02.

* In a report before us this Pamunky colt is described as a Tranby filly! And the "Richmond Whig" states that "the Pamunky filly was not in good condition!"

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 year olds carrying \$6lbs.—4, 100—5, 110
 —6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three subs. at \$200
 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

John P. White's (Mr. Smith's) br. h. *Jerome*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 5 y. 1 1
 John M. Botts' ch. m. *Mary Tyler*, by Gohanna, dam by Playon, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 3:58—4:02.

FRIDAY, April 26—Purse \$250, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. John Heth's b. h. *Balie Peyton*, by Andrew—Master Henry's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Wm. Burton's ch. m. *Julia Burton*, own sister to Veto, by Gohanna, d. by Tom Tough, 5 y. 3 2
 Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. m. *Mary Blunt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 6 yrs. 4 3
 John M. Botts' b. m. *Spindle*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 5 4
 John P. White's br. h. *John Lindsay*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, aged. 2 5
 Time, 3:54—3:45—the best 2 mile heat ever made on this course.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$170, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. *Tom Cringle*, by Carolinian, dam by Alfred, 6 yrs. 5 2 1 1
 James Williamson's b. f. *Grace Lee*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 4 1 4 2
 John T. Semple's ch. h. *Buck*, by Standard, dam by Contention, 5 yrs. 1 5 2 3
 W. L. White's ch. c. *John Hamden*, by Goliah, dam by Director, 4 yrs. 6 4 3 r.o
 James Talley's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 2 3 5 r.o
 G. P. Scruggs' b. h. by Mons. Tonson, out of Charlotte Temple. 3 dist.

Time, 3:50—3:51—3:56—4:00.

SATURDAY, April 27—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam
 by Balls' Florizel, 6 yrs. 1 1
 Col. John Heth's (Col. Jas. M. Selden's) ch. m. *Lady Clifden*, by Sussex, out of Betsey
 Wilson by Ratray, 6 yrs. 2 dr
 Townes & Williamson's ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs. 3 dr
 Time, 5:46, the best ever made on this course, which is 12 yards over a mile.

PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA.

WEDNESDAY, April 10, 1839—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies foaled in 1836, carrying feather
 weights. Twenty subs. at \$150 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Col. F. L. Claiborne's nomination) gr. c. *Ajax*, own br. to Mary
 Queen of Scotts, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet. 1 1
 John F. Miller's ch. f. *Fairly Fair*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Nancy Peters by Sir
 Peter Teazle. 2 2
 M. Schlatre's ch. f. *Lady Plaquemine*, by Little Red, dam by Imp. Eagle. 3 dist.
 C. H. Dickinson's (J. E. Robertson's nomination) b. c. *Live Oak*, by Imp. Luzborough,
 dam by Pacific. 4 dist.

Track heavy, and no time kept; won handily.

WEDNESDAY, April 17—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.
 Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs. 1 1
 John F. Miller's b. c. *Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 4 yrs. 3 2
 M. Kenner & Brothers' b. h. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs. 2 3
 Time, 5:48—5:50.

THURSDAY, April 18—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 Minor Kenner & Brothers' gr. c. *Greydoc*, by Medoc—Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 2 1 1
 Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. *Wren*, own sister to Linnet, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs. 1 2 dr
 Time, 3:48—3:56.

FRIDAY, April 19—Purse \$300, for Creole horses; for 2 yr. old colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Mile heats.
 C. H. Dickinson's b. c. *Live Oak*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacific, 2 yrs. 1 2 1
 M. Schlatre's ch. f. *Lady Plaquemine*, pedigree above, 2 yrs. 2 1 2
 R. Bell's bl. f. *Unknown*, by Van Buren, dam by Truxton, 2 yrs. 3 3 dist.
 Time, 1:52—1:55—2:00.

SATURDAY, April 20—Purse \$300, being the entrance money of the previous days; conditions as on Wednesday. Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Minor Kenner & Brothers' gr. c. *Greydoc*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. walked over.

NATCHEZ, MISS., PIARSALIA COURSE.

SATURDAY, April 20, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Nine subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Mile heats.
 Wm. J. Minor's b. c. *Glenara*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Imp. Nell Gwynn by Tramp. 1 1
 A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Tachechana by Bertrand. 2 2
 Time, 1:51—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, April 24—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$40, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Wm. J. Minor's Imp. bl. c. *Doncaster*, by Longwaist, dam by Muley 4 yrs. 1 1
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. *Band Box*, by O'Kelly, dam by Bertrand, 2 yrs. 2 2
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Lubber*, by Maryland Eclipse—Bumper's dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs. 3 3
 Time, 3:53—3:48.

THURSDAY, April 25—Pharsalia Plate, value \$300, and \$400 in money, ent. \$100, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs. 1 1
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, pedigree above, 2 yrs. 3 2
 Wm. J. Minor's gr. c. *Sir Ariss*, by Trumpator, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs. 2 3
 Time, 5:45—5:51.

FRIDAY, April 26—J. C. Purse \$1200, ent. \$120, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles—Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs. walked over.

SATURDAY, April 27—Proprietor's Purse \$450, ent. \$45, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Jas. S. Garrison's b. c. *Altorf*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 1 1 1
 Wm. J. Minor's Imp. bl. c. *Doncaster*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 3 2 2
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. *Ajaj*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 2 yrs. 2 3 3
 Time, 1:50—1:50—1:52.

SPRINGFIELD, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, April 23, 1839—Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.
 Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. br. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Richard H. Long's ch. h. *Big John*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 5:56—6:05.

WEDNESDAY, April 24—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 R. H. Long's (Col. J. S. Preston's) Imp. ch. c. *Sorrow*, by Defence—Tears by Woful, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Henry A. Tayloe's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Francis Inge's gr. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs. dist.
 John J. Burton's bl. f. *Black Rose*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 3:55—3:43.

THURSDAY, April 25—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 R. H. Long's ch. f. *Lorinda*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. walked over.

FRIDAY, April 26—Purse made up of the Entrance Money of the week, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 R. H. Long's gr. h. *Rasp*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Director, 5 yrs. walked over.
 DABNEY McGEHEE, Sec'y.

RALEIGH, N. C., STATE COURSE.

TUESDAY, April 30—Ladies' Purse \$300, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Wm. McCargo's b. c. *David Fylde*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Charles Carter's dam by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs. 1 1
 John P. White's b. c. *Little Beaver*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 2 2
 David McDaniel's ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs. 3 3
 Time, 3:55—4:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 David McDaniel's (Col. J. M. Bryan's) gr. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pitt, dam unknown..... 1 1
 Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Jackson, dam by Aristotle..... 3 2
 Robt. Cunningham's b. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Arab..... 2 3
 Time, 1:55—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, May 1—Proprietor's Purse \$400, entrance \$25, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

David McDaniel's (Col. J. M. Bryan's) b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins Jr., out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 John P. White's b. c. *Temple*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Walter L.* by Imp. Fyde, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Time, 5:58—6:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$250 aside, catch weights. Mile heats.

David McDaniel's (Robt. Bryant's) b. g., pedigree unknown..... 1 1
 W. H. Mead's ch. g. by Bonaparte, dam unknown..... 2 2
 Time, 1:55—2:02.

THURSDAY, May 2—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan—Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs. 1 1
 John P. White's b. c. *Burnett*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Sally Hope by Sir Archy 4 yrs. 2 2
 Wm. McCargo's b. m. *Molly Ward*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs. dist.
 Time, 8:07—8:30.

FRIDAY, May 3—Handicap Purse \$200, ent. \$15. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Walter L.*, pedigree above, 87lbs..... 1 1 1
 John P. White's b. c. *Little Beaver*, " 95lbs..... 2 3 2
 Thos. Rainey's ch. c. *Uncle Jonathan*, by Nullifier, dam by Virginus, 4 yrs..... 3 2 3
 Time, 1:55—1:55—1:56.

SATURDAY, May 4—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs., Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

R. B. Cunningham's bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Imp. Chance. 1 1
 Wm. McCargo's (Maj. N. T. Green's) b. c. *Bob Chapman*, by Imp. Whale, out of Duane's dam by Goodloe Washington..... 3 2
 David McDaniel's (Col. John M. Bryan's) ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Vashti's dam by Bullock's Mucklejohn..... 2 dist.
 Time, 1:53—1:54. Won cleverly.

NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. I., FIRST SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Thirteen subscribers at \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' Imp. b. f. *Sylphide*, by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian..... *Van Mater's Abram* 1 1
 James Bathgate's ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot—Highland Mary (own sister to Medoc) by Eclipse 2 2
 Robert Tillotson's ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Polly Jones by Sir Archy..... 3 dr
 Time, 1:53½—1:58.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Gibbons' br. c. *Mariner*, by Shark—Bonnetts o' Blue by Sir Charles. *Jos. Laird.* 0 2 1 1
 Robert L. Stevens' br. c. *Tamerlane*, by Shark, out of Celeste by Henry..... 0 1 2 dist.
 Time, 2:00½—1:53—2:01—1:57½.

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114 —6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowed 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's br. c. *Hornblower*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 4 yrs..... *Abram* 1 1
 James Bathgate's b. c. *Waterloo*, by Imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill, own sister to Eclipse, by Duroc, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 D. H. Branch's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, (the dam of Decatur and Tarquin,) by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 3 3
 Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 4 yrs... 4 dr
 Otway P. Hare's ch. f. *Caradori*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Aggy-up by Timoleon, 4 yrs... dist.
 Time, 3:46—3:51.

THURSDAY, May 9—Purse \$500, (provided four horses start, otherwise \$400,) weights as before. Three mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's bl. h. *Black Prince*, by Imp. Fyde—Fantail by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.... *Daniel* 1 1
 Daniel Abbott's gr. h. *Manalanop*, by Medley, dam by John Richards, 6 yrs..... 2 2
 Wm. Gibbons' bl. h. *Shadow*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, 5 yrs 4 3
 R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 6 yrs..... 3 *
 Time, 5:50—5:52. * Bergen broke down.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Club weights. Eight subs. at \$300 each, ft. \$100. Mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' b. c. *Saladin*, by Imp. Richard—sister to Celeste by Henry... *Abram.* 1 1
 H. Wilkes' ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda, the dam of Dr. Syntax, by Sir Archy 2 bolt.
 Time, 2:01—2:12.

FRIDAY, May 10—Purse \$1000, (if four horses start, otherwise \$800;) weights as before, Four mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. h. *Willis*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 5 yrs.... *Daniel.* 1 1
 Capt. R. F. Stockton's Imp. br. h. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules, by Wanderer, 6 yrs..... 2 2
 S. Laird's (Sam'l M. Neill's) ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich (Tarquin and Suffolk's dam,) by Eclipse, 6 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Time, 7:47—8:02. 1st head won by a head.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match \$300 aside, Clubs weights, Mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. <i>Tornado</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.....	Van Mater's Abram	1	1
Wm. Gibbons' b. c. <i>Saracen</i> , by Eclipse—Sally Slouch (own sister to Star), by Virginian, 4 y.		2	2
Time, 1:53½—1:54½.			

SAME DAY—Third Race—Handicap Sweepstakes for all ages. Three subs. at \$— each. One mile.

Daniel Abbott's ch. m. <i>Shepherdess</i> , by Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge, aged, 120lbs....	1	
John McComb's b. h. <i>Independence</i> , by Andrew, dam unknown, 5 yrs. 114lbs.....	2	
E. Leary's b. h. <i>Blazing Star</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 114lbs.....	pd.ft	
Time, 1:53.		

SAME DAY—Match \$1000 aside, h. ft., with 3 yr. olds. Mile heats.

Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' Imp. b. f. *Sylphide*, pedigree above, received ft. from Mr. Robt. Tillotson's fillies by Imp. Barefoot and Gohanna.

NEW YORK, BEACON COURSE, N. J., FIRST SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1839—Sweepstakes, free for all ages that never won a purse, 3 yr. olds carrying 90bs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, Play or Pay. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's gr. f. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	Reuben	1	1
John Van Siclen's ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Lady Richmond by Eagle, 4 yrs.....		2	2
J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Prospect</i> , by Mon'th Eclipse—Matchless by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs. dist.			
Time, 1:50—1:52.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$500 aside, h. ft., weights for age. Two mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. <i>Tornado</i> , by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	Van Mater's Abram	1	1
Otway P. Hare's b. h. <i>Champagne</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....		2	2
Time, 3:57—3:50.			

THURSDAY, May 16—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Trenton</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, d. by Tuckahoe, 4 y..	Abram.	2	1	1
D. H. Branch's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. h. <i>Suffolk</i> , by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs		1	2	3
Time, 3:48½—3:51—3:59.				

FRIDAY, May 17—Purse \$500, free for all ages, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's br. h. <i>Hornblower</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards.....	Abram	1	1
D. H. Branch's ch. m. by Sussex, out of the dam of Ann Page by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs.....		2	dr
Time, 5:52. No contest.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. h. <i>The Duke</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 6 yrs.....	John Haggerty	1	1
Daniel Abbot's ch. m. <i>Shepherdess</i> , by Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge, aged.....		2	2
D. H. Branch's b. m. <i>Jane Roulett</i> , by Nullifier, out of Jemima by Rattler, 5 yrs.....		3	dist.
Time, 1:51—1:51½.			

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match \$400 aside, weights for age, One mile.

E. Leary's b. h. <i>Blazing Star</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	Ed. Vanterhoff	1	
Willett McComb's ch. h. <i>Independence</i> , by Andrew, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....		2	
Time, 1:58½.			

WASHINGTON, D. C., NATIONAL COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.. Four subs. at \$1000 each, 200 ft. Mile heats.

James Long's ch. c. <i>Olympius</i> , by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla Junior by Sir Archy.....		1	1
Wm. H. Tayloe's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Mischance by Imp. Chance.....		2	2
Time, 1:52—1:57.			

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Purse \$500, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs.....		1	1
Gen. Geo. Gibson's (Mr. Burch's) b. c. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlborough by Rob Roy, 4 yrs.....		2	2
Dr. Crawford's b. c. <i>Sempronius</i> , by Zinganee, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.....		4	3
J. B. Kendall's b. c. <i>Sufferer</i> , by Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....		3	4
Time, 5:47—5:48½.			

THURSDAY, May 9—J. C. Purse \$800, ent. \$30, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown, dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs.....		1	1
Edw. J. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Tom Walker</i> , by Marylander—Jemima Wilkinson by Rattler, 5 yrs		2	2
Hon. Danl. Jenifer's bl. c. <i>Black Knight</i> , by Emigrant, dam by Multum-in-parvo.....		3	3
G. B. Harris's b. c. <i>Reliance</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Culpeper by Carolinian, 3 yrs		dist.	
Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's bl. c. <i>Sam Brown</i> , by Sussex—Cippus' dam by Mark Anthony, 4 yrs.		dist.	
Time, 7:53—8:06.			

FRIDAY, May 10—Ladies' Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's ch. c. <i>Antipater</i> , by Tychicus, out of Club Foot by Napoleon, 4 yrs.		1	1
Wm. H. Tayloe's b. c. <i>Thomas Haskins</i> , by Imp. Autocrat—Minerva by Tom Tough, 4 yrs		4	2
Gen. Geo. Gibson's b. m. <i>Duchess of Carlisle</i> , by Oscar Jr., dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....		5	3
J. Queen's ch. m. <i>Ann Rose</i> , by Eclipse, out of Black Maria by Arab.....		3	4
R. J. Worthington's b. f. <i>Nancy Bond</i> , by Sussex, out of Trippet by Mars, 4 yrs.....		6	5
Dr. Duvall's ch. c. by Sussex, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs.....		2	dist.
Mr. Stewart's b. h. by Sir Charles, dam by Red Eye, 6 yrs.....		dist.	
Time, 3:50—3:54.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's b. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Laura by Rob Roy.....	1	1
Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. <i>Fanny Selden</i> , by the Duke of Orleans, out of Glorvina's dam by Bay Richmond.....	2	dr

Time, 1:54

FAIRFIELD, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Mile heats.

Messrs. White & Corbin's Imp. b. c. <i>Passenger</i> , by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus.....	4	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. c. <i>Norfolk</i> , by Imp. Fyde—Polly Peachem by John Richards.....	1	2	2
John B. Chapman's b. c. <i>Winfield Scott</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles.....	2	3	dr
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles.....	3	dist.	

Time, 1:50½—1:51—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$150 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. W. L. White's b. c. <i>William R.</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Alfred.....	1	0	1
J. M. Botts' b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles.....	4	3	2
D. McDaniel's b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon.....	2	0	3
J. S. Corbin's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Carolinian.....	3	4	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:56½—1:59.

THURSDAY, May 9—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

John P. White's (S. W. Morgan's) b. f. <i>Virginia Robinson</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 4 yrs.....	1	4	1
John S. Corbin's b. c. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	4	1	0
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Capt. Burton's) ch. m. <i>Julia Burton</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.....	5	3	0
Williamson & Townes' ch. c. <i>Brooklesby</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	6	5	4
Wm. McCargo's (James Tally's) ch. f. <i>Betsey White</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 y.....	3	6	5
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. f. <i>Emily Booker</i> , by Standard, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	2	2	dr

Time, 3:50—3:53—3:49. Track rather heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Subscription 100 bushels of wheat.

Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Florizel.....	1	1
Thos. Doswell's b. c. by Pamunky.....	2	2

Time, 2:03—2:06.

FRIDAY, May 10—J. C. Purse \$500, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. John Heth's b. h. <i>Balie Peyton</i> , by Andrew, dam by Eclipse. 5 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Rocker</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	2	2
J. M. Botts' b. m. <i>Spindle</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.....	dist.	
John S. Corbin's ch. h. <i>Marshall</i> , by Timoleon, dam by Thunderclap, aged.....	dist.	
Wm. McCargo's (Jas. Tally's) ch. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 8:03—8:19.

BALTIMORE, Md., KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 14, 1839—Produce Stake for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seventeen subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (Col. Wade Hampton's) br. f. <i>Kate Seaton</i> , by Argyle, out of Pocahontas by Sir Archy.....	Craig	1	1
R. D. Shepherd's Imp. b. c. by Priam, out of Imp. Moss-Rose by Tramp.....	4	2	
Gov. S. Sprigg's gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Atalanta's dam by Rattler.....	2	3	
Isham Puckett's ch. c. by Gohanna, out of Guldare by Henry.....	3	4	

Time, 1:52—1:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match \$500 aside, Club weights. Two mile heats.

James B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Master Henry</i> , by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	Bob	1	1
Wm. H. Blackistoe's b. m. <i>Betsey Medley</i> , by Medley—Alley Croaker by Telegraph, 5 yrs.....	2	2	

Time, 3:51—3:57.

WEDNESDAY, May 15—Purse \$1000, of which \$300 goes to 2d horse in last heat; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. f. <i>Vashti</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs.....	Archer	3	1	1
Williamson & Townes' b. h. <i>Steel</i> , by Imp. Fyde, out of Dimont (the dam of Sally Eubank) by Constitution, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2	
Ed. J. Wilson's (C. Hatcher's) br. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs.....	1	3	dr	

Time, 7:53—7:46—8:19.

THURSDAY, May 16—Purse \$500, of which \$100 goes to 2d best horse; weights as before. Three mile heats.

James B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Master Henry</i> , by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	Elijah	5	3	1	1
Joseph N. Burch's b. c. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro' by Rattler, 4 yrs.....	1	2	3	2	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged.....	2	1	2	3	
D. McDaniel's (Col. Bryan's) b. g. <i>Sam Johnson</i> , by Giles Scroggins, Jr., out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.			
C. S. W. Dorsey's b. c. <i>Hoosier</i> , by Critic, out of Ann Page's dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.			

Time, 5:47½—5:40—5:56—6:01.

FRIDAY, May 17—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent \$10, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Geo. Forbes' (B. G. Harris's) b. c. <i>Reliance</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Cuiper by Carolinian, 4 yrs.	Charles	6	3	1	1
Col. Johnson's (Capt. W. Burton's) ch. m. <i>Julia Barton</i> , by Gohanna, out of Veto's dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.		4	1	2	2
W. H. Blakistoe's b. m. <i>Letsey Medley</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.		3	4	3	r.o.
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Henry A. Wise</i> , by Dick Dashall, out of the dam of Robin Hood by Hickory, 5 yrs.		1	2	dist.	
J. N. Burch's b. m. <i>Duchess of Cortisla</i> , by Oscar, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.		2	5	dr.	
Dr. G. L. Stockett's br. c. <i>Robin Brown</i> , by Sussex, out of the dam of Cippus by Mark Anthony, 4 yrs.		5	dist.		
Col. J. M. Selden's b. f. by Sussex, out of the dam of Red Rat by Sir Hal, 4 yrs.		dist.			

Time, 3:50½—3:49—3:46½—3:52.

SAME DAY—Second race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Four subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's b. c. by Imp. Autocrat—Peggy White by Syphax, an Arabian..	1	1
Dr. G. L. Stockett's b. f. by The Duke of Orleans—the dam of Mary Seiden by Richmond.	3	2
Dr. G. Goodwyn's b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Timoleon.	2	3

Time, 2:12—1:52.

SATURDAY, May 18—Handicap Purse \$100, ent. \$25, added; free for all ages. Mile heats.

J. Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-Luck, aged, 107lbs.	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's (Mr. Duval's) b. g. <i>Sea Horse</i> , by Rattler, dam by Topgallant, aged, 100lbs	3	3
H. C. Kendall's (H. Shepherd's) <i>Louisa Lee</i> , by Medley, dam by Telegraph, 5 yrs., 100lbs.	2	3

Time, 1:54—1:50.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

SATURDAY, April 12, 1833—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 76lbs.—4, 69—5, 100—6, 103—7 and upwards, 114lbs.; mares and geldings being allowed 3lbs. Sub. \$100 each. One mile.

David Randon's (Gen. T. J. Green's) ch. g. <i>Coloradian</i> , by Wonder, dam by Fearnought, 3 yrs	1	
Shelby Smith's br. c. <i>Milam</i> , by Dungannon, out of Grecian Princess (own sister to Tiger) by Whip 4 yrs.		2
D. J. Mitchell's b. h. by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs.		3

Time, 1:56.

WEDNESDAY, April 17—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent. \$25, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

David Randon's (Gen. T. J. Green's) ch. g. <i>Coloradian</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	1	1
S. Smith's b. h. <i>Milam</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	2	2

Time, 3:55—4:03.

SAME DAY—Second Race—A Sweepstakes, sub. \$50 each, One mile.

F. S. Caful's <i>Black Alfred</i> , pedigree and age omitted.	1	
Col. J. Cook's <i>Jack Downing</i> , “ “ “	2	
Col. Hall's <i>Old Ball</i> , “ “ “	3	
Col. Smith's <i>Sancho</i> , “ “ “	4	

Time, 1:53.

THURSDAY, April 18—J. C. Purse \$600, ent. \$75, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Jno. Floyd's (John Fawcett's) b. m. <i>Charlotte Hill</i> , by Hephsestion, dam by Cook's Whip, 6 y	1	1
David Randon's ch. c. <i>Sam</i> , by Kosciusko, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs.	2	2
S. Smith's ch. f. <i>Miss Labella Combs</i> , by Andrew, dam by Director, - yrs.		dist.

Time, 6:04—6:08.

FRIDAY, April 19—J. C. Purse \$1000, ent. \$100, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

David Randon's (Gen. Green's) b. f. <i>Star of the West</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.	1	1
S. Smith's b. c. <i>Warwick</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.	2	dr
Hall & Tompkins' br. g. <i>Cooper</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.		dist.

Time, 8:10.

SATURDAY, April 20—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

David Randon's (Gen. Green's) ch. c. <i>Coloradian</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	2	2	1	1	1
H. M. Pettie's (John Fawcett's) br. m. <i>Charlotte Hill</i> , “ “ 6 yrs.	3	3	3	2	2
Floyd & Watson's b. f. <i>Juliet Waller</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.	1	1	2	dr	

Time, 1:57—1:53—1:53—1:59—2:00.

G. W. ADAMS, Sec'y.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.

MONDAY, April 15—Match \$150, catch weights. One mile.

James Pryor's ch. c. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 4 yrs.	1	
Armstead Dogget's ch. h. <i>Tiptop</i> .		2

Time, 1:50.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1839—Purse \$100, for 3 yr. olds, colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Mile heats.

H. Waller's (John McNiel's) b. f. by Bertrand, dam by St. Tammany (full sister to Independence)	1	1
Capt. J. S. Burnham's (A. Allan's) gr. f. <i>Polly Peachem</i> , by White's Gohanna, dam by Democrat	2	dist.
James Pryor's ch. f. <i>Flora Hunter</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Duroc	3	dist.
A. Burch's ch. c. <i>Chifney</i> , by Light-House, dam by Randolph		dist.

Time, 2:01—2:00. * *Flora's* pedigree is uncertain.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying \$6lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

H. Waller's ch. c. <i>Joe Gales</i> , by Marlboro', out of Young Duchess of Marlboro', 4 yrs.	1	
Minor William's ch. m. <i>Polly Hopkins</i> , by Rappahanock, dam by Bertrand, 6 yrs.		dist

Time, 6:05.

THURSDAY, May 23—Purse \$100, conditions as before Two mile heats.

H. Walter's gr. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippoo Saib, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. Palmer's jno. J. Van Mater's br. f. <i>Miss Star</i> , by Star, dam by Walnut, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Jas. Pryor's ch. c. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	3
Minor William's b. h. <i>Big Archy</i> , by Sidi Hamet, dam by Plenipo, 5 yrs.....	4	4

Time, (by the timers,) 3:59—3:59 (by an amateur,) 3:55—3:55.

FRIDAY, May 24—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. Palmer's b. m. <i>Vanity</i> , by Traveller, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	2	3	2	1	1	1				
H. Waller's bl. c. <i>Capt. White Eye</i> , by Chifney, dam by Sumpter, 4 y.....	4	1	1	3	3	2				
Joseph Work's b. h. <i>Behemoth</i> , by Behemoth, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	1	2	3	2	2	dist.				
Thos. D. Roper's br. m. <i>Sally Burns</i> , by Robert Burns, dam unknown, 5 yrs	2	4	dist.							
James Pryor's b. f. <i>Unity</i> , by Pelham, dam by Imp. Arab, 4 yrs.....	5	5	dr.							
John G. Harley's b. m. <i>Lady York</i> , by Imp. Commodore, dam by Consul, 5 yrs	dist.									
Minor William's b. h. <i>Big Archy</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	dr.									
Time, 1:53—1:53—1:57 2:03—2:05—2:00.										

Time, 1:53—1:53—1:57 2:02—2:05—2:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Stallion Stake. Subscription \$200 each. Mile heats.

James Pryor's ch. f. <i>Flora Hunter</i> , pedigree above.....	1
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Other subscribers not mentioned.

Time, 2:04½.

WM. M. ANDERSON, Sec'y.

ST. FRANCISVILLE, LOUISIANA.

WEDNESDAY, April 24, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Walker Thurston's ch. c. <i>Sthresley</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs.....	0	1	1
Wm. R. Barrow's gr. c. <i>Capt. Laurent</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, 2 yrs.....	0	2	dr
Dr. Ira Smith's b. c. <i>Sam Bell</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Old Medley, 2 yrs.....	3	dist.	

Time, 3:54—3:54.

THURSDAY, April 25—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

D. F. Kenner's gr. c. <i>Greydoc</i> , by Medoc, out of Fanny Grey by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Ira Smith's ch. f. <i>West Feliciana</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 2 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 6:12—6:30.

FRIDAY, April 26—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

James Shy's b. c. <i>Kavanagh</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Maj. Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. <i>Josh Bell</i> , by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dr

Time, 8:04—8:16.

SATURDAY, April 27—Proprietor's Purse \$550, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

D. F. Kenner's gr. c. <i>Greydoc</i> , pedigree above.....	walked over.
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GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, April 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

James K. Duke's ch. f. by Medoc, out of the dam of Rodolph by Haxall's Moses.....	3	1	1
Jas. Clinton's ch. c. <i>Halo</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Tuckahoe.....	4	4	2
Garland Webb's b. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Old Whip.....	1	2	3
Capt. Robt. Burbridge's gr. c. <i>Wm. Southgate</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Whipster.....	2	3	0
James Hutchinson's b. c. by Medoc, out of Water Witch by Bertrand.....	5	dist.	
Roper & McIntosh's gr. c. <i>Emigrant</i> , by Cadet, dam by Imp. Contract.....	6	dist.	

Time, 1:52—1:54—1:58.

FRIDAY, April 26—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Capt. Willa Viley's ch. h. by Woodpecker, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	8	1	1
S. Burbridge's ch. m. <i>Eliza Henry</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	7	2	2
Jos. Clinton's br. c. <i>The Captain</i> , by Archie Montorio—Ophelia by Wild Medley, 3 yrs	5	4	3
Dr. W. W. Webb's b. h. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 5 yrs.....	4	5	4
Thos. Lynch Downing's ch. f. <i>Modesty</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hephsestion, 4 yrs.....	1	8	dist.
James E. Hutchinson's b. h. <i>Austin</i> , by Buck Elk, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs.....	3	3	dist.
Roper & McIntosh's b. h. <i>Anvil</i> , by Contract, dam by Eclipse, aged.....	6	6	dist.
Capt. Robt. Burbridge's b. m. <i>Amanda</i> , by Plato, dam by Whipster, 5 yrs.....	2	7	dr

Time, 3:58—3:51—3:53.

SATURDAY, April 27—Purse \$250, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Capt. Willa Viley's b. m. <i>West Florida</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs.....	1	3	4	1
Joseph Clinton's ch. c. by Collier, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2	2
Capt. Robt. Burbridge's gr. c. by Singleton, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	4	2	1	3
Charles Webb's b. f. <i>Margaret Carter</i> , by Medoc, dam by Old Whip, 4 yrs.....	3	4	3	dr
James Ford's b. h. <i>Swindling Bill</i> , by Brunswick, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	5	dr		

Time, 3:51½—3:46—3:53—3:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—For a fine Saddle, Mile heats.

Robert P. Snell's b. f. <i>Big Ellen</i> , by Medoc, dam by Old Whip.....	1	1
Robert Burbridge's br. c. by Cherokee, dam by William.....	2	2

Time of 1st heat not kept—2d, 1:54.

COLUMBUS, GA., WESTERN COURSE.

TUESDAY, 30th April, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, May, 1839. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by old Gallatin, 2 yrs., 72lbs.....	1	1
Col. John Woolfolk's gr. f. <i>Picolata</i> , by Andrew, dam by Pacolet, 2 yrs., 72lbs.....	2	2

The nominations of Gen. White and M. W. Thweatt..... pd. ft.

Time, 1:52—2:09. Won in a canter.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 123lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.
 Head & Smith's ch. c. *Capt. McLeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Boaster, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 M. W. Thweatt's (Col. Jones') ch. c. *Hafed*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Meander, 3 yrs..... 3 2
 B. M. Grissett's ch. f. *Gertrude*, (formerly Lavina.) by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Napoleon, 3 y 4 3
 Iverson & Bonner's br. c. *Major Dade*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs..... 2 4
 Time, 1:50—1:51.

WEDNESDAY, May 1—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Four subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Col. John Woolfolk's ch. c. *Cusseta Chief*, by Andrew, dam by Wildair..... 1 1
 Gen. Abercrombie's (Col. Benton's) b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Shawnee..... 3 2
 Dr. Robt. W. Carnes' ch. c. *Nihil*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin..... 2 3
 Time, 1:50—1:54. Won easily.

SAME DAY—Second race—I. C. Purse \$400, conditions as on Tuesday. Two mile heats.
 Mr. Owen Thomas's ch. c. *Attakapas*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Head & Smith's ch. c. *Tishmingo*, by Imp. Leviathan—Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, 4 y 2 2
 Dr. Robt. Williams' ch. c. *Wire Grass*, by Pulaski, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs..... 3 3
 Col. John Woolfolk's ch. c. *Jim Boy*, by Mons. Tonson—Gerow's dam by Eclipse, 2 yrs 4 dist.
 Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. *Fanny Bailey*, by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 2 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 3:46—3:52.

THURSDAY, May 2—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Lovell & Hammond's b. f. *Polly Green*, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Benj. M. Grissett's bl. f. *Lazy Diggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs..... 3 2
 Head & Smith's b. f. *Frances Tyrel*, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs..... 2 3
 Time, 5:46—5:48.

FRIDAY, May 3—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Iverson & Bonner's br. c. *Lieut. Bassinger*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Roanoke, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Griffin Edmonson's (Col. Pittman's) ch. c. *Charles Archy*, by Sir Charles, d. by Eclipse, 4 y 3 3
 Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 2 r.o.
 Time, 8:05—8:02.

SATURDAY, May 4—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Head & Smith's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 1 1
 Griffin Edmonson's ch. m. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs..... 3 3 2
 M. W. Thweatt's (Col. Jones) ch. c. *Hafed*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Time, 1:49—1:48—1:50.

M. W. THWEATT, Cor. Sec'y.

TREE HILL, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, April 30, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, the get of Imp. Tranby, Chateau Margaux, and Wale, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Forty-one subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Isham Puckett's (R. M. Royster's) b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Charles by Sir Charles..... 2 1 1
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (W. H. E. Merritt's) br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Caladonia by Sir Charles..... 1 2 2
 Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna..... 3 3 3
 Thos. Doswell's b. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Rowland..... 5 dist.
 Col. Wm. Wynn's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy..... 4 dr
 Time, 1:56—1:54—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, May 1—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Col. Wm. L. White's b. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Alfred..... 3 1 1
 John D. Kirby's br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid, by Whisker..... 1 2 2
 Jas. Talley's br. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles..... 2 dist.
 John M. Bott's (Mr. Dabney's) br. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles..... dist.
 Ed. C. Mayo, John Alcock, and Thos. B. Wall..... pd. ft.
 Time, 1:56—1:56½—2:15.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$10, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Williamson & Townes' ch. c. *Brooklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs 1 3 1
 John P. White's br. c. *Jerome*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 1 2 2
 John M. Bott's b. m. *Spindle*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs..... * 3 3
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. h. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs..... 3 * 0
 Jas. Talley's gr. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs..... * * 0
 Thos. Doswell's b. m. by Standard, dam by Contention, 4 yrs..... * 2 dr
 Time, 4:04—4:00—3:56½. * Not placed.

THURSDAY, May 2—Proprietor's Purse \$100, with \$20 added; conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 Capt. John S. Corbin's b. h. *Bardit*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs..... 1 4 1
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (S. M. Morgan's) b. f. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs..... 4 1 2
 John P. White's gr. h. *Bendigo*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 5 2 3
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Gracchus*, by Sir Lovel, out of Eleanor by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 2 3 dist.
 John M. Lochrane's ch. c. *Hard Times*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Carolinian, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 4:00—3:56—3:55.

FRIDAY, May 3—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Williamson & Townes' b. h. *Steel*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Dimont (the dam of Sally Eubank) by Constitution, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 Wm. L. White's ch. c. *John Hampden*, by Goliah, dam by Director, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 John P. White's (Gen. Harvie's) *John Linlsey*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, aged..... 3 3
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. h. Mons. Tonson, dam by Contention, 4 yrs..... 4 4
 Time, 8:15—8:25. Track in good order.

By THE SECRETARY OF THE CLUB.

GREENSBORO', ALA., HENRY COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

L. Coch's gr. c. *Huntsman*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet..... rec'd ft.
From nominations by H. A. Tayloe, Albert Jackson, and Dr. Wm. A. Leland.

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—1, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 2lbs. Two mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab, 4 yrs..... 2 0 1
R. H. Long's ch. f. *Lorinda*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 5 yrs..... 1 0 dr
Robert Beverley, Jr.'s (L. Coch's) br. m. *Maria Miller*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 5 yrs..... bolt.

Time, 3:54½—4:02.

THURSDAY, May 9—J. C. Purse \$800, ent. \$50, conditions as before. Four mile heats
H. A. Tayloe's Imp. br. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs..... 1 1
R. H. Long's gr. h. *Rasp*, by Imp. Fyde, dam by Director, 5 yrs..... 2 dr

Time, 8:27. Won very easy.

FRIDAY, May 10—J. C. Purse \$400, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
R. H. Long's (Col. J. S. Preston's) Imp. ch. c. *Sorrow*, by Defence—Tears by Woful, 4 y. 1 1
Henry A. Tayloe's b. h. *Rhinado*, by Wild Bill, dam by Imp. Ditch, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 6:01—6:08. Won easily.

SATURDAY, May 11—Jockey Club Purse \$150, ent. \$10, added; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jno. R. Head's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Boaster, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
Henry A. Tayloe's b. f. *Alabama*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lucy Gwyn by Sir Charles, 4 y 3 3 2
R. H. Long's Imp. ch. f. *Likeness*, by Sir Peter Lely, out of Worthless by Walton, 5 yrs. 2 2 3

Time, 2:03—2:03½—2:11.

Likeness cast her plates in the 1st heat. Track heavy and slippery from rain.

HENRY A. TAYLOE, Sec'y.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., BEECHLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Ladies' Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Dr. S. F. Gano's (T. J. Robinson's) b. c. *Burleigh*, by Archy Montorio, out of Mary Lee by Contention, 3 yrs..... 1 1
J. M. Morton's (W. S. Buford's) b. f. *Mary Morris*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs..... 2 2
R. P. Snell's (C. Webb's) b. f. *Margaret Carter*, by Medoc, out of Lady Whip by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... 4 3
H. Waller's ch. c. *Joe Cales*, by Marlborough, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
I. H. Oliver's ch. c. by Sussex, out of Sparrow-hawk's dam, 4 yrs..... dist.
O. H. Davis's b. c. *Echo*, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Dutiful by Sumpter, 3 yrs..... dist.
Maj. Thos. Marshall's (T. J. Young's) b. c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Cherokees by Cherokee, 3 yrs..... dist.

Time, 3:59—3:55.

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Citizen's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Marshall's (T. J. Young's) ch. m. *Mary Porter*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Printer, 5 yrs..... 1 1
J. M. Morton's (W. S. Buford's) b. f. *Bayadere*, by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs..... 3 2
J. C. Mason's b. c. *Dilworth*, by Lance, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs..... 7 3
I. H. Oliver's b. m. *Mary Lyle*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs..... 2 4
W. H. Peck's (Wm. Palmer's) ch. f. *Lady Rackett*, by Orphan, dam unknown, 4 yrs..... 4 dist.
H. Waller's (G. Coffey's) bl. c. *Ocea*, by Cherokee, dam by Diomedes, 4 yrs..... 5 dist.
R. A. Caldwell's gr. c. by Cherokee, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... 6 dist.
A. Dorgett's ch. h. *Regulus*, by Regulus, dam by Cedar, aged..... 8 dr
R. P. Snell's (J. E. Hutchinson's) b. c. by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs..... 9 dr
Arthur Fox's ch. g. *Copperas*, by Moccasin, dam by Cedar, aged..... dr*

Time, 1:56—1:55. * His rider, Andrew Glover, ruled off.

THURSDAY, May 9—Proprietor's Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

J. M. Morton's (Capt. R. Mosby's) b. c. *Charlie Naylor*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Willia Viley's (Capt. R. Mosby's) ch. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs..... 2 2
R. P. Snell's b. h. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 5 yrs..... 3 dist.
Dr. S. F. Gano's b. c. *The Captain*, by Archy Montorio—Ophelia by Wild Medley, 3 yrs. 4 bolt.
J. C. Mason's ro. g. *Blue Jim*, by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 5 yrs..... dist.

Time, 5:56—5:53.

FRIDAY, May 10—Jockey Club Purse \$650, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Willia Viley's (Capt. R. Mosby's) b. c. *Ralph*, by Woodpecker, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs. 1 1
Dr. S. F. Gano's ch. c. by Collier, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs..... 2 2
J. C. Mason's ro. g. *Blue Jim*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 3 dist.
I. H. Oliver's ch. h. *Genito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 6 yrs..... *
Maj. Thomas Marshall's (T. J. Young's) b. f. *Maria Smith*, by Jim Cropper, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs..... dist.

Time, 8:11—8:07. * Broke down.

SATURDAY, May 11—Proprietor's Purse \$100, entrance money added, free for any horse which has never won a heat. Weights as before, Mile heats.

R. P. Snell's b. f. *Margaret Carter*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1
J. C. Mason's ch. c. *Dilworth*, " 4 yrs..... 4 2
T. J. Thomas's ch. g. *Copperas*, " aged..... 2 dist.
Col. M. Key's b. h. *Montorio*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs..... 3 dist.
W. J. Stratton's (J. E. Hutchinson's) b. c. pedigree above..... 5 dist.
Maj. Thos. Marshall's (R. Jordan's) b. c. *George Burbridge*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Monsieur Tonson, 3 yrs..... dist.

Time, 1:53—1:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

James Simpson's b. f. by Collier, dam by Gallatin.....	1	1
Jas. K. Duke's b. g. by Singleton, out of Rushleigh's dam by Saxe Weimar.....	2	dist.
Win. Buford, Jr.'s b. f. by Medoc.....		pd. ft.

Time, 1:52—1:51.

The track is 27 yards over a mile

R. H. STANTON, Sec'y.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

A. J. Donelson's ch. c. by Mambrino, dam by Thornton's Rattler.....	1	1
J. C. Beasley's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Bateman.....	2	2
H. & J. Kirkman's br. c. <i>Onalaska</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar.....	3	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Post stake for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118 —7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. for mares and geldings. Sub. \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

G. B. Williams' ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1
A. Russell's b. c. <i>John Pleasants</i> , by Rattler, dam by Jerry, 3 yrs.....	2	2
M. Peyton's ch. c. by Sir Henry Tonson, out of Lilac's dam, 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 2:03—1:51½.

THURSDAY, May 9—Proprietor's Purse \$250, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

G. B. Williams' ch. c. <i>Boyd McNaury</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	1	1
A. J. Davie's ch. f. by Pacific, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs.....		2 dr

Time, 3:59.

FRIDAY, May 10—Proprietor's Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Geo. Elliott's ch. c. <i>John Kirkman</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 3 yrs.....	1	1
A. Russell's b. c. <i>John Pleasants</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	2
W. H. Carroll's b. h. <i>Major Boots</i> , by Merlin, dam by Sir William, 5 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 1:53—1:51½.

SATURDAY, May 11—Proprietor's Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

G. B. Williams' ch. f. <i>Fleta</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs.....	1	1
H. M. Clay's b. c. <i>Giraffe</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Aurora by Messenger, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1st heat not kept—2d. 6:16.

WEDNESDAY, May 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

H. Dickenson's b. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Arab.....		walked over.
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H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., FRANKLIN COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 8, 1839—Citizens' Purse \$200, ent. \$20, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—1, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Tinsley (Davis's mare) by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Lane & McLauren's Imp. ch. c. by Actæon, out of Design by Tramp, 3 yrs.....	2	2
James Jackson's Imp. b. c. by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens, 3 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 3:58½—3:53½.

THURSDAY, May 9—Proprietor's Purse \$150, ent. \$15, added; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Lane & McLauren's b. h. <i>Jack Downing</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
Wm. H. Gee's b. g. by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:55—1:56.

FRIDAY, May 10—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon.....	1	1
Lane & McLauren's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Tom Paine.....	2	2
Joseph Thweatt's b. f. by Jerry.....		dist.

Time, 1:52½—1:58.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Citizens' Purse \$300, ent. \$36, added; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Lane & McLauren's ch. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs....	1	1
James Jackson's b. m. <i>Exotic</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Refugee by Wanderer, 5 y	2	2

Time, 6:12—6:20.

SATURDAY, May 11 Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before: Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats

Lane & McLauren's Imp. ch. c. by Actæon, out of Design by Tramp, 3 yrs.....		rec'd ft.
From N. Terry's b.f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Miss Tonson, and James H. Bradfute's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.		

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan.....	1	1
W. H. Gee's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Molly Howell by Contention.....	2	2
Lane & McLauren's br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.....		pd ft.

Time, 1:53—2:02. Track very heavy from rain the preceding evening

JOHN C. SIMPSON, Sec'y.

CRAB ORCHARD, KY., SPRING HILL COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 14, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

S. Davenport's b. c. <i>Maffit</i> , by Frank, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs.....	4	1	1
Wm. Farris's b. h. <i>Splendor</i> , by Trumpator, out of Julia, Gazelle's dam, aged.....	1	2	2
Thos. M. Kennedy's (Jno. Profit's) b. h. <i>Big Foot</i> , by Leviathan, out of Frolic by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	2	3	3
Thos. Lynch's b. h. <i>Sam Meredith</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Mendoza, 4 yrs.....	3	dr	

Time, 4:13—4:09—4:15. Track very heavy from previous rain.

WEDNESDAY, May 15—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

James Dunn's b. f. <i>Mary Burnham</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
R. Mosby's ch. c. <i>Guy of Warwick</i> , by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
Thos. Lynch's ch. f. <i>Modesty</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs.....	3	3	
S. Davenport's b. c. <i>Nick Biddle</i> , by Medoc, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.	
M. Thomson's b. c. <i>Bob Ward</i> , by Columbus, dam by Scott, 3 yrs.....	dist.		
Thos. M. Kennedy's gr. f. by Plenipo, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 1:54—1:52. Track improved.

THURSDAY, May 16—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$50 each with a set of cups, value \$60, added. Two mile heats.

S. Davenport's b. f. <i>Laura</i> , by Medoc, dam by Moses.....	1	1	
Thos. M. Kennedy's br. c. <i>John Faulkner</i> ,* by Imp. Valentine, dam by Potomac.....	2	dist	
James Dunn's ch. c. <i>Dandy Breck</i> , by Collier, dam by Pacolet.....	3	dr	
Thos. Lynch's gr. f. by Bertrand, dam by Johnson's Medley.....	4	dist.	

Time, 3:57—3:50. * Faulkner was lame.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$25 each. Mile heats.

A. N. Williams's ro. g. by Young Eclipse, dam by Imp. Buzzard.....	1	1	
Francis E. Quarles's ch. c. by Janus, dam by Saltram.....	3	2	
William N. Patterson's ch. c. by Washington, dam by Dungannon.....	2	3	
Robt. Morris's ch. c. by Tychicus, dam by Shakespeare.....	bolt.		
William L. Fair's bl. c. by Young Eclipse, dam by Madison.....	bolt.		

Time, 1:53—2:03.

THURSDAY, May 16—Proprietor's Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings being allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. <i>Betsey Red</i> , by Red Rover—Betsey West by Imp. Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Col. John P. White's b. h. <i>John Lindsay</i> , by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	2	2	

Time, 3:53—3:59.

FRIDAY, May 17—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. John P. White's gr. c. <i>Bentigo</i> , by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Melville Talbot's ch. c. by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	2	2	dr

Time, 1:51—1:55.

SATURDAY, May 18—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. John P. White's b. h. <i>Jerome</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Leonard Phelps's ch. h. <i>Isaac Shelby</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	2	dr	

Time not given.

PHILADELPHIA AND CAMDEN, CAMDEN COURSE, N. J.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1839—Match \$1000 aside, P.P., weight 90lbs. on each, Mile heats.

Dennis Kelly's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Escape, 3 yrs.....	<i>Ben Reed</i>	1	
John Cochran's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 2:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old Shark colts. Six subs. at \$300 each, \$200 ft. 90lbs. on each. Mile heats.

John D. Kirby's b. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker.....	<i>Reuben</i>	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy.....	2	2	
Wm. Gibbon's br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles.....	3	3	
J. H. Helling's b. c. by Shark, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy.....	dist.		

Time, 1:51—1:52.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs, fillies 87lbs. Six subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goolwyn's (Col. W. Hampton's) br. f. <i>Kate Seyton</i> , by Argyle, out of Pocahontas by Sir Archy.....	<i>Craig</i>	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's Imp. ch. c. <i>Passaic</i> , by Reveller, out of Rachel by Moses.....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:54.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$300, free for all ages, conditions as before, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Rocker</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	<i>Gil Patrick</i>	1	1
J. H. Van Mater's (D. Abbott's) gr. h. <i>Manalapan</i> , by Medley, d. by John Richards, 6 y.....	2	2	
David McDaniel's b. g. <i>Sam Johnson</i> , by Giles Scroggins Jr., out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	3	3	
D. Tomm's b. f. by Medley, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker, 4 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 3:55—3:56.

THURSDAY, May 23—Match \$1000 aside, h. ft., and \$500 aside bye, P.P. Club weights, for age. Mile heats

Dennis Kelly's (Gen. C. Irvine's) ch. f. *Ann Calendar*, own sister to *Busiris*, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Gracchus, 4 yrs. *Ben Reed* 2 1 1
John Cochran's ch. h. *Chester*, by *Busiris*, dam by *Potomac*, 5 yrs. 1 2 dist.
Time, 2:06—2:10—2:15. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
Col. John Heth's b. h. *Balie Peyton*, by Andrew, out of Master Henry's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs. *Jem Gloster* 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. *Tom Walker*, by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs. 2 2
Time, 6:24—6:40. Track very heavy

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.
Otway P. Hare's gr. f. *Andrewette*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. *Reuben* 1 1
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. *Duke*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, aged 2 2
Time, 2:02—2:05. Track heavy.

FRIDAY, May 24—Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
Col. W. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs. walked over.

SAME DAY—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
Jos. H. Van Mater's (D. Abbott's) gr. h. *Manalapan*, pedigree above, 6 yrs *John Haggerty* 1 1
O. P. Hare's b. h. *Champagne*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 2 2
Time, 4:23—4:32. Track very heavy.

TRENTON, N. J., EAGLE COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 23, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at \$300 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph by Gohanna. *Wm. Glees* 2 1 1
W. B. Stockton's Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel by Moses. 1 2 2
J. H. Helling's (for Owners) ch. c. by Star, out of Melinda. 3 dist.
W. B. Stockton's Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville. pd. ft.
Time, 1:52—1:57—2:01.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Dayton*, by Tormentor, dam by Tuckahoe. *Wm. Sears* 1 1
W. B. Stockton's Imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actaon, out of Miss Craven (Paganini's dam) by Master Lowe. 2 2
Time, 1:56—2:03.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. old colts, 104lbs. on each. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's (Combs & Ellis's) ch. c. *Elliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Amanda by Revenge. *Abram* 1 1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Buckeye*, by Critic, dam by Oscar. 2 2
Time, 1:52—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Prospect*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs. *Abram* 0 1 2 1
J. H. Helling's (for Owners) ch. c. *Borak*, by Andrew, out of the dam of Trifle and Charlotte Russe, by Cicero, 4 yrs. 3 3 1 2
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs. 0 2 3 dr
Time, 1:52—1:52—1:53—1:58.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$400, of which \$200 goes to the 2d best horse, if more than two start, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Rocker*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. *Gil Patrick* 1 1
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 2 2
J. B. Kendall's (Chas. Goddard's) b. c. *Hoosier*, by Critic, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 3:48—3:46.

THURSDAY, May 30—Purse \$700, of which \$200 goes to 2d best horse if more than two start, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's br. h. *Hornblower*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 4 yrs. *Abram* 1 1
W. R. Johnson's (E. H. Pendleton's) b. c. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro' by Rob Roy, 4 yrs. 5 2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's Imp. br. h. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri, (the dam of Sir Hercules,) by Wanderer, 6 yrs. 2 3
R. W. Raisen's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, by Uncle Sam—Alley Croaker by Telegraph, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 6 y. 4 dist.
Time, 5:55—5:45.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs. *Abram* 1 1
Jas. K. Van Mater's ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Modesty by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs. 2 2
J. H. Helling's b. c. *Jock*, by Maryland Eclipse, out of Lady Clifden's dam by Ratray, 4 yrs. dist.
Ann Callendar and *Shepherdess* were also entered, but on the morning of the race were. dr.
Time, 1:51—1:53.

FRIDAY, May 31—Handicap Sweepstakes of \$50 each, to which the Proprietor added \$100. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. *The Duke*, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, aged, 100lbs. *Laird's Jack* 3 1 1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashiell, out of Robin Hood's dam, 5 yrs., 95lbs. 2 2 2
D. McDaniel's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, aged, 100lbs. 1 3 3
Time, 1:48—1:50—1:53.

SAM^y DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$1500, of which \$500 goes to 2d best horse, if more than two start; weights as on Thursday. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timeleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Bill's Florizel, 6 yrs.	<i>Gil Patrick</i>	1	1
S. Latou's (Sam'l M. Neill's) ch. h. <i>Decatur</i> , by Henry, out of Ostrich (Tarquin and Suffolk's dam), by Eclipse, 6 yrs.		2	2
David McDaniel's b. f. <i>Vashti</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs.		3	3

Time, 7:57—8:24.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Jose. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Stanhope</i> , by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar (Bonny Black's dam), by Rattler, 4 yrs.	<i>Abram</i>	3	0	0	2	1	1
J. H. Bellings' b. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.		4	0	0	1	2	2
W. Field's (Dr. Poole's) ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.		2	4	3	3	3	r.o
E. A. Leary's ch. m. <i>Shenhered</i> , by Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge, aged		1	3	4	4	dist.	
W. Stanley's b. c. <i>Red Rover</i> , "Stolen, 3 yrs."		5	dist.				
Mr. Clinin's br. m. <i>Rodney</i> , "by Post Boy, 5 yrs."		6	dist.				

Time, 1:55—1:50—1:53—1:55—1:53—1:56½.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., MULBERRY COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 28, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's (Dr. F. Neal's) b. c. <i>Tayloe</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White	<i>Charles</i>	4	0	1	1
Gibson & Willis' (P. P. Barbour's) b. f. by Goliath, dam by Contention.		2	0	4	2
Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Jackson, dam by Aristotle.		1	4	3	3
Col. G. Smith's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Tariff.		3	3	2	dist.
John S. Corbin's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Multiflora by Sir Archy.		5	dist.		
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Contention.		pd.	ft.		

Time, 2:03—1:59—2:02—2:01.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 85lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. <i>Walter L.</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	<i>Archer</i>	4	1	1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. f. <i>Emily Booker</i> , by Standard, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.		2	4	2
Col. John P. White's b. h. <i>Jerome</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.		3	2	3
D. H. Waddle's (D. Hicks') b. f. <i>Lizette</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.		1	3	dr

Time, 3:52—3:52—3:53.

THURSDAY, May 31—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$25, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

John S. Corbin's b. c. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.		6	1	1
Wm. McCargo's b. c. <i>David Fyde</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs.		1	3	2
Maj. Byrd C. Willis' (Col. J. C. Gibson's) b. c. <i>Dandridge</i> , by Garrison's Zingane, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs.		2	2	0
Col. Wm. Thompson's ch. m. <i>Rowena</i> , by Timeleon, out of Laura by Rob Roy, 5 yrs.		3	4	0
Maj. Thos. Doswell's ch. h. <i>Buck</i> , by Standard, dam by Contention, 5 yrs.		5	5	5
Col. John P. White's gr. c. <i>Bendigo</i> , b. Timeleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.		4	dist.	

Time, 5:52—5:51—5:50.

NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. I., SECOND SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY, June 4, 1839—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 104lbs., fillies 101lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, P.P. Four mile heats.

Walter Livingston's b. c. <i>Job</i> , by Eclipse, out of Jemima (the dam of Jane Rowlett) by Rattler					
John C. Stevens' ch. c. <i>Fordham</i> , by Eclipse, out of Janette, (own sister to Sir Charles) by Sir Archy.	<i>Mr. Hare's Daniel</i>	1	2	1	
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. <i>Caroline</i> , by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy.		2	1	2	
Col. John Heth's b. c. <i>Jack Krcmer</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse.		3	dist.		

Time, 7:49½—9:10—8:04. Track rather heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lb. Twelve subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 forfeit, and \$100 declaration; five declared. Mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc.	<i>Joseph Laird</i>	1	1
Joseph H. Van Mater's ro. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Rosalinda (Jane Grey's dam) by Oscar.		3	2
Robt. L. Stevens' Imp. b. f. <i>Sylphide</i> , by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.		2	3

Time, 1:53½—1:58. Track rather heavy.

THURSDAY, June 6—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 and 4 yr. olds to carry weight as before; 5 yrs. 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Rocker</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.	<i>Gil. Patrick</i>	2	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Clarion</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.		1	2	2
James Bathgate's b. c. <i>Waterloo</i> , by Imp. Victory—Maid of the Mill, by Duroc, 4 yrs.		3	3	dr

Time, 3:52—3:51—4:01½. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Trenton</i> , by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of a Tuckahoe mare, 4 yrs.	<i>Abram</i>	1	1
Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. <i>Tornado</i> , by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 4 yrs.		2	*
David McDaniel's b. m. <i>Vashti</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs.		3	*

Time, 5:57—5:59. * Broke down.

FRIDAY, June 7—Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Bail's Florizel, 6 yrs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick</i>	1	1
S. Laird's (Sam'l M. Neill's) ch. h. <i>Decatur</i> , by Henry, out of Ostrich (Tarquin and Suffolk's dam,) by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....		3	2
Col. John Heth's b. h. <i>Balie Peyton</i> , by Andrew, out of Master Henry's dam by Eclipse, 5 y. Time, 7:47—8:02.		2	dr

SAME DAY—Second Race—Post Match of \$1000 aside, P. P., stable vs. stable, of 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's Imp. ch. c. <i>Passaic</i> , by Reveller, out of Rachel by Moses....	<i>Craig</i>	1	1
Robt. L. Stevens' b. c. <i>Tamerlane</i> , by Shark, out of Celeste by Henry.....		2	2
Time, 1:56—2:00.			

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$100, conditions as for the other purses. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's gr. f. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	<i>Daniel</i>	1	1
D. H. Branch's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. h. <i>Suffolk</i> , by Andrew, out of Decatur's dam, 5 yrs.....		2	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's (Combs & Ellis') ch. c. <i>Elliptic</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Amanda by Revenge, 4 yrs.....		3	3
Time, 1:51—1:51.			

GALLATIN, TENNESSEE.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$150 each. Mile heats.

Col. J. C. Guild's ch. c. <i>John Malone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Proserpine by Tenn. Oscar	3	1	1
C. Lewis' ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.....	1	2	2
A. P. Yourie's ch. h. <i>Wallace</i> , by Crusader, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs., was allowed to enter, carrying by agreement 97lbs.....	2	3	dist.
Time, 1:51½—1:53½—1:56.			

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Jockey Club Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 8lbs. Two mile heats.

G. B. Williams' ch. f. <i>Fleta</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Mr. Simpson's bl. c. by Waxy, dam by Top Gallant, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 3:52½—3:58.		

THURSDAY, May 23—Jockey Club Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. G. Elliott's gr. c. <i>Boyd McNairy</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Morgiana by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	1	1
Mr. Simpson's b. h. by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.
Time, 1:53—1:51. Won easy.		

FRIDAY, May 24—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

Col. J. C. Guild's b. f. <i>Caroline Malone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, out of the dam of Betsey Malone.....	1	1
C. Lewis' b. c. <i>James House</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, grandam by Wilkes' Wonder.....	2	2
A. P. Yourie's ch. f. by Washington, Jr., out of the dam of Mary Farmer.....		pd.ft.
Time, 1:55—1:49. THOS. BARRY, Sec'y.		

COLUMBUS, Mrs., HYDE PARK COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Richard H. Long's ch. f. <i>Lorinda</i> , by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Head & Smith's ch. h. <i>Tiskimingo</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lilac's dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	2
Time, 3:57—4:00.		

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

John H. Walker's ch. m. <i>Mary Jones</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	1	1
R. H. Long's (J. S. Preston's) Imp. ch. c. <i>Sorrow</i> , by Defence, out of Tears by Woful, 4 yrs	2	*
Time, 5:55. * Sorrow let down in 1st heat.		

THURSDAY, May 23—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Messrs. Head & Smith's b. f. <i>Frances Tyrrel</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs.	1	1
William G. Haun's b. h. <i>High Way</i> , by Bertrand, out of Tarlton's dam by Robin Gray.	2	dist.
Rich. H. Long's Imp. ch. m. <i>Likeness</i> , by Peter Lely, out of Worthless by Walton, 5 y.	3	dist.
Time, 8:01—2d, no time kept.		

FRIDAY, May 24—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Messrs. Head & Smith's ch. c. <i>Capt. McHeath</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
David Connor's b. f. by Wild Bill, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2
Richard H. Long's ch. m. <i>Lorinda</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	3	dist.
Time, 1:52—1:53—1:50.			

SATURDAY, May 25—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Messrs. Head & Smith's ch. c. <i>Capt. McHeath</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
John H. Walker's <i>Eucld</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs.....	2	2
David Connor's <i>Taladega</i> , by Wild Bill, 4 yrs.....	3	3
Richard H. Long's gr. h. <i>Rasp</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Director, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

No time given.

P. B. STARK, Propr.

LEXINGTON, Ky., ASSOCIATION COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1839—*Brennan Stakes*, a Silver Pitcher of the value of \$100, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nineteen subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

W. S. Buford's b. f. <i>Minstrel</i> , by Medoc, dam by Alexander.....	2	1	1
E. Warfield's c. <i>Gazan</i> , by Sir Leslie, out of Directress.....	1	2	3
Spear & Kelley's ch. c. <i>Morehead</i> , by Medoc, out of Multiflora.....	4	6	2
T. Van Swearengen's ch. c. <i>Darnley</i> , by John Richards—Lady Gray by Sir Richard.....	5	5	4
James J. Allen's b. c. <i>Robert Bruce</i> , by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy.....	3	3	5
R. Downing's (J. L. Downing's) ch. f. by Singleton, out of Isabella by Hephestion.....	3	4	dist.
J. McIntosh's gr. c. <i>Emigrant</i> , by Cadet, dam by Contract.....			dist.

Time, 1:51½—1:52—1:51½.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—City Purse \$350, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118 7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Robert Mosby's ch. c. <i>Guy of Warwick</i> , by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Wm. Buford's (John Lewis's) ch. c. <i>Kanawha</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.....	3	2	
E. Warfield's f. <i>Rosa Vertner</i> , by Sir Leslie, out of Directress, 4 yrs.....	2	3	
Sidney Burbridge's (L. Herndon's) b. h. <i>Red Head</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 5 y.....	6	4	
J. E. Roper's b. h. <i>Anvil</i> , by Imp. Contract, dam by Eclipse, aged.....	5	5	
Charles Buford's ch. f. <i>Leopardess</i> , by Medoc, dam by Moses, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.	
Thomas Van Swearengen's (J. C. Mason's) ro. g. <i>Blue Jim</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 5 yrs.....		7	dist.
R. P. Snell's (W. W. Webb's) b. h. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 5 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 3:55—3:49.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Joseph Clinton's ro. f. <i>Roanna</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
Geo. E. Blackburn's (V. Collins's) b. h. by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 5 yrs.....	6	2	
R. Burbridge's b. c. by Cherokee, dam by William, 4 yrs.....	5	3	
Wm. Buford's (B. W. Dudley's) ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Orphan, 3 yrs.....	3	4	
Charles Buford's (R. Chiles's) b. f. by Sir Lovell, dam by Doublehead, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.	
R. P. Snell's (Charles Webb's) ch. m. <i>Margaret</i> , by Medoc, out of Lady Whip, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.	

Time, 1:52½—1:52½.

THURSDAY, May 23—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, P.P. Two mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's b. f. <i>Mary Morris</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter.....	1	1	
T. J. Young's (S. Davenport's) b. c. <i>Moffit</i> , by Frank, dam by Aratus.....	3	2	
Charles Buford's (R. Chiles's) b. f. by Sir Lovell, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William.....	2	3	

Time, 3:52½—3:57½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—City Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Willa Viley's (T. Young) ch. m. <i>Mary Porter</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Printer, 5 yrs....	1	1	
Wm. S. Buford's b. f. <i>Bayadere</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs.....	4	2	
Sidney Burbridge's (James Ford's) b. h. by Brunswick, out of —, 5 yrs.....	2	3	
Thomas Lynch's ch. f. <i>Jane on the Green</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs.....	3	4	
R. Burbridge's b. m. <i>Ananda</i> , by Plato, dam by Whipster, 5 yrs.....	5	dist.	
James E. Hutchinson's b. c. <i>Austin</i> , by Buck Elk, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	7	dist.	
Wm. Buford's ch. c. <i>Nick Welsh</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bluster, 4 yrs.....	6	dr	
R. P. Snell's b. h. by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar, 5 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 1:50—1:50.

FRIDAY, May 24—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Charles Buford's b. f. by Medoc, out of Belle Anderson by Sir William.....	1	1	
W. W. Bacon's (Wm. S. Buford's) b. f. by Collier, dam by Gallatin.....	2	2	
E. Warfield's b. f. <i>Lais</i> , by Sarpedon, out of Aurora by Aratus.....	3	3	

Time, 1:50—1:52.

SATURDAY, May 25—Association Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Sidney Burbridge's b. h. <i>Tarleton</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1
Willa Viley's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black Eyed Susan by Tiger, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
George E. Blackburn's b. f. <i>Betsy Baker</i> , by Lance, out of Letitia by Whip, 4 yrs.....	4	4	3
R. Burbridge's gr. c. <i>Draco</i> , by Singleton, out of the dam of Sarah Miller, 4 yrs.....	3	3	4
Wm. S. Buford's (W. W. Bacon's) b. c. <i>Charlie Naylor</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....			*

Time, 6:00—5:52½—5:57.

* Charlie Naylor was distanced from an injury received while running. E. BRYANT, Sec'y.

MOUNT PLEASANT, MAURY COUNTY, TENNESSEE.

WEDNESDAY, May 22, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

H. Smith's ch. c. <i>Allen Brown</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.....	1	1	
L. P. Cheatham's br. f. <i>Lussett</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacolet.....	3	2	
W. H. Boddie's b. f. <i>Indian Squaw</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Phenomenon.....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:57—1:54.

THURSDAY, May 23—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3-yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 2lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Five subs. at \$100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

R. C. Whitesides' b. f. <i>Allegra</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
Wm. G. Cage's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	3	2	
H. Smith's b. c. <i>John Marshall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs.....	4	3	
R. K. Polk's imp. gr. f. by Stumps, out of Variella by Blacklock, 3 yrs.....	2	4	
Jno. G. Keeble's ch. f. <i>Susan Cheatham</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.	

Time, 1:56—1:52.

FRIDAY, May 24—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

James H. Webster's ch. c. <i>Voltaire</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.....	4	3	1	1
D. L. Whittaker's gr. f. by Henry Tonson, dam by Stockholder.....	1	2	2	2
A. T. Nolen's b. g. <i>Joe Smith</i> , by Fitz Washington, dam by Bluster.....	3	1	3	dist
Thomas E. Ridley's ch. f. <i>Betsey Smith</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Roanoke.....	2	dr.		

Time, 1:58—2:08—2:15—2:15. H. A. MILLER, Sec'y.

LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE.

MONDAY, May 27, 1839—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.—the age of the entries dating from the previous Fall. Mile heats.

A. M. Jewell's ch. h. <i>Authentic</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Long & Burton's ch. f. <i>Miss Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	3	2
H. A. Tayloe's b. f. <i>Alabama</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lucy Gwynn by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 1:54—1:57.

TUESDAY, May 23—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

A. M. Jewell's ch. f. <i>Narcissa Parish</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Long & Burton's b. f. <i>Galanthe</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 3 yrs.....	1	2	dist.
Henry A. Tayloe's gr. f. <i>Czarina</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab, 3 yrs....	*		

Time, 5:54—6:09—6:22. * Czarina's rider fell off.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. br. m. <i>Maria Black</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs.....	1	1
A. M. Jewell's b. h. <i>Paul Jones</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Morocco Slipper, by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 7:58—8:12.

THURSDAY, May 30—Proprietor's Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's ch. f. <i>Czarina</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1
A. M. Jewell's ch. h. <i>Authentic</i> , " " 5 yrs.....	2	2
Long & Burton's b. f. <i>Cleopatra</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:51—3:51½.

FRIDAY, May 31—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Linnaeus Coch's gr. c. <i>Bloody Nathan</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.....	1	1
Long & Burton's b. f. <i>Meg Dillard</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Behemoth.....	2	2
A. M. Jewell's Imp. ch. f. <i>Scarificator</i> , by Sultan, out of Marinella by Soothsayer.....	3	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:52.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., ASSOCIATION COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 29, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's br. c. <i>Free Jack</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Tinsley Davis' Napoleon mare.....	1	1
John Connally's b. c. by Editor, out of Little Red's dam by Pacolet.....	2	2

Time, 1:50—1:52.

THURSDAY, May 30—Citizens' Purse \$215, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Nat. Terry's ch. c. <i>Santee</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Sally McGee by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
John Connally's gr. m. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Boardman & McLaran's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Imp. Design by Tramp, 3 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 3:48—3:52.

FRIDAY, May 31—Purse \$205, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Boardman & McLaran's b. h. <i>Jack Downing</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.....	3	2
N. Terry's (Thomas Travis') ch. f. by Wild Bill, out of Greytail, 3 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 1:51½—1:49.

SATURDAY, June 1—Purse \$200, entrance \$20 each, added; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's ch. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. H. Gee's b. g. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	3	2
John Connally's gr. f. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 3:49—3:48½.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$500 a side, weight for age, Mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's b. h. <i>Jack Downing</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Wm. Fleming's ch. h. <i>Mark</i> , by Wild Bill.....	2	2

Time, 1:52—1:56.

Such quick time never having been made before over any course in North Alabama, some of the owners and trainers were induced to measure the track, when they found it lacked *six feet* of one mile round.

CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY.

WEDNESDAY, May 29, 1839—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

John E. Roper's (J. W. McIntosh's) b. h. <i>Anvil</i> , by Imp. Contract, dam by Eclipse, aged....	1	1
Reason Jordan's ro. g. <i>Blue Ruin</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 5 yrs.....	2	2
James E. Hutchinson's b. h. <i>Austin</i> , by Buck Elk, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 4:08—4:11. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, May 30—Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Reason Jordan's b. h. by Brunswick, 5 yrs.	1	1
William Palmer's b. m. <i>Vanity</i> , by Traveller, 5 yrs.	2	2
Time, 1:58—2:04.		

FRIDAY, May 31—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Jas. J. Allen's b. c. <i>Robert Bruce</i> , by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.	1	1
Reason Jordan's ro. g. <i>Blue Ruin</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 5 yrs.	4	2
Capt. R. Burbridge's b. c. <i>Jim Crow</i> , by Cherokee, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs.	3	3
G. Coffin's (V. Collin's) b. h. by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 5 yrs.	2	dist.
Time, 4:02—3:59½.		

SATURDAY, June 1—Purse \$25, conditions as before. Mile heats.

G. Coffin's b. h. by Brunswick, 5 yrs.	1	1
Capt. R. Burbridge's b. m. by Plato, dam by Whipster, 5 yrs.	2	2
Time, 1:54—1:54.		

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

WEDNESDAY, May 29, 1839—Match, \$2000 aside, \$1500 ft. Four mile heats.

Cooper & Kunkle's gr. h. <i>Duke Sumner</i> , by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, 6 yrs., 114lbs.	1	1
Col. T. W. Patten's ch. h. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, aged, 120lbs.	2	2
Time, 8:10—8:08.		

VELASCO, TEXAS.

MONDAY, April 29, 1839—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. W. Alston's (Thos. F. McKinney's) ch. c. <i>Oseola</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	1	1
Maj. D. Randon's gr. f. <i>Black Eyed White Girl</i> , by Pacolet, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	2	2
Time, 1:57—1:57. Won with ease.		

TUESDAY, April 30—Purse \$400, free for all ages, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Maj. D. Randon's (Gen. Greene's) ch. g. <i>Colorado</i> , by Talleyrand, dam by Virginus, 3 yrs	1	1
Col. W. Alston's (Col. Tod Robinson's) b. c. <i>Kleber</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Oseola, 4 yrs.	2	2
Time, 3:55—3:56.		

WEDNESDAY, May 1—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. W. Alston's (T. F. McKinney's) b. h. <i>Tom Thurman</i> , by Miss. Fylde, dam by Citizen, 5 yrs.	1	1
Maj. D. Randon's (Gen. Green's) b. m. <i>Star of the West</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 5 yrs.	2	2
Maj. Shelby Smith's (Mr. D. Mitchell's) br. h. <i>Old Brown</i> , by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 6 yrs	dist.	
Time, 5:56—5:59.		

THURSDAY, May 2—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

David Randon's (Gen. Green's) ch. g. <i>Colorado</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1	1	1
Col. W. Alston's (T. F. McKinney's) <i>Oseola</i> , " " 5 yrs.	2	2	dist.
Time, 1:56—1:53—2:02.			W. RYAN, Cor. Sec'y.

LOUISVILLE, KY., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, June 4, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at \$500 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's b. f. <i>Minstrel</i> , by Medoc, dam by Buford's Alexander.	1	1
Col. Wm. Buford's ch. f.* by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter.	2	2
W. T. Ward's ch. c. by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian.	4	3
Wm. Buford, Jr.'s ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Potomac.	3	4
Time, 1:48½—1:48. * Col. Buford's filly carried 3lbs. over weight.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Breeders Plate, given by the Proprietor, value \$100, for 3 yr. olds that never won a race at Mile heats; no subscription required, but nominations failing to start to pay \$20, which is to be added to the plate; weights as before. Six subscribers. Mile heats.

James Shy's ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter.	1	1
A. Hicks' gr. c. by Imp. Sarpedon.	4	2
W. T. Ward's br. c. by Waxy, dam by Sir Hal.	2	3
B. Maloney's ch. f. <i>Martha Jones</i> , by Medoc, dam by Ratler.	3	dist.
Fred. Keir's b. f. <i>Mary Booker</i> , by Mercury, dam by Sir Archy.	dist.	
M. Thompson's b. c. <i>Bob Ward</i> , by Columbus, dam by Scott.	dist.	
Time, 1:52—1:52.		

WEDNESDAY, June 5—The *Oakland Plate*, a handsome silver Tea Service, value \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Five subs. at \$— each. Two mile heats.

W. Viley's (Robt. Mosby's) b. c. <i>Ralph</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.	1	1
W. W. Bacon's b. f. <i>Mary Morris</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs.	4	2
W. T. Ward's b. c. by Waxy, dam by Bucknor's Leviathan, 4 yrs.	3	3
Thos. M. Kennedy's b. f. <i>Mary Burnham</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.	2	dist.
Time, 3:51—3:45.		

THURSDAY, June 6—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

S. Burbridge's (L. Herndon's) b. h. <i>Red Head</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 5 yrs	4	1	1
G. W. Tarlton's ch. c. by Collier, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs.	2	5	2
John A. Holden's br. c. by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs.	5	2	3
W. Viley's (R. Mosby's) ch. c. <i>Guy of Warwick</i> , by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.	3	4	4
W. W. Bacon's (John Lewis') ch. c. <i>Kanawha</i> , by Medoc, dam by Ratler, 4 yrs.	1	3	dist.
Time, 5:58—5:54½—6:02.			

FRIDAY, June 7—Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's ch. f. <i>Musedora</i> , by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. Viley's (R. Mosby's) ch. c. <i>Mercer</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	3	2
James Shy's ch. h. <i>Kavanagh</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Director, 5 yrs.....	5	3
Dr. L. Sanders' b. c. <i>Ben Dudley</i> , by Bertrand, out of Lady Gray by Robin Grey, 4 yrs....	4	4
S. Burbridge's b. h. <i>Tarleton</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey, 5 yrs.....	2	*
Time, 7:50—7:58. * Tarleton broke down.		

SATURDAY, June 8—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. Viley's (T. J. Young's) ch. m. <i>Mary Porter</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Printer, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
S. Burbridge's (J. K. Grigsby's) ro. f. <i>Roanna</i> , by Arcny Montorio, dam by Potomac, 3 y.....	2	2	2
Time, 1:52—1:53—1:56.			

KANAWHA, VIRGINIA.

WEDNESDAY, June 5, 1839—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

H. Waller's bl. c. <i>Capt. White Eye</i> , by Chifney, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. Vausbinder's ch. f. <i>Polly Piper</i> , by Count Piper, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	2
D. Stockton's b. f. <i>Martha Viley</i> , by Dick Singleton, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs.....	2	3
Isaac H. Oliver's ch. c. by Sussex, out of Sparrowhawk's dam, 4 yrs.....	4	4
Time, 1:50—1:54.		

THURSDAY, June 6—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

H. Waller's ch. h. <i>Joe Gales</i> , by Marlboro', dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	1	1
W. Vausbinder's b. m. <i>Mary Mason</i> , by Pirate, dam by Consol, 5 yrs.....	2	*
D. Stockton's gr. f. by Mucklejohn, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 5:53.		

* Mary's trainer did not let her go when the drum was tapped, and Joe galloped round.

FRIDAY, June 7—Proprietor's Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

H. Waller's gr. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippto Saib, 4 yrs.....	1	2	1	1
J. H. Oliver's gr. f. <i>Mary Walton</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Shakspeare, 4 yrs.....	3	3	2	2
D. Stockton's ch. c. <i>James Sprigg</i> , by Lance, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 3 yrs....	2	1	dr.	
W. Vausbinder's ch. f. <i>Polly Piper</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	*			
Time, 1:50—1:55—1:48—1:51.				

* Polly was distanced for not bringing in her weight.

JOHN E. NORVELL, Sec'y.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

TUESDAY, May 14, 1839—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Shacklett & Lane's ch. h. <i>Mortimer</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 6 y.....	2	1	1
C. Chouteau's ch. h. <i>Ploughboy</i>	1	4	2
Time, 2:01—2:01—2:16.			

WEDNESDAY, May 15—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Shacklett & Lane's bl. m. <i>Bonny Black</i> , by Imp. Valentine—Helen Mar by Rattler, 6 yrs..	1
James Bissell's b. c. <i>Black Jack</i>	dist.
Time, 4:10. * Black Jack was distanced in consequence of bolting and jumping a fence.	

THURSDAY, May 16—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

T. B. Scruggs' ch. m. <i>Hebe</i> , by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Shacklett & Lane's bl. m. <i>Ethiopia</i> , by Dashall, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 6:01—6:00.		

FRIDAY, May 17—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

T. B. Scruggs' b. h. <i>Little Barton</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs.....	walked over.	
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SAME DAY—Purse \$60, conditions as before, Mile heats.

W. Martin's bl. c. <i>Peacemaker</i>	1	1
C. Chouteau's ch. h. <i>Ploughboy</i>	2	2
J. White's bl. c. <i>Doctor Thompson</i> *	dist.	
Time, 2:01—1:58. * Bolted.		

SATURDAY, May 18—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Mr. Willey's ch. h. <i>Boxer</i>	1	1	1
W. Martin's bl. c. <i>Peacemaker</i>	2	2	2
J. White's bl. c. <i>Doctor Thompson</i>	dr		

BENJ. AMES, Proprietor & Secretary.

POST OF ARKANSAS.

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1839—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

J. E. Pitcher's ch. f. <i>Sweet Home</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. W. Price's ch. g. <i>Pole</i> , by Sir William, dam by Bell-air.....	2	dist.
Time, 1:53—2:05.		

THURSDAY, May 16—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Hugh L. French's b. c. <i>Hannibal</i> , by O'Kelly, out of Roxana by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. B. W. Lee's b. g. <i>Alexander Brookie</i> , by Saxe Weimar, dam by Stockholder.....	2	2
Time, 4:03—4:05.		

FRIDAY, May 17—Match, \$600 a side, One mile.

Mr. Star's ch. m. <i>Magpie</i>	1
Dr. Wilson's ch. g. <i>Griffin</i>	2

Won easily.

B. W. LEE, Sec'y pro tem.

VAN BUREN, ARKANSAS.

WEDNESDAY, May 22, 1839—Purse \$187.50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

J. Dillard's (J. H. Moore's) ch. f. by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Pitcher & Gardner's b. c. <i>Glauco</i> , by Abdalrahman, dam by Tiger.....	2	2
Time, 2:08—1:58.		

THURSDAY, May 23—Purse \$337.50, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Hugh L. French's b. c. <i>Hannibal</i> , by O'Kelly, out of Roxana by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1	1
J. Dillard's b. m. <i>America</i> , by Waxy, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.
Time, 4:10—3:55.		

FRIDAY, May 24—Purse \$225, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Pitcher & Gardner's ch. f. <i>Sweet Home</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
J. Stafford's ch. m. <i>Rosey Havoc</i> , by Havoc, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
Time, 1:59—1:59—2:10.			
J. A. SCOTT, Sec'y.			

CINCINNATI, OHIO, BUCK-EYE COURSE.

TUESDAY, June 11, 1839—The *Ohio Breeders' Plate*, value \$200, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Eb. Hulse's (Isaac Smith's) b. c. by Badger's Priam (a son of John Richards), out of a mare of Fearnought and Janus blood.....	Sam.	1	1
M. Beach's ch. c. <i>Orville</i> , by Imp. Daghee, out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse.....	2	2	
J. Garner's (McNeil's) b. f. by Bertrand, dam by St. Tammany.....	3	3	
Geo. Creain's (Mr. Curry's) b. f. <i>Flora Hastings</i> , by Figure Arab, dam of Diomed blood, bred by Richard Cox.....	dist.		
Mr. Reddick's b. f. <i>Victoria</i>	dist.		

Time not reported, the track being short of a mile.

WEDNESDAY, June 12—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

G. Coffeen Jr.'s b. h. <i>Wanton Will</i> , by Brunswick, d. by Prince Richard, 5 y. <i>E.W. Coffeen</i>	1	1
Ephraim Bates' <i>Little Kitty</i> , by Snow Storm, out of Lady Tough by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.....	*	*
W. Thurston's ch. f. <i>Flying Jib</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hephsestion, 4 yrs.....	*	*
G. N. Sanders' (Capt. R. Burbridge's) b. c. <i>Billy Southgate</i> , by Archy Montorio, out of the dam of Sarah Miller by Whpster.....	*	*

THURSDAY, June 13—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Willia Viley's b. f. <i>Catherine</i> , by Bertrand—Black Ey'd Susan by Tiger, 4 yrs. <i>Jack Welsh</i>	1	1
L. Warfield's b. f. <i>Rosa Vertner</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Director.....	2	2
Ch's. E. Harberson's (Thos. Lynch's) b. f. <i>Eliza Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Potomac.....	3	3

FRIDAY, June 14—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Willia Viley's b. f. <i>West Florida</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Potomac.....	Jack Welsh.	3	2	1	1	1
G. Coffeen Jr.'s b. h. <i>Wanton Will</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....		2	1	3	2	2
G. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Countess Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand—Budget of Fun by Kassina, 4 y.....		1	3	2	3	3

SATURDAY, June 15—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

W. Viley's (R. Mosby's) b. c. <i>Ralph</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs. <i>Jack Welsh</i>	1	1
Robt. Snell's b. h. <i>Red Head</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whip, 5 yrs.....	2	2
W. Thurston's gr. c. <i>Draco</i> , by Richard Singleton, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.

LEWIS SANDERS, Recording Secretary.

SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Aug. 27, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, subscription \$50 each. Mile heats.

Alexander Erskine's ch. f. <i>Mary Miller</i> , by Arab, dam by Peacemaker.....	1	1
Jno. Wills, Jr.'s gr. f. <i>Maria</i> , pedigree omitted.....	2	2
Time, 2:08—2:08.		

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28—Purse \$150, entrance \$10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

John Lewis' ch. c. <i>Kanawha</i> ,* by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Leonard Phelps' br. f. <i>Laura</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Edmund Wills' ch. g. <i>Red Fox</i> , by Mason's Rattler, dam by Selim, 6 yrs.....	dist.	
Joseph Hill's ch. h. <i>Clinton</i> , 6 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 3:59—4:10. * Broke down.		

THURSDAY, Aug. 29—Purse \$300, ent. 15, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' br. f. <i>Brown Gal</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	1	
Jacob C. Mossy's ch. h. <i>Colnuc</i> , by Timoleon, out of Fair Forrester, aged.....	dist.	
Alex. Erskine's ch. g. <i>Harry Bluff</i> , by Paymaster, 5 yrs.....	dist.	
Edmund Wills' ch. g. <i>Red Fox</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 6:18.		

MAYSVILLE, Ky., BEECHLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 3, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Seven subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Marshall's br. f. <i>Mary Reid</i> , by Industry, dam by Rattler.....	1	1
B. Kirk's br. f. <i>Mary Ann Forman</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Bertrand.....	2	2
E. B. Lee's bl. c. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Brown's Sumpter, dam by Old Tiger.....	dist.	

Time not given.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$10, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Chas. Buford's (G. W. Brand's) ch. c. <i>Vertner</i> , by Medoc—Lady Adams by Whipster, 3 yrs.	1	1
Dr. J. M. Duke's (L. K. Grigsby's) ch. f. by Archy Montorio, dam by Old Court, 3 yrs.	3	2
R. P. Snell's b. f. <i>Mary Ellen</i> , by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.	2	3
W. J. Stratton's (Mr. Beach's) ch. c. <i>Orville</i> , by Imp. Daghee, out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 3 yrs.		dist.
Time, 1:58—1:57.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$50, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

A. A. Wadsworth's (Lieut. W. S. Harris') b. f. <i>Mary Morris</i> , by Medoc, out of Miss Obstinate by Sumpter, 3 yrs.	1	3	1
E. B. Lee's (P. Gatewood's) ch. c. <i>Sir Halpin</i> , by Medoc, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.	3	1	2
W. J. Stratton's (Dr. E. Warfield's) b. h. <i>Celestion</i> , by Sir Leslie, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 6 yrs.	2	2	3
Dr. J. M. Duke's (J. Webb's) b. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs.			dist.
R. H. Stanton's (J. N. Menifce's) b. h. <i>Tom Benton</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Cannon, 6 yrs.			dist.
Time, 6:03—6:13—7:01.			

THURSDAY, Sept. 5—A splendid Sett of Cut Glass, value \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Chas. Buford's b. f. <i>Sophia Lovell</i> , by Sir Lovell, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William, 3 y.	1	1
Jas. Simpson's b. f. <i>Rosa Vertner</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Director, 4 yrs.	5	2
Jas. Shy's ch. f. <i>Barbara Allen</i> , by Collier, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 4 yrs.	2	3
Robt. P. Snell's <i>Woodpecker Jr.</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar, 5 yrs.	3	4
A. A. Wadsworth's (W. S. Davidson's) b. c. <i>Stranger</i> , by Lance, 4 yrs.		4 dist.
Time, 3:58—3:59.		

FRIDAY, Sept. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$700, ent. \$70, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Dr. J. M. Duke's (Dr. W. Webb's) b. h. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 5 yrs.	3	2	1
W. J. Stratton's (Dr. E. Warfield's) b. f. <i>Duckie</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs.	2	1	2 2
A. A. Wadsworth's (Wm. Buford's) b. f. <i>Minstrel</i> , by Medoc, dam by Buford's Alexander, 3 yrs.	4	3	*
E. B. Lee's (W. Buford, Jr.'s) b. c. <i>Peter Gatewood</i> , by Medoc, d. by Doublehead, 3 y.	1		dist.
R. P. Snell's (J. W. Fenwick's) gr. h. <i>Davy Crockett</i> , by Hephestion, dam by Mendoza, aged.	5		dist.
Time, 9:07—9:05—8:56—9:31. * Ruled out.			

SATURDAY, Sept. 7—Ladies' Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Chas. Buford's b. f. <i>Ripple</i> , by Medoc, out of Belle Anderson by Sir William, 3 yrs.	1	1
A. A. Wadsworth's (W. S. Buford's) br. f. <i>Arabella</i> , by Collier, d. by Young Gallatin, 3 yrs.	2	2
Dr. J. M. Duke's (L. K. Grigsby's) ro. f. <i>Rowena</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs.	3	3
Time, 1:55—1:57.		

WHEELING, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Sept. 3, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs., sub. \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

D. Stockton's gr. f. by Lance, dam by Buzzard.	1	1
T. Moore's b. c. by O'Connell, out of M'Ramsay by Stockholder.	2	2
J. E. Norvell's b. c. by Consul, dam by Bagdad.	3	dist.
Time, 2:00—2:03.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs., sub. \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

S. Hanson's ch. c. by Count Piper, dam by Monroe.	1	1
G. Jones' br. c. by Paul Clifford, dam by Peacemaker.	2	dist.
A. Cable's b. f. by Veto, dam by John Richards.		dist.
Time, 1:58—1:58.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4—Proprietors' Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

David Victor's br. m. <i>Mary Mason</i> , by Pirate, dam by Consul, 5 yrs.	1	1
Stockton & Norton's ch. c. <i>James Sprigg</i> , by Lance, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.	2	2
J. E. Norvell's ch. c. <i>Wonder</i> , by Count Piper, dam by Dragon, 4 yrs.		dist.
Time, 6:03—6:15.		

THURSDAY, Sept. 5—Corinthian Stake for untried horses, weight 160lbs. each; Gentlemen Riders, dressed in Jockey Club style. Seven subs. at \$25 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Wm. Tredenick's gr. h.	1	1
Z. Mitchell's b. g.	3	2
B. Good's b. g.	2	dist.
A. Cable's ch. m.		dist.
Time, 2:05—1:59.		

SATURDAY, Sept. 7—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

D. Victor's ch. f. <i>Polly Piper</i> , by Count Piper, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.	3	2	1	1	1
T. Moore's <i>Fanny Lightfoot</i> , by Lafayette Stockholder, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.	2	3	3	2	2
Stockton & Norton's <i>Martha Viley</i> , by Dick Singleton, d. by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs.	1	1	2	3	3
W. N. Tredenick's <i>Corinthian</i> , by Consul, dam by Duroc, aged.	4	4			dr
Z. Mitchell's	5				dist.
Time, 2:00—2:01—2:02—2:04—2:06.					

TUESDAY, Sept. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Mr. Stockton's <i>Crowder</i> , by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany.	1	1
Mr. Victor's <i>Pandora</i> , by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, 5 yrs.	2	2
Mr. Zeiley's <i>Orphan Boy</i> , by Orphan Boy, dam by Dinwiddie, aged.		dist.
Time, 8:26—8:35.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Stockton & Norton's gr. f. <i>Catharine Fenwick</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs.	1	1
D. Victor's ch. h. <i>Glassblower</i> , by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.	2	2
J. A. Good's gr. f. by Medoc, dam by St. Tammany, 3 yrs.	3	3

Time, 2:00—1:57.

CRAB ORCHARD, Ky., SPRING HILL COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4, 1839—Stallion Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

M. Thompson's b. c. by Columbus.	1	1
T. M. Kennedy's b. f. by John Richards.	2	2
H. W. Farris' b. h. by Frank.	3	dis.
S. Davenport's br. c. by Trumpator.	4	bolt.
Wm. Bonner's b. c. by Bonner's Sir William.		dist.

Time, 1:57—2:01. * Lame.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. c. <i>Charley Fox</i> , by Waxy, dam by Buckner's Leviathan, 4 yrs.	3	1	1
Thos. M. Kennedy's b. f. <i>Mary Burnham</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	4	3	2
S. Davenport's ch. c. <i>Ebra</i> , by Frank, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs.	1	2	3
H. W. Farris' b. h. <i>Campbell</i> , by Collier, dam by Kosciusko, 5 yrs.	2	4	4
Wm. Bonner's <i>Sir William</i> , by William of Transport, dam by Potomac, aged.			dist.
R. Carter's b. c. <i>Kangaroo</i> , by Columbus, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.			dist.

Time, 1:54—1:55—2:00.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

W. T. Ward's <i>Mary Vaughan</i> , by Waxy, dam by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs.	1	1
S. Davenport's <i>Maffit</i> , by Frank, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs.	2	3

Time, 6:20—6:29.

FRIDAY, Sept. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

J. G. Boswell's b. f. <i>Luda</i> , by Medoc, out of Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.	1	1
S. Davenport's b. f. <i>Laura</i> , by Medoc, dam by Moses, 3 yrs.	2	2
Thos. M. Kennedy's b. h. <i>Ben Duncan</i> , by Cherokee, dam by Sir Harry, aged.	4	3
W. T. Ward's br. m. <i>Wazetta</i> , by Waxy, dam by Diomed, 5 yrs.	3	4

Time, 3:52—3:59. * Complaining in one leg.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as on Wednesday. Sub. \$25 each, with a Set of Silver Cups, worth \$60, added by the Proprietor. Mile heats.

Thos. M. Kennedy's b. f. <i>Mary Burnham</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	3	1	1
S. Davenport's br. h. <i>Boyle</i> , by Frank.	1	3	2
H. W. Farris' b. h. <i>Campbell</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	2	2	3
J. W. Kennedy's ch. h. <i>Delaney</i> , by Saladin.			dist.

Time, 1:55—1:54—1:50.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$200 each, with the gate money added. Two mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. c. <i>Charley Fox</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1	1
J. M. Estell's <i>Jim Allen</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Hamantonian, aged.	2	2

Time, 3:58—4:05.

H. W. FARRIS.

LEXINGTON, Ky., ASSOCIATION COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seventeen subs. at \$500 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Jas. K. Duke's ch. c. <i>Telamon</i> , by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott, by Sumpter.	1	1
Jas. Shy's ch. c. <i>Askland</i> , by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson, by Sumpter.	2	2
W. S. Buford Jr.'s b. f. by Medoc, out of Vanity.		dist.

Time, 4:08—4:17.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Purse \$300, ent. \$25, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Jas. Shy's (Thos. Van Swearingen's) ch. c. <i>Darney</i> , by John Richards, out of Lady Grey by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.	4	1	1
James J. Allen's b. c. <i>Robert Bruce</i> , by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.	3	3	2
J. K. Duke's (G. W. Brand's) ch. c. <i>Vernier</i> , by Medoc—Lady Adams by Whipster, 3 y.	1	2	dr
J. Brennan's (J. M. Pindell's) b. f. <i>Great Western</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	2		dist.
S. Burbridge's (L. K. Grigsby's) b. c. <i>Bro. to Kavanagh</i> , by Bertrand, d. by Director, 3 y.	5		dist.
R. Burbridge's b. f. <i>Mary Ann</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs.	6		dist.
W. Viley's b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , by Singleton, dam by Hamitonian, 4 yrs.			dist.
R. R. Jenkins' ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.			dist.

Time, 4:11—4:07—4:14

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Purse \$700, ent. \$70, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

J. G. Boswell's b. f. <i>Luda</i> , by Medoc—Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.	1	2	1
Jas. K. Duke's (Mr. Chiles') <i>Sophia Lovell</i> , by Sir Lovell, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William, 3 yrs.	3	1	2
John Brennan's (Thos. Kirkman's) ch. h. <i>Lantaro</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass (the dam of Lauderdale), 5 yrs.	4	3	3
Sidney Burbridge's (L. K. Grigsby's) ch. f. by Archy Montorio, dam by Old Court, 3 yrs.	5	4	4
Willie Viley's br. c. <i>Ralph</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Brown Mary by Sumpter, 4 yrs.	2		dist.

Time, 6:02—6:10—6:09.

Ralph came in first, but was declared distanced for foul riding, as a jostle occurred from his

attempting to pass Luda on the inside. His owner appealed to the Club, which, upon consideration, passed the following resolutions:—

"Resolved. That where the leading horse leaves room upon the inside for a contending horse to pass; should the leading nag attempt to pole the horse on the inside, and in the attempt be jostled, the leading nag shall not complain, provided the horse on the inner side has made straight running.

"Resolved. That there is nothing foul in attempting to pass on the inside, provided there be room to pass; that the only penalty incurred is the liability to be poled.

"Resolved. That the rider of Ralph in the three mile race run over this Course, on the 19th of September, be acquitted of all censure on account of the jostle which occurred between Ralph and Luda.

"Resolved. That the race of three miles to-day was won by Mr. Boswell's filly Luda."

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Jas. Shy's ch. c. <i>J. F. Robinson</i> , by Medoc, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs.....	1	1
W. S. Buford's br. f. by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	2	2
John Brennan's (J. M. Pindell's) ch. c. by Medoc, out of Multiflora, 3 yrs.....	3	3
Sidney Burbridge's (L. K. Grigsby's) ch. f. by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	4	4
Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Bardolph</i> , by Bertrand, out of Susan Hicks by Virginian, 3 yrs.....	5	5
R. Burbridge's (W. Buford's) b. f. by Singleton, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....	dist.	
Jas. E. Hutchinson's (A. Palmer's) gr. h. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Buck Elk, dam by Quicksilver, 5 y. dist.	dist.	

Time, 1:52—1:54.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Purse \$1000, ent. \$75, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Dr. E. Warfield's b. f. <i>Duckie</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Mary Jones by Kosciusko, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. Shy's ch. h. <i>Kavanagh</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Director, 5 yrs.....	2*	

Time, 8:26. * Let down.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Jas. Shy's ch. c. <i>Ashland</i> , by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 3 yrs.....	1	1
John Brennan's (J. M. Pindell's) b. h. <i>Buckshin</i> , by Kosciusko, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 1:53—1:51.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

C. Buford's (G. W. Brand's) ch. c. <i>Vertner</i> , by Medoc—Lady Adams by Whipster, 3 yrs..	1	1
Jas. Lindsay's b. m. <i>West Florida</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs.....	5	2
J. G. Boswell's (T. J. Robinson's) b. c. <i>Burleigh</i> , by Archy Montorio, d. by Contention, 3 y	4	3
Jas. Shy's br. c. <i>Occident</i> , by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel, 3 yrs.....	2	4
E. Warfield's b. f. <i>Merrygold</i> , by Sir Leslie, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	5
S. Burbridge's (L. K. Grigsby's) ro. f. <i>Rowena</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs.	6	dist.

Time, 3:46—3:48.

ORANGE COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

MONDAY, Sept. 16, 1839—Purse \$100, ent. \$7,50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Wm. L. White's ch. f. <i>Betsey Colman</i> , by Goliah, out of Melinda, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Capt. T. Davis' ch. f. <i>Faith</i> , by Goliah, dam by Herod, 4 yrs.....	4	2
Col. Duval's br. f. by Industry, 4 yrs.....	3	3
James Willis' bl. h. by Imp. Truffle, 5 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 1:53—1:56.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17—Purse \$200, ent. \$10, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> , by Goliah, out of Philip's dam by Trafalgar, 4 yrs.....	1	1
J. C. Gibsen's b. c. <i>Dandridge</i> , by Zinganee, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:58½—3:58.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Purse \$100, ent. \$7,50, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>John Hampden</i> , by Goliah, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	3	3	1	1
Col. Duval's b. f. by Zinganee, 4 yrs.....	0	1	2	dr
James Willis' bl. h. by Imp. Truffle.....	0	2	dr	

Time, 1:43—1:49—1:53.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—Match, \$200 a side, Club weights. Mile heats.

Thos. Williams' b. h. <i>Friendship</i> , by Chanticleer, dam unknown, 5 yrs. 110lbs.....	1	1
E. J. Wilson's b. m. <i>Eliza</i> , own sister to Hornblower, 5 yrs. 107lbs.....	2	2

Time, 1:56—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Ed. J. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Tom Walker</i> , by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Otway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:55—3:57.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before,—with a Post Stake of \$1000 each, P.P., between Messrs. Johnson, Hare, and Wilson. Four mile heats.

Ed. J. Wilson's (Charles Hatcher's) gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogile's Oscar, 6 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's (W. Livingston's) b. c. <i>Job</i> , by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler, 4 yrs....	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. m. <i>Mary Blunt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 6 yrs.....	*	

Time, 7:54—7:57. * Broke down.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Citizens' Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. c. <i>Buck Eye</i> , by Critic, out of Ann Page by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. c. <i>Tom Hoskins</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Minerva by Tom Tough, 4 yrs..	2	2

Time, 5:50—5:56.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Thomas Doswell's br. h. <i>Chotauk</i> , by Pamunky, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Henry Shepherd's imp. b. f. <i>Polly Moss</i> , by St. Nicholas, out of Moss Rose by Tramp, 4 yrs.....	2	2
James B. Kendall's ch. c. <i>Windsor</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse—Meg Dodds by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	3
Wm. Crow's br. c. <i>Astrologer</i> , by Star, dam by Walnut, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:56—3:53.

☞ In consequence of a heavy rain at the hour of starting, the race for the second day was postponed until the following day, by consent.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Purse \$350, ent. \$30, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Thomas Doswell's b. f. <i>Martha Bickerton</i> , by Pamunky, dam by Tariff, 4 yrs.....	1	3	1
J. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Master Henry</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	2	1	2
Joseph Crane's br. m. <i>Camsidel</i> , by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, aged.....	4	2	dr
Samuel Strider's b. h. <i>Zamour</i> , by John Richards, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs.....	3		dr
Henry Shepherd's b. c. <i>Columbus</i> , by Columbus, dam by Catton, 4 yrs.....	dist.		
William Saffer's b. h. <i>Licks of Loudoun</i> , by Industry, dam by Archibald, 5 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 6:13—6:16—6:15.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds by Tyrant, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs.

Sub. \$100 each. One mile.

Joseph Crane's filly.....	1
John W. Duffield's colt.....	2
William Moore's filly.....	3

Time, 2:12.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thomas Doswell's ch. c. <i>Oriflamme</i> , by Mons. Tounson, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs.....	1	1	3	1
Jacob Moles' <i>Dudley</i> , by Dudley, dam by St. Tammany, 6 yrs.....	4	3	1	2
Henry Shepherd's b. g. <i>Old Rattler</i> , by Rattler, aged.....	2	2	2	3
Wm. Moore's <i>Yahoo</i> , by Star, dam by St. Tammany, 4 yrs.....	3	4		dr

Time, 1:55—1:55½—1:56—1:57.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Purse \$50, entrance \$20, added; for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Two mile heats.

John Moore's <i>Levi</i> , by Star, dam by Walnut.....	1	1
Wm. Moore's <i>Greybeard</i> , by Star, dam by Tariff.....	3	2
Jacob Miller's <i>Talleyrand</i> , by Star, dam by Industry.....	2	3
Edward Lucas's <i>Flirt</i> , by Russell's Rattler, dam by Thornton's Rattler.....	bolt.	

Time, 2:03½—2:02.

SOUTHAMPTON, VA., CROSS KEYS COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$150 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

James Talley's b. c. <i>Mountjoy</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles.....	1	1
Mr. Cunningham's bl. c. <i>Black Boy</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp.....	2	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's <i>Joe Rouser</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Thaddeus.....	bolt.	

Time, 1:54—2:03.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's imp. ch. f. <i>The Queen</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. Talley's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:58—4:03.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. S. French's br. f. <i>Fleta</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 4 yrs.....	1	1
James Talley's ch. f. <i>Betsey White</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	2
John S. Corbin's b. c. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	2	3

No time given.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$25 each, with \$50 added. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. c. <i>Cashier</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1	1
James Talley's ch. m. by Timoleon.....	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 1:55—2d not given.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

Breathitt & Carroll's ch. c. <i>Stockborough</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.....	1	1
Saml. J. Carter's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Sally Nailor by Florizel.....	2	2
J. G. Sheegog's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar.....	3	dist.
J. H. White's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.....	4	dist.

Time, 1:58—1:57.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each. One mile.

J. C. Guild's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard.....	1
Philip C. Shute's ch. f. by Lafayette, dam by Pacific.....	bolt
J. C. Sheegog's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar.....	pd.ft.

Time not kept.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each. Two mile heats.

Saml. J. Carter's gr. f. by Russell's Houston, out of Sally Nailor by Florizel.....	1	1
T.W. Gilman's b. c. by Medoc, dam by Bertrand	2	2
Smith Criddle's b. c. by Shakspeare, dam unknown.....	dist.	

Time, 4:20—4:41.

PETERSBURG, VA., NEWMARKET COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24, 1839—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. f. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Chas. S. Morris' b. h. <i>Crab</i> , by Gloucester, dam by Speculator, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 1:53—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Proprietor's Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tychicus—Nancy Marlborough by Rob Roy, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Chas. S. Morris' b. h. <i>Jubal</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Alfred	2	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Chance.....	3	dr

Time, 3:54½—4:05.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, with an inside stake of \$2000 each, P.P. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's imp. ch. f. <i>The Queen</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs.....	*3	2
Charles Hatcher's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 y ..	2	3

Time, 8:02—7:52.

* The Queen was second in this heat, but pulling up before she got to the Judge's Stand, Omega walked past it before her.

FRIDAY Sept. 27—Citizen's Plate, value \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. h. <i>Balie Peyton</i> , by Andrew, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. h. <i>Chifney</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Miss Waxy by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	*2
C. S. Morris' ch. m. by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar.....	dist.	

Time, 5:58. * Broke down.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., OAKLAND COURSE.

SATURDAY, Sept. 28, 1839—Extra Proprietor's Purse of \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. <i>Missouri</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs.....	Archer.	4	1	1
Wm. T. Ward's b. c. <i>Chaviey Fox</i> , by Waxy, dam by Bucknor's Leviathan, 4 yrs.....		0	2	2
M. McCumpey's br. f. <i>Sally Ward</i> , own sister to Mary Vaughan, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs.....		3	4	3
Chas. Buford's ch. f. <i>Leapardess</i> , by Medoc—Rodolph's dam by Haxall's Moses, 3 yrs..		0	3	4
Jos. G. Boswell's ch. f. <i>Henrietta Lockhart</i> , by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 3:55—3:54—3:59.

MONDAY, Sept. 30—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Ten subscribers at \$2000 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor added the receipts of the Stands. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs.....				
Oliver & Dickey's (A. L. Shotwell's) gr. c. <i>Grey Eagle</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.....	<i>Cato.</i>	1	1	
Willia Viley's ch. f. <i>Queen Mary</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs.....		2	2	
Bradley & Steel's ch. c. <i>Hawk-Eye</i> , by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam by Jenkins' Sir William, 4 yrs.....		3	3	

Time, 7:48—7:44.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, Club weights. Eighteen subs. at \$100 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor added a Service of Plate (value \$500)—the 2d horse to receive back his stake. Two mile heats.

Wm. Buford Jr.'s (Geo. E. Blackburn's) ch. f. <i>Cub</i> (late Chlorine), by Medoc, dam by Sumpter.....	<i>Madison Powell.</i>	1	1	
Lewis K. Grigsby's (J. Shy's) ch. c. <i>James F. Robinson</i> , by Medoc, dam by Potomac.....		6	2	
J. W. Fenwick's b. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee.....		4	3	
R. Pindell's (A. Spear's) ch. c. <i>Moorehead</i> , by Medoc, out of Multiflora by Kosciusko....		5	4	
Jas. K. Duke's ch. c. <i>Vertner</i> , by Medoc, out of Lady Adams by Whipster.....		2	5	
S. Burbridge's (S. Davenport's) b. f. <i>Laura</i> , by Medoc, dam by Doublehead.....		3	6	
M. R. Tarleton's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin.....		dist.		

Time, 3:45½—3:44.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs. fillies 72lbs. Ten subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Frederick Herr's b. c. <i>Darius</i> , by Orphan Boy, dam by Cumberland.....	<i>John.</i>	1		
B. Russel's b. c. by Industry, dam unknown.....		dist.		
T. McGruder's b. c. by Dungannon, dam by Stockholder.....		dist.		
T. Duvall's b. c. by Pirate, dam by Consul.....		dist.		
B. Maloney's gr. c. by Fowler, dam unknown.....		dist.		

Time, 1:54.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, \$500 a side, Mile heats.

Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Gulnare</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William of Transport, 2 yrs.....	<i>Miller.</i>	1		
Capt. T. G. Moore's b. c. <i>Morgan O'Connell</i> , by Daniel O'Connell, dam by Stockholder, 2 y ..		dist.		

Time, 1:52.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Purse \$1000, conditions as on Tuesday, Three mile heats.

R. B. Tarleton's b. c. <i>Ralph</i> , by Woodpecker—Brown Mary by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	<i>Jack</i>	1	1
S. Burbridge's (S. Smith's) b. h. <i>Rodolph</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, aged.		0	2
Jas. Shy's ch. c. <i>Darnley</i> , by John Richards, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.....		6	3
Jas. K. Duke's b. f. <i>Sophia Lovell</i> , by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, 3 yrs.....		2	4
T. P. Hart's b. f. <i>Great Western</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....		0	5
Jas. L. Bradley's ch. c. <i>Hawk-Eye</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....		5	6
M. McCumpsey's gr. f. <i>Anna Medoc</i> , by Medoc, out of Ironette's dam by Packenham, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 5:50—5:50.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Purse \$250, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. Buford's ch. f. <i>Red Morocco</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.....	<i>Mat. Powell</i>	1	1	1
Jas. Shy's ch. c. <i>Ashland</i> , by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 3 yrs.....		2	2	2
W. W. Bacon's b. c. <i>Stranger</i> , by Lance, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.....		4	5	3
T. P. Hart's ch. c. <i>Bob Bush</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....		3	2	4
W. Shiveley's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Old Court, 4 yrs.....		5	4	dist
Y. N. Oliver's ch. c. <i>Turner</i> , by Sussex, out of Sparrowhawk's dam, 4 yrs.....		6	6	dr

Time, 1:50—1:51—1:51.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Four subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

A. Hike's gr. by Orphan Boy, out of Betsey Williams by Sir Richard.....	<i>Jack</i>	3	1	1
Frederick Herr's b. g. <i>Japhet</i> , by Meteor, dam by Hamiltonian.....		1	3	3
S. Burbridge's br. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko.....		2	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:58—2:00.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—The *Oakland Plate* (a silver Tea Service, value \$500), conditions as for the purse races; Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. <i>Missouri</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	<i>Archer</i>	5	1	1
Jas. K. Duke's ch. c. <i>Telamon</i> (own brother to Maria Duke), by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs.....		1	2	2
Jos. G. Boswell's (T. J. Robinson's) b. c. <i>Burleigh</i> , by Archy Montorio, out of Mary Lee by Contention, 3 yrs.....		4	3	3
G. N. Sanders & Co.'s b. c. <i>Occident</i> , by Bertrand, out of Little Turtle's dam by Turpin's Florizel, 4 yrs.....		2	4	4
W. W. Bacon's b. c. <i>Bendigo</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....		3	5	dr

Time, 3:50—3:44—3:50.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. <i>Wagner</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	<i>Cato</i>	3	1	1
A. L. Shotwell's gr. c. <i>Grey Eagle</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....		1	2	*
Willa Viley's b. f. <i>Emily Johnson</i> (own sister to Singleton), by Bertrand, out of Black Eyed Susan by Tiger, 4 yrs.....		2	dist.	

Time, 7:51—7:43—3d heat no time kept. * Grey Eagle broke down in 2d mile.

NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. I.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Seven subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' bl. f. <i>Midnight</i> , by Shark, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy.....	<i>Joe Laird</i>	1	
H. Wilkes' ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda by Tunoleon.....			bolt.

Time not kept.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$300, \$50 of which goes to the second horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Trenton</i> , by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs....	<i>Abram</i>	1	1
S. Laird's (Mr. Bathgate's) b. c. <i>Waterloo</i> , by Imp. Victory—Maid of the Mill by Duroc, 4 y.		2	2
John D. Kirby's (of Va.) b. c. by Maryland Eclipse—Lady Clifden's dam by Ratray, 4 yrs..	dist.		

Time, 3:46—3:45.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Purse \$400, \$100 of which goes to the second horse, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Samuel Laird's ch. c. <i>Clarion</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	<i>Harry</i>	1	1
John D. Kirby's (of Va.) b. h. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....		3	2
Daniel Abbott's gr. h. <i>Manalapan</i> , by Medley, dam by John Richards, 6 yrs.....		2	dr

Time, 5:45½—5:57.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$800, \$200 of which goes to the second horse, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

S. Laird's ch. h. <i>Decatur</i> , by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	<i>Jack</i>	2	1
J. H. Van Mater's br. c. <i>Hornblower</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 4 yrs.....			1 dist.
R. F. Stockton's b. f. <i>Caroline</i> , by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 7:47½—7:52.

The reader may be interested with the time of the different miles:—

First heat.		Second heat.	
1st mile.....	2:01½	1st mile.....	1:57½
2d mile.....	1:56	2d mile.....	1:54½
3d mile.....	1:57½	3d mile.....	1:55
4th mile.....	1:52½	4th mile.....	2:05

SAME DAY—Second heat—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as on Tuesday. Three subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Wm. Jones' b. c. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc.....	1	1
Jno. D. Kirby's (of Va.) br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker.....	2	dr
R. F. Stockton's Imp. ch. c. <i>Passaic</i> , by Reveller, out of Rachel by Whalebone.....	pd.ft.	

Time, 3:53½.

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA., VICTORIA COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 3, 1839—Purse \$150, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. f. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. H. Tayloe's b. c. <i>Capt. Thos. Hoskins</i> , by Imp. Autocrat—Minerva by Tom Tough, 4 y	3	2
Thos. Doswell's ch. c. <i>Oriflamme</i> , by Mons. Tenson, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs.....	4	3
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Henry A. Wise</i> , by Dick Dashed, dam by Hickory, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.
James Green's ch. g. <i>Hard Luck</i> , 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4—Purse \$250, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Thos. Doswell's b. f. <i>Martha Bickerton</i> , by Pamunky, dam by Tariff, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Henry Shephard's b. c. by Columbus, dam by Catton.....	5	2	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. <i>Betsey Coleman</i> , by Goliath—Malinda by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..	1	dist.	
Wm. Duvall's ch. h. <i>Corsair</i> , by Timoleon, out of Zuleika by Gracchus, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.	
Col. J. C. Gibson's (Capt. Davis') ch. f. <i>Faith</i> , by Goliath, dam by Herod, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.	
O. P. Hare's ch. h. <i>Wilks</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 5 yrs.....	dr		
W. H. Tayloe's ch. c. <i>The Pony</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	dr		

Time, 4:13—4:14—4:24. Track very heavy from rain.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pevleton</i> , by Goliath—Philip's dam by Trafalgar, 4 yrs..	1	1	
O. P. Hare's b. h. <i>Champagne</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	2	
J. B. Kendall's b. c. <i>Sefferer</i> , by Eclipse, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	dr	
Wm. Duvall's b. m. <i>Martha Colvin</i> , by Agrippa, dam by Walnut, 6 yrs.....	dist.		
Maj. Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	dist.		
J. C. Gibson's (G. Long's) <i>Hope</i>	dist.		

Time, 6:40—6:31. Track still heavy.

FRIDAY, Sept. 6—Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

O. P. Hare's b. c. <i>Capt. Thos. Hoskins</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. c. <i>Chotauk</i> , by Pamunky, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	2	dr	
Col. W. L. White's ch. c. <i>John Hamden</i> , by Goliath, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	dist.		
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Master Henry</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 8:33.

SAME DAY—Second Race—A Match for \$1000 a side, Club weights, Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. Duvall's b. m. <i>Martha Colvin</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	1	1	
Maj. Thos. Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , " aged.....	2	2	

Time, 8:35—8:54. Track still very heavy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. \$50 each, with the gate money of the day added. Mile heats.

Col. J. C. Gibson's b. c. <i>Snag</i> , by Pamunky.....	1	1	
Col. White's b. c. by Goliath.....	2	2	

Time, 2:21—2:10.

BALTIMORE, MD., KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Match, \$200 a side, Two mile heats.

Jas. Adams' ch. g. <i>Red Rut</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs., 115lbs. <i>Elijah White</i> .	1	1	
T. R. S. Boyce's Imp. ch. c. <i>Foreigner</i> , by The Colonel, 4 yrs.....	2	2	

Time, 3:59—1:00. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion.....	rec'd	ft.	
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SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Wm. Gibbons' bl. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles.....	3	3	1	1
David McDaniel's b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon.....	1	2	4	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. <i>John Hunter</i> , by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy.	4	1	3	dr
Col. F. Thompson's (Col. F. C. Green's) b. f. by Imp. Autocrat—Laura by Rob Roy.	2	4	2	*
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph by Gohanna..	5	dr		

Time, 3:49—3:49—3:56—4:03. * Ruled out. Track heavy.

In the first heat Mr. McDaniel's colt made a false start, and ran a mile before he could be stopped.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, that never started in a public race. Five subs. at \$200 each, h. ft., weights as before. Two mile heats.

Gen. A. Hunter's ch. c. by The Ace of Diamonds—The Captain's dam by Oscar..	Craig.	1	1	
Col. Frs. Thompson's (Col. Frs. C. Green's) b. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Rattler.....	2	2		

Time, 3:53—4:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Eclipse—Maria West by Marion, 3 yrs..	Craig.	7	1	1
David McDaniel's ch. f. <i>Ellen Thomas</i> , (full sister to Vashti), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs.....	1	2	3	
Col. F. Thompson's ch. m. <i>Rowena</i> , by Timoleon, out of Laura by Rob Roy, 5 yrs.....	6	3	2	
R. J. Worthington's b. c. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Tripit, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.		
J. M. Wilson's b. c. by Ivanhoe, out of Kitty Fisher by Revenge, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.		
J. Adams' b. c. <i>Saracen</i> , by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	2	dr		
C. Goddard's b. c. <i>Hoosier</i> , by Critic, dam by Young Oscar, 4 yrs.....	4	dr		
Jacob Powder's b. f. by Forester, out of Forest Maid by Ratray, 3 yrs.....	dist.			
T. R. S. Boyce's gr. h. Own brother to Alice Grey, 6 yrs., and Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. <i>Fanny Selden</i> , by Duke of Orleans, out of Mary Selden's dam by Bay Richmond....	dr			

Time, 3:54—3:48—3:51.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, \$300 of which goes to the second best horse' conditions as before, Four mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. c. *Buck Eye*, by Critic, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. Wash. Summer. 1 1
 Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Geo. L. Stockett's b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex—Glorvina's dam by Eay Richmond, 6 yrs 3 3
 Time, 8:10—7:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse \$600, \$200 of which goes to the second best horse, ent. \$30; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. *Lily*, by Tycheus, out of Laura by Rob Roy, 4 yrs. 4 1 1
 Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Sufferer*, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 2 4 2
 Geo. L. Stockett's b. c. *Gustavus*, by Sussex, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs. 1 2 dist.
 R. W. Raisin's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, by Uncle Sam—Ally Croaker by Telegraph, 4 yrs 3 3 dist.
 Saml. A. Sparks' b. h. *Eustomente*, by Sussex, out of Caroline Whitefoot (the grand-dam of Lady Clifden) by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs. *

Time, 5:52—6:04—5:55. * Broke down.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Purse \$200, free only for colts beaten during the week; ent. \$25, to be added to the purse; weights as before. Two mile heats.

J. M. Wilson's b. c. by Ivanhoe, out of Kitty Fisher by Revenge, 3 yrs. walked over.

SAME DAY—Purse \$100, ent. 5 per cent., conditions as on Friday; Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's br. h. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, dam by Hickory, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. *Fanny Selden*, by Duke of Orleans—Mary Selden's dam by Bay Richmond, 3 yrs. 2 2
 James Adams' ch. g. *John of Hampton*, by Sussex, out of Mountain Filly, 6 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 1:53—1:53. JAS. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

TREE HILL, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. B. Irby's b. f. by Eclipse, dam by Contention. 4 1 1
 W. T. Semple's ch. f. by Hotspur, dam by Contention. 1 3 2
 J. B. Shelton's ch. c. by Goliath, dam by Kosciusko. 3 2 dist.
 John Heth's b. c. by Shark, out of Arietta by Virginian. 2 2 dist.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Medley. pd.ft.
 Time, 1:56—1:55—2:01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats

Nathl. T. Green's b. c. by Imp. Whale, out of Goodloe Washington (Duane's dam) by Washington. 2 1 1
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Hardeaway's Omega mare. 1 2 2
 Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Goliath, dam by Alfred. 3 3 dist.
 Time, 4:01—4:05—4:03.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Purse \$500, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry \$6lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

O. P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs. 0 1 1
 John P. White's br. h. *Jerome*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs. 1 2 2
 Isham Puckett's b. m. *Spindle*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 0 5 3
 Wm. L. White's ch. c. *John Hamden*, by Goliath, dam by Director, 4 yrs. 0 3 dist.
 Duval & McCargo's b. c. *Dandridge*, by Zinganee, dam by Lafavette, 4 y. 0 4 dist.
 Thos. Doswell's b. c. *Chotauck*, by Pannunky, dam by Arab, 4 yrs. 0 6 dr
 Time, 6:08—6:06—6:04. * Broke down in 2d heat.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Proprietor's Purse \$250, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. f. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Isham Puckett's ch. m. *Julia Burton* (Sister to Veto), by Gohanna, d. by Tom Tough, 5 y. 3 2
 Thos. Doswell's ch. c. *Oriflamme*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 4 3
 J. T. Semple's b. f. *Emily Booker*, by Standard, dam by Contention, 4 yrs. 2 4
 Time, 3:58—3:55.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse \$50, ent. \$30, added; conditions as before; Two mile heats.

J. P. White's gr. c. *Bendigo*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 4 1 1
 Wm. L. White's b. m. *Martha Colvin*, by Agrippa, dam by Walnut, 6 yrs. 0 2 2
 Thos. Doswell's ch. c. *Camden*, by Imp. Autocrat—Eliza White by Sir Charles, 4 yrs 0 3 3
 James Talley's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles. 1 4 fell
 Time, 4:03½—3:57½—2:58.

SAME DAY—Match, \$500 a side.

Wm. L. White's f. by Goliath. rec'd ft.
 From Mr. Vaughan's Tranby or Mr. Vest's Goliath colt. J. P. WHITE.

MECKLENBURG, VA., BUFFALO COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

Capt. James Williamson's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Sir Archy. 1
 Maj. Edmond Hester's b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Bertrand. 2
 Time, 1:54.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Five subs. at \$50 each h. ft. One mile.

Capt. James Williamson's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Boxer. 1
 David McDaniel's b. f. *Lady Wake*, by Correcter, dam by Virginian. 2
 Peter Puryear's ch. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Virginian. 3
 McCargo & Logwood's b. f. by May-Day, dam by Sir Archy. 4
 James Gardiner's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam unknown. 5
 Time, 1:57.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Proprietor's Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. h. <i>Suffolk</i> , by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Capt. James Williamson's ch. c. <i>Brocklesby</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	6	
James M. McCargo's ch. m. <i>Eliza Garrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Emperor, 5 yrs.....	2	3
Robert Duncanson's br. c. <i>Baltimore</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	5	4
Ceophas Hudson's b. h. <i>Arabian Mark</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir James, 5 yrs.....	3	5
Wm. McCargo's br. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Georgiana by Napoleon, 4 yrs.....	4	6
Time, 3:55—3:56.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. g. <i>Sam Johnson</i> , by Giles Scroggins Jr., out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1
Thos. B. Wall's b. m. <i>Molly Ward</i> , by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2
Robert Duncanson's b. h. <i>Drumgoole</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	3	3	dist.
Capt. J. Williamson's b. c. <i>Bloomsbury</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs.....	4	dr	
Time not given.			

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Handicap Purse \$100, ent. \$10, added; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ceophas Hudson's b. h. <i>Arabian Mark</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs., 10lbs. off.....	5	3	1	1	1
Thos. B. Wall's ch. m. <i>Eliza Garrison</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs., 5lbs. off.....	1	1	2	3	3
David McDaniel's b. c. <i>Cain</i> , by Andrew, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	2	2	3	2	2
Col. John L. White's ch. c. by Jackson, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.....	3	4	dist.		
Robert Duncanson's ch. h. <i>Jacob Cribbs</i> , by Alonzo, dam by Sir Charles.....	4	dist.			
Time, 1:56—1:56—1:53—1:57—2:00.					

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

David McDaniel's gr. f. <i>Ginger Blue</i> , by Sir Pitt, dam unknown.....	1	1
Thos. B. Wall's ch. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Sir Charles.....	4	2
Col. John L. White's br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Timoleon.....	3	3
Capt. James Williamson's bl. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Napoleon.....	2	4
Time, 1:52—1:53½.		

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

David McDaniel's gr. c. <i>Grey Momus</i> , by Hardluck, dam by Mons. Tonson.....	2	1	1
Capt. James Williamson's b. f. <i>Sally Page</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian.....	1	2	dr
Col. John L. White's b. c. by Jackson, dam by Sir Charles.....	3	dr	
Time, 1:52—1:53½.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Ceophas Hudson's ch. g. by Contest, dam by Sir James.....	1	1
Col. John L. White's b. c. <i>Harkaway</i> , by Emilius, out of Trapeze.....	2	2
Robert Duncanson's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam unknown.....	3	3
Time not given.		

GEO. M. BRANCH, Sec'y.

BURKSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Sub. \$20 each. Mile heats.

E. J. Bowinan's b. f. by King's Bertrand, dam by Hambletonian.....	1	1
Jno. M. Emerson's b. c. <i>Ben Hardin</i> , by King's Bertrand, dam by Patriot.....	2	dist.
Time, 2:00—2:01.		

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Alfred King's b. c. <i>Leg-bail</i> , by Jackson, dam by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Azel Simpson's bl. c. <i>John Ross</i> , by Waxy, dam by Topgallant, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dist.
James Sautley's b. c. <i>Boyle</i> , by Frank, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	
John M. Emerson's b. c. <i>Wetampha</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Printer, 3 yrs.....	4	dr	
Time, 3:56—3:57—4:01.			

WM. CHEEK, Sec'y.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$50 each. Mile heats.

Capt. James Williamson's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian.....	1	1
Col. John P. White's ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Florizel.....	2	2
M. Talbot's ch. c. by Tychicus, dam by old Madison.....	dist.	
Time, 1:54—1:55.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$250 a side, Two mile heats.

S. Woodruff's ro. g. by Young Eclipse, out of Betsey West by Imp. Buzzard, 3 yrs....	1	1
H. W. Quarles's ch. c. by Randolph's Janns, dam by Saltram.....	2	bolt.
Time, 4:04.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Capt. J. Williamson's b. c. <i>Bloomsbury</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Col. John P. White's (Thos. Hundley's) b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs....	2	2	2
Time, 1:50—1:56—1:59.			

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Col. John P. White's gr. c. *Bendigo*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 3 1 1
 Col. John L. White's ch. c. by Jackson, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs..... 1 2 dr
 Capt. Robt. Townes' b. h. *Danville*, by Murat, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs..... 4 dist.
 Wm. McCargo's br. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Georgiana by Napoleon, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time, 4:02—3:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—A Colt Stake for 3 yr. olds; weights as before. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

James M. Langhorne's bl. c. by Young Eclipse, dam by Madison..... 1
 Capt. Robt. L. Coleman's ch. c. by Tycheus, dam by Shakspeare..... 2
 M. Talbot's ch. c. by Tycheus, dam by Pacolet..... 3
 Time not given.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Col. John P. White's b. h. *Jerome*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 Capt. James Williamson's ch. h. *Tom Cringle*, by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs..... 2 2
 Wm. McCargo's ch. m. *Betsey Redd*, by Red Rover—Betsey West by Imp. Buzzard, 5 yrs..... 3 dr
 Time, 6:05—6:13.

PITTSYLVANIA C. II., VA., OAKLAND COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 82lbs. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. John L. White's ch. c. *Harkaway*, by Emilius, out of Trapes..... 3 1 1
 David McDaniel's gr. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pitt. dam unknown..... 2 2
 Capt. James Williamson's b. f. *Blue Wing*, by Imp. Whale—Wasp by Don Quixotte... 1 dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:55—1:59.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 2lbs. allowed to mares and geldings Two mile heats.

Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. c. *Bloomsbury*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 4:01½—4:06.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Wm. McCargo's ch. m. *Betsey Redd*, by Red Rover—Betsey West by Imp. Buzzard, 5 y 1 1
 Col. John L. White's br. f. by Jackson, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.
 David McDaniel's gr. c. *Grey Momus*, by Hard Luck, dam by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Time, 4:01½—4:00.

SATURDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats..
 David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins Jr., out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... 3 1 1
 Capt. Melville Talbot's ch. c. *Fortunatus*, by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.... 2 3 3
 Col. John L. White's ch. c. by Jackson, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs..... 1 2 dr
 Wm. McCargo's br. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Georgiana by Napoleon, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 6:12½—6:09—6:23. BY THE SECRETARY.

COLE COUNTY, Mo., WOODLAND COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11, 1839—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 66lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Thos. M. Winston's ch. c. *Othello*, by Waxy, dam by Hickory, 3 yrs..... 2 1 1
 Mr. Joseph Brumly's ch. c. *John Miller*, by Uncas, dam by Sir Peter, 4 yrs..... 1 2 2
 Time, 3:55—4:00—4:19.

THURSDAY, Sept. 12—Purse \$125, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 E. W. Ward's b. f. *Louisa Winston*, by Waxy, 4 yrs..... *
 Joseph Brumly's b. c. *Don Pedro*, by Ravenscroft, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... *
 JOHN ANDERSON, Proprietor

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, carrying 75lbs.—other conditions not reported; with a Silver Cup added to the stakes. Mile heats.

A. W. Morrison's *Blue Skin*, by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh..... 1 1
 Mr. Garrison's *Black Hawk*, by Black Hawk, dam by Blackburn's Whip..... * *
 Col. Thos. W. Patton's *Traveller*, by Rob Roy, dam by Marmion..... * *
 W. H. Edgar's *Wild Bill*, by Wildair, dam by Sir Archy..... * *
 Time, 1:59—2:02. * Not placed in the report.

GALLATIN, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, Sept. 23, 1839—The Wylie Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 82lbs. Twenty subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Jesse Cage's ch. f. *Maria Williams*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon..... 1 1
 Head & Smith's (M. P. Gentry's) ch. f. *Day-dream*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Figure by Sir Archy..... 2 2
 Thompson & French's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan—Mary Burton by Andrew Jackson.... 3 3
 A. J. Donelson's ch. c. by Manbrino, out of Emily by Thornton's Rattler..... 4 dist.
 Time, 3:53—4:01.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, for \$200 a side, h. ft.; Mile heats.
 C. Cantrel's ch. c. by Cantrel's Leviathan, dam by Bertrand, 2 yrs. 70lbs..... 1 1
 O. Smith's b. f. by John Dawson, dam unknown, 2 yrs. 67lbs..... 2 2
 Time, 2:01—2:04.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John G. Turner's gr. f. <i>Betsy Miller</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar.....	2	1	1
G. W. Parker's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles.....	1	2	dist.
Alex. Yourie's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Mary Farmer by Conqueror.....	3	3	dist.

Time, 1:54—2:00—2:04½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, \$200 a side, h. ft., Mile heats.

Ben. Rutherford's b. c. by John Dawson, dam by Pacolet, 2 yrs. 70lbs.....	1	1
Wm. H. Wilkinson's ch. f. by Cage's Leviathan, dam unknown, 2 yrs. 67lbs.....	2	2

Time, 2:04½—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$30, added; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Jesse Cage's ch. c. <i>Ragland</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.....	1	1
Chas. Lewis' ch. f. <i>Emily Speed</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 6:00. Ages not given.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Jesse Cage's gr. c. <i>Mud</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	2	2	1	1
Head & Smith's (M. P. Gentry's) ch. f. <i>Day-dream</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	3	2	2
C. Lewis' b. c. <i>Devil</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	4	1	dr	
D. Burford's ch. f. <i>Matilda</i> , by Cock of the Rock, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.		
James Murrell's b. m. by Bertrand, dam by Aratus, 5 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 3:52—3:53—4:05—4:01.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

A. P. Yourie's b. h. <i>Oscola</i> , by Pacific, dam by O. H. Perry (a thorough bred son of Gen. Jackson's Truxton), 5 yrs.....	1	1
Hon. Balie Peyton's b. c. <i>Phantom</i> , by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia by Phantom (who stood at £5 2s.), 4 yrs.....	3	2
Jesse Cage's b. c. <i>Leslie</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	2	3
Col. Robt. Smith's gr. f. by Stockholder, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.

Time, 7:52—8:06.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Eleven subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion....	5	4	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. c. <i>Norfolk</i> , by Imp. Fylde—Polly Peachum by John Richards	2	1	4	2
J. S. Corbin's Imp. b. c. <i>Passenger</i> , by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus.....	1	3	2	dist.
Wm. Jones' b. c. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc.....	6	2	3	r.o.
Wm. Gibbons' br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles....	4	5	dist.	
J. K. Van Mater's Imp. ch. c. <i>Passaic</i> , by Reveller, out of Rachel by Whalebone....	3	dist.		
C. Hatcher's (E. J. Wilson's) gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat—Nancy Norwood by Rattler....	dist.			

Time, 3:49½—3:55½—3:50½—3:55.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race; weights as before. Six subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

J. D. Kirby's br. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Gohanna.....	1	1
D. McDaniel's b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon.....	2	2
J. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) Imp. br. c. <i>Merced</i> , by Eralius, out of Rat-trap's dam	dist.	

Time, 3:53—4:05.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

S. Laird's (Maj. Jones') ch. f. <i>Zenobia</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs....	1	2	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Monsieur Tonson—Mary Blunt's dam by Alfred, 3 yrs	3	1	2
D. McDaniel's ch. f. <i>Ellen Thomas</i> , (own sister to Vashiti,) by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs.....	2	3	dist.
Wm. Gibbons' b. c. <i>Saracen</i> , by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, 4 yrs....	dist.		

Time, 3:53—3:55—3:55.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon—Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 y	1	1
Hatcher & Wilson's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon—Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 7:49.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

D. McDaniel's ch. c. by Contract, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1
J. D. Kirby's b. h. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	2	2
D. Toms' ch. f. <i>Stephan</i> , by Shark, out of Fairy by Herod, 3 yrs.....	3	dr

Time, 1:54—1:55.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Saml. Laird's ch. c. <i>Clarion</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson—Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged	1	2	3
Jas. B. Kendall's b. m. <i>Mary Selden</i> , by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs.....	3	3	2

Time, 5:48—5:56—5:54.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, \$2000 a side, \$500 ft., weight for age, Two mile heats.

J. D. Kirby's br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker, 3 yrs.....	1	1
E. Colman's ch. c. by Star, out of Malinda by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:00—4:09.

TRENTON, N. J., EAGLE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Fanny*, by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion..... *Craig*. 1 1
D. McDaniel's ch. f. *Ildica*, by Pacific, out of Delilah by Sir Archy 2 2
Time, 1:52—1:56.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. Sister to Catharine Davis, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy..... *Craig*. 1 1
D. McDaniel's ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon..... 2 2
Time, 1:54—1:53.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Peter Pindar*, by Imp. Daghee, dam by Imp. Barefoot..... rec'd ft.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$1500, one third to go to the second best horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick*. 1 1
S. Laird's ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 6 yrs..... 2 2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs..... dr
Time, 7:57—7:56.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Dr. A. V. Conover's b. c. *Cataract*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the sister of Manalapan's dam by John Richards..... *Wm. Sears*. 1 1
David Toms' b. c. by Marshal Ney, dam by John Richards..... 2 2
Time, 1:58—2:02.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Match, \$1000 a side, weights as before; Mile heats.

D. Kelly's ch. c. by Busiris, 3 yrs 1 1
Mr. Cochran's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 1:59—2:00.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$1000, one third to go to the second best horse, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick*. 3 1 1
Samuel Laird's (Mr. Longstreet's) ch. c. *Clarion*, by Mon'th Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 y. 1 2 2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.
Time, 5:48—5:43—5:47.

TIME OF EACH MILE:

<i>First heat.</i>		<i>Second heat.</i>		<i>Third heat.</i>	
1st mile	1:55	1st mile	1:58	1st mile	1:52
2d mile	1:57	2d mile	1:53	2d mile	1:56
3d mile	1:56	3d mile	1:52	3d mile	1:59

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats.

C. S. Lloyd's ch. c. *Prospect*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs..... *Van Mater's Abram*. 1 1
J. Sparling's ch. c. *Eliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 1:52—2:00.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$600, one third to go to the second best horse, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

J. S. Corbin's Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar—My Lady by Comus, 3 yrs.. *Tilman*. 1 4 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged..... 2 1 3
S. Laird's b. c. *Waterloo*, by Imp. Victory out of Maid of the Mill by Duroc, 4 yrs..... 4 3 2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Stanhope*, by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar by Rattler, 4 yrs. 3 2 dist.
Time, 4:10—3:53—3:44.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

S. Laird's ch. f. *Zenobia*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick*. 1 1
J. Sparling's ch. f. *Louisa*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Lady Pilot by Lance, 4 yrs..... 3 2
W. Shute's ch. m. *Gypsy*, (formerly Fidget), by Andrew, out of Flirt, 5 yrs..... 2 3
Time, 1:52—1:54.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, BUCKEYE COURSE.

MONDAY, Oct. 14, 1839—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

G. Coffeen, Jr.'s (Mr. Allen's) b. c. *Robert Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. 3 1 1
J. M. Pindell's ch. c. *Moorehead*, by Medoc, out of Multilora by Kosciusko, 3 yrs..... 1 3 2
Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Robinson*, by Medoc, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs..... 2 2 3
Time, 3:43—3:43—3:47. Track 76 yards short of a mile.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—*Ohio Breeder's Plate*, value \$200, for 3 yr. olds, weights as before; Mile heats.

G. Cream's (I. Cunningham's) ch. c. *Buck Eye Lad*, by Bertrand, d. by a son of Spread Eagle 1 1
G. Coffeen, Jr.'s (M. Beach's) ch. c. *Oreville*, by Imp. Daghee—Lady Tompkins by Eclipse. 2 2
G. H. St. Clair's br. c. *Panic*, by Robert Burns, dam by Windflower..... 3 3
G. N. Sander's (N. S. Evans') ch. c. by Marlborough, dam by Old Court..... dist.
Time, 1:51—1:51. Track short.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Breeder's Plate, value \$500, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

T. D. Carneal's (Col. Willa Viley's) b. m. <i>Catharine</i> , by Bertrand, out of Black Eyed Susan by Tiger, 5 yrs.....	<i>Jack Welch</i>	1	1
Geo. N. Sanders' (R. Jordan's) b. c. <i>George Burbridge</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time not given.			

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$600, the second best horse to receive \$120, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

T. D. Carneal's (Col. Willa Viley's) ch. f. <i>Queen Mary</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs.....	<i>Jack</i>	2	1	1
J. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. m. <i>Glorvina</i> , by Industry, d. by Bay Richmond, aged 1	2	0		
J. F. Conover's (J. M. Pindell's) b. m. <i>West Florida</i> , by Bertrand, d. by Potomac, 5 y.	4	4	0	
Jas. Shy's ch. c. <i>Darnley</i> , by John Richards, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.....	3	3	dist.	
Time, 5:37—5:40—5:40. Track short.				

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, second best to receive \$200, if three or more start, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs.....	walked over		
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SAME DAY—Purse \$200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jas. Shy's ch. c. <i>Robinson</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
J. Voorhees' (W. Collins') b. f. <i>Matilda Landis</i> , by Ivanhoe, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	3	4	2	2
G. Colleen's b. h. <i>Wanton Will</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Prince Richard, 5 yrs.....	4	3	4	3
G. N. Sanders' (J. M. Pindell's) <i>Bob Bush</i> , by Medoc, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs.....	1	2	3	4
Geo. St. Clair's (M. Parker's) gr. c. by Fearnought, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.		
Time, 1:49—1:48—1:49—1:49. Track short.				

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Purse \$400, in Gold, conditions as before, Mile heats.

T. D. Carneal's (Col. W. Viley's) b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , by Singleton, d. by Hamiltonian, 4 y	1	1		
G. N. Sander's b. c. <i>Occident</i> , by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel, 4 yrs	2	2		
W. Thurston's ch. f. <i>Whirlwind</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.		
J. F. Conover's (J. M. Pindell's) b. f. <i>Great Western</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	4	dist.		
Time, 1:48—1:49. Track short.				

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—County Purse \$100, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

W. S. Davidson's b. c. <i>Stranger</i> , by Lance, dam by Wig, 3 yrs.....	1	1		
Z. H. Dorsey's ch. g. by Waxy, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	3	2		
Jesse Able's b. c. <i>Orpheus</i> , by Waxy, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs.....	2	0		
P. W. Croome's ch. c. <i>Collier Jr.</i> , by Collier, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....	5	0		
H. B. Hopkins' b. c. <i>Homer</i> , by Bowman's Bertrand, dam by Paymaster, 3 yrs.....	4	5		
Jas. Croome's b. c. <i>Ben Hardin</i> , by Bowman's Bertrand, dam by Imp. Bluster, 3 yrs.....	dist.			
W. M. Lewis' (R. C. Palmer's) gr. f. <i>Bonnets o' Blue</i> , by Abdalrahman—Water Witch, 3 y.	dist.			
Time, 1:54—1:54.				

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, for 2 yr. olds, weights as before; One mile.

Z. H. Dorsey's (Robt. Brasher's) br. c. <i>Joe Murray</i> , by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian.....	1			
F. G. Murphy's ch. f. by Dick Singleton, out of Glasscock's Old Spot.....	2			
Geo. Able's (F. E. Hagin's) ch. f. <i>Betsey Hunter</i> , by Sir Clinton, dam by Hamiltonian.....	0			
Philip Croome's ch. c. A. G. <i>Watts</i> , by Old Court, dam by Curtius.....	0			
T. W. Slenimens' ch. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Victor, dam by Constitution.....	dist.			
Time, 1:59.				

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Citizen's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. <i>Texanna</i> , (own sister to Duane), by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, 4 yrs.....	1	1		
W. T. Ward's b. m. <i>Mary Vaughan</i> , by Waxy, dam by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs.....	4	2		
S. Davenport's ch. c. <i>Sambo</i> , by Equinox, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs.....	3	3		
Jas. Coomes' b. f. <i>Sarah Ward</i> , by Waxy, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.		
Time, 3:50—3:51.				

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. <i>Missouri</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs.....	1	1		
W. S. Davidson's b. c. <i>Stranger</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2		
John Harper's b. c. <i>Bob Walker</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Moses, 3 yrs.....	3	3		
Time, 6:11—6:57.				

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

S. Davenport's b. f. <i>Laura</i> , by Medoc, dam by Moses, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1	
T. J. Robertson's b. h. <i>Jim Allen</i> , by Archy Mont'o, d. by Hancock's Hamiltonian, aged 3	3	2		
W. T. Ward's b. c. <i>Charlie Fox</i> , by Waxy, dam by Bucknor's Leviathan, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dist.	
S. T. Drane's ch. m. <i>Davidilla</i> , by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip, 5 yrs.....	dist.			
Time, 8:09—8:01—8:01.				

SAME DAY—Second Race—Post Stake of \$25 each, weights as before; Mile heats.

S. T. Drane's bl. m. <i>Diana Crow</i> , by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 4 yrs.....	1	1		
Saml. Underwood's b. g. <i>Picton</i> , pedigree unknown.....	2	2		
C. S. Hawkins' b. f. <i>Fanny Kendall</i> , by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs.....	dist.			
Time, 1:55—1:55.				

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, \$100 aside; 87lbs. each; Mile heats.

V. Thompson's ch. f. <i>Nancy Dawson</i> , by Frank, dam by Voltaire, 3 yrs.....	1	1		
Thos. Lloyd's b. m. <i>Nancy Lloyd</i> , by Skidona.....	2	dist.		
Time, 1:55—2:02.				

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. Buford Jr.'s ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lucy by Orphan, 3 yrs.	1	1	1
Wm. McCargo's b. f. <i>Texanna</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.	2	2	2
S. T. Drane's b. m. <i>Pocahontas</i> , by Roanoke, dam by Lott's La Fayette, 5 yrs.	4	3	3
W. T. Ward's b. m. <i>Wazetta</i> , by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 5 yrs.	3	4	4
W. S. Davidson's (Mr. Blackburn's) ch. c. by Collier, dam unknown, 4 yrs.	dist.		

Time, 1:49—1:48—1:51.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Twenty-two subs. at \$25 each, P.P. Mile heats.

H. H. Hughes' b. f. by Marmion, dam by Sumpter	1	1
J. Garnett's b. f. by Jack Randolph, dam by Napoleon	2	2
U. Davis' b. f. by Marmion, dam by Rhodes' Whip	2	dist.
F. Brown's bl. f. by Black Hawk, dam by Sir Archy	4	dist.
J. Prewitt's b. c. by Marmion, dam by Rhodes' Whip	dist.	
A. W. Morrison's b. f. by Marmion, dam by Diomed	dist.	

Time, 1:58—2:05. Track 12 feet over a mile.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 160—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Robt. Sinclair's ch. h. <i>Limber John</i> , by Kosciusko, dam by Moscs, 5 yrs.	1	1
Wm. C. Wright's ch. c. <i>John Miller</i> , by Uncas, dam by Sir Peyton, 4 yrs.	4	2
Thos. Stevenson's ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Saxe Weimar, 3 yrs.	2	3
T. W. Patton's b. h. <i>Jim Snerzer</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Cook's Whip, 5 yrs.	3	dist.
W. H. Edgar's ch. m. <i>Peggy Stride</i> , pedigree unknown, 5 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 4:01—4:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$300 a side, h. ft. One mile.

S. Walden's ch. h. by Little John, 6 yrs.	1
M. Cleaton's b. h. by Marmion, 6 yrs.	2

Time, 1:55.

FRIDAY, Sept 27—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

T. W. Patton's ch. h. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , by Flagellator, out of Medora by Eclipse, aged	1	1
R. Sinclair's gr. h. Wm. H. Harrison, by Trumpator, out of Papillon by Doublehead, 6 yrs	3	2
Thos Stevenson's ch. c. by Collier, out of Camilla by Sumpter, 4 yrs.	2	3
A. Hickerson's b. m. <i>Betsy Marshall</i> , by John Richards, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.	4	4

Time, 6:08—6:14.

SATURDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. Stevenson's b. c. <i>Walk-in-the-water</i> , by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	1	1	1
John Gibson's ch. h. <i>Kangaroo</i> , by Uncas, dam by Orphan, 5 yrs.	3	3	2
A. W. Morrison's gr. c. <i>Little Blue</i> , by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 3 yrs.	2	2	3
W. H. Edgar's ch. c. <i>Frank Jr.</i> , by Frank, dam by Furlow, 4 yrs.	dist.		
E. Brown's ch. g. <i>Mont</i> , by Monticello, dam by Janus, aged	dist.		
W. C. Wright's b. c. by Ravenscroft, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	dist.		

Time, 1:54—1:59—2:06. D. HUNKLE, Sec'y.

NEW YORK RACES, BEACON COURSE, N. J.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, \$25 ft. Mile heats.

J. McCoun's ch. c. <i>Hyde Park</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda by Timoleon	Craig	1	1
J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Peter Pindar</i> , by Imp. Daghee, dam by Imp. Barefoot	2	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Trenton</i> , by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs.	Abram	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. f. own sister to Catharine Davis, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.	2	bolt.	
Mr. Leary's b. h. <i>Hampton</i> , (late Blazing Star,) by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.	dist.		

Time, 3:51.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Purse \$500, \$100 of which goes to the second best, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

J. S. Corbin's Imp. b. c. <i>Passenger</i> , by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus, 3 yrs.	Craig	1	1
S. Laird's (Mr. Bathgate's) b. c. <i>Waterloo</i> , by Imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill by Duroc, 3 yrs.	3	2	
J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Stanhope</i> , by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar by Rattler, 4 yrs.	2		

Time, 6:00—5:52½.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as on Tuesday Twelve subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion	rec'd ft.		
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SAME DAY—Purse \$800, \$200 of which goes to the second best, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Mr. Longstreet's) ch. c. <i>Clarion</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.	1	1
E. J. Wilson's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs.	2	2
J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 7:52½— 8:05.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Prospect</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs.....	<i>Abram</i>	5	1	1
J. H. Vansicklen's ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Lady Richmond, 4 yrs.....		1	3	5
J. Sparling's ch. c. <i>Eliptic</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs.....		3	2	2
R. L. Stevens' bl. f. <i>Midnight</i> , by Shark, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....		4	5	3
E. Leary's b. h. <i>Hampton</i> , pedigree before, 6 yrs.....		2	4	4
C. Mitchell's ch. m. <i>Gypsy</i> (late Fidget), by Andrew, out of Flirt, 5 yrs.....		6	6	dr

Time, 1:53—1:52—1:54½.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, Oct. 7, 1829—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$100 each, P.P. Two mile heats.

Chas. Bosley's (Gen. Wm. G. Harding's) gr. c. <i>Gamma</i> , by Pacific, out of Melzare's dam by Sir Richard.....		1	1	
Wilson & Nichol's gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.....		2	2	
Thos. Gale's b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.....		3	3	

Time, 4:04—4:11.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Eighteen subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.

W. W. Gift's (J. Scott's) ch. c. <i>Governor Poindexter</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Giantess.....		3	1	1
Livingston Leavell's ch. c. <i>James Jackson</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.....		4	2	2
Ragland & Davis' b. c. <i>Preston</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roanoke.....		1	3	3
James Jackson's Imp. ch. f. <i>Mango</i> , by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.....		2	dist.	
Balie Peyton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.....		5	dist.	
J. Anderson's b. c. <i>Ellenborough</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Bateman.....		dist.		

Time, 3:55½—3:57—4:06.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$400, entrance \$20, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

G. W. Cheatham's (C. Lewis') ch. f. <i>Emily Speed</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
Davis & Ragland's ch. f. <i>Honey Dew</i> , by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
H. Petway's (James Hagan's) ch. h. <i>Billy Boy</i> , by Crusher, dam by Cultivator, 6 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 3:58—2:56.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$30, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. m. <i>Mary Wynn</i> , by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 6 yrs....	2	1	1
Thos. Watson's (L. L. Leavell's) ch. c. <i>James Jackson</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	2	2
G. W. Cheatham's (Wm. R. Peyton's) ch. h. <i>Red Tom</i> , by Bertrand, out of Duchess of Marlboro', 6 yrs.....	3	3	3
L. J. Polk's br. c. <i>Stockton</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Black-and-all-Black, 4 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 6:12—6:08—6:18.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Capt. Nicol. Davis' b. c. <i>Free Jack</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Tinsley Davis' Napoleon mare, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
J. G. Sheegog's (S. J. Carter's) b. f. <i>Clyde</i> , by Bertrand, out of Sally Nailor by Coun's Knowsley, 3 yrs.....	2	2	

Time, 4:04—4:06.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side, One mile.

Col. Robt. Smith's b. g. <i>Kinlock</i> , by Marion, dam by Shawnee, aged.....	1		
Geo. W. Cheatham's ch. c. <i>Jebenoiska</i> , 4 yrs.....	2		

Time, 1:52½.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

G. W. Cheatham's (Alex. Yourie's) b. h. <i>Oseola</i> (late Sheridan), by Pacific, dam by O. H. Perry, 5 yrs.....	Wm. McClinchey	1	2	1
J. Jackson's (Col. Geo. Elliott's) gr. c. <i>Boyd McNairy</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....		2	1	2
L. P. Cheatham's (Col. Wm. Wynn's) br. h. <i>Picton</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....		3	dist.	

Time, 8:07—8:04—8:35.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Purse \$300, (being the entrance money of the week,) conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jesse Cage's ch. f. <i>Maria Williams</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
Davis & Ragland's b. h. <i>Sir Joseph Banks</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 y.....	4	2	2
A. J. Donelson's ch. c. by Mambrino, out of Emily by Thornton's Rattler, 3 yrs....	3	3	3
Geo. W. Cheatham's br. f. by Henry, out of Lady Burton by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	5	4	4
Wm. Wirt Gift's bl. c. by Arab, dam by Havoc, 3 yrs.....	6	5	dist.
L. P. Cheatham's (James Long's) ch. h. <i>John Wickham</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Tuckahoe.....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:53—1:53.

VAN BUREN, ARKS., FORT SMITH COURSE.

SATURDAY, Aug. 24, 1839—Match, \$1000 a side, Three mile heats.

S. May's b. f. <i>Eliza Ross</i> , by Marmion, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
H. L. French's b. c. <i>Hannibal</i> , by O'Kelly, out of Roxana by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	2	2	

Time, 5:00—4:50.

MONDAY, Aug. 26—Match, \$250 a side; 90lbs. each; One mile.

H. L. French's ch. f. <i>Delphine</i> , by Sumpter.....	1		
S. May's b. g. <i>Captain Bluster</i>			

Time, 2:04.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24, 1839—Match, \$— a side, catch weights; Mile heats.

Mr. Brown's b. c. by Phantom, dam unknown, 2 yrs.....	2	1
Mr. J. Crocker's ch. f. by Young Flagon, dam unknown, 2 yrs.....	1	bolt.
Time, 2:09.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Purse \$100, for 3 yr. olds.

Mr. Isaac Evans' b. f. by Uncas, dam unknown.....	1	
E. N. Darcy's ch. f. <i>Beau Catcher</i> , by Leopold, out of Cranberry.....	bolt.	
Mr. Meredith's b. c.....	bolt.	

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Purse \$—, Two mile heats.

Mr. P. J. Jones' b. h. <i>Sir William</i> , by Sir William, dam by Rattler, aged.....	1	1
Mr. G. D. Sites' ch. h. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Sir Charles, Jr., dam by Walnut, 5 yrs.....	2	2
E. N. Darcy's b. h. <i>Lancer</i> , by Lance, out of Lady Forrest, aged.....	dist.	
Time, 4:57—4:59.		

FRIDAY, Sept. 27—Purse \$—, Three mile heats.

Mr. Nathan Brown's b. h. <i>Phantom</i> , by Imp. Contract, dam by Potomac, aged.....	1	1
E. N. Darcy's ch. h. <i>Rights of Man</i> , by Leopold, out of Sweet Erin, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.
Time, 6:13—6:20.		

CLINTON, ALA., PACTOLUS COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

W. G. Haun's gr. f. <i>Sally Hilliard</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee.....	1	1
Henry A. Tayloe's gr. c. <i>Huntsman</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.....	2	2
John J. Burton's b. c. <i>Attila</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blevins by Conqueror.....	3	dist.
Time, 1:55—1:58.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Rich. H. Long's Imp. ch. m. <i>Likeness</i> , by Peter Lely, out of Worthless by Walton, 5 yrs.....	1	1
J. D. McAlister's gr. f. <i>Mary Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Thos. Watson & Jno. Riddicks' ch. f. <i>Chickaman</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of White Feathers by Conqueror, 4 yrs.....	3	3
Wm. G. Haun's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Duke of Bedford, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.
Time, 4:00—3:59.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet.....	0	1	1
Wm. G. Haun's gr. f. <i>Sally Hilliard</i> , pedigree above.....	0	2	dr
Robt. W. Withers' ch. f. <i>Zitella</i> , by Pulaski, dam by Virginian.....	3	dist.	
Time, 4:00—4:02.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Maj. David Conner's br. f. <i>Kate Haun</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
J. J. Burton & W. E. Long's br. f. <i>Sally Winston</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Jas. D. McAlister's gr. f. <i>Harriet Ravel</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	dist.	
T. Watson & J. Riddicks' ch. h. <i>The Poney</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	dr.	
Time, 6:19½—6:20.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Thos. Watson & John Riddick's ch. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. G. Haun's ch. m. <i>Mary Jones</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	2	dr
Dr. R. W. Withers' br. f. <i>Fuldena</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
Jas. D. McAlister's br. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	dr.	
Time, 1st mile, 1:55—2d, 1:56—3d, 1:57—1st 3 miles, 5:48. Time of the heat, 8:05.		

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before: Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Henry A. Tayloe's br. m. <i>Maria Miller</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
John J. Burton's (Rich. H. Long's) ch. f. <i>Sally Burton</i> , alias <i>Big Nancy</i> , by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2
David Conner's b. m. <i>Talladega</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 5 yrs.....	3	3	3
Time, 1:53—1:58—2:00.			

Track very heavy during the whole meeting, and weather very dry. H. A. TAYLOE, Sec'y.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

SATURDAY, Sept. 22, 1839—Match, \$250 a side; 110lbs. each; Two mile heats.

Breathitt & Carroll's br. h. <i>Major Boots</i> , by Merlin, dam by Alborak, 5 yrs.....	1	1
D. Pitt's b. h. <i>Old Balls</i> , by Sir William, dam by Dry Bones, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 4:08—4:12.		

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

David & Ragland's ro. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Breathitt & Carroll's b. c. <i>Stockborough</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	4	2
Robt. Smith's br. g. <i>Kenlock</i> , by Marion, dam by Shawnee, aged.....	2	3
A. P. Youry's br. h. <i>Brown-lack</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.....	5	dist.
Wm. W. Gift's ch. f. <i>Polly Plumer</i> , by Rattler, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 1:57—1:58.		

HOUSTON, TEXAS, PORT OAK COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1839—Sweepstakes for all ages; Three subs at \$500 each. Mile heats.

Maj. Shelby Smith's b. m. <i>Charlotte Hill</i> , by Ilpehestion, dam by Cook's Whip, aged.....	1	1
Wm. Wells' gr. g. <i>John Anderson</i>	3	2
J. A. Bowman's ch. h. <i>Davy Crockett</i> , by Sir Charles, dam unknown, 6 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 1:51—1:52½.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Sub. \$500 each. Mile heats.

Maj. Shelby Smith's ch. f. <i>La Belle Combs</i> , by Andrew, dam by Director.....	1	1
J. A. Bowman's br. f. <i>Charlotte Claiborne</i> , by Havoc, dam by Conqueror.....	2	2

Time, 1:53—1:58. J. TEMPLE DORWELL, Sec'y.

SPRINGFIELD, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. Rich. H. Long's b. c. S. S. <i>Prentiss</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington, 4 yrs.....	1	1
N. G. Haun's (J. H. Walker's) b. c. <i>Euclyd</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. R. H. Long's Imp. ch. m. <i>Likeness</i> , by Peter Lely—Worthless by Walton, 5yrs. walked over.		
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THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

W. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) b. h. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill—Happy by Paeolet, 5 yrs..	1	1
Haun & Clark's b. f. <i>Kate Haun</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 6:67—6:06.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse \$—, (being the entrance money of the week,) conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. R. H. Long's b. f. <i>Sally Brown</i> , by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. <i>Talley</i> , by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	2 dr

Time, 1:55—1:56½.

FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, Oct. 14, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Six subs. at \$50 each, P.P. One mile.

John A. Holland's b. c. by Lafayette, dam by Grey-tail.....	1
A. Rodgers' ch. c. <i>O'Kelly</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Oscar.....	2
Philip Shute's b. f. by Lafayette, dam by Pacific.....	dist.

Time, 1:58.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$250 each, P.P. Two mile heats

W. G. Harding's gr. f. <i>Gamma</i> , by Pacific, out of Melzare's dam by Sir Richard.....	1	1
Jas. Anderson's b. c. by Red Rover, dam by Sir Hal.....	2	dist.

Time, 4:01½—4:04.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. 20, added: free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

R. Skinner's b. f. <i>Polly Pillow</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Davis & Ragland's ch. f. <i>Honey Dew</i> , by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 y.	4	3
Breathitt & Carroll's b. h. <i>Major Boots</i> , by Merlin, dam by Alborak, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 3:59½—3:58.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$350, ent. \$30, added; conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Ragland & Davis' br. h. <i>Sir Joseph Banks</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.	1	1
R. Skinner's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eagle, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 5:59½.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Proprietors' Purse \$150, ent. \$10, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

R. Smith's (M. P. Gentry's) br. f. <i>Day Dream</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	1	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. <i>Sylvanus</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs....	2	2	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:57—2:00.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$10, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Robt. Smith's ch. f. <i>Patsy Davis</i> , by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	2	1	1
Thos. M. Warren's b. f. <i>Martha Fox</i> , by Malcolm, dam by Leonidas, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
J. L. Grainger's b. f. <i>Lady Franklin</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sting by Conqueror, 3y.	3	dist.	
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.	
Breathitt & Carroll's b. h. <i>Major Boots</i> , by Merlin, dam by Alborak, 5 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 1:53—1:52—2:02.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., MULBERRY COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22, 1839—Proprietor's Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's b. f. <i>Marion</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. T. H. Doswell's ch. c. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs.....	4	2
McCargo & Duval's b. c. <i>Dandridge</i> , by Virginian, dam by La Fayette, 4 yrs.....	3	3
D. H. Waddle's bl. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 3:51½—3:53.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 James Talley's ch. f. *Betsey White*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 1 1
 A. Robinson's ch. m. *Julia Burton*, by Gohannah, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs. 5 2
 Maj. T. H. Doswell's br. f. *Martha Bickerton*, by Pamunky, dam by Tariff, 4 yrs. 7 3
 Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. *Lily*, by Tychicus, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs. 4 4
 Isham Puckett's b. m. *Spindle*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 3 5
 D. H. Waddle's (S. W. Morgan's) b. f. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs. 2 6
 McCargo & Duval's b. m. *Martha Colvin*, by Agrippa, dam by Walnut, 6 yrs. 6 7
 Time, 5:50—5:51.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Proprietor's Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 D. H. Waddle's bl. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Maj. T. H. Doswell's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. 4 2
 Jas. Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Duval & McCargo's b. f. *Lucy Nelson*, by Virginian, dam by Red Eye, 4 yrs. 3 4
 Isham Puckett's gr. f. *Fly*, by Gohanna, dam by Medley, 4 yrs. 5 5
 Time, 1:52—1:51. T. H. RAMSAY, Secretary.

MACON, GA., CENTRAL COURSE.

MONDAY, Oct. 21, 1839—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Messrs. Thomas & Martins' ch. f. *Tallulah*, by Iliazim, out of Ajarrah Harrison's dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Col. G. Edmonson's ch. c. *Jim Boy*, by Mons. Tounson, out of Vixen (the dam of Gerow) by Eclipse, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Col. G. B. Robertson's ch. c. by Andrew, dam unknown, 3 yrs. 3 3
 Time, 1:58—1:57.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Col. G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin. 1 1
 Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's br. m. *Polly Green*, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 3:57—4:05. * Let down.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Messrs. Thomas & Martin's gr. c. *Cavalier Servente*, by Bertrand, dam by Andrew, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's Imp. b. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp, dam by Whisker, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 6:00—6:04.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. h. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Messrs. Williams & Fort's ch. h. *Wiregrass*, by Pulaski, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Judge Iverson's ch. h. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 3 dr
 Time, 8:30—8:31.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Col. G. Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, Jr., dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs. 1 1 1
 Col. G. B. Robertson's ch. f. *Miss Andrew*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs. 3 3 2
 Williams & Fort's gr. f. *Margaret Robb*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shawnee, 4 yrs. 2 2 3
 Time, 1:59—1:58—2:00.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., CENTRAL COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$75 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Daniel Weisager's br. f. by Sir William, dam by Sir Harry. 1 1
 Wm. Harrington's (Major Lee's) b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Eagle. 2 bolt.
 Isaac M. Dawson's b. f. *Mary Fontaine*, by Richard Singleton, dam by Doublehead, 3 yrs. bolt.
 Time, 4:08.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, wts. as before; five subs. at \$75 each, Mile heats.
 John B. Richardson's gr. c. *The Sleeper*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Flora. rec'd ft.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.
 Wm. Peters' b. c. *Buck-Eye*, by Lafayette Stockholder, dam by Indian, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Thos. Dowling's ch. c. *Uncle Frank*, by Collier, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Maj. Bradley's b. h. *Contract, Jr.*, by Imp. Contract, dam by Baronet. 3 dist.
 Dr. J. H. Lyons' ch. h. *Tom Fisher*, by Crusader, dam by Topgallant, 5 yrs. dist.
 Wilson & Harrington's b. h. *Keph*, by Hephsestion, dam by Sumpter, 6 yrs. dist.
 Time, 6:01—6:02. Track heavy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Thos. Dowling's b. f. *Ann Blake*, (late Betsey Baker,) by Lance, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 Dr. J. H. Lyons' br. f. *Water Witch*, by Young Duroc. 2 2 2
 Daniel Weisager's b. f. *Betsey Fisher*, by Sir William, dam by Democrat, 4 yrs. 3 dr.
 Jno. B. Richardson's b. m. *Fairy*, by Randolph's Gascoigne, aged. dist.
 W. Corry's ch. m. *Jane West*, by Dennis, dam by Whip, 5 yrs. dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:56—1:58.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Wm. Peters' b. h. *Martin Van Buren*, by Lafayette Stockholder, dam by Indian, 6 yrs. 1 1
 Wilson & Harrington's b. h. *Keph*, pedigree above, 6 yrs. 3 2
 Jno. B. Richardson's gr. c. *The Sleeper*, pedigree before, 3 yrs. 2 dist.
 Time, 3:59—4:09.

BROAD ROCK, VA., FAIRFIELD COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1839—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.
 Dr. George Goodwyn's br. c. by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards..... 1 1
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Dr. McLellan's) br. c. *John Hunter*, by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy..... 2 2
 Time, 3:53—4:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, with \$50 added. Two miles.
 Isham Puckett's b. c. *Will-Go* (late Jack Kremer), by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse..... 1
 Dr. J. T. & P. Semple's b. f. *Emily Booker*, by Standard, dam by Contention..... 2
 Col. Wm. L. White's f. by Goliath, out of Melinda by Sir Charles..... 3
 Time, 3:46.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds. Subscription \$100 each. One mile.
 Isham Puckett's b. c. by May-day, out of Jim Cropper's dam by Whup..... 1
 J. S. Corbin's b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian..... 2
 Time, 1:57.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Proprietor's Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson—Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged 3 1 1
 Capt. W. Burton's ch. m. *Julia Burton*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs..... 1 2 dr
 Capt. S. W. Morgan's b. f. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time, 3:53—3:54.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's Imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs. 1 1
 James Talley's ch. f. *Betsy White*, by Goliath, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 4 2
 T. B. Scrugg's b. g. *Jack of Trumps*, by Gohanna..... 3 3
 Col. W. L. White's ch. c. *Jack Pendleton*, by Goliath, dam by Trafalgar, 4 yrs..... 5 4
 Isham Puckett's b. c. *Will-Go* (late Jack Kremer), pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time, 5:53—5:55.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$150 each. Mile heats.
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Mary Blunt's dam by Alfred..... 1 1
 Charles Carter's (N. Rain's) bl. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian..... 4 2
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Hardeaway's Omega mare..... 3 3
 J. Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles..... 2 dist.
 Time, 1:52—1:52.

COLUMBUS, GA., WESTERN COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$300 each, h. ft.; declaration \$50, to be made 20 days before the meeting; Two mile heats.
 Col. Jno. Woolfolk's ch. c. *Casseta Chief*, by Andrew, dam by Wildair..... 1 1
 Gen. T. B. Scott's (of Ala.) br. c. *Westwind*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux..... 2 2
 Time, 3:58—4:03.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Col. G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Judge A. Iverson's br. h. *Major Dade*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Col. M. W. Thweatt's ch. f. *Silk Buggs*, by Timoleon, dam by Carolinian, 3 yrs..... 3 dr
 Time, 3:54—4:06.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Judge A. Iverson's ch. h. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 Gen. T. B. Scott's br. c. *Westwind*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Col. Jno. Woolfolk's ch. c. *Jim Boy*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Maj. M. W. Thweatt's ch. c. *Humboldt*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 4 yrs..... *
 Time, 5:56—6:00. * Broke down.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Col. Jno. Woolfolk's ch. c. *Casseta Chief*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 1 1
 Col. Owen Thomas' ch. c. *Attakapas*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 3 yrs., (carried 4lbs. over weight)..... 1 2 2
 Time, 8:14—8:44—9:32.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Col. G. Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs..... 1 1 1
 Messrs Williams & Fort's ch. h. *Wire Grass*, by Pulaski, dam by Gallatin..... 2 2 2
 Time, 1:53—1:53—1:53. RICHARD T. BRICE, Sec'y.

RALEIGH, N. C., STATE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5, 1839—Citizens' Purse \$300, \$100 to go to the second best horse, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 James Williamson's ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 3 2
 O. P. Ilare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs..... 2 3
 Time, 3:55—3:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Nine subs. at \$200 each; One mile.
 J. C. Rogers' br. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards..... 1
 James Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Benbow's dam..... 2
 David McDaniel's ch. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Thaddeus..... 3
 Col. John McLeod's c. Fox, by Festival, out of the dam of Optimus..... 4
 Time, 1:57.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Proprietor's Purse \$500, \$150 to go to the second best horse, ent. \$30, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins Jr., out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... 4 1 1
 O. P. Hare's ch. c. *Capt. Thos. Hoskins*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Tom Tough, 4 yrs. 1 3 2
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (S. W. Morgan's) *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs..... 2 2 3
 Col. John McLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs..... 3 dr.
 Time, 6:04—6:15—6:04.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, \$300 to go to the second best horse, ent. \$50, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's gr. f. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs..... 1
 Dr. C. Goodwyn's br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Luzborough—Polly Peachem by John Richards, 3 y dist.
 John P. White's b. f. *Fleta*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 4 yrs..... dist.
 David McDaniel's b. c. *Cain*, by Andrew, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 7:46.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—The Rogers Plate, value \$200, ent. \$25, conditions as before, Mile heats.

David McDaniel's gr. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pitt, dam unknown, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 James Williamson's ch. c. *Brooklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs..... 4 2
 Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. *Eliza Blount*, by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs..... 5 3
 Col. John McLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough—Festival's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs 2 4
 T. W. Rainey's *Ariella*, by Marion, dam by Columbus, 4 yrs..... 3 5
 Gen. M. T. Hawkins' ch. c. *Panic*, by Eclipse, out of Aggy-up by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... dr
 Time, 1:55—1:53.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$500 each. Two mile heats.

Gen. M. T. Hawkins' ch. c. *Panic*, pedigree above..... 1 1
 R. Cunningham's bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp..... 2 2
 Time, 3:55—3:58.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, for \$100 a side, Two miles.

Wm. H. Mead's *Ned Whalebone*..... 1
 A. Hepper's *Little Billy*..... 2
 No time given. Won easily.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's gr. c. *Grey Momus*, by Hard Luck, dam by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 William McCargo's b. c. *David Fylde*, by Imp. Fylde, 4 yrs..... 4 2
 J. P. White's b. c. *Little Beaver*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.
 S. A. Williams' *Ariella*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Jas. Williamson's b. c. *Bloomsbury*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs..... 5 dr
 Time, 4:00—3:54.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Three subs. at \$100 each; One mile.

David McDaniel's (R. Bunn's) b. f. by Imp. Felt, dam by Washington..... rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side. Mile heats.

James Williamson's..... 1 1
 David McDaniel's..... 2 2
 Time, 1:57—1:58. Won easily. W. H. H., Secretary.

FULTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$230, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. A. Flud's b. f. *Zoraida*, by Virginus, out of Gohannah by Comet, 4 yrs..... 2 1 1
 Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Lady Cara*, by Bertrand, out of Betsey Echols, 3 yrs..... 1 3 2
 Mr. R. C. Richardson's ch. c. *Tony Lumpkin*, by Bertrand Jr., out of La Pucelle, 4 yrs... 3 2 dr
 Maj. Powell McRa's gr. h. *Blue Ruin*, by Godolphin, dam by Financier, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 4:03—4:03—4:07.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$160, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's b. c. *John Dunkin*, by Mucklejohn, out of Coquette, 3 yrs..... 2 1 1
 Maj. Powell McRa's ch. m. *Ellen Percy*, by Godolphin, dam by Imp. Bedford, 5 yrs... 1 2 2
 Mr. W. Richardson's ch. f. by Alborac, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:59—2:06.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$120, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Col. J. J. Moore's b. c. by Imp. Nonplus, out of Nancy Air by Imp. Bedford, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Amy*, by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Comet, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 1:55—1:57—best time ever made on this course.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$30, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

N. K. Leavell's ch. f. *Medoca*, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 J. S. & G. B. Long's b. h. *Jno. Granger*, by Crusader, dam by Imp. Strap, 6 yrs..... 2 *
 W. C. Gray's b. m. *Molly Barnett*, by Barnett's Diamond, dam unknown, 6 yrs..... 3 dist
 Time, 4:02—4:02. * Broke down.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats.
W. C. Gray's ro. f. *Lucy Sanders*,* by Printer, dam unknown, 4 yrs..... 1 1
G. B. Long's ch. g. *Wallace*, by Crusader, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs..... 2 dist.
Time, 1:59—2:00. * Carried weight for a 5 yr. old.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
A. V. Long's br. h. *Brown Lock*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs..... 1 1 1
W. C. Gray's b. m. *Molly Barnett*, pedigree above, 6 yrs..... 2 2 2
Time, 2:01—1:55½—2:01. D. JEFFRIES, Secretary.

OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22, 1839—Sweepstakes (opened the night previous) for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, P.P. Mile heats.
David McDaniel's ch. c. *Grey Monus*, by Hard Luck, dam by Mons. Tonson..... 1 1
Mr. Rainey's ch. c. *Windham*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Gracchus..... 2 2
Time, 1:56—1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at \$25 each, with \$50 added by the Proprietor. Mile heats.
Col. John McLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs..... 3 1 1
David McDaniel's b. f. by Imp. Whale, dam by Buzzard Arabian, 3 yrs..... 2 3 2
Messrs. Wall & Puryear's ch. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs..... 1 2 dist.
Mr. Rainey's ch. c. *Anky*, by Andrew, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs..... 4 dist.
Time, 1:54—1:56—2:00.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, conditions as before; Two mile heats.
Edmund Townes' ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs..... 6 1 1
Geo. W. Goodwyn's ch. c. *Cashier*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 5 0 2
David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 2 0 3
Messrs. Wall & Puryear's ch. h. by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 1 2 dr
John McLeod's b. m. *Mistake*, by Eclipse, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs..... 3 3 dr
Mr. Rainey's ch. h. *Harkaway*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs..... 4 dr
Time, 3:56—3:57—4:05.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
Messrs. Wall & Puryear's b. m. *Molly Ward*, by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs... 1 1
D. McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins Jr.,—Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 y. 2 2
Time, 6:02—6:02.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26—Handicap Purse \$100, entrance \$10, free for all ages; Mile heats best 3 in 5.
David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 2 2 1 1 1
Mr. Rainey's ch. h. *Harkaway*, " 6 yrs..... 1 1 2 2 dr
Time, 1:54—1:53—1:56—2:00. M. SATTERWAITE, Sec'y.

CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; five subs. at \$—, each; Mile heats.
Wm. Magee's (M. Smith's) b. c. *Milton Harrison*, by Orange Boy, dam by Quicksilver... 1 1
Jas. Howard's ch. c. *Crittenden*, by Orange Boy, dam by Rattler..... 2 2
Jos. Shawhan's b. c. *Joseph Desha*, by Seagull, dam by Cherokee..... 3 dist.
Time, 2:02—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
James J. Allen's b. c. *Robert Bruce*,* by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... 1 1
A. S. Lowery's b. h. *Minor*, by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar, 5 yrs..... 2 2
S. T. Drane's *Pocahontas*, by Roanoke, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 5 yrs..... 3 dist
Horace Benton's ch. c. *Young Woodpecker*, by Woodpecker, dam unknown..... dist.
Joseph Shawhan's *Little Davy*, by Cherokee, dam by Whip, 3 yrs..... dist.
Time, 3:53—3:51. * Carried 7lbs. over weight.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
A. S. Lowery's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs..... 1 1
S. T. Drane's ch. m. *Davidella*, by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip, 5 yrs..... 2 dist.
R. P. Snell's b. h. *Minor*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... dr.
Time, 6:16.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
J. N. Menefee's b. h. *Sailor Boy*, by Jim Cropper, dam by Marshall, 5 yrs..... 1 1 1
A. S. Lowery's b. m. *Mary Brennan*, by Dick Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs..... 2 2 2
R. Burbridge's b. m. *Duck Stewart*, by Dick Singleton, dam by Whip or Buzzard, 3 yrs. 4 4 3
S. T. Drane's bl. f. *Diana Crowe*, by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 4 yrs.... 3 3 4
Jos. Shawhan's ch. h. *Ben Sutton*,* by Cherokee, dam by Comet, 6 yrs..... dist.
A. Miller's gr. h. *Charles Clinton*, by Clinton, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs..... dist.
Time, 1:51—1:49—1:48.

* Unfortunately, Ben Sutton ran against the fence and injured himself seriously.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$20, conditions as before, Mile heats.
R. P. Snell's b. c. *Serenade*, by Woodpecker, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs..... 1 2 1
J. J. Allen's ch. c. *Buckeye Lad*, by Bertrand, out of Big Jenny, 3 yrs..... 2 1 2
Time, 1:48—1:55—2:00.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$50, for 2 yr. olds; Mile heats.

Robert Burbridge's b. c. <i>Bulger Brown</i> , by Lance, dam by Jenkins' Sir William.....	2	1	1
Horace Benton's b. f. <i>Mary Ellen Scott</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet.....	3	2	2
A. S. Lowery's ch. c. <i>Crittenden</i> , pedigree above.....	1	3	dist.
Joseph Shawhan's b. f. by Seagull, dam by Messenger.....	4	dist.	
Alex. Miller's gr. f. <i>Martha Viley</i> , by Singleton, dam by Pacolet.....	dist.		

Time, 1:54—2:00—2:02½.

LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

A. Jackson's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
John J. Burton's b. f. <i>Meg Dillard</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bohemoth, 3 yrs.....	2	2	

Time, 1:57½—2:01. Won easily.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. G. Haun's gr. f. <i>Sally Hilliard</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
John J. Burton's br. f. <i>Sarah Winston</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
A. Jackson's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dist		

Time, 4:01—4:07. Track knee deep in dust. A good race.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Wm. G. Haun's br. f. <i>Kote Haun</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
J. J. Burton's b. f. <i>Calanthe Motley</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 4 yrs.....	1	2	*
W. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. <i>Talley</i> , by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	dr.		

Time, 6:05—6:15. * Pulled up.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) b. h. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill—Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Jas. D. McAllister's ch. f. <i>Miss Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
Wm. G. Haun's ch. m. <i>Mary Jones</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	dr.		

Time, 7:57—8:05.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added, conditions as before; Mile heats.

A. Jackson's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Wm. E. Long's b. c. <i>Attila</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blevis by Conqueror, 3 yrs.....	3	2	
Wm. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. <i>Talley</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	3	

Time, 1:54—1:57. No contest. J. J. JEWELL, Secretary.

HARRISON COUNTY, IND., HARPER'S COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Six subscribers at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

H. W. Heth's (Mauck's) ch. f. <i>Miss Jackson</i> , by Oakland, dam by Diomed.....	1	1	
Harper & Wilson's b. c. by Oakland, dam unknown.....	4	2	
John Purkhiser's b. c. <i>Corporal Trim</i> , by Oakland, dam by Whip.....	2	3	
Walter Pennington's (Bell's) gr. c. <i>Alexander</i> , by Shylock, dam unknown.....	5	dist.	
Burchfield Dyer's (Anderson's) ch. c. <i>Kangaroo</i> , by Sidi Hamet, dam by Comet.....	3	dr.	

Time not given.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Sept. 23, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

Capt. J. Maxwell's b. f. <i>Alatoona</i> , by Argyle, out of Viola (Chcstatee's dam) by Gallatin.....	1	1	
Mr. Duncan's b. c. <i>Sessums</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Harwood.....	2	2	

Time, 2:02—1:57.

TUESDAY, Sept. 24—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112 —6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. <i>Governor Butler</i> , by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
Mr. Duncan's b. c. <i>Lowndes</i> , by Nullifier, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs.....	2	dr	

Time, 6:03.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Purse \$—, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Mr. Duncan's b. h. <i>Chesapeake</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Fanny Bailey</i> , by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	2	
Mr. Butler's b. c. <i>Mint Julep</i> , by Godolphin, out of Isora by Dockon, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.	
Mr. Colhoun's b. f. <i>Compromise</i> , by Nullifier, dam by Anti-Tariff, 4 yrs.....	3	dr.	

Time, 3:49—3:48.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Purse \$—, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Messrs. Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Elvira</i> , by Red Gauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Mr. Butler's Imp. b. f. <i>Ella</i> , by Emilius, out of Ada (sister to Augusta) by Woful, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Mr. Hartman's br. c. <i>Short John</i> , by Young Virginian, dam by Ajax, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.	
Mr. Williams' b. c. <i>Jefferson</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs.....	4	dr	
Mr. Gist's b. c. <i>Fifer</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 3 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 1:53—1:56½—2:00.

FRIDAY, Oct. 27—Purse \$—, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. Butler's br. c. <i>Mint Julep</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Mr. Gist's ch. m. <i>Thisbe</i> , by Bertrand, out of Octavia, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:56½.

SATURDAY, Oct. 28—A Silver Cup, value —, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Mr. Butler's (Capt. Maxwell's) b. f. <i>Alatona</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	3	1	1
Mr. Colloun's b. f. <i>Camprmise</i> , by Nullifier, dam by Anti-Tariff, 4 yrs. (11 lbs. over weight).....	2	2	2
Mr. Gant's Imp. b. f. <i>Britannia</i> , 3 yrs.....	1	3	bolt.
Mr. Nichols' b. g. <i>Hard Times</i> , by Redgauntlet, dam by Phenomenon, 6 yrs.....	fell		

Time, 1:54—1:57—2:01.

MECKLENBURG, VA., CHRISTIANVILLE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Thomas B. Wall's (Lewis Williams') ch. h. <i>Libertas</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Robt. Duncanson's b. c. <i>Baltimore</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Capt. J. Williamson's b. c. <i>Bloomsbury</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 3:55—3:56.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Thomas B. Wall's b. m. <i>Molly Ward</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Capt. James Williamson's ch. c. <i>Brooklesby</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Randolph's Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Ceophas Hudson's b. h. by Imp. Fyde, dam by Sir James, 5 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 5:53—5:54.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$100, with the gate money of the day added, ent. \$10; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. B. Wall's br. f. by Imp. Fyde, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2	1	1
Robt. Duncanson's ch. c. <i>Jacob Crebs</i> , by Alonzo, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	4	4	1	2	2
Capt. James Williamson's ch. g. <i>Engine</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	3	3	dr	
Ceophas Hudson's ch. g. by Contest, dam by Decision, 3 yrs.....	1	2	dr		

Time, 1:53½—1:51½—1:56—2:00—2:04.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Thos. B. Wall's (Maj. N. T. Green's) ch. c. <i>Brean</i> , by Goliah.....	1	1
James McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fyde.....	2	2

Time, 1:58—2:00. Track heavy.

W. M. Pirtus, Sec'y.

FRANKFORT, Ky., CAPITOL COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23, 1839—*Cooper's Stake*, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$100 each, h. ft., to which a Silver Pitcher (value \$100) was added. Two mile heats.

Lieut. W. S. Harris' b. f. <i>Mary Morris</i> , by Medoc, out of Miss Obstinate by Sumpter.....	1	1
Capt. J. A. Holton's br. c. <i>Vidocq</i> , by Medoc, dam by Stockholder.....	2	2
Col. W. Buford's ch. f. <i>Jenny Richmond</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian.....	dist.	

Time, 3:52—3:56.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Post Stake for 2 yr. olds; five subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Capt. John A. Holton's b. c. by Imp. Swiss, dam by Stockholder.....	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's br. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko.....	2	2
J. W. Fenwick's b. c. by Wm. Harrison, dam by Orphan.....	4	3
W. W. Bacon's ch. f. <i>Caroline Stewart</i> , by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.....	3	4

Time, 1:55—1:54.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Wm. Buford Jr.'s ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Orphan Boy, 3 yrs.....	1	1
J. W. Fenwick's ch. c. <i>Guy of Warwick</i> , by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	3	2
W. W. Bacon's b. c. <i>Bendigo</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	2	dr.
John Harper's ch. c. <i>Bob Walker</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Moses, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.
Ben. Luckett's b. h. <i>Chilton</i> , by Sea Gull, dam by Hazard, 6 yrs.....	5	dist.

Time, 6:02—6:02

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$600, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. f. <i>Cub</i> , by Medoc, out of Mary by Sumpter, 3 yrs.....	<i>Joshua</i>	1	1
J. M. Pindell's b. m. <i>West Florida</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs.....		3	2
J. W. Fenwick's b. c. <i>Comden</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee, 3 yrs.....		2	3
Sidney Burbridge's b. h. <i>Rodolph</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Moses, aged.....		4	dist.

Time, 8:03—8:05.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$20 each. One mile.

H. T. Blanton's ch. f. <i>Red Sow</i> , by Medoc, 3 yrs.....	1	
John Harris' b. f. by Singleton, 3 yrs.....	2	
John Benson's b. c. by McDuffy, 4 yrs.....	3	

Time, 1:58.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William..... rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$50 each, with \$50 added. Mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's b. f. <i>Arabella</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. W. Buford's ch. f. <i>Red Morocco</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.....	2	2
E. R. Price's b. c. <i>Gonsway</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 1:51—1:55

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side; Two miles.

Ben. Lockett's b. f. <i>Mary Ellen</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	1
R. Jordan's b. f. by Jim Cropper, dam by Old Whip, 4 yrs.....	2
Time, 3:59.	

MOSCOW, KENTUCKY.

MONDAY, Sept. 23, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Six subs. at \$100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Wm. Harper's ch. f. <i>Mary Trifle</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian.....	1	1
J. L. Davis' b. c. by Wm. Tell, dam by Whip.....	2	2
P. Edrington's ch. c. <i>Jim Berryman</i> , by President.....	dist.	
Time, 2:05—2:00.		

TUESDAY, Sept. 24 Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Harper's ch. c. <i>Dave Patton</i> , by Sumpter, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	1	1
J. Phillips' ch. f. <i>Labella</i> , by Telegraph.....	2	2
Time, 1:58—1:56.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$100, ent. \$10, free for all ages, weight as before; Mile heats.

R. P. Rains' b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1
J. Phillips' b. f. <i>Isadora</i> , by Jefferson, dam by Tennessee Oscar.....	2	2
P. Edrington's b. f. <i>Fanny Kemble</i> , by Highlander, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 1:52—1:56.		

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Wm. Harper's b. f. by imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 2 yrs.....	1	1
Price Edrington's b. h. by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	3	2
S. Phillips' b. c. <i>Baron Larrey</i> , by President, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	3
Time, 3:58—4:07. Track 30 or 40 yards over a mile.		

A. G. BARTLETT, Sec'y.

BEANS' STATION, TENNESSEE.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Five subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. One mile.

Col. S. Bunch's ch. f. <i>Kate Shelby</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Shelby by Stockholder..	1
Capt. J. Scrugg's ch. c. by Molo, dam by Saladin.....	2
Time, 2:03.	

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$125, ent. \$25, for 2 yr. olds; One mile.

Capt. J. Scrugg's gr. f.....	1
J. H. Anderson's ch. f. <i>Minerva Proffitt</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess	bolt.
Time not kept.	

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$275, Mile heats.

Col. S. Bunch's (John McGhee's) b. f. <i>Ann Barrow</i> , by Cock of the Rock, dam by Virginian	1	1
G. W. Rutledge's gr. h. <i>Livingston</i> , by Medley, dam by Van Tromp.....	2	2
Time, 1:55—1:56.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$325, ent. \$100, Two mile heats.

J. H. Anderson's b. c. <i>Sir Elliott</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolic by Sir Charles, out of Kate Kearney's dam, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Clark & Bowen's gr. c. <i>Lafitte</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 4:02—4:00.		

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Jockey Club (Handicap) Purse \$75, ent. \$50, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

G. W. Rutledge's gr. h. <i>Livingston</i> , pedigree above.....	walked over.
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SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Sub. \$200 each, \$50 ft.; Mile heats.

Col. S. Busch's ch. f. <i>Kate Shelby</i> , pedigree above.....	rec'd ft.
From J. Scruggs, Rutledge, Ainsworth, and others.	

Match, \$100 a side, One mile.

G. C. McBee's gr. f. <i>Sally Stringfield</i> , pedigree unknown, 2 yrs.....	1
John McGee's ch. f. by Zebedee, out of Helen by Timoleon.....	2
Time not given.	

Jockey Club Purse \$125, ent. \$25, for 2 yr. olds, One mile.

G. C. McBee's gr. f. <i>Sally Stringfield</i> , pedigree unknown.....	1
J. H. Anderson's ch. f. <i>Minerva Proffitt</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess.....	2
Time, 2:05.	

GREENSBORO' A.L.A., HENRY COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1839—Post Stake for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Five subs. at \$2000 each, \$500 ft. Four mile heats.

Thos. Watson's ch. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Top-gallant, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Henry A. Tayloe's (R. B. Harrison's) b. h. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 8:11—8:52.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

B. Smith's ch. m. <i>Eloise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte 5 yrs	1	1
R. H. Long's gr. f. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	5	2
W. G. Haun's gr. f. <i>Sally Hildard</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee, 3 yrs.	3	3
H. A. Tayloe's b. m. <i>Maria Miller</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 5 yrs.	2	dist.
J. D. McAllister's b. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.	4	dist.

Time, 4:02—4:04.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

Dr. R. W. Withers' ch. c. by Imp. Consol, dam by Bertrand rec'd ft.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse \$400, ent. \$30, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

B. Smith's br. f. <i>Fancy</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	1	1
J. D. McAllister's ch. f. <i>Mary Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	3	2
R. H. Long's b. c. S. S. <i>Prentiss</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington, 4 yrs.	2	3

Time, 6:07½—6:21.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats

Henry A. Tayloe's gr. c. *Huntsman*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet..... 1

B. Smith's br. c. *Matchem*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella by Shylock..... dist.

Time, 4:00.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$50, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's ro. f. <i>Zeia</i> , by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton by Mendoza, 4 yrs.	1	1
R. H. Long's b. h. <i>Maltrovers</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.	2	2
W. G. Haun's br. f. <i>Kate Haun</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	3	3

Time, 8:24—8:29.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2—Proprietor's Purse \$250, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

R. H. Long's ch. f. <i>Sally Barton</i> , by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.	2	1	1	2	1
Dr. R. W. Withers' ch. h. <i>Dosoris</i> , by Henry—Goliah's dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 y	3	2	2	1	2
J. D. McAllister's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> ,* pedigree above, 4 yrs.	4	4	3	dist.	
B. Smith's b. c. <i>Kenno</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Ragland's Diomed, 4 yrs.	1	3	dist.		

Time, 1:55—1:58—2:00—1:59—2:01. * Distanced in 4th heat for foul riding.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Thos. Watson's b. f. *Caroline Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Jerry..... 2 1 1

H. A. Tayloe's b. f. *Cinderella*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet 1 2 2

Time, 1:56—1:58—2:00.

COLUMBIA, TENN., ASHLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1839—Purse \$400, entrance \$20, free for all ages; Two mile heats.

Col. R. Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , by Count Badger, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	2	2	1	1
M. L. Pillow's b. f. <i>Polly Pillow</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	3	1	2	dist
Maj. Wm. R. Peyton's ch. h. <i>Red Tom</i> , by Bertrand, out of Duchess of Marlborough, 6 yrs., 118lbs.	4	4	3	*
Col. Geo. Elliott's ch. f. <i>Maria Williams</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs., 83lbs.	1	3	dr	

Col. Wm. R. Hill's br. c. *Stockton*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 4 yrs. 104lbs. dist.

James Anderson's ch. h. *John Wickham*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Boston's dam, 5 yrs., 100lbs. dist.

Time, 4:05—4:07—4:18—4:13. * Ruled off.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Purse \$500, ent. \$30, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Henry Smith's b. c. <i>John Marshall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs.	1	1
Maj. W. R. Peyton's <i>Bay Bolton</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs.	4	2
Col. Robt. Smith's b. f. <i>Peggy Nailor</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.	5	3
J. S. Granger's (J. Anderson's) br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Bateman, 3 y	3	4
Col. Geo. Elliott's gr. c. <i>Boyd McNairy</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.	2	dist.

Time, 6:23—6:20.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Purse \$700, ent. \$40, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Gen. Wm. G. Harding's gr. f. <i>Gamma</i> , by Pacific—Melzare's dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.	3	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. m. <i>Mary Wynn</i> , by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla, 6 yrs.	1	2	2
Maj. Wm. R. Peyton's b. c. <i>Phantom</i> , by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia (dam of Imp. Anna Maria) by Phantom, 4 yrs.	2	3	dr

Time, 8:35—8:30—8:58.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Geo. Elliott's ch. f. <i>Mary Speed</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 4 yrs.	2	1	1
Col. Robt. Smith's br. f. <i>Day Dream</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.	1	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Hill's br. f. <i>Maria Fox</i> , by Walnut, dam by Leonidas, 4 yrs.	3	3	dr
Col. Henry Smith's gr. f. <i>Betsey Banton</i> ,* by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.	4	dist.	

Time, 1:59—1:59—2:02.

* Betsey was distanced in the 2d heat by getting a bad start.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2.—A Sweepstakes of 5 subs., at \$25 each, for saddle horses, one mile, was won by Mr. Willis Boddy's grey horse, in 2:02.

On MONDAY, Oct. 4th, a match race between Col. Robt. Smith's br. f. *Day Dream* and a ch. horse famed as "Lowell's horse," one mile, for \$100, was won by the former with ease. Time unknown.

F. K. ZOLLICOFFER, Sec'y.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

MONDAY, Oct. 14, 1839—Match, \$500 a side, Two miles.
 Uzzle & Bissel's ch. m. *Molly Long*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Imp. Janus, 6 yrs. 1
 Major Lane's bl. m. *Bonny Black*, by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler, 6 yrs. 2
 Time, 4:18. Track heavy.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; Six subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Thomas B. Scrogg's ch. f. *Nancy Buford*, by Medoc, dam by Rattler. 1 1
 John Frost's ch. f. *Patsey Pipes*, by Flagellator, out of Rose Bud by Henry 2 2
 Time, 2:02—2:03.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.
 —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Wm. Peters' (Ohio) ch. c. *Buck Eye*, by Lafayette Stockholder—Old Squaw by Indian, 4 y 1 1
 T. G. Moore's (Ky.) b. f. *Rosa Vertner*, by Sir Leslie—Directress by Director, 4 yrs. 4 2
 Thomas Judy's ch. h. *American Bottom*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Spread Eagle, 5 yrs. 2 3
 T. B. Scrogg's ch. h. *Plough Boy*, by Peacemaker, dam by Whip, 5 yrs. * *
 D. Stockton's (Pa.) gr. f. *Catherine Fenwick*, 4 yrs. 3 5
 J. Mathews' b. c. *Rob Roy*, by Marmion, dam by Commerce, 4 yrs. * dist.
 G. Johnson's (Ky.) ch. m. *Sarah Clark*, by Kosciusko, dam by Old Court, 5 yrs. * dr
 R. Martin's (Mo.) ch. h. *John Bull*, 5 yrs. * dr
 J. Kimball's (Ill.) b. f. *Miss Moore*, by Monroe, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. dist.
 Time, 1:59—2:00. * Not placed.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

James Bissel's b. c. *Black Jack*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Baronet 1 1
 Flannagan & West's b. c. *Swiss Boy*, by Lance, out of Charlotte Epps by Medley 2 2
 B. Ames' ch. f. *Actress*, by Rattler, dam by John Richards. 3 dist.
 Time, 4:14—4:12. Actress was started lame and out of condition.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Proprietor's Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 T. B. Scrogg's ch. m. *Hebe*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs. 3 1 1
 Lane & Shacklett's bl. m. *Ethiopia*, by Dashed, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs. 4 3 2
 T. G. Moore's b. f. *Rosa Vertner*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 2 2 3
 W. Peters' b. h. *Van Buren*, by Lafayette Stockholder—Old Squaw by Indian, 6 yrs. 1 4 dist.
 Time, 6:01½—6:00—6:06.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Lane & Shacklett's (Mo.) bl. m. *Bonny Black*, pedigree above, 6 yrs. 1 1
 Stockton & Morton's (Pa.) ch. h. *Crowder*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, aged. 2 2
 G. Johnson's (Ky.) b. m. *Betsey Miller*, by Bertrand, out of Jane Shore, 5 yrs. 4 3
 Wm. Peters' (Ohio) b. c. *Buck Eye*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 3 4
 T. B. Scrogg's (Mo.) b. h. *Little Barton*, by Bertrand, dam by Davis' Hamiltonian, 6 yrs. dist.
 John Kimball's (Ill.) ch. h. *Brunswick*, by Leopold, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. dist.
 Time, 8:04½—8:20.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Match, \$200 a side, Two mile heats.
 T. G. Moore's (Va.) b. f. *Mary Beechland*, by Sir Leslie, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs. 1 1
 G. Johnson's (Ky.) gr. f. *Lucy Bedford*, by Cadet, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 4:13—4:11.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1839—Match, \$2000 a side, Two mile heats.
 Col. J. W. Camp's b. c. *Bustamante*, by Whalebone, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 1 1
 E. H. Boardman's Imp. ch. f. by Acteon, out of Design by Tramp, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 3:57½—3:54. Won handily.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

E. H. Boardman's Imp. ch. c. *Shamrock*, by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveler. 1 1
 W. H. Gee's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kate Kennon by Contention. 2 2
 Maj. S. Ragland's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough 3 dist.
 Time, 4:15—4:22.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Free Jack*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Napoleon. walked over.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.
 —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's ro. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Balew by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Col. J. W. Camp's br. g. by Marion, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 2 2
 John Connally's b. c. *Bay Wood*, by Editor, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs. 4 3
 Boardman & McLaran's ch. f. *Fanny Strong*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 3 4
 Nat. Terry's ch. c. *Santee*, by Wild Bill, out of Sally McGee by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 5 5
 Time, 3:50—3:50.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$720, conditions as before; Four mile heats.
 W. H. Gee's b. g. *Van Buren*, by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 2 1 1
 John Connally's gr. h. *Grey Gander*, by Wild Bill—Grey Goose by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 1 2 2
 Davis & Ragland's br. h. *Sir Joseph*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 3 3 dist.
 Time, 7:55—8:01—8:16.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
 Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Preston*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roanoke, 4 yrs. 1
 John Connally's ch. f. by Bertrand, out of Forest Maid by Ratray, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 5:49.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$250, conditions as before; Mile heats.
 John Connally's b. c. *Bay Wood*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 3 1 1
 Maj. N. Terry's (Thos. Travis') ch. f. *Mory Payne*, by Wild Bill, d. by Grey Tail, 3 y 4 3 2
 Maj. Wm. Fleming's ch. h. *Mark*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 5 4 dist.
 Davis & Ragland's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs. 1 2 dr
 Col. J. W. Camp's br. c. *Cara*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. 2 5 dr
 Time, 1:51—1:51—1:52.

CAMPBELL'S STATION, TENNESSEE.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$100, ent. \$25, for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs; One mile.

Thos. M. Anderson's ch. f. *Minerva Proffit*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess. 1
 Wm. P. Wright's ch. c. *Sam Houston*, by Barney O'Linn, dam by Dare Devil. 2
 James Clark's gr. f. *Sally Stringfield*, pedigree unknown. 3
 James Cox's gr. f. *Grey Tail*, by Mabry's Timoleon, dam by Medley. dist.
 Time, 2:00.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$150, ent. \$50, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

G. C. McBee's ch. f. *Anne Royall*, by Mabry's Timoleon, dam unknown. 2 1
 Jas. Clark's gr. c. *Lafitte*, by O'Kelly, out of Caroline Wilson by Timoleon. 1 dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:58.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Anderson & McGee's b. c. *Sir Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolic by Sir Charles, out of Kate Kearney's dam, 4 yrs. walked over.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. \$25 each; colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Mile heats.

Jas. Clark's gr. f. *Sally Stringfield*, pedigree unknown. 1 1
 Jas. Cox's gr. f. *Grey Tail*, pedigree above. 2 dist.
 Time, 2:02—2:04.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side, Mile heats.

Jas. Clark's gr. c. *Lafitte*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Dr. J. W. Netherland's b. c. *Gen. Wiley*, by Sir Richard, dam by Imp. Wildair, 4 yrs. 2 dist.
 Time, 1:54—1:58. J. W. NETHERLAND, *Sec'y pro tem.*

SULPHUR SPRING, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24, 1839—Match, \$100 a side; Heats, once round.

Geo. T. Hickman's ch. h. *Jim Rock*, by Young Eclipse, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs. 1 1
 H. Jones' ch. f. *Lucy*, by Tyler's Orphan Boy, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs. 2 dist.
 Time, 1:41—1:42. Track 1520 yards.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2—Match, \$200 a side, catch weights; Heats, once round.

Geo. T. Hickman's ch. h. *Jim Rock*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 1 1
 Mr. Mitchell's b. h. *Kosciusko Jr.*, by Kosciusko, dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs. 1 2 dist.
 Time, 1:35—1:36—1:36. Track 1520 yards.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5, 1839—Purse \$175, ent. \$20, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings; with an Inside Stake of \$1000 a side between Belle of Winchester and Eudora. Mile heats.

T. T. Tunstall & John Lafford's br. m. *Eudora*, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs. Daniel McKinney. 1 1
 E. Rector's ch. f. *Belle of Winchester*, by Shakespeare, out of Bay Doe, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 1:50½—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Purse \$250, ent. \$30, added; conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Tunstall & Lafford's br. m. *Betsey Watson*, by Jefferson, dam by Henry Tinson, 5 yrs. D. McKinney. 1 1
 E. Rector's br. f. *America*, by Waxy, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 4:03—4:12.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Purse \$400, conditions as before, with an Inside Stake of \$500 a side, between Hannibal and Eliza Ross. Three mile heats.

Tunstall & Lafford's b. m. *Eliza Ross*, by Marmion, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs. Jess. 2 1 1
 E. Rector's b. h. *John Belcher*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 3 2 2
 Wm. L. Alexander's br. f. *Musedora*, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 1 3 dr
 Time, 5:55½—6:05—6:19.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$200, ent. \$25, added; conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Tunstall & Lafford's b. f. *Etna*, by Volcano—Rebecca Palafox, 3 yrs. George Tunstall. 1 1 1
 J. E. Pitcher's b. c. *Glaucus*, by Alhambra, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 2 3 2
 Thos. Wilson's ch. c. *St. Cloud*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 3 2 3
 Time, 2:05—2:03—1:52.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Silver Pitcher, value \$— ent. \$20, added; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Tunstall & Lafford's b. g. *Capt. Buster*, by Cherokee, dam by Green Oak, 6 yrs. Dan. McKinney. 3 1 1
 Hugh White's b. c. *John Green*, by Whip, 4 yrs. 2 2 2
 Wm. L. Alexander's br. f. *Musedora*, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 1 3 dr
 J. E. Pitcher's ch. f. *Sweet Home*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 5 dist.
 Hawkins & Gibson's ch. f. *Medora Riggs*, by Waxy, dam by Diomed, 4 yrs. 4 dr.
 Time, 1:51—1:55—1:55.

" SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$— a side, One mile.

Hop. Johnson's gr. g. by Brimmer, catch weight.....	Geo. Tunstall.	1
Thos. Wilson's b. h. <i>Kinlock</i> , by Havoc, 100lbs.....		2
Time, 1:51½. A splendid race.		

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

James O. McAllister's bl. f. <i>Black Rose</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	1	1
R. Smith's br. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 4:10—4:20.		

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$15, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

R. Smith's ch. g. <i>Rob Roy</i> , sire unknown, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	1	1
J. R. Head's b. f. <i>Worina</i> , by Arab, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	2	2
J. O. McAllister's b. c. <i>John Nichols</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.
Time, 6:41—6:52.		

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before; Four mile heats—

J. R. Head's ch. c. <i>Leslie</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	1	1
J. O. McAllister's b. f. <i>Mary Meadows</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 8:45—8:49.		

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., WOODLAWN COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16, 1839—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

N. K. Leavell's b. f. <i>Medoca</i> , by Medoc, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. R. Bronson's b. c. <i>John Dawson Jr.</i> , by John Dawson, dam by Partnership, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 3:52—3:57.		

" SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$300 a side, Mile heats.

V. J. Allen's gr. h. <i>Pokeroot</i> , by William Tell, dam by Citizen, aged.....	1	1
Wm. Goodrich's gr. h. <i>Monsieur Tonson</i> , by Sir Richard, dam by Pacolet, aged.....	2	2
Time, 1:59—2:01.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

J. Gray's ro. m. <i>Irene</i> , by Printer, dam by McKinney's Roan, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
H. D. Bailey's <i>Victoria Houston</i> , by Childress, dam by Thunderclap, 3 yrs.....	2	2	2
Col. Shelton's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Albert, 3 yrs.....	1	3	dist.
William Irby's b. m. <i>Cassia</i> , by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....			dist.
Time, 1:54—1:59—2:07.			

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jno. Steele's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Madison, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
N. K. Leavell's ch. c. <i>John C. Stevens</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2
Time, 1:49—1:50—1:54. JAMES C. JOHNSON, Sec'y.			

FLORENCE, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19, 1839—Second Class of the Ragland Stakes, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Jas. Jackson's gr. f. <i>Fandango</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Gallopade by Catton. <i>Fayette</i>	1	1
Col. J. W. Camp's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.....	2	2
Jno. Kinkle's ch. f. by Wild Bill, out of own sister to John Bascombe by Bertrand.....	3	dist.
E. H. Boardman's Imp. ch. c. by Acteon, out of Imp. Design by Tramp.....		dist.
Time, 3:58½—4:01.		

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20—Purse \$300, ent. \$20, added; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather —3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's Imp. ch. c. <i>Shamrock</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller, 3 yrs.....	Taylor Argo.	1	1
Mr. Yourie's ch. f. <i>Emily Speed</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....		3	2
Robt. Smith's b. f. <i>Polly Pillow</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....		2	3
Time, 3:52—3:54.			

THURSDAY, Nov. 21—Purse \$300, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Davis & Ragland's ro. f. <i>Julia Fisher</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Bellow by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	Minafee.	1	1	1
Robt. Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , by Count Badger—Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....		4	2	dist.
E. Lewis' ch. h. <i>Sportsman</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, aged.....		3	4	dist.
W. R. Peyton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs.....		2	3	dr
Time, 1:53—1:53½—1:52.				

FRIDAY, Nov. 22—Purse \$500, ent. \$30, added; conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's ch. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	Taylor Argo.	1	1
Davis & Ragland's b. c. <i>Preston</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roanoke, 3 yrs.....		2	2
Robt. Smith's b. f. <i>Day Dream</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....		dist.	
W. R. Peyton's b. h. <i>Bay Balton</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs.....		dist.	
Time, 5:52—5:58.			

SATURDAY, Nov. 23—Purse \$300, ent \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats.

Robt. Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Thos. Kirkman's ch. h. <i>Lantaro</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Staughton Lass by Blacklock, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Davis & Ragland's b. h. <i>Sir Joseph</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs....	4	3
Geo. Cheatham's b. f. <i>Sally Coll</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.
Eli Lewis' gr. g. <i>John Slipper</i> , by Editor, out of Morocco Slipper, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 2:01—2:00.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 25, 1839—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Twenty-five subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Augustus Flud's ch. f. <i>Hermione</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, out of Leocadia (the dam of Little Venus, etc.) by Virginius.....	<i>Nathan</i>	1	1
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Any the Orphan</i> , by Imp. Nonplus—Gohannah by Comet.....	2	2	
Dr. Darby's (W. L. Lewis') ch. f. by Argyle, out of Amanda by Kosciusko.....	dist.		

Time, 4:01—4:00. Track heavy.

The "HAMPTON PLATE," up for this day, value \$500, free for all ages, carrying their appropriate weights, two mile heats, was not run for. Col. W. Hampton's Imp. b. f. *Emily* being the only nomination, he resigned the plate to the Club, declining to walk over for it.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26—Purse \$800, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. c. <i>Santa Anna</i> , by Bertrand Junior, out of a Kosciusko mare, 4 yrs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick</i>	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. h. <i>Gerour</i> , by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2	2	
Ed. J. Wilson's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs.....	3	dist	

Time, 8:06—8:04. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27—Purse \$500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's Imp. b. m. <i>Emily</i> , by Emilius—Elizabeth by Rainbow, 5y. <i>Gil. Patrick</i>	1	1
Col. Richard Singleton's ch. h. by Imp. Luzborough—Phenomena by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	4	2
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. m. <i>Jeanette Berkeley</i> , by Bertrand Junior, out of Carolina by Young Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	2	3
Edw. J. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Tom Walker</i> , by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 6:04—5:58. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28—Purse \$300, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's ch. f. <i>Zenobia</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs.....	<i>Washington</i>	3	1	2	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Fanny Bailey</i> , by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	1	3	3	2	
Col. A. Flud's b. f. <i>Zoraida</i> , by Virginius, out of Gohannah by Comet, 3 yrs.....	5	5	1	3	
Powell McRa's b. f. <i>Pink</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Financier, 4 yrs.....	4	6	4	r.o.	
Col. R. Singleton's Imp. b. f. by Chateau Margaux, out of Cuirass by Oiseau, 4 y	6	2	5	r.o.	
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Any the Orphan</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	4	dr.		
Col. J. Colclough's b. c. <i>Friday</i> , by Virginius, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	dist.				

Time, 3:56½—3:58—4:00—3:59½.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29—Purse \$200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Elvira</i> , by Red-Gauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs. <i>Nathan</i>	1	1	1
Powell McRa's ch. m. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Financier, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. by Bertrand Junior, out of La Pucelle by Archy Montorio, 4 y	3	3	3
John Gist's ch. m. <i>Thsbe</i> , by Bertrand, out of Ophelia, 5 yrs.....	4	4	dist.
J. Colclough's b. c. <i>Friday</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	5	5	dist

Time, 1:56—1:56—1:58. Track heavy and raining.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30—Citizens' Purse \$300, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Maj. Powell McRa's ch. m. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick</i>	4	1	1
Mr. Bullard's ch. c. <i>Statesburg</i> , by Godolphin, out of Amanda by Kosciusko, 4 yrs...	1	4	2	
Col. Jas. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Compromise</i> , by Nullifier—Anti-Tariff by Tariff, 4 yrs...	2	2	3	
Col. John Gist's gr. m. <i>Almyra</i> ,* by Eclipse—Betty Saunders by Stockholder, 5 yrs...	3	3	dr	
J. C. O'Hanlon's b. f. by Contention, out of Jane Bertrand by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	dist.			
J. Colclough's b. c. <i>Friday</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 1:55—1:55—1:59½. Track heavy, and raining. * Broke down.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., FRANKLIN COUNTY COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26, 1839—Purse \$400, ent. \$40, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Col. J. W. Camp's ch. c. <i>Bustamente</i> , by Whalebone, out of Sarah Dancy by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	<i>Barney</i>	1	1
H. Smith's br. c. <i>John Marshall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs.....	2	2	

Time, 6:46—6:44.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27—Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Robt. Smith's ch. f. <i>Polly Pillow</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. H. Turner's br. c. <i>Jim Boy</i> , by Marion, out of Bustamente's dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 4:03—4:12.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's ch. c. <i>Shamrock</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight by Reveler, 3 yrs.....	<i>Taylor Argo</i>	1	1
Robt. Smith's br. f. <i>Day Dream</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.	
Timothy Cooley's b. g. <i>Backslider</i> , pedigree unknown.....	dist.		

Time 2:08—2:15.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29—Purse \$700, ent. \$70, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Boardman & McLaran's ch. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	<i>Barney</i>	1	1
L. P. Cheatham's b. m. <i>Mary Wynn</i> , by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 6 yrs.....		2	2
N. Terry's (W. H. Gee's) b. g. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....		3	3
Robt. Smith's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Sally Nailor by Tiger Whip, 3 yrs.....		dist.	
Time, 9:41—9:10.			

SATURDAY, Nov. 30—Purse \$450, ent. \$45, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Boardman & McLaran's br. f. <i>Maria Brown</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette by Sir Hal, 3 yrs.....		1	1	1
Robt. Smith's ch. f. <i>Old Mistress</i> , by Count Badger, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....		2	4	2
Thos. Kirkman's ch. h. <i>Lantara</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Staughton Lass by Blacklock, 5 yrs.....		4	3	3
L. J. Polk's ch. c. <i>Lynedack</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of own sister to Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs.....		3	2	4
Time, 2:08—2:12—2:08.				

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Taylor & Garland's gr. f. <i>Jane Splane</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Helen McGregor by Mercury, out of a Palafox mare.....		1	1
Col. W. Olfutt's b. c. by Hickory.....		2	dist.
Dr. Geo. Hill's b. f. <i>Queen Victoria</i> , by Edward.....		dist.	
Time, 2:06—1:59.			

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13—Purse \$100, ent. \$15, for pure blooded Creoles or those of Spanish blood; catch weights. One mile.

J. M. Bill's b. g. <i>Rauhide</i>		1
A. Disessart's b. g. <i>Opeλουςas</i>		2
Time, 2:16.		

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$300, ent. 10 per cent., for American Creoles, or those introduced into the State before they were 18 months old; 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. f. <i>Fairly Fair</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Peter Teazle, 3 yrs.....		1
T. J. & M. Wells's (W. C. Martin's) ch. f. <i>Nancy O</i> , by Flag, dam by Mons. Tonson.....		2
J. Chambers' ch. h. <i>Oscar</i> , by Ulysses, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....		0

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$400, free for all, entrance and weights as before; Two mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. m. <i>Harpalyce</i> , by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 5 yrs.....		1	1
T. J. & M. Wells's (Hugh Carlin's) b. h. <i>George Elliott</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lawrence, 6 yrs.....		2	2
Time, 4:05—4:04½.			

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. f. <i>Curculia</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....		1
Josias Chambers' b. h. <i>Oscar</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....		dist.
Time not kept.		

SATURDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John F. Miller's ch. m. <i>Harpalyce</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....		1	1	1
T. J. & M. Wells's (W. C. Martin's) ch. f. <i>Nancy O</i> , pedigree above.....		3	2	2
J. Chamber's ch. h. <i>Oscar</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....		2	3	dist.
Time, 2:02—2:03—2:03.				

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, \$500 a side, Mile heats.

Taylor & Garland's gr. f. <i>Jane Splane</i> , pedigree above, 2 yrs.....		1	1
Mr. Wykoff's ch. m. <i>Lady Wagner</i> , 6 yrs.....		2	2
Time, 1:57½—2:01.			

FAIRFIELD, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Subscription \$20 each, with \$50 added. Mile heats.

O. P. Hare's (M. T. Hawkins') ch. c. <i>Panic</i> , by Eclipse—Aggy-Up by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1
Col. John Heth's gr. m. by Greybeard.....	3	3	2
Charles Carter's b. m. <i>Lizette</i> , by Imp. Fyde.....	1	2	dr
Time, 4:11—4:09.			

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Subscription \$100 each. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles.....	1	1
Col. Wm. L. White's b. c. Wm. R., by Goliah, out of half sister to Pizaro.....	2	2
Time, 4:11—4:19.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$300, weights &c. as before: Two mile heats.

Capt. W. Burton's ch. m. <i>Julia Burton</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.....	4	3	1	1
Capt. S. W. Morgan's b. f. <i>Virginia Robinson</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 4 yrs.....	1	4	3	2
John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley, 4 yrs.....	3	5	2	r.o.
Otway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs.....	2	1	dist.	
T. Parker Hare's ch. c. <i>Larkin</i> , by Goliah, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	5	2	dr.	
Time, 3:55—3:54—3:53½—3:50.				

NEW ORLEANS.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Subscription not given. Mile heats.

James Talley's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	1	1
B. Cheatham's b. m. by Gohanna, 6 yrs.....	3	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah, 3 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 1:55—1:53.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before ; Four mile heats.

Otway P. Ilare's gr. f. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	1	1
J. P. White's (James Talley's) ch. f. <i>Betsy White</i> , by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	2
T. B. Scrugg's b. g. <i>Jack of Trumps</i> , by Gohanna.....	2	3
Maj. Thos. Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	dist.	

Time, 8:24—8:09. Track heavy, and raining.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11, 1839—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$80, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 70lbs.—3 yrs., 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Minor & Duncan F. Kenner's gr. c. <i>Grey Medoc</i> , by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. <i>Glorvina</i> , by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, aged.....	3	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. <i>Band Box</i> , by O'Kelly, out of Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 4:00—3:56½.

THURSDAY, Dec. 12—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, ent. \$120, conditions as before ; Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. <i>Sarah Eloden</i> , by Leviathan—Morgiana by Pacolet, 5 yrs....	1	1
W. R. Barrow's b. h. <i>Pressure</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Sir William, 5 yrs.....	2	2
H. A. Tayloe's (B. Smith's) ch. m. <i>Eloise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 5 yrs.....	3	3
John F. Miller's ch. f. <i>Curculia</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	4	4

Time, 5:49½—5:52.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, ent. \$200, conditions as before ; Four mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. <i>Maria Black</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs.....	1	1
J. S. Garrison's b. h. <i>Billy Townes</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Ira Smith's (W. Thurston's) ch. c. <i>Shreshley</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 8:01—7:47.

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 15—Proprietor's Purse \$600, ent. \$60, conditions as before ; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Wm. J. Minor's) b. f. <i>Tellie Doe</i> , by Pacific, out of Matilda by Gray-tail, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
W. R. Barrow's gr. c. <i>Capt. Laurent</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs....	1	2	2	2
J. F. Miller's ch. m. <i>Harpylce</i> , by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 5 yrs.....	4	3	3	3
Ira Smith's ch. f. <i>Maria Duke</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	4	4	4

Time, 2:01—2:00—2:02—2:02.

MONDAY, Dec. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$1000, ent. \$100, conditions as before ; Three mile heats.

M. & D. F. Kenner's gr. c. <i>Grey Medoc</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
R. H. Long's ch. f. <i>Maria Red</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Wm. J. Minor's) gr. h. <i>Sir Ariss</i> , by Trumpator, out of Grey Eagle's dam, 5 yrs.....	3	3
Ira Smith's (W. Thurston's) gr. c. <i>Draco</i> , by Singleton, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
A. Carter's (J. G. Perry's) ch. c. <i>Stub Twist</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs.....	dist.	
H. A. Tayloe's ch. f. <i>Zela</i> , by Eclipse, out of Goliah's dam, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 6:05—6:06.

P. CENAS, Sec'y.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., LOUISIANA COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 18, 1839—Creole Purse \$500, ent. \$50, \$400 to the winner, and \$100 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the purse to be \$300; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

John L. Lewis' gr. c. <i>Lord of the Isles</i> , by Pacific (or Napoleon), dam by Jerry, 4 yrs....	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Fantase</i> , by Lauderdale, out of Lightning, 2 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:56.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$250, ent. \$25, conditions as before, Mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. f. <i>Fairly Fair</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. <i>Band Box</i> , by O'Kelly, out of Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 3 y.....	4	2
Fergus Duplantier's Imp. ch. f. <i>Pensee</i> , by Tramp, out of Vetusia, 4 yrs.....	2	3
D. F. Kenner's (Mr. Antil's) ch. g. <i>Speed</i> , by Granby, out of George Elliott's dam, 3 yrs.....	3	4

Time, 1:53—1:52.

THURSDAY, Dec. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, ent. \$120, \$200 of which goes to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive \$800, if but one, \$700, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. C. Branch's (B. Smith's) ch. m. <i>Eloise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
John Gooding, Jr.'s (John Campbell's) b. c. <i>Altorf</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Jas. S. Garrison's (J. C. Beasley's) ch. m. <i>Lucy Fuller</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 5 yrs.....	5	4	3
John F. Miller's ch. f. <i>Curculia</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	2	3	4
R. H. Long's gr. f. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	4	5	5
D. F. Kenner's (Mr. Antil's) bl. c. <i>Black Knight</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 3:49—3:47½—3:49½.

FRIDAY, Dec. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, ent. \$150, \$300 of which goes to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive \$1000, if but one, \$800; conditions as before; Three mile heats.

M. & D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Grey Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs 1 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's (John C. Beasley's) b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 5:56½.

SATURDAY, Dec. 21—Jockey Club Plate, a Splendid Silver Urn, value \$1500, and \$500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive \$1200; conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs. walked over.

FIFTH DAY, Dec. 22—Proprietor's Purse \$600, ent. \$60, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. C. Branch's (B. Smith's) ch. m. *Eloise*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 3 2 1 1 1
 Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail, 4 yrs. 1 1 2 2 2
 Wm. R. Barrow's gr. c. *Capt. Laurent*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lucille by Pacific, 3 yrs. 2 3 3 dr.
 Time, 1:59—1:56—1:56—1:56—2:01.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Louisiana Plate, value \$1000, ent. \$100; 4 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Jno. Gooding, Jr.'s (John Campbell's) ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs. 3 1 1
 R. H. Long's ch. m. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 1 2 2
 J. C. Branch's (Dr. R. W. Withers') ch. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, aged. 2 3 dr
 John F. Miller's ch. m. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 5 yrs. 4 dr
 Time, 3:56½—3:58—4:02.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$100, added; conditions as before; Mile heats.

R. H. Long's gr. f. *Cotton Plant*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Jno. F. Miller's gr. f. *Medina*, by Medoc, out of Lady Bolingbroke, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 1:58—2:00. CHARLES CLAIRBORNE, Sec'y.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., ECLIPSE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, feather weights. Six subs. at \$500 each, \$300 ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's gr. c. *John R. Grymes*, by Imp. Leviathan—Alice Grey by Pacolet 1 1
 M. & D. F. Kenner's Imp. ch. f. *Houri*, by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton. 2 2
 Time, 2:00—2:04.

SAME DAY—Second Race—New Orleans Plate, value \$600, ent. \$60; the winner to take the plate or money, at his option; 4 yr. olds and over, to carry 100lbs.; under that age, their appropriate weights. Two mile heats.

John C. Beasley's b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 1 3 1
 Wm. J. Minor's gr. h. *Sir Ariss*, by Trumpator—Ophelia by Wild Medley, 5 yrs. 4 1 2
 Y. N. Oliver's (J. Campbell's) ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, d. by Bay Richmond, aged 3 2 3
 R. H. Long's ch. m. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 2 4 dist
 Time, 4:13—4:06—4:07.

FRIDAY, Dec. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, ent. \$100, \$200 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive \$800; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. m. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs 1 1
 R. H. Long's gr. f. *Cotton Plant*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 6:45.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28—Proprietor's Purse \$700, ent. \$70, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Minor & D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Grey Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Gray Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs. Commodore. 1 1
 S. Elliott's (B. Smith's) ch. m. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Don Quixotte, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Jno. C. Beasley's (J. G. Perry's) ch. c. *Stub Twist*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs. dist.
 Time, 4:05—4:13.

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, ent. \$200, \$500 to go to the second best horse; conditions as before; Four mile heats.

M. & D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Grey Medoc*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. Commodore. 1 1
 Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs 2 2
 Y. N. Oliver's (John Campbell's) b. c. *Attorf*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 4 3
 John C. Beasley's b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 3 4
 R. H. Long's ch. c. *Allen Brown*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs. dist.
 Time, 8:05—8:01.

MONDAY, Dec. 30—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$50, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 Y. N. Oliver's (J. G. Perry's) b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam unknown, 3 yrs. 4 4 2
 Jno. F. Miller's ch. f. *Curculia*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs. 2 2 3
 Jno. C. Beasley's ch. m. *Lucy Fuller*, by Eclipse, dam by Pakenham, 5 yrs. 5 3 4
 Alex. Porter's bl. c. *Black Knight*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs. 3 5 5
 Time, 1:54½—1:55—1:55.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 4, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Eight or nine subs. at \$100 each. 11 ft. Mile heats.

Lovell & Smith's ch. c. <i>Gov. Butler</i> , by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director.....	1	1
Col. Hampton's br. f. <i>Kate Seyton</i> , by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.....	2	2
Mr. Richardson's br. c. by Mucklejohn, out of Julia.....	3	dist.

Time, 1:49—1:50.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$325, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4. 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. m. <i>Jeanette Berkeley</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Young Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Fanny Bailey</i> , by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Mr. R. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Trident</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Little Venus, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 7:59—8:00.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Purse \$300, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Lady Cava</i> , by Bertrand, out of Betsey Echols, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Flud's b. f. <i>Zoraida</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Mr. R. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Trident</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	bolt.	

Time, 3:55—3:53.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Purse \$200, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Amy the Orphan</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Comet, 3 yrs....	1	1
Col. Flud's b. c. by Imp. Nonplus, out of Nancy Air (dam of Transport).....	2	2
Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. <i>Elvira</i> , by Redgauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs.....	3	3
Mr. R. Richardson's br. c. by Mucklejohn, out of La Pucelle.....	dist.	
Col. Colclough's b. c. <i>Friday</i> , by Virginius, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:49—3:50.

MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 3, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.

Thomas Watson's ch. f. <i>Caroline Malone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Proserpine by Oscar. <i>Cuff</i>	1	1
B. Smith's br. c. <i>Matchem</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella by Shylock.....	2	2

Time, 4:07—4:16.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse \$100, added to a Sweepstakes of \$25 each, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 121lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

R. B. Harrison's ch. c. <i>Talley</i> , by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	1	2	1
R. H. Long's b. c. <i>Highway</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Robin Gray, 3 yrs.....	3	1	2
H. A. Tayloe's b. c. <i>Keno</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Ragland's Diomed, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:56—2:00—2:05.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

B. Smith's ch. m. <i>Eloise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 5 yrs.....	1	1
R. H. Long's ch. m. <i>Mary Jones</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	2	2
R. Chapman's gr. g. <i>Richard</i> , by Sir Richard, dam by Telemachus, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
H. A. Tayloe's b. f. <i>Cinderella</i>	dr	

Time, 3:55—4:00.

THURSDAY, Dec. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

R. H. Long's gr. f. <i>Cotton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
B. Smith's b. m. <i>Fancy</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
H. A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. <i>Maria Black</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs....	dist.*		

Time, 6:06—6:13—6:16. * Took the heat, but distanced for foul riding.

FRIDAY, Dec. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. <i>Maria Black</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	R. Adams.	1	1
R. H. Long's ch. f. <i>Maria Red</i> , by Bertrand, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....		3	2
R. B. Harrison's b. h. <i>Pollard Brown</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....		2	3

Time, 8:12—8:21. Won easily. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

B. M. Grissett's ch. f. <i>Gertrude</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Parasol by Napoleon, 4 y <i>Spencer</i>	1	1	1
R. H. Long's b. h. <i>Highway</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	2	dr
Robert Chapman's gr. g. <i>Richard</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:58. Won without a struggle.

LA GRANGE, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, Oct. 14, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, \$75 ft. Two mile heats.

Jernegan & Donelson's ch. c. <i>Clear the Track</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.....	1	1
Capt. Thomas J. Winston's b. f. <i>Maria Winston</i> , by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet.....	2	2

Time, 3:57—4:04.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft.

J. Lake's Luzborough ————— rec'd ft.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

E. Sparks' ch. c. <i>Peter Spyke</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Jack Andrews, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Nat. Perry's b. f. <i>Sally Sampson</i> , by Imp. Fyld, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	3	2	dr
Capt. T. J. Winston's b. h. <i>Jack Downing</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.....	1	3	dr

Time, 3:55—4:05.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
 Capt. T. J. Winston's b. c. *Goneaway*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 E. Sparks' b. h. *Bay Middleton*, by Imp. Fyld, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 5:55—6:00.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before; Four mile heats.
 E. Sparks' br. c. *Preston*, by Telegraph, out of Olivia's dam, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Jernegan & Donelson's b. f. *Fanny Jones*, by Telegraph, dam by Topgallant, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 8:27—8:40.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Jernegan & Donelson's ch. c. *Clear the Track*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 4 0 1 1
 Capt. T. J. Winston's b. f. *Maria Winston*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 4 1 0 2 2
 N. Barry's b. f. *Sally Sampson*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 5 2 0 dist.
 Wm. J. Bledsoe's ch. g. *Wild Irishmen*, by Peacock, dam unknown..... 2 3 dr.
 M. W. Edwards' b. f. *Burnt Nose*, by Atlantic, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Time, 1:52—1:57—1:59—2:05—2:00.

NATCHEZ, Miss., PHARSALIA COURSE.

MONDAY, Nov. 11, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, feather weights. Three subs: at \$500 each, P. P. One mile.

Stephen D. Elliott's ch. f. <i>Conchita</i> , sister to Capt. McHeath, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster.....	1
Jas. Railey's ch. c. <i>Nick of the Woods</i> , by Medoc, out of Sister to Dungan: on by Sumpter..	2

Time, 2:08. Track very deep and muddy.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Seven subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's own sister to Zelina..... walked over.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$400, entrance \$50, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. <i>Band Box</i> , by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 3 yrs..	<i>Sip.</i>	1
Jas. Rockwater's b. c. <i>Capt. Pomp</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 4:04. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$400 in money, and the *Pharsalia Plate*, value \$300, ent. \$100, conditions as before; the Cup to be withdrawn, if there be but one entry. Three mile heats.
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. *Ajax*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.... walked over.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Purse \$1200, ent. \$125, conditions as before; Four mile heats.
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 5 yrs..... *Dave.* 1 1
 W. J. Minor's gr. h. *Sir Ariss*, by Trumpator—Grey Eagle's dam by Wild Medley, 3 yrs.. 2 2
 Time, 8:36—8:50. Track uncommonly deep and heavy. Won very easy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16—Purse \$550, entrance \$50, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. J. Minor's b. f. <i>Tellie Doe</i> , by Pacific, dam by Grey Tail, 4 yrs.....	<i>Charles Blake.</i>	1	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. <i>Band Box</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....		2	2	2

Time, 1:53—1:57—2:02. Track still very heavy.

HINDS COUNTY, Miss., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1839—Purse \$200, entrance \$20, for 2 yr. olds, 70lbs., and 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.; fillies allowed 3lbs.; Mile heats.

Col. V. C. Hick's ch. c. by Redfix (or Redfox), dam unknown, 2 yrs..... walked over.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Match, \$1000 aside, Mile heats.

Walter Strother's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 yrs.....	1	1
J. D. Alford's ch. c. <i>Redbone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Nancy Henderson, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:57.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$30, free for all ages, 2 and 3 yr. olds carrying weight as before—4, 100lbs.—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

W. Strother's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	1	1
A. Webster's br. m. <i>Maladega</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Lafitte, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 4:00—3:56.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—Purse \$375, ent. \$40, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

W. Strother's ch. h. <i>Yazoo Trapper</i> , by Sir William, dam unknown, aged.....	1
A. Webster's ch. f. <i>Lady Stock</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs.....	dist.

Time, 6:06.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2—Purse \$275, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. Johnson's b. h. <i>Toby</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Eagle, 6 yrs.....	2	1
W. T. Dillon's ch. f. <i>Fantail</i> , by Waxy, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	1	bolt

Time, 1:52.

Match, \$600 a side, One mile.

W. T. Dillon's ch. f. <i>Fantail</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1
W. Strother's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	2

Time, 1:55. Won easily. W. F. DILLON, Sec'y & Prop'r.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI.

MONDAY, Nov. 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds ; Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. One mile.

Wm. Beard's br. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder 1
E. Sparks' b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Clay's William 2
Time, 2:02½. Track frozen and very rough. Betting, 2 to 1 on the Luzborough.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

R. P. Rains' b. f. *Adelaide*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon 2 1 1
Jernigan & Donalson's ch. c. *Clare the Kitchen*, by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Stockholder 1 2 2
R. Gift's ch. c. G. W. *Cheatham*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet 3 dist.
Time, 2:07—2:08—2:16. Track extremely rough and hard frozen.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$350, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 2lbs. Two mile heats.

L. Coch's br. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 2 yrs 1 1
D. M. Corley's ch. f. *Jane Clark*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Sir William of Transport, 3 y. 2 2
E. Sparks' br. c. *Freston*, by Telegraph, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs 5 3
J. Brunson's (Simmons') ch. c. *Devil Jack*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, * yrs 3 dist.
Jernigan & Donalson's gr. c. *Tom Benton*, by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs 4 dist.
Time, 4:15—4:14. * Devil Jack is 3 or 4 yrs. old.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$450, conditions as before ; Three mile heats.

Jernigan & Donalson's ch. c. *Julius*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Jackson, 3 yrs 1 1
L. Coch's b. f. *Adelaide*, pedigree above, 3 yrs 2 2
J. G. Shegog's ch. c. *James Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs 3 dist.
Time, 7:04—7:11.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before ; Four mile heats.

E. Sparks' b. f. *Medora Winston*, by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs 2 1
J. G. Shegog's br. c. *Gone-away*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs 1 2
Jernigan & Donalson's b. f. *Fanny Jones*, by Telegraph, dam by Topgallant, 3 yrs 3 3 dr
Time, 10:10—10:15—10:40.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30—Proprietor's Purse \$280, conditions as before ; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. J. Donalson's b. f. by Atlantic, 4 yrs 1 1 1
L. Coch's b. f. *Adelaide*, pedigree above, 3 yrs 2 2 2
Mr. Simmons' b. f. by Bertrand, 3 yrs 3 dist.
Thos. J. Winston's b. h. *Jack Downing*, by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tenson, 5 yrs 4 dist.
No time given.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., BERTRAND COURSE.

MONDAY, Dec. 23, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Gen. T. B. Scott's br. c. *Westwind*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux—Mambrina by Bertrand 1
Col. M. Ashurst's b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William, dam's pedigree unknown dist.
Time, 4:17.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

R. B. Harrison's (R. H. Long's) b. f. *Galantha*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Jackson, 4 yrs 1 1
T. W. Brevard's gr. c. *Dublin*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Caledonia by Jerry, 4 yrs 3 2
Head & Smith's (M. P. Gentry's) b. f. *Day Dream*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of the dam of Hanslap by Sir Archy, 3 yrs 4 3
Williams & Fort's gr. f. *Margaret Robb*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shawnee, 4 yrs 2 4
J. W. T. Reed's (J. L. Beck's) b. m. *Kitty Clover*, by Keese's Bertrand, d. by Buzzard, 6 y dist.
Time, 1:58—2:03.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Head & Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs 1 1
R. B. Harrison's (R. H. Long's) b. c. S. *Prentiss*, by Imp. Fylde, d. by Washington, 4 yrs 2 2
T. W. Brevard's b. c. *Cork*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Caledonia by Jerry, 3 yrs dist.
Williams & Fort's ch. h. *Wire-Grass*, by Pulaski, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs dist.
Time, 4:02—4:07.

THURSDAY, Dec. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Head & Smith's br. f. *Queen Elizabeth*, (late Polly Pillow,) by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs 1 1
R. B. Harrison's b. h. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs 2 2
Time, 6:03—6:04.

FRIDAY, Dec. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before ; Four mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. c. *Leslie*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs 1 1
Gen. Thos. B. Scott's br. c. *Westwind*, pedigree above, 3 yrs 2 2
T. W. Brevard's br. c. *Lord of Lorn*, by Argyle, out of Maria, 3 yrs dist.
R. B. Harrison's (R. H. Long's) b. h. *Maltravers*, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs dist.
Time, 8:27—8:40.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, pedigree above, 4 yrs 1 1 1
T. W. Brevard's b. c. *Cork*, " 3 yrs 2 2 dr
Time, 2:03—2:04.

POST OF ARKANSAS.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26, 1839—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 Tunstall & Stafford's b. m. *Betsey Watson*, by Jefferson, dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 6 yrs. 1 1
 Capt. John Davis' b. f. *Sukey*, by Cherokee, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27—Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before; Two mile heats.
 Tunstall & Stafford's b. f. *Aetna*, by Volcano, out of Rebecca by Palafox, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Capt. John Davis' b. f. *Mary*, by Saxe Weimar, dam by Carolinian, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 4:10—4:15.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28—Purse \$150, ent. \$15, conditions as before; One mile.
 Tunstall & Stafford's ch. h. *Isaac* 1
 R. Peeler's ch. m. *Phillis*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet 2
 Time, 2:05.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29—Match, \$500 a side, One mile.
 Mr. Isaac's ch. h. 1
 Mr. White's b. h. *John Green* 2
 Time, 2:01. Track very heavy, and 13 yards over a mile.

B. W. LEE, *Sec'y pro tem.*

GREENSBURGH, KENTUCKY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, leather weights. Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Three started, three pd. forfeit, viz., a Cherokee, a Waxy, and an Orphan Boy, and two let off by consent, viz., two Waxys. Mile heats.

Robinson & White's b. f. *Melissa Byron*, by Cherokee, dam by Diamond 1 1
 Wm. Ruckner Jr.'s ch. f. *Frances Williams*, by Cherokee, dam by Imp. Bluster 2 dist.
 Elzey Mitchell's b. c. *Sam Chifney*, by Cherokee, dam by Sumpter 3 dist.
 Time, 1:58—1:58. Track deep and cloddy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$100, entrance money included, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

W. T. Ward's br. m. *Waxetta*, by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 5 yrs. 1 2 1
 Wm. Buckner Jr.'s ch. f. *Mary Heard*, by Washington, dam by Whip, 4 yrs. 2 1 2
 Jas. T. Carter's b. c. by Waxy, dam by Cassina, 3 yrs. dist.
 Time, 3:56—3:55—4:00. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$75, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 W. T. Ward's br. m. *Waxetta*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 1 2 1 1
 Wm. Buckner Jr.'s br. f. *Mary Hopkins*, by Waxy, dam by Saltram, 3 yrs. 2 1 2 dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:57—1:58—1:59. Track heavy.

CREEL & BUCKNER, *Proprietors.*

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

MONDAY, Dec. 23, 1839—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Sub. \$200 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Shelby Smith's b. m. *Charlotte Hill*, by Hephhestion, dam by Cook's Whip, aged 1 1
 Thomas F. McKinney's ch. h. *Osceola*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs. 2 2
 T. J. Green's (Mr. Jarvis') bl. h. *Geo. Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan—Mulatto Mary, 5 yrs. dist.
 Time, 2:05—2:11.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24—Post Stake for all ages, weights as before; Five subs. at \$1000 each, \$300 ft. Two mile heats.

Gen. Thos. J. Green's ch. g. *Colorado*, by Talleyrand, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
 David Randon's ch. h. *Sam Houston*, by Kosciusko, dam by Aratus, 5 yrs. 1 2 2
 Time, 4:17—4:12—4:19.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Subscription \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Shelby Smith's ch. f. *Labella Combs*, by Andrew, dam by Director 1
 Thos. F. McKinney's b. c. *African Peter*, by Andrew dist.
 Time not kept.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$500, weights as on Monday; Two mile heats.
 Shelby Smith's ch. f. *Labella Combs*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Willis Alston's (Dr. R. W. Withers') br. f. *Fyldina*, by Imp. Fylde, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 4:16—4:20.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstake Mule Race; Six subs. at \$25 each, P.P. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John A. Settle's bl. h. *Thunderbolt* 2 1 1 1
 E. McLane's b. m. *Fanny* 1 2 2 2
 Edwin B. Settle's b. h. *Old Chase* 6 6 6 3
 Jones & Taylor's *Belzebub*, Fred. Schumacher's *Jenny-go-nimble*, and Aug. M. Tompkins' (John Michael's) *Stonehanger* were not placed.
 Time, 3:20—3:15—3:07—3:09.

THURSDAY, Dec. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before; Three mile heats.
 Gen. T. J. Green's ch. g. *Colorado*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
 Shelby Smith's b. m. *Charlotte Hill*, " aged 1 2 dr
 Time, 6:40—6:47.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$600 a side, One mile.
 A. J. Cody's ch. g. *Honest John*, by Imp. Leviathan 1
 Edwin B. Settle's ch. g. *Romeo*, by Wild Bill 2
 Time, 2:10.

FRIDAY, Dec. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, conditions as before; Four mile heats.
 David Randon's gr. g. *John Anderson*, by Pacific—Matilda by Grey-tail, 6 yrs..... *Lem.* 1
 Dr. R. W. Withers' ch. h. *Henry Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, 6 yrs..... *Jack.* dist.
 Time, 8:24.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28—Proprietor's Purse \$500, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 David Randon's gr. g. *John Anderson*, pedigree above, 6 yrs..... 1 3 1 1
 Shelby Smith's ch. f. *Labella Combs*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 3 1 2 2
 Gen. T. J. Green's b. h. *Kleber*, by Bertrand, out of Oscarma, 5 yrs..... 2 2 3 3
 Time, 2:01—1:59—2:00—2:01.

LIMESTONE SPRINGS, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Oct. 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.—the get of *Ormond*. Ten subscribers at a bale of cotton each, P.P. Mile heats.

Col. Ferdange's ch. c. *Hoosier*, dam unknown..... 1 1
 Mr. Simm's ch. c. *Cotton*, dam by Diomed..... 2 2
 Time, 1:59—1:58.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8—Purse \$350, free for all ages, 3 yrs., 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. *Fanny Bailey*, by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Dr. Ravenal's ch. f. *Maria Monk*, by Marcellus, dam unknown, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 6:14—6:44.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Purse \$250, conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's (M. R. Smith's) ch. c. *Gov. Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. Duncan's ch. g. *Don Pedro*, by Young Virginian, dam unknown, aged..... 2 2
 John Gist's gr. m. *Almira*, by Eclipse, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs..... 3 dr
 Time, 3:56—3:52.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Purse \$—, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's (M. R. Smith's) ch. f. *Elvira*, by Redgauntlet, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs 1 1
 Dr. Ravenal's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 2 yrs..... 2 2
 John Gist's ch. m. *Thesbe*, by Bertrand, out of Ophelia, 5 yrs..... 3 3
 Gov. Butler's b. m. *Hube*, aged..... dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:55.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse \$—, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John Gist's gr. m. *Almira*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 1 1 1
 Col. Duncan's ch. g. *Don Pedro*, pedigree above, aged..... 2 2 2
 Gov. Butler's br. c. *Mint Julap*, by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs..... 3 3 dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:55—1:53.

MEMPHIS, TENN., GLENCOE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11, 1839—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

M. D. Simmons' ch. c. *Devil Jack*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 L. Coch's b. f. *Adelaide*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs..... * *
 A. J. Donelson's *Burnt Nose*..... * *
 E. Sparks' br. c. *Preston*, by Telegraph, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs..... * *
 Time not given. * Placing unknown. * Devil Jack is 3 or 4 yrs old.

THURSDAY, Dec. 12—Purse \$400, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

J. G. Snegog's ch. c. *James Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger, 3 yrs... 1 1
 E. Sparks' br. c. *Preston*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time not given.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13—Purse \$700, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

The following were the entries—placing unknown:

Jernigan & Donelson's c. *Matchem*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Jackson, 3 yrs.
 E. Sparks' b. f. *Medora Winston*, by Imp. Telegraph, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.
 J. G. Snegog's b. c. *Goneaway*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs.

WASHINGTON CITY, NATIONAL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at \$300, each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's (Col. F. C. Green's) b f. *Miriam*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Laura by Rob Roy..... 1 1
 Wm. Gibbons' bl. c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles..... 2 2
 Gen Hunter's c. *Hope*, by Diamond..... 3 bolt.
 Time unknown.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Geo. L. Stockett's entry won. No other particulars known.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Maryland Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Twelve subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Gov. S. Sprigg's gr. f. *Maid of Northampton*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Atalanta's dam by Rattler..... 1 1

Two others started.

Time of 1st heat, 3:45—2d heat unknown. Won handily.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Edward J. Wilson's b. c. *Buck-Eye*, by Critic, out of Ann Page by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs. 1
 Col. Francis Thompson's ch. m. *Rowena*, by Timoleon, out of Laura by Roy, 5 yrs. 2
 Mr. ———'s *Mozart* dist.

Time, 5:48. See note.

After the first heat a complaint was lodged against Buck-Eye for foul riding. The following communication from the "Spirit of the Times" is believed to be an impartial statement of the matter:—

"The facts of the case referred to, were, I believe, fully established, to the satisfaction of the Club, to be as follows. Buck Eye had passed Rowena fairly and with apparent ease, one-third of a mile from home. The rider of Rowena took a strong pull on the mare as soon as passed, evidently intending to throw the race on a brush: for, after coaxing Buck-Eye back, he made a desperate effort, with whip and spur, to beat the horse out on the outside. The horse had taken his proper place on the inside, 250 yards from home, but, finding the *extreme outside* of the track *harder than the inside*, (although the latter was in good running state), took the extreme outside, and, in the brush the mare *had lopped her head on the outside of the horse's flank, and was apparently gaining in every jump*: but, finding the distance stand *directly in her front*, he was compelled to *draw the mare back*, and run for the inside of the course. The fact that the mare came out several lengths behind on the inside, after being up to the flank of the horse, on the outside, 180 yards from home, shows, I think, the great loss of ground sustained by the mare in being compelled to pull up in her brush. The foul riding commenced about 180 or 200 yards from home, of course beyond the distance stand (which was 120 yards), and under the eye of the deciding Judges, and more immediately so of the distance Judges. Two of the deciding judges noticed it, *at the instant*, and pronounced it foul riding. The rider and owner of Rowena lodged a complaint, *immediately on coming up to weigh*, after the heat. The distance Judges were clear in their evidence to the facts, and that it was foul riding, and the two deciding Judges, after adding their testimony and receiving that of the only "Steward" or Patrol Judge on duty, decided against Buck-Eye. The owner of Buck-Eye asked permission to appeal to the Club, (a permission required by the rules), which the Judges of course granted. The Club, after a patient hearing of the testimony of the two deciding Judges, the distance Judges, and the Steward, and a long argument, confirmed the decision of the Judges, and *by a very large majority*.

"By the proviso of the 16th rule, no horse has a right to pass *on the inside*, except at his peril! By the same rule a leading horse is compelled "*to bear in*" so as to leave a free passage on the outside, &c! The Judges decided that inasmuch as Rowena was not at liberty to take the track on the inside, and as Buck-Eye prevented the possibility of her passing on the outside, which was clearly her exclusive place under the rules, that it was foul riding; they were compelled to declare the horse distanced, and award the race to Rowena: But, inasmuch as there was a doubt, at the time of the decision, of any *intention* of foul riding on the part of the owner or rider of the horse, the Club passed a resolution acquitting the owner and rider of any *intentional* misconduct."

THURSDAY, Oct. 3.—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Edw. J. Wilson's ch. h. <i>Tom Walker</i> , by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.	1	1
Geo. L. Stockett's b. m. <i>Mary Selden</i> , by Sussex—Glorvina's dam by Bay Richmond, 6 y.	2	2
B. G. Hawes' b. c. <i>Reliance</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Culpeper by Carolinian, 4 yrs.	*	*
Mr. Gibbons' bl. h. <i>Shadow</i> , by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, 5 yrs.	*	*
Dr. Crawford's b. c. <i>Scmpronius</i> , by Zingancee, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.	*	*

Time, 7:57½—7:59.

Several other Stakes were up to be run for during the week, of which we have no report whatever. The meagre details of the running on the other days has been gleaned from a dozen different sources, though we have repeatedly solicited the proprietors and others interested for a complete report.

THE END

I N D E X

TO

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